

tent in many other islands. It is difficult to check the reckless conduct of such men; but the Divine judgments are finding them out. There is evidently a curse upon the trade. During the last eighteen months alone, upwards of *sixty* of our own countrymen prosecuting it have been cut off by massacres and shipwrecks."

Independently, however, of such aggravating causes, the spirit of these untutored islanders is terrific, and many of their customs horrible. The following tragic tale is selected also from the journal of Messrs. Turner and Nisbet. After describing the wreck of a British vessel, named the "British Sovereign," on the Island of Fate, they add:—

"The Captain and the rest of the crew, having escaped from the wreck, arrived at the same place, near Olatapu, on the Sabbath, on their way to the large harbor on the South-west side; *but the people of the station determined to kill them*. Some treated them with cocoa-nuts and sugarcane, while others went off to muster the district for their massacre. The tribes at hand were assembled—all was arranged; and they proceeded in company with the foreigners along the road towards the desired harbor. They walked single file—a native between every white man, and a few on either side. The chief, Melu, took the lead, and gave the signal, when every one wheeled round and struck his man. A few Tana men escaped to the sea, but were pursued and killed, with the exception of two, who fled to the bush. Ten of the bodies of the unhappy sufferers were cooked and devoured on the spot, and the rest were distributed among the various settlements. We minutely (say our missionaries) investigated the cause of this cold-blooded massacre, and are sorry to record, that we could discover nothing but a desire to procure human flesh and the clothes of the unfortunate victims."

But such revolting deeds are not restricted to *foreigners*. *Even towards their nearest kindred the wretched savages appear insensible to pity, and utterly destitute of natural affection*; and the necessity and value of christian missions in these dark lands is strikingly illustrated by the following statement:—

"Our Teachers on the Island of Fate have been the means of saving the lives of infants, which heathen custom was wont to bury alive. One child was actually buried, and then dug up again, and is now alive. Three aged women would have

been buried alive, but for the remonstrance of the teachers. This custom is awfully prevalent here. It is even considered a disgrace to the family of an aged chief if he is not buried alive; and, when the old man feels sick and infirm, he will tell them to bury him, which they do, amid the weeping and wailing of his family and friends. Persons, too, at whatever age, if delirious, are buried alive forthwith, lest delirium should spread among the family. A young man was buried thus lately. He burst open the grave, and escaped. He was seized, buried again, and a second time he struggled to the surface: then they took him to the bush, and bound him to a tree to die. Verily 'the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.'"—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine*.

### THE CHOLERA.

We hear of the cholera, a fearful disease, which makes its appearance in places where due attention is not paid to cleanliness and the choice of proper food, and sometimes the whole country is thrown into alarm from the dread lest the cholera should come and ravage it as it did some years ago.

I will tell you what the people in Bangalore did when they were suffering from cholera. It was in the year 1831. The cholera was raging with great fury in Bangalore. There came into the town an immense giantess, who made herself look as frightful as she possibly could. She pretended to be the goddess who presided over the cholera, and as she passed through the streets and lanes of the city, she cried aloud, "Give me your plaintains and cocoa-nuts, bring me out your fowls, hand me your money; depend upon it, if you do not gratify all my wishes, I will enter into your houses to-night, and destroy you all with the cholera." The poor ignorant people were terrified at her fearful aspect and harsh voice, and they might be seen rushing out of their houses, falling on their faces before her feet, whilst they cried aloud, "O thou illustrious goddess, have mercy upon us! have mercy upon us! pardon our iniquities; send not the cholera into our houses, to destroy us and our children; preserve us, preserve us, O thou illustrious goddess." Such was the terror with which she inspired them, that they were ready to bring her everything she demanded. They