

it, while they grope along: a desperate business, indeed, thus to run by guess where positive knowledge of the way merely mitigates the peril. There are days when the fog lies like a thick blanket on the face of the sea, hiding the head-sails from the man at the wheel; it is night on deck, and broad day—with the sun in a blue sky—at the masthead; the schooners are sometimes steered by a man aloft. The 'Always Loaded,' sixty tons, and bound home with a cargo that did honor to her name, struck one of the outlying islands so suddenly, so violently, that the lookout in the bow, who had been peering into the mist, was pitched headlong into the surf. The 'Daughter,' running blind with a fair, light wind—she had been lost for a day—ran full tilt into a cliff; the men ran forward from the soggy gloom of the after-deck into—bright sunshine at the bow! It is the fog that wrecks ships.

'Oh, I runned her ashore,' says the castaway skipper. 'Thick? Why, sure, 'twas thick!'

So the men who sail that coast hate fog, fear it, avoid it when they can, which is seldom; they are not afraid of wind and sea, but there are times when they shake in their sea-boots, if the black fog catches them out of harbor.

### A Song of Low Degree.

(Michael Fairless.)

Lord, I am small, and yet so great,  
The whole world stands to my estate,  
And in Thine image I create.  
The sea is mine; and the broad sky  
Is mine in its immensity;  
The river and the river's gold;  
The earth's hid treasures manifold;  
The love of creatures small and great,  
Save where I reap a previous hate;  
The noontide sun with hot caress,  
The night with quiet loveliness,  
The wind that bends the pliant trees,  
The whisper of the summer breeze;  
The kiss of snow and rain; the star  
That shines a greeting from afar;  
All, all are mine; and yet so small  
Am I that lo, I needs must call,  
Great King, upon the Babe in Thee,  
And crave that Thou would'st give to me  
The grace of Thy humility.

### Rotumah.

#### A ROMANTIC MISSION STORY.

(The 'Spectator,' Australia.)

About 300 miles north of Fiji, and 1600 east of Brisbane, the beautiful island of Rotumah lies like an emerald set in the sapphire of the sea, and fringed with coral reefs, over which the white spray dances with picturesque effect. It was discovered by Pandora in 1793. Ten miles long, and four broad, with a line of hills in the centre, it stands clothed in perennial verdure, as the Paradise of the Pacific. Tradition has it that a certain Samoan Raho, being badly treated by his own people, set out on an adventurous voyage. His god directed him to take two bags of sand with him. When tossed by a violent storm, he was told to throw the sand overboard. For a while, the sea in anger threw its mists about his canoe, but out of the turmoil an island sprang. The crew landed on the soil of Rotumah, where plenty of food was found. The Rotumans are of a light copper color, with straight, coarse hair, which indicates Asiatic origin, in spite of their traditions.

Among the seven tribes which dwelt on this place was a young man, who felt in his breast

'the warmth of life's ascending sun,' and with a lover's instinct, he prepared a sumptuous feast called 'koa ne mos.' This he sent over the hills to a certain young lady, who, busy with her duties, was surprised to find herself the recipient of a gift, the meaning of which she knew full well. The next day another present came, called 'fakpo.' The third day saw the invitations out for the marriage. On the fourth day, many friends arrived with numerous pigs and yams, and an abundance of kava. The day was spent in feasting and in dancing. The happy couple were smeared with oil, and yellow coloring. The bans of marriage were distinctly called, as, raised on a platform, the bride and bridegroom were carried through the village, amid shouts of congratulation and good will. The ceremony was concluded by the formation of a ring of men, in the centre of which the parties stood, while a presiding genius approached the groom and struck him on the head with a tomahawk. As the blood flowed down on his body, he learned that a married man is a marked man. The bride was treated in similar fashion, and she knew that the contract was sealed with blood. 'So these were wed, and merrily sped the years.' But troubles come into the lives of them who fancy that marriage is a goal, instead of a 'kick-off,' from which a serious battle has to be fought, in which one must help the other.

They quarrelled, and one day the lady, who was of high birth, took her servants and her only child, a bonnie lad of six, and, with her belongings, sailed away from home and husband. For many weary days and nights they voyaged, and landed on the island of Tonga. They feared violence and death, but to their astonishment they were welcomed to shelter and food. Tonga had received Christianity, and the light that is to illumine every land shone through the honest eyes of men and women who had learned to love. The lady was not long in hearing the glad news of a Saviour's love; for through the drawbacks of a foreign language, and the hardness of the natural heart, the glory of the Cross of Christ broke, and lifted up the clouds of doubt and fear, and set the notes of gladness throbbing in her soul. Her servants came under the same spell, and like them of olden time, received the word with joy.

The lad got into the company of the teacher, and nothing pleased him more than to sit for hours listening to the stories of thrilling interest from the Old Testament. Chief among them was that of Zerubbabel leading back the captives from Babylon to Jerusalem; and over and over again he repeated the words, 'The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.' One day, as he looked into the face of the teacher, he said, 'Joel, I should like to be called Zerubbabel,' so, on the bright day when his mother was baptised, he, too, was received into the Church of Christ, and the preacher prayed that he might lead the ransomed home with songs of joy. The first flower which grows in a

Christian garden is Forgiveness; so our lady looked across the throbbing sea, and said, 'I must go back to my husband, and tell him of the Saviour I have found.' A whaling ship carried her home to her own land. She came like the merchantman with goodly pearls, and her husband—not unlike us to-day—had learnt her worth in separation; but when he saw a new light in her eyes, and a new charm in her manner, he, too, grew hungry and thirsty for the same eternal springs. 'I have told you all,' said she; 'if you want to know more, you, too, must go to Tonga.'

(To be continued.)

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The secretaries may be addressed at 151 Washington street, Chicago, or at 76 Hayter street, Toronto.

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