

the devilish ingenuity of torture to which the Romish Inquisition subjected its hapless victims; while the more modern cruelties of Indian mutinies or Erromangan savages show that human nature has not changed by the lapse of ages. Had such things been inflicted upon the vilest of men, who had blasphemed God and lived but to curse their fellow men, such scenes would have disgraced humanity, but when we consider that those who suffered thus were men who lived to do good and to bless their fellow men, and who spent even their last hours in seeking the welfare even of their murderers, we may well be appalled at the revelation thus afforded of the depths of depravity in the human heart. Looking at the present event in all the circumstances of ingratitude, deceit and cruelty attending it, we believe that upon a darker deed the sun scarce ever shone.

But undoubtedly the Church needed such a lesson. We only see human nature as it is exhibited under the restraining influence of Christianity, and we needed to learn what man is without the Gospel. We needed this individually that we might value the privileges we enjoy, if only in the improved social life of Christian lands—we needed it that we might be humbled as the possessors of a nature which only requires to be left alone to develop itself in such appalling forms—and we needed it that we might be taught to magnify the riches of divine grace, which interposed for the salvation of a race of such beings. The Church needed it that she might have a proper conception of the greatness of the work in which she is engaged, in endeavouring to christianize the Heathen. We are apt to have but slight impressions of the awful wickedness of the Heathen; and from the success which has attended the labours of our first missionary, we are ready to expect the Gospel to prevail among them almost immediately and as a matter of course. Such a dispensation God saw to be necessary to show us how great the conflict in which we are engaged when we assault Satan's kingdom, especially where his seat is—to lead us to appreciate the self-denial and devotedness of his servants, who have gone as our messengers into the dark places of the earth—to fill us with deeper compassion for the condition of the Heathen—to urge us forward to that self-denial and dependence on God, and to that higher elevation of faith and prayer, which are the preludes of success—and to induce something like adequate views of the mighty working of that divine grace which can convert the lion into a lamb—which on Aneiteum and other islands of the South Seas has made just such savages as Ouben and Narabuleet meek and humble servants of Jesus, and which we trust will yet gather many precious jewels for the Redeemer's crown on the blood-stained soil of Erromanga.

Secondly. The martyrdom of God's servants is a *signal honour to them*. No names have been held in deeper veneration in the Church than those of her members who have laid down their lives for the gospel. This feeling has indeed been perverted to the purposes of superstition, yet is it in itself both natural and laudable. The Church does well thus to honour her heroes. The world reserves its highest honours for the memory of those who have fallen either in those explorations which have been undertaken to extend the boundaries of human knowledge or at the call of patriotism on the battle field. Their names are considered the proudest on the rolls of fame. Yet far nobler, and sanctified by holier motives, is the death of those who in love to the Saviour and purest benevolence to their fellow men have laid down their lives.

O is it not a noble thing to die
As dies the Christian, with all his armor on?
What is the hero's clarion though its blast
Rings with the mastery of the world to this?