

dress, manners, and mode of living, appeared more like a Christian lady than any other high-born lady of the day. In December, 1824, that she might more effectually destroy from among the people any remaining fear of old divinities, she determined to visit the great crater of Kilaua, the reputed residence of Pele. The whole mountain was a dreadful place ; its fire and smoke ; its frequent mutterings, and occasional desolating eruptions, served to keep alive the superstitious dread. Clinging even to the feet of their chief, the people besought her with tears not to go. Before reaching the crater, she was met by a pretended priestess, wild with rage, who warned her to desist. But her purpose was fixed. With calm dignity rebuking the pretensions of the prophetess, she had her soon humbled and calm, saying that the god had left her, and she could not answer. Accompanied by one of the missionaries, and by some trembling native attendants, she descended into the crater, and standing upon a ledge five hundred feet below the top, with the lake of molten fire before her, she cast stones into the fiery gulf, ate the sacred berries consecrated to Pele, and called upon one of her attendants to offer prayer and praise to the one true God. The rock did not open under her feet ; the hissing and belching gases did not destroy her, and the boiling lava did not rise to consume her. The people felt that Pele was powerless and that Jehovah was God.—*Neucomb's forthcoming "Cyclopedia of Missions."*

## Poetry.

### THE PRAYER OF THE MARINER'S MOTHER.

The tempest round the cottage roars,  
 And bends the aged ash ;  
 The casement shakes, a deluge pours,  
 And vivid lightnings flash ;  
 Poor sailor, in this midnight hour,  
 How can'st thou stand the tempest's power.  
 Thy mother, startled from her sleep  
 By nature's wild uproar,  
 Thinks of her boy far on the deep,  
 And, succour to implore,  
 Falls on her knees before His throne,  
 Whose sceptre winds and waters own.  
 She prays to Him who dried her tears  
 That wept an only child ;  
 To Him who chased the boatman's fears,  
 And still'd the tempest wild ;  
 To Him who walk'd Genesar's wave,  
 And stretched his ready hand to save.