

to his conduct at home, his mother remarked that it was quite different from the rest of the children, being never so happy as when at his book, and that at his prayers he behaved with the greatest reverence.

That these were not mere pretences with him, a circumstance which happened in the year 1850 will show:—Some kind friend having given a sum of money to provide destitute children with a piece of bread every day, the teacher used to ascertain, if possible, who had had no breakfast, these were served first. In a moment some sixteen or twenty boys' hands were stretched forth in eagerness, whose pallid cheeks told of hunger within; and many a time, with aching heart, the master has been obliged to say to some, "You must wait till to-morrow." With disappointment in their faces and tears in their eyes, they have retired to their seats; and many a time has the subject of these lines, with longing eye, looked at each piece of bread as it was held up and given away; but when observed to retire in modesty, a voice has been heard, "Please, sir, C. has only had a little bit of bread this morning." On one of these occasions he went home, and said to his mother, "Mother, the master told those who had no breakfast to hold up their hands, and my brother held up his; don't you think he was wrong, mother? for you know we had a piece of bread!" Well," said the mother, "you might have held up your hand, too, for you had but very little." "No mother," said he, "I could not do that, it would be telling a lie—that would be very wrong." During his illness he frequently wished to see his master, who visited him, but found him unconscious. When asked on one occasion by the master, if he should pray for the Lord's blessing—"Do, sir," said he, "if you please." He visited him afterwards, but never heard him speak. His mother said, whenever he had occasion to get out of bed, he could not be prevailed upon to get in again without

praying. The night previous to his death he asked for a Testament, and desired a chapter to be read. About twelve o'clock he repeated part of a hymn, and tried to sing, but his extreme weakness prevented him. He only spoke once after this—the words were so faint that they could not be heard. Thus he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. He is but transplanted, taken from this wilderness of sin and misery, from the evil to come, that he may rest in peace in the paradise of God.—*Ragged School Union Magazine.*

Murders and Cannibalism in New Zealand.

The cruelties of the heathen is not a very pleasant subject, yet it is one about which a good deal is told us in Missionary books. And the reason of this is plain. These books truly describe the people concerning whom they are written. And what is their state? The Bible tells us. It says that "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." You will see, therefore, that these places could not be truly described, without such dreadful accounts as you have often read about the miserable people who dwell in them. Nor would it have been right, had not the Missionaries told us what they had seen and learnt of the crimes and cruelty of those to whom they were trying to do good. And in these shocking accounts there is much that we ought to know; for first, they show us how true that Word of God is which tells us that these wretched people are "without natural affection," "hateful and hating one another;" and secondly they teach us how good that Word is, which has in many countries changed the lion into a lamb.

But though you have read much concerning these cruelties, the half has not been told you. Indeed, unless you have lived in heathen lands, you could scarcely suppose how common they were. How pleasant to be able to say "they were!" True, we cannot speak thus of all nations; for alas! many