

original word, which signifies to appoint or constitute. If, then, we adopt the more accurate version of the passage, we must admit that our Lord became, in one sense, the Son of God in consequence of his resurrection. The Apostle puts the matter in the same light also in Acts xiii. 33, where he teaches the people, saying, God hath fulfilled the same unto us their children, in that he hath raised up Jesus again, as it is also written in the second Psalm, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee. With these statements of the Apostle's may also be compared the language of Christ himself in Luke xx. 36,—They are the sons of God, being the sons of the resurrection.

CAPTAIN COOK:

A visit to the place where he was killed.

BENEFIT OF MISSIONARY EXERTIONS.

It is well known that this celebrated Navigator was murdered, in 1778, by a company of savages at Owyhee, or Hawaii, one of the Sandwich Islands. The following account of a visit to the spot, and the comparison it presents of the past with the present state of that beautiful island, cannot fail to interest all who delight in the moral improvement of mankind and the progress of the Gospel throughout the world. What that Gospel has done for Hawaii, it may and will do for all other places where it is as much needed, and where it shall be as successfully propagated. Whatever degree of blame some may think due to the Captain, all will rejoice in the altered state of the people.

From the Charleston Observer.

KEALAKEEUA BAY, HAWAII, April, 1835.

Rono, one of the *Mythological* kings of Hawaii, having become insane on account of some domestic trouble, wandered about the Island—

boxing and wrestling with every one he met. Suddenly he disappeared, and none could tell aught of his departure, save that he had set sail in a canoe heading towards the ocean—when Capt. Cook therefore landed on their shores, with his glittering uniform from his heaven winged ship, they exclaimed, "*This is Rono,*" and prostrated themselves and their gods before him as he passed. After his death, they wailed his loss, and separating his bones from his flesh, preserved them in a small basket overlaid with red feathers, as the relics of Deity in their sacred houses: from which they were annually carried by the Priest, in their idolatrous processions to all the heians in the Island, to receive the votive offerings of the people to their long lost Rono. On my way to the mission house, I passed the temple which formerly held the bones of this distinguished Navigator, now crumbling and dilapidated—viewed by the natives without emotion, and passed without regard. And as I broke a fragment here, and displaced a stone there, the people only laughed at a sacrilege, which fifteen years before would have been visited with signal death. During my stay at Kaawaloa, I visited Kapiolani several times. Under her auspices, this portion of the moral wilderness of Hawaii, is beginning to "bloom as Sharon," and putting on an aspect of spiritual loveliness. She, with her late husband, Naihe, erected a school house and church, and collecting her attendants, formed them into a little flock, of which Mr. Forbes is at present, (1835) the faithful shepherd. His residence was two miles distant, on an elevation of land, commanding a most beautiful prospect, about two thousand feet above the level of the sea. The door of his humble thatch was thrown open at my approach, and from the warm hearts of the Rev. Mr. F. and wife, I received the cordial welcome which ever awaited me at