

the term? Any music that is music *must* be scientific. All that science does is to teach how the Creator has constituted things; and how, according to that constitution, certain effects are to be produced. Scientific is not opposed to simple and appropriate. The peculiarities of different occasions are not overlooked. Science, truly so called, will prescribe a very different style of music for the house of God, from that which the sensibilities are pined in the temples of folly. But none the less will she aim at freedom from every violation of melody and harmony, and at bringing out as fully as possible every resource for not expressing naturally and truly the sentiment sung, and for enhancing its impression on the heart. While, therefore, no one is to wait until he has made himself a scientific musician before joining in singing, is it not still the manifest duty of every one to fit himself, so far as his means will admit, for serving God in this delightful and elevating exercise the best he can—on scientific principles?

LEPROSY AND ITS CURE IN FIJI.

We extract the following very singular and interesting statement from the *Wesleyan Chronicle*, an Australian monthly magazine of Religious Literature and Intelligence, published at Melbourne. The editor of the *Chronicle* quotes it from a letter, by the Rev. W. Moore, inserted in *The Wesleyan Missionary Notices*, relating to the Missions under the direction of the "Australian Wesleyan Methodist Conference." We concur with the editor in considering the account remarkable.

"At Na Kelo, a town about two miles inland from the mission station, lives Williami Lawalcou, a native local preacher. He was a tall looking young man, and in his heathen state had possessed no small share of pride, as he himself now acknowledges. On meeting him one Sunday morning I was astonished to see his altered appearance. His eyes were sunken, his face bloated; he breathed with difficulty, and his walk was no longer that of former days, but heavy and careless. On inquiry I found he was a *leper*, and that the disease had already broken out in several places on his body. I had been preaching that morning from "Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean." I could but pity this fine young man and praise God that he had found Jesus willing to save his soul, although his body was now leprous.

"On my next visit to Nakelo, I found Williami at the teacher's house, but so altered that I did not know him. On being told that he was present I inquired what he had been doing, when three or four with joy beaming in their eyes, spoke together and said, "Sa Keevui saka, sagai bula!" "He has been *smoked*, sir, and is now well!" I then inquired into the process of *smoking*, and found it to be as follows:

"The leper is taken to a small empty house: he is then stripped, his body rubbed all over with green leaves, and then buried in them; a small fire is then kindled, and a few pieces of the *Sinu* tree—a poisonous tree—is laid on it; and as soon as the thick black smoke begins to ascend the leper is bound hand and foot, a rope is fastened to his heels, and he is drawn up over the fire, leaving his head some fifteen inches from the ground, in the midst of the poisonous smoke. The door is then closed and his