

Missionary Intelligence.

From the Colonial Church Chronicle

AUSTRALASIAN BOARD OF MISSIONS.

According to advertisement, the members and friends of the Church of England assembled in the school-room at Castle-street, to hear the narratives of the two missionary bishops, Dr. Tyrrel, Bishop of Newcastle, and Dr. Selwyn, Bishop of New Zealand. The room was, at an early period, crowded with a most respectable audience, and throughout the narratives of the Right Rev. Prelates, very considerable warmth of feeling was exhibited. On the entrance of the Bishop of New Zealand, with ten boys from the neighbouring island, the restrained applause of the assembly was manifested, and the Right Rev. the Bishop of Newcastle was scarcely less warmly welcomed. The Venerable Archdeacon Cowper having taken the chair, read the advertisement convening the meeting, and, stating that the meeting was one of a purely religious character, called upon those assembled to join with him in prayer. Prayer having been offered and responded to—after a few introductory observations from the Archdeacon, the Bishop of Newcastle rose.

His Lordship said that he had been called upon to narrate to the Christian friends around him the chief incidents in the first voyage of the *Border Maid*. By his beloved friend and brother, the Bishop of New Zealand, would be undertaken the more important duty of narrating the incidents attending the second voyage of the Missionary ship. And even as respected the first, he (the Bishop of Newcastle) would particularly observe, that he made the voyage as the companion of his friend, by whom every detail was planned, and that he was about to tell what he was an eye-witness of. His friend was the doer, himself was the only witness of what had been done. His Lordship desired in the first place to recal to the remembrance of many of those present the time when the *Border Maid* left Port Jackson, and when they attended them outside the Heads. After a boisterous passage they arrived at Auckland on the evening of Whitunday, about the time that evening service was commencing. The necessary preparations for their progress among the islands detained them some weeks in New Zealand, and whilst thus waiting a report reached them that a boat's crew who had landed at the island of Maré had been killed, and their bodies eaten by the natives. The *Border Maid* being at length ready for sea, they sailed, and the first island at which they touched was Aneityoum. There, from the captain of a sandal-wood vessel, he (the Bishop of Newcastle) had learnt two facts, which had made a strong impression on his mind. The first was, that however friendly in appearance, the native islanders were not to be trusted, their seeming friendship was deceptive, and they, by plots and stratagems, generally sought to achieve that which they dare not openly avow their intention to attempt. It was not until the last moment that with strangers their treacherous designs were suspected. This captain stated, having a large order for sandal-wood, he had taken down a double crew to one of the islands. As his force was consequently strong, he did not dream that the natives would venture to attack them; and no fear being entertained, large numbers of them were allowed to come on board. They professed the most friendly intentions, laughed with seeming delight at many novelties that were shown to them, seemed as gay and innocent as a crowd of happy children, but at a concerted signal they rushed upon the crew, and in one moment twenty-one seamen lay dead upon the deck. The captain and some of his men fought their way off, and succeeded in opening a fire on their treacherous foes, who at length were compelled to retire to their canoes. The vessel left the fatal shore, having, as the captain said, learnt a sad lesson never to be forgotten. There was a second point to which he had directed his Lordship's attention. The islanders were fond of a warfare wherein their passions were greatly excited. Even when bent upon the most fearful deeds of blood, they would postpone their design ten days together unless made angry. Unless exasperated they would keep on friendly terms for some time, and thus their intended victims, if cautious, might evade their fate. To another island, Maré or Nengone, his Lordship next drew the attention of his hearers. From that island the two young girls had come, whose conduct and demeanour had been so well described by the Venerable Archdeacon: and in whom were exhibited a most gratifying proof of what

could be done by missionary labours. At this island, the friendly natives were asked if the rumour was correct which had reached New Zealand as to the slaying of the boat's crew. They sorrowingly said, it was too true, that the massacre had taken place in a bay about six miles distant, and that the victims, having been all killed, had been doubtless eaten. But, with tears in their eyes, they disclaimed any participation in the deed, exclaiming to the bishops, "Those men are heathens, and we are Christians." This was the first proof which he (the Bishop of Newcastle) had himself observed of the excellent result of missionary work in the islands, and truly rejoiced was he to hear even of a savage race draw a strong distinction between what a heathen did and what a Christian did. That same afternoon, chapel service was performed there, the Bishop of New Zealand preaching, and his sermon being interpreted by a native teacher. He (the Bishop of Newcastle) should never forget the effect of that solemn scene. Four hundred of the islanders knelt around them, and when they said the responses, the full volume of sound which arose assured him that every man, woman, and child before him were earnestly joining in the service. And thus it was again when they sang their simple hymn, and the thought then arose in his mind, that happy should he be if, when he returned to his own diocese, he found his own congregation to behave as well. The next morning, himself and his friend walked across the island to another chapel, where service was again performed, and where the same earnestness and decorum prevailed. At its conclusion, they retired to the cottage of a native teacher, whence they observed their late congregation in deep consultation. Presently they formed themselves into a procession, and, to the number of at least 400 men, women, and little children, advanced to where the Bishops stood, and each upon passing laid yams, coconuts, and other fruits, at their feet, as a grateful offering to those who had told them of God's love for them. So numerous were these fruit-offerings that it was difficult to get them to the ship. Thus these poor things, for one religious service, voluntarily gave their most valued property; and well might many civilized communities take them for their example. On the following morning the young prince of the tribe, who knew the Bishop of New Zealand, and who had a dear friend amongst the Melanesian scholars at St. John's College, expressed his ardent desire to embark on board the *Border Maid*. This young man, whose parents had died in his infancy, had been nursed and brought up from childhood by the old man of the tribe, who loved him with the fondest affection. When they heard him express a wish to go, they surrounded him with the saddest lamentations. "If he go," they, sorrowing, exclaimed, "we cry, we no sleep at night." Delightful was the tie which bound these aged men to their youthful king. After some consideration, the Bishop of New Zealand and himself thought that the question of the youth's accompanying them should be openly discussed before the tribe; and they accordingly summoned a primitive parliament, where, as at another Rannymede, the whole of the tribe assembled, the young king sitting between the Bishops, and his native people forming a semicircle before them. A native teacher then addressed the tribe, begged them to consider what great good their prince would be able to effect for them, when he came back to them instructed in the holy truths and valuable knowledge, and assuring them that his absence would only be for twelve moons. After a deep silence one old man arose, and said that all which had been told them was very good, but they could not spare their prince; they could not sleep if he left them. Another old man followed in strains of equal energy and equal affection, and it was plain that all the tribe participated freely in their objections to the departure of the prince. Seeing this, the Bishops decided (reluctantly however) that it would not be judicious or wise to take him; if any accident should befall him, should he be overtaken with disease or death, (his friend at the college, it must be observed, had died,) it would, in all probability, cause the entire alienation of the tribe from the missionaries, and it was therefore resolved not to take him. No sooner was the youth told this than large tears were seen to roll down his cheeks. This was observed by the tribe, and the old man who had first spoken came to him, and in the softest and gentlest tones entreated him not to cry; his people dearly loved him, but they could not spare him. The *Border Maid* soon afterwards left Maré, and proceeded to Mallicolo, where it pleased God's great providence to preserve them from the most imminent danger. [The Bishop here gives an account of the well-known escape of Bishop Selwyn from the

inhabitants of this island.] The *Border Maid* then proceeded to Taramanga, certainly the most dreaded of the islands, and in Dillon's Bay, near the spot where the excellent and lamented Missionary Williams was murdered, they landed two most excellent boys, natives of the island, who were to be left there for a short visit to their friends. Upon returning to receive the boys on board again, a large crowd of natives were assembled on the beach, and to his (the Bishop's) surprise, he saw a white man amongst them. He called to him, and asked how he could be aided to escape from the island? He replied that he was very grateful for the offer, but that he was comfortably engaged on the island cutting sandal-wood at good wages; that he felt himself in perfect safety, and had been always treated with kindness. Here then was a singular and most suggestive lesson. Two Christian Bishops, anxiously desirous to preach the Gospel of Christ to these benighted heathens, dare not remain on their treacherous shore, the scene of fearful bloodshed, yet they stood that humble mechanic, pursuing his ordinary avocation of felling trees in safety. Truly, indeed had it been said, that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of Israel. Well, the great mission of Christianity could be only assisted by worldly means when its ministers desired to carry to the heathen the glad tidings of salvation, and in this sacred work all could give their aid—the minister in the humblest parish, as well as he who encountered the perils of the distant voyage. It is the heart and spirit that are wanted to achieve the work,—it was not in attempting great things, but in doing little things that those who did them bravely and faithfully would obtain their reward hereafter.

(Conclusion next week.)

Youth's Department.

From the Protestant Churchman.

LITTLE LUCY,

AND THE SONG SHE SANG,

A LITTLE CHILD, six summers old,
So thoughtful and so fair,
There seemed about her pleasant ways
A more than childish air,
Was sitting on a summer eve
Beneath a spreading tree,
Intent upon an ancient book,
Which lay upon her knee.

She turned each page with careful tread,
And strained her sight to see,
Until the drowsy shadows slept
Upon the grassy lea:
Then closed the book, and upward looked,
As she began to sing
A simple verse of hopeful love—
This very childish thing:—
"While here below, how sweet to know
His wondrous love and story,
And then, 'brought grace, to see his face,
And live with him in glory!"

II.
That little child one dreary night
Of winter wind and storm,
Was tossing on a weary couch
Her weak and woe-filled form:
And in her pain, and in its pause,
But clasped her hands in prayer:
—Strange that we had no thoughts of Maré,
While hers were only there:—

Until she said, "Oh mother dear,
How sad you seem to be;
Have you forgotten that I said,
'Let children come to me?'
Dear mother bring the blessed Book,
Come, mother, let us sing:"
And then again, with faltering tongue,
She sung that childish thing:—
"While here below how sweet to know,
His wondrous love and story,
And then, through grace, to see his face,
And live with him in glory!"

III.
Underneath a spreading tree
A narrow mound is seen,
Which first was covered by the snow,
Then blossomed into green;
Here first I heard that childish voice,
That sings on earth no more;
In heaven it hath a richer tone,
And sweeter than before:
For those who know His love below,
So runs the wondrous story,
In heaven, through grace, shall see his face,
And dwell with Him in glory!

FAITH—AN ANECDOTE.—A few weeks ago the boy sailed gaily down the waters of the St. Lawrence. He was but six years old, and imaged of the