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**THE
MISSIONARY
AND**

**SABBATH SCHOOL
RECORD**

FOR
SEPTEMBER,
1852.



THE
MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH
SCHOOL
RECORD

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No. 9.



The Hindoo Sisters.

One day, a person found two little girls begging in the streets of Calcutta, and took them before a magistrate. The youngest of them was a fine, healthy-looking child, and her bright eye and pretty form delighted all that looked upon her; but the oldest was weak, thin, and sickly, and seemed almost starved to death. The magistrate asked her how it was that she was so thin, and her sister so stout. "Oh!" she answered, "I do not often get much to eat; for when any food is given me, I always give it first to my little sister, and she eats her ful', and, if any is left, then I get it; sometimes it is only a very little bit I get, and often she eats it all, and then I have to go without." This simple story touched the kind heart of the magistrate, and he asked more about her history. She told him that her mother had died

when they were very little, and that they did not recollect much about her, but that their father had carried them about from place to place for a long long time, till at last one day he was taken ill, lay down under a tree, and soon died, leaving his little girls all alone in a wild and howling wood. The little girls wept much when they saw their father die, and could not bear to leave his body. The hungry jackals came to devour it, and they tried to drive them away, but could not. The screaming vultures flew quickly backwards and forwards above their heads, waiting for them to go, and then intending to pounce down and help the jackals to devour the body. They shouted and waved their little hands to frighten them off; but when their strength was spent, and they had seen the jackals tear the body, and pick the

bones clean and white, they turned away, and, hand in hand, weeping as they went, set off to try to find a path out of the wood, and "then to seek some place where kind people might be found to feed or take them in; and so they had wandered until the man had found them in the street, and brought them here."

The kind magistrate took them to his house, and then sent them down to the Orphan Refuge, kept by Mrs. Wilson, who very kindly took them under her care. Here they lived a long time, and very delightful it was to see their love for one another. Every night when they lay down to rest, they did so locked in each other's arms; and whenever food was set before them, the oldest never touched it, however hungry, faint, or tired, till her little sister had had her share. Mrs. Wilson loved them much, and taught them to love that Saviour who had said, "Suffer little children to come to me." At last they were baptized. The elder was called Priscilla, and the younger Rhoda.

Little Rhoda was a sweet child; but Jesus soon fitted her for heaven, and when she was only about six years old, he took her up to glory. During her last illness she never murmured, though her sufferings were very great, and often asked to have her favorite hymns repeated to her.

One of these was that beginning "Come, ye sinners poor and wretched." &c.

Another thus:

"There is beyond the sky,
A heaven of joy and love;
And holy children when they die,
Go to that world above."

She also delighted to repeat to her companions the Infant's Hymn:

"Little children, come to Jesus,
He has kindly said you may;
When you pray to Him, and praise Him,
He will teach you what to say.

He will take your hands and lead you
In the way you ought to go;
He will make you good and happy—
No one else can make you so."

About a week before she died, she

became quite blind, but still always said she was "happy," and at last fell sweetly asleep in Jesus.

Priscilla has now grown up to be a woman, has married a native teacher, and is very useful on the Mission.

You see from this story, what a blessing the Gospel is to poor Hindoo children, and how well the prophecy about Jesus Christ is fulfilled through it—"He shall save the children of the needy."—*Juv. Mis. Magazine.*

Opinions Formed of Englishmen by People in India.

WHEN we consider how much the gospel has done for English people, and how many more useful things they know and can do than the ignorant inhabitants of heathen countries, it is not very wonderful that some poor blinded idolaters should think them a different race of beings. This was the case with Captain Cook, whom the Sandwich islanders supposed to be a god; and in some parts of India at the present day, the English are looked upon in the same way by the heathen. A Missionary in that country makes the following observations on the subject:—"The English," he says—"have certainly done great things in India; and their knowledge, their skill, and their power have led many of the natives to the opinion, that they are a higher race of beings than themselves. One of my brethren in the neighbourhood of Madras, lately said to a Hindoo, 'To whom do you pray?' 'I pray to the English,' answered the native. 'What foolishness!' exclaimed the Missionary. 'Why do you do that?' 'Because,' he replied, 'they must be gods. Look yonder at that great iron bridge across the river. None but gods could have made that. See there that large steamship. It is made of iron. If the *Hindoos* were to cast iron into the water, it would sink to the bottom in a moment; but the English can make it swim like wood, and go wherever they please. Then behold

the terrible clouds of smoke it sends forth, and hearken to the fearful noise it makes! Truly they must be gods; for men could not do such things!"

The Missionary tried to make the Hindoo understand that it was education and religion which made the English so much more wise and powerful than others; and that his people, if they became Christians, would be able to do the same things. He told him also that there was but one God, who created heaven and earth, and that it was vain and wicked to pray to any other being. But all he said had no effect. The poor man pointed again to the bridge and the ship, and with such objects before his eyes, was not to be persuaded that they were the work of human hands, and that the makers of them were but men.

But the *skill* of Englishmen is not the only reason which has led some of these poor people to worship them. There is one district in Southern India, where the *vices* and the *violence* of our countrymen have produced the same effect. The inhabitants of that district are called *Shanars*. They mostly live by cultivating the palm-tree. All of them are devil-worshippers. These evil spirits they dread very much; and they suppose that they are pleased with horrible ceremonies, and they are constantly adding some new object of worship to those evil spirits. And amongst these there is an Englishman, who died in the country, and at whose tomb the *Shanars* offer *spirits* and *cigars*!

How long shall these poor benighted heathens worship and serve the creature more than the Creator, who is God over all, blessed forevermore? The answer is easy. They will do so until Missionaries go amongst them, to make known the true God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent. And how can it be otherwise? for "how can they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how can they hear without a preacher?"—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine*.

Christ Sufficient.

—"I am so disheartened Anna—I feel as if I have done wrong to cherish the least hope."—

"Done wrong to cherish hope, my dear Emily! What an idea! Why, God has made us to hope. We are always hoping, more or less, concerning all our interests, and it is evidently His will that we should. Why, your favorite poet says,

'Hope springs eternal in the human breast;' and I am sure that the Bible commands us to hope in Christ. And in reference to your religious concerns, that is the only hope I have heard you express."

"But I am so sinful, Anna. My heart seems full of wrong feelings, and when I try to do right, my motives are often wrong."

But mother says we are not to look at our own hearts for comfort. She says we must examine ourselves so as to know our sins, and to try to uproot them. And the more we see of sin in our own hearts, the more must we go to Christ, and the more earnestly must we pray to Him for grace to subdue it. We are to look to Him for comfort, for religious enjoyment,—not to ourselves. I was much impressed by the remark in a book I was reading a few days since, that if the Israelites who had been bitten by fiery serpents, had persisted in gazing at their own wounds, instead of the brazen serpent at which God directed them to look, they would never have been healed. And you must look to Christ, dear Emily, just as the poor wounded Israelites looked at the brazen serpent. Then sin will lose more and more of its power over your heart."

"You seem to see things so plainly, Emily, and my mind is so dark and confused."

"You have heard so much discussion dear, so much questioning of the most important truths of religion, that it is no wonder your views are somewhat obscure. And then, you know, I am your senior by two years. And

more than all, my parents have most faithfully instructed me in the truths and principles of the Christian religion. Before I was three years old, I distinctly understood, not only from their words and prayers, but also from all their example and deportment, that there was nothing they so much wished as that I should become a disciple of Christ in the days of my childhood. I have most truly been trained in the way that I should go, and if I depart from it, great indeed must be my condemnation. But, my dear, Christ is sufficient for us both. We both need His grace every moment of our lives. We can neither of us do any good thing without Him. Let us read of Him, think of Him, pray to Him, cast all our care upon Him, for he careth for us."—*Young Reaper.*

Memoir of Sarah Ann Walters.

The subject of the following remarks was born at Monmouth, May 14th, 1836. Her parents being members of the Wesleyan Methodist Society, she was taught from infancy the importance of private, family, and public worship; so that early impressions were made upon her mind. She attended the Wesleyan Sabbath-school; and, when on one occasion that school was broken up, she attended the school conducted by another religious denomination. Here her Teacher and the Minister's wife specially observed her devout attention to good things, and her ardent thirst for religious knowledge. But it was not until about three years before her death that a decided change was wrought within her by the power of Divine grace. This was brought about by means of a Missionary speech delivered in Monmouth chapel by the Rev. William Fox, late of Africa; which according to her own account, led her to fear she was not fit to die. She prayed that God would pardon all her sins, and prepare her for heaven. Her heart was drawn out after Jesus, and she heard a secret

whisper telling her that her sins were all forgiven, and she was made quite happy in God. At the commencement of her affliction, she said she was not quite so happy as she had been; but she soon recovered her confidence and peace, although her affliction was long and painful. She was confined to the house, and principally to her bed, for nearly twelve months. During this period she suffered much; yet she was never heard to murmur. Her exemplary patience astonished those who knew her. She never expressed a wish to live, but rather to die and go to heaven.

One Sabbath afternoon she was suddenly attacked, and we all thought she could not live out the day. She was quite aware of her situation, and looked at death with the utmost composure. She told her mother she was only going a little before her, and took a solemn leave of her brothers and sister.

Her father asked her why she wished to die and go to heaven? She said, "Because my sweet Jesus is there!" She lived, however, for several months after.

A few days before her death, she was partially deprived of her reason, and continued in this state, more or less, up to her death. But, when all collected, if asked, "Are you happy?" her reply was, "Yes." During her last Sabbath on earth, she was asked by a pious female, "Do you love Jesus?" to which she gave the same answer.

The day before her death, some of her nearest friends, being obliged to leave home till the next day, and not expecting to see her alive again, solemnly commended her to God. She knew what was going on, and joined heartily in prayer. After we arose from our knees, she still continued praying, as if unnoticed. All that we could understand were the following words: "Plant in them the seed of righteousness." This petition she repeated several times; by which we

knew she was praying for us, as well as for herself.

The next morning she was violently convulsed, and continued to be so during the whole of the day, until she became unconscious of all in this world, and her happy spirit took its flight into the paradise of God. She died on Wednesday evening, September 29th, 1847, aged eleven years and four months.

W.

AN EASY METHOD OF DOING GOOD

"Father!" said a little boy, about eight years old, as he took off his cap and laid down two or three small books upon the table, after having been at the Sunday-school,— "Father! I want you to do something." "Well, my dear," answered the good man, "what is it?" "Promise that you will do it, and then I'll tell you," added the child. "No, John, I cannot promise till I know what it is; and then I shall be quite willing, if it is a proper thing." "Oh! father! 'tis a very good thing, indeed. There was something about it in one of my Magazines; and teacher read it to my class this afternoon, and asked us all to try and do it." "Well, if that's the case," added the father, "I dare say it is very proper; for, I am sure, that neither your Magazine, nor your teacher, would recommend what was wrong. But what is it, John?" "Well, father, I'll tell you. I want you to subscribe a half-penny a month." "But I subscribe many half-pence every month, my boy, already; and you know I work hard for my money all the week. But still, a half-penny a month is not very much; and, if you can show me that you want it for something very good, perhaps I shall do what you wish." "Thank you, dear father," said the pleased and smiling boy; "now I am sure of the money. Don't you think it very good for Children to read the 'Juvenile Missionary Magazine?'" "Yes, my dear, that I do; for I am sure nobody can read it without learning something.

But you have got the Magazine already, and I hope you don't want me to pay for it, because you said, at first, that you would rather do so yourself, out of your own pocket-money." "Yes, father, and so I would, and so I will; but I don't want you to pay for me. I only want you to buy another every month, that I may lend it to Jane Godfrey, and Thomas Richards, and two or three more who can't afford to pay for it, but who would like to read it very much." "Well, I must say," added the father, "that that is a very nice plan of doing good, and I'm glad you thought of it." "But I did not think of it till my teacher read the piece from the Magazine; and I know many in our school who say that they will get some new subscribers. Mary Ann Little asked her teacher to pay for one, and she said she would; and Frank Roberts got two subscribers out of his class; and, next Sunday, the superintendent is going round to find out how many more Magazines will be taken in, and I shall try to get as many as I can to buy them, besides you." "I am very glad, my dear John, to hear you say so. I'm sure children ought to do all they can to spread and sell that little book. It is so cheap, and so entertaining, and so useful, that everybody who reads it aright will be the better for doing so. You may put me down as a subscriber, and I shall be glad if you can get more."

The boy thanked his father, and kissed him; and, by the end of the week, he had got five new subscribers.

"I Did Not Obey My Parents."

The jail was a large, gloomy looking stone building. The windows were made strong by great iron bars fastened across them. But the inside was the most gloomy. It was divided into very small rooms, only five feet wide, and eight long. Each room had a cross-barred iron door with strong bolts and locks, and when the jailer opened or shut the door, the hinges grated frightfully on the ear.

In one of the rooms of the jail was a young man, about twenty-eight years old. He had been found guilty of making and passing bad money, and the Judge said he must go to the State Prison, and stay there as long as he lived. But he was so sick that he could not be removed from prison.

Poor fellow! once he could play in the green fields, down by the cooling spring, or under the shady trees around his father's house; or when he was tired he could go home and lay his head upon his mother's knee, and rest himself; or if he was sick, she would sit by his bed and kindly nurse him. But now how different! shut up in a dark, gloomy jail, with no one to care for him, and all around cursing and swearing, and making horrid noises. O, 't felt very wretched.

Said he, "I shall never be able to go to the State Prison, I am so sick. O! if I was only ready to die, it would not matter so much."

"And are you not ready to die?"

"O, no," said he, "I am afraid to die."

"But why are you afraid to die?"

"Because I am such a sinner."

"There is hope, and mercy, and salvation for sinners, for the greatest of sinners, through Jesus Christ."

"I have no hope. You may talk to me about Christ and salvation, but there is none for me, and that makes me afraid to die."

I talked to him some time about his father; and when I spoke of his mother, then his lips trembled, and a single tear stole down his burning cheek.

"Was not your mother a Christian?"

"O yes, sir; and a good woman she was too. Many and many a time she has warned me of this."

"Then you have had good religious instruction, kind Christian parents, who, no doubt, often prayed for you, and taught you to pray?"

"O yes, sir."

"Then why are you here?"

Said the dying man, "I can answer

you all in one word,—I did not obey my parents!"

These were the last words he spoke to me. After saying a few words more to him I came away, reflecting upon his awful condition, and the reason which he gave for being in that dark jail,—"I did not obey my parents.—*Selected.*

One Sin Leads to Another.

It was a beautiful day when little Lorenzo's school closed, and the boys were looking forward to a fine time during their long summer vacation.

"Do not go near the pond, Lorenzo," said the fond mother, as he left the parental roof. But Lorenzo did not always remember the command, "Children, obey your parents." This was his first sin. Leaving home, he went down back of the meeting house, to the forbidden spot. This was the second. Finding some boys, among whom was Samuel G——, playing near the pond, he accepted Samuel's invitation to bathe. This was the third.

Soon the rest of the lads ran away to the school house to meet their beloved teacher. Lorenzo climbed upon an old pair of stairs that were floating about the pond, and jumped off. As he did not rise again, Samuel was frightened, ran to the shore, dressed, and hastened to the school.

When Lorenzo's sister went home at noon, her mother said, "Where is your brother?" "I do not know," was the reply; "he has not been at school this morning." The father started at once for the pond. There lay Lorenzo's clothes on the white sand. Wading in until the water was three or four feet deep, he stooped down and raised up the lifeless body of his son.

In sight of the spot, within the sight of Samuel's voice, was a workshop in which were some ten or fifteen men. Why then did he not cry for help as he saw his playmate sink? It was because, if he did this, he would show that he had been to the pond, and dis-

obeyed his parents. So, rather than make known his own sin, he left his little playmate to die.

A beautiful pond is that at F—— B——, but sad and heart-rending must be the thoughts of Samuel G——, as he looks upon it and re-

members, "The fact that I did not obey my parents, caused the death of my early associate, Lorenzo D——," My young reader beware of the first sin. You know not what will be the second. You know not what may be the terrible results of the first.—*Selected.*



James Kent's Difficulty.

"Ho! ho! There is James Kent. A good fellow all the boys call him; even his grandfather, a crusty old gentleman, says he is about right. He studies well, is obedient to his parents, and is very honest and sincere. He loves a frolic now and then, but they say he never gets into scrapes. Nobody has a merrier laugh than him:—hear it echo over the pond, just as he is about jumping into the water, for he is a stout swimmer, Peleg Parker told me, and

outdoes all the other boys five times over.

James has a good mother, who has trained him in the fear of God. He loves his Bible and he tries to cultivate the meek and quiet temper, which the Bible says is of great price.

But ah, James has fallen into bad company—he has been learning to gamble. What, James Kent a gambler! so young a gambler! can it be possible! "When and where did he learn to play cards and throw dice?" asks one sadly.

No, he does not play cards or use dice ; he has been gambling with marbles, and finds himself in difficulty. Playing with some skill, he has fairly gotten away all Ben Barker's marbles ; now Ben does not relish this.

"You cheat ! you do, Jem Kent ! You got away all my marbles by cheating," cries Ben fiercely.

"No, I do not," answers James ; "you know I would not cheat ; you do not mean what you say, I guess, Ben."

"Tell me I lie ! tell me that sir," cried Ben, doubling up his fist. "I'll teach you to call me names."

"Fight him ! keep the marbles and fight !" slyly whispered Sam into James' ear. Sam was for having some "sport," as he called it, and though he professed to be a great friend to Ben, this did not prevent his counselling James to fight him, of so little worth is the friendship of some people.

"Come ! fist him ! do 't be a coward, James—fight it out ! I would not be called a cheat any how ! and I'd let him know I would not be—nobody should call me a cheat, that's certain ; I'd fight !"

Poor James did not know exactly what to do ; fighting was a new business to him ; he was neither a dog or cat, a wolf or panther ; they settled their difficulties by fighting ; but James well knew this was not the Christian method, and somehow it seemed to him very wolfish to use the wolf's way. Now, what must be done ? Give back the marbles to Ben ! but that would seem to acknowledge the truth of the accusation, which he was very sure was not true, for he simply conformed to the rules of the game. But then again, it must be confessed, it did not appear *just right* to take all Ben's marbles and give him nothing *in return* for them.—Said he honestly won them ; were they not his ? James was in a dilemma : he heartily wished he was out of it, and out of it the best way. There did seem to be something a "little askew" about the business, so he thought—not so straight forward and no mistake, as he liked to see things ; but *what was it,*

that was the question ? Where was the nail out ? Can any one tell us ?

The truth is, this game of marbles contains the very essence of *gambling*, which is taking the property of another, no matter whether it is in bank bills or marbles, *without giving anything in return for it*. It is getting goods without paying for them, and this is dishonesty. It differs from barter, because in barter, you receive an article and give back to the person another article for it. This is a just exchange. Now it happens very naturally, that people are unwilling to see their property go out of their hands, without some equivalent ; they are vexed and unhappy, and become willing to do almost any thing by fair means or foul, to get it back again ; so they often resort to *cheating*, in some way or other, in order to recover what they have lost : and a cheat is amazingly apt to imagine others are using his own weapons and trying to cheat him. He gets angry and blusters about, and a quarrel follows, which oftentimes does a great deal of harm, at least it does no good : bad passions get strengthened and wicked habits formed, which lead to great unhappiness and misery.

Do you see how James stood ?

"Here I have got all Ben's marbles for nothing—I did not give him any thing for them—that does not seem right"—so argues James on one side.

"But you won them—*honestly* won them ; they must be yours"—so argues the other side.

"Now, I do not see how *fighting* will reconcile this, and settle it. I do not see but fighting will leave the matter just where it found it"—so James thought, and so do I.

Well, then, to come to the bottom of the matter, the *system* was wrong in which James got involved. The winning might be very honest, *according to* the rules of the game ; but the *principle* of the game was wrong, as we have seen, and that made it all wrong ; and this teaches us how very hard it is to reason right upon bad premises. We must be sure that we begin right, and then the way all along will be clear as

sunlight. If you look a little farther you will no longer wonder why men have been so apt to settle their difficulties by a fight; they are just those sort of difficulties that cannot be reconciled, because the whole system was wrong out of which they sprung; and they fight because they get angry and do not know exactly what else to do. See two shooting each other in a duel; see two hundred battering each other with cannon balls: the two or the two hundred may enjoy the satisfaction of dying upon the field of blood, but who sees that it settles the real merits of the cause; how pitiful they look!

And what *did* James do? Why the school-bell rung, and away scampered James, leaving the marbles on the ground his own and all.

"I'll quit the whole of it," cried James, who began to see through it, "I'll quit it, and have nothing more to do with it."

Noble resolution! Would that every boy might boldly hold up his pursuits and pastimes before the clear light of moral truth, and see how they stand it; if they hiss, and singe, and blacken, and cannot stand the test, let him *quit* them, and plant himself where he can stand freely, firmly, boldly, and with a clear and peaceful spirit.

Be careful my good fellows not to get into difficulty, for it is not every body that can be so easily *rung out* as James was.

Happy Death of a Ragged School Boy.

R. C. was admitted into a ragged school at the age of seven years, and continued in it about seven months. His parents lived in a most wretched part of the town. The father, though a good workman, and one who might do well, is a man of intemperate habits, and often leaves the family for weeks together, during which time they are left to starve or beg. The family has been visited many times; the home is a picture of desolation; two or three old broken chairs, a table,

and a few pots, appear to be all the furniture in the dwelling.

Coming from a source like this, it may be well imagined what a wretched state the boy was in. He was indeed a miniature of that misery which his home portrayed; without stockings, shoes, or hat, the rest of his clothes being in a very ragged state. He could not tell his letters; in fact, he knew not his right hand from his left.

But a marked difference was soon manifest in his conduct and appearance. Many times when the teacher was speaking to the children of the love of God in the gift of his Son to die for sinners and of their individual interest in that love, R. C. has been observed with marked attention listening to these things; and when the question has been put, "Ought we not to love him?" with a heart evidently affected, he answered, "Yes, I do love him." His devotion also at prayer was such as well became him. Very soon his mental improvement became manifest; he rose in rapid succession from class to class, until he reached the first, in which the Bible is read. R. C. was appointed a monitor; by his good conduct and perseverance he rose to be the second class teacher, and many of the boys in the school witnessed his good conduct, and received the benefit of his instructions. He was greatly respected and beloved throughout the school, and when the intelligence of his death was conveyed to them, they were so struck that for a considerable time none broke silence, which gave the master an opportunity of shewing them the blessings God had given to him; after which several asked if they might go and see him, and as soon as the school broke up, each boy walked sadly away, none having the heart to ask his fellow to have a game, but each, musing upon what had happened, went home. His mother said, that whenever his master taught him a new lesson or a hymn, he always took it home and told it to his parents. With reference

to his conduct at home, his mother remarked that it was quite different from the rest of the children, being never so happy as when at his book, and that at his prayers he behaved with the greatest reverence.

That these were not mere pretences with him, a circumstance which happened in the year 1850 will show:—Some kind friend having given a sum of money to provide destitute children with a piece of bread every day, the teacher used to ascertain, if possible, who had had no breakfast, these were served first. In a moment some sixteen or twenty boys' hands were stretched forth in eagerness, whose pallid cheeks told of hunger within; and many a time, with aching heart, the master has been obliged to say to some, "You must wait till to-morrow." With disappointment in their faces and tears in their eyes, they have retired to their seats; and many a time has the subject of these lines, with longing eye, looked at each piece of bread as it was held up and given away; but when observed to retire in modesty, a voice has been heard, "Please, sir, C. has only had a little bit of bread this morning." On one of these occasions he went home, and said to his mother, "Mother, the master told those who had no breakfast to hold up their hands, and my brother held up his; don't you think he was wrong, mother? for you know we had a piece of bread!" Well," said the mother, "you might have held up your hand, too, for you had but very little." "No mother," said he, "I could not do that, it would be telling a lie—that would be very wrong." During his illness he frequently wished to see his master, who visited him, but found him unconscious. When asked on one occasion by the master, if he should pray for the Lord's blessing—"Do, sir," said he, "if you please." He visited him afterwards, but never heard him speak. His mother said, whenever he had occasion to get out of bed, he could not be prevailed upon to get in again without

praying. The night previous to his death he asked for a Testament, and desired a chapter to be read. About twelve o'clock he repeated part of a hymn, and tried to sing, but his extreme weakness prevented him. He only spoke once after this—the words were so faint that they could not be heard. Thus he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. He is but transplanted, taken from this wilderness of sin and misery, from the evil to come, that he may rest in peace in the paradise of God.—*Ragged School Union Magazine.*

Murders and Cannibalism in New Zealand.

The cruelties of the heathen is not a very pleasant subject, yet it is one about which a good deal is told us in Missionary books. And the reason of this is plain. These books truly describe the people concerning whom they are written. And what is their state? The Bible tells us. It says that "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." You will see, therefore, that these places could not be truly described, without such dreadful accounts as you have often read about the miserable people who dwell in them. Nor would it have been right, had not the Missionaries told us what they had seen and learnt of the crimes and cruelty of those to whom they were trying to do good. And in these shocking accounts there is much that we ought to know; for first, they show us how true that Word of God is which tells us that these wretched people are "without natural affection," "hateful and hating one another;" and secondly they teach us how good that Word is, which has in many countries changed the lion into a lamb.

But though you have read much concerning these cruelties, the half has not been told you. Indeed, unless you have lived in heathen lands, you could scarcely suppose how common they were. How pleasant to be able to say "they were!" True, we cannot speak thus of all nations; for alas! many

dark places are still "full" of these evils. But it is delightful to be able to describe any in this way. A few years ago we could not have done so. Then the evils prevailed in many places from which they have now disappeared, and, we trust, for ever. And you know the reason of this change. You know that it is through the labors of the Missionaries, and by the power of God. This is the case in New Zealand, formerly a land of fierce murderers and horrid cannibals. Some years ago a Mr. Polack, a Jew, who had lived there, wrote a book about the country and the customs of its inhabitants. And after describing some of their cruel actions, he says, that it would fill a volume to mention merely the murders they had committed. Speaking of their wars, he writes thus:—"The cruelty and cannibalism which attend them pass all description and belief. When an enemy is conquered, numbers of the dead and dying are devoured. Prisoners are tortured to death. They even eat the flesh of men while they are yet alive, and drink their warm blood as it flows from their veins." They would also steal into the villages in which there were no men, and having murdered the unoffending women and children, feast upon their flesh.

But the women themselves were just as cruel as the men. Few things were more common than infanticide. Of this dreadful crime they made no secret, and showed no shame. When Mr. Polack reproved one young mother for the murder of her babe, she made very light of it, and excused herself by saying, that if it had lived, it would only have been ill treated, and she wished her mother had done the same to her. He tells us also, that all the women whom he knew, who had been the mothers of many children, had drowned or strangled several of them, and when he charged them with the dreadful deed, they only laughed in his face! And if you have read the writings of Mr. Ellis, or Mr. Williams, you will remember that the same wickedness

was common in most of the South Sea Islands.

But though the warriors and the women and the children in New Zealand were great sufferers, the poor slaves were still greater. At one place, for example, which is called Kororarika, the mistress of a slave girl, who had committed some trifling fault, seized her by the hair and called for a hatchet, and would have cut her down on the spot, if Mr. Polack had not prevented her. One day a trader from Europe, called Anscow, was lodging for a night in the house of a chief, when a slave girl, about fifteen years old, who had been away for two days, came in. Without waiting to know where she had been, or why she had staid away, her mistress ordered a ruffian to kill her. In an instant, with one blow of his axe, he struck her dead, and on the evening of the same day, a large party feasted on her body, while her head was given for a plaything to the children. Another trader, Mr. Earle, says that one of the first things he saw when he landed on New Zealand, was the roasted body of a little boy, who had just before been murdered. And why had he been murdered do you suppose? Because, having been set to watch a garden, while his attention had been drawn away by the sight of a ship in full sail, some pigs had broken into it. In 1831, a chief went out to shoot, and told his slave to get him some food ready by the time he came back. When he returned in the evening and found that the meal was not ready, he killed the girl with one blow of his axe, and then invited his friends to sup upon her flesh.

Many more such shocking stories might be told to you about these people. But only another shall now be given. A man ordered his female slave to heat a large oven, as he intended to feast his friends. She did so, and then, to her horror, her wicked master commanded her to throw herself into it. Poor creature! she begged, she cried for mercy, and cast herself upon the ground, and clasped her cruel master's knees, and

prayed him to pity and to spare her, but it was all of no use. Though he was not angry with the girl, he had resolved to gratify his horrid appetite. He therefore seized her, tied her hands and legs, and then flung her alive into the heated oven!

But, as was said before, these things were. It cannot now be said they are. New Zealand is one of the dark places upon which the great light of the gospel has shined, and there, many of the habitations of cruelty have been changed into homes as peaceful and happy as our own. This, through God's blessing, has been the effect of Missionary labor. Should you not, then, should not all who wish their fellow creatures to be safe and happy, do what they can to send Bibles and teachers to every land?—*Jur. Missionary Magazine.*

Heart Seeds.

BY KATE CAROL.

Two spirits, a good and an evil, came together, to sow seed in the heart of a little child; and the seed that the good spirit brought was called "TRUTH," and the seed of the evil one "FALSEHOOD."

Many days after, the child went forth to gather flowers and chase butterflies in the fields: It was a summer's morning, and the still dreamy air was full of fragrance, while the summer birds, heaving out their hearts in song, and the sunshine that crowded through the branches, and lay so caressing around the feet of the child, filled his heart brimfull of still sinless happiness, and he walked slowly on until he reached the shadow of a large peach-tree, that spread out its great arms as if in blessing above him:

Then the good spirit, with its shining, silvery wings, and the evil spirit, with a fearful, malignant expression on its dark countenance, met again under the peach-tree to see if the seed they had sown had taken root in its heart soil, and promised them a harvest.

Now the child had promised his mother he would not touch the peaches that grew upon that tree, for they were not fully ripened;—but oh, how tempting they looked, as the breeze lifted the leaves from their smooth, downy cheeks, softly as the fingers of a mother remove the cov-

ering from the face of her sleeping babe; and the branches hung so low that he had only to reach, and the fruit would be within his grasp. And while the child stood there, with an earnest, longing gaze, fixed on the tree, he suddenly descried on the lowest branch a peach larger and riper than all the rest. He saw the rose-colored streaks that lay on the side nearest the sun, and the mellow golden colors, that flushed the almost transparent skin; and the desire for it grew very strong in the heart of the child. "Mamma, will never know it," he murmured very softly, and then he lifted his hand and drew down the branch, and the good angel looked sad, while a smile of demoniac triumph distorted the features of the other; but the small hand that was lifted to pluck the fruit, suddenly paused;—a shadow swept over the clear, open brow, and the child whispered—"it will be a lie,—it will be a lie." The next moment the branch swung slowly back to its right position, and a pair of blue eyes, flooded with a new, deep light, looked up, and a childish voice murmured—"beautiful peach, I cannot tell a lie for you."

Then the evil spirit passed away, and the good angel drew near, and saw the blossom of truth shooting up from the seed he had sown, and covering the heart of the child; and that day, there was a new wreath, woven of the flowers of truth, hung upon the life tree that stands by the "living waters" and there it will hang, fair and fadeless, until the angel shall weave it around the spirit brow of the child from whose heart it was gathered. For, though the flowers of Earth may grow dim and perish, yet the flowers of Truth shall never decay, and the fingers of ages shall leave no autograph upon them, for their beauty lasts forever and for aye."

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