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THE MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

Vol. VII.]

JULY 1, 1850.

[No. 7



JU-JU HOUSE AT BONNY.

The above wood-cut represents a Ju-Ju House, or what is called in the language of Bonny, *Oru wari*. This house stands in the large town of *Okulume*, which lies on the south-eastern side of the river Bonny, and about ten miles from its mouth. Connected with this town there may be 10,000 inhabitants, some of whom are great traders, and the rest are the women and children of these, and their slaves. The *Oru wari*, or house of Oru, is large, but not so neat in its appearance as the representation would lead you to suppose. Rough mangrove posts and wattled work form its sides and ends, and its covering is made of the leaves of the bamboo palm. It has no doors nor windows, and when the Baptist missionaries visited the place in 1845, they found two oxen sheltering themselves from the burning sun in the house of the idol.

At the one end of the house was a dark chamber, and near it was the altar, formed of mud and of skulls. Before it ten skulls of human beings paved the place of sacrifice; nine more were on each side, two rows of thirteen in each row, were upon the top, and ten more towards the base of the altar. In the middle was the stuffed skin of a large guana, and above and below it were two rows of the skulls of goats.—Near to this altar stood a pole, reaching from the ground to the top of the house, and to this pole were attached four rows of human skulls, thirty-three in each row. On a platform, roughly constructed, and raised about five feet from the ground, lay from fifty to a hundred human skulls, mixed with the skulls of goats, all of which, as believed, had been offered, at different times, as sacrifices to their idols. In this house about 296 skulls appeared to have been offered in sacrifice, and the bodies, the missionaries were told,

had, for the most part, been eaten by the wretched slaves and miserable children of this dark and cruel place.—What a picture of heathenism does this present! How many are our mercies and what cause have we to bless God for our being in a land of gospel light.

Here our missionaries found that Oru, or Ju-Ju, was regarded as a spirit existing in the water, among the mangrove trees, and small huts were placed over certain spots in the creeks, as the houses from which Oru intimated his will. Oru is also supposed to live on shore, in one of the guanas, which go about the towns, and as they know not the one in which the supposed protector of their town resides, a law exists which forbids, on pain of death, the destruction of any of these reptiles.—In the large Ju-Ju houses, by the *Oriya lamba*, or Oru men, the idol is believed to give his intimations and answers, for the direction and protection of the town.

But even at this barbarous place, on the dark Delta of the mighty Niger, the people are willing to listen to the words of truth, and offer to allow a teacher to reside among them. They promise, too, to send their children for instruction, and a formal application has been made, through the captain of a palm oil vessel, for one to be sent to impart instruction there. The inhabitants of Cushan are in affliction, and the blessed Gospel alone is the remedy for their wretchedness and wo. May we who have freely received, freely give, that the whole earth may soon "see the salvation of God."—*Juvenile Mis. Magazine.*

THE CONVERSION OF KAJARNAK*.

In closing the stories we have given you from Mr. Bateman's Lectures, we think we cannot do better than finish with his account of the conversion of Kajarnak.

Kajarnak was a Greenlander, and a very wicked man. He lived in the

cold and cheerless clime of Greenland, but his own heart was harder and colder than even his ice-bound shores. Like all other Greenlanders before the Missionaries went to them, he was a selfish, cruel heathen, living in all the dirt and degradation for which his nation is so famed. Yet out of this heathen, wicked man, God formed, by his grace, a bright saint to shine in his kingdom for ever. This paper will tell you how it came about.

The first Protestant Mission to the heathen in modern times, you were told in our February Magazine, was from the good Moravians to the West Indian Islands. The second was also from the Moravians, and this was to Greenland. Greenland, as perhaps you know, is a cold, inhospitable land. For three months in the year the sun is never seen, and then they have their long, dismal winter's night. For nearly nine months the land is covered with snow, and for only three have they what may be called a spring and summer. The habits of the people in their heathen state are very disgusting, and their food consists chiefly of seal's flesh, blubber, and train oil, such as no European can live upon. These, and other things, made any Mission to Greenland a very difficult and trying thing. Yet good men were found ready to undertake it.

For some years before the Moravians went, a good man from Denmark, called Hans Egede, had lived there, and tried to teach and save the people, but he left, worn out with his labors, and broken in his spirits, from the absence of success. For many years the Moravians got on no better than Egede. They bore great privation, were sometimes on the point of perishing from hunger and cold, were persecuted, laughed at, and despised by the people. Yet on they worked for eight long years, in the hope that God would at last give to them success. They now began to feel discouraged. Not one convert had been made. In general, all they said was only laughed at by their hearers. And they began to think that it was

* Pronounced Ki-ar-nak.

time for them to retire from the land, and go back to their homes. Just at this point, however, God shewed to them a great mistake that they had made, and by setting them right at once, led them on to great and delightful success.

The mistake they had made was this. Finding the Greenlanders so very ignorant, they had never preached to them the simple message of salvation. They had thought there was a deal to do before they were prepared for that. So they had tried to prove to them there was a God; that he made all things; that he could see all they did; that he would punish them if they did wrong; and that it was their duty to love, obey, and worship him. But they had never sat down with them, and told over to them the story of His great love in giving Jesus to the death for them, and the part they had to do in simply believing in him as their Saviour. In this they made a great mistake, and well was it for them and Greenland that God shewed it to them when he did.

One day a party of heathen Greenlanders came down to the Missionary village. They were led by the cruel and wicked Kajarnak, and entered the hut where the Missionary was sitting writing. He was finishing his final correction of a translation of the four Gospels and was at the moment engaged on that part of St. John's Gospel which relates to the sufferings of Christ. Kajarnak was struck at seeing the Missionary writing, and at once asked him what he was doing? "Writing." "Writing!" said Kajarnak, "what is writing?" The Missionary tried to explain it, and then told him if he would sit down he would read to him what he had been writing. Kajarnak listened, and the Missionary read to him the account of Christ's agony in the garden, and then upon the cross, with the story of his being crowned, scourged, and spit upon. As he read, Kajarnak became deeply interested. "And why," he asked, "did they treat the man so? what had

he done?" "Oh!" said the Missionary, "this man did nothing amiss, but Kajarnak did; Kajarnak murdered his wife. Kajarnak filled the land with his wickedness. And Kajarnak deserved to go to hell for it. But this man suffered all this to bear Kajarnak's punishment, that Kajarnak might not go to hell." And then he opened up the glorious gospel plan, went on explaining all about God's love and Christ's work for sinners, till the big tears were seen to roll down Kajarnak's cheeks, and, unable to restrain his feelings any longer, he rose from his seat, threw himself into the Missionary's arms, and cried, "Oh! tell it me all over again, for I, too, would like to be saved!" The Missionary told him all. God blessed the word to Kajarnak's soul. He believed it—was at once a changed man—went home with another heart—and from that day became a useful preacher of the Gospel to his countrymen.

You may be quite sure the Missionaries did not now go away. Having found out their mistake they labored hard to make up for it. God helped them mightily. Many hearts besides Kajarnak's were melted. The work greatly prospered. And now, in "Greenland's icy regions," are many holy saints, and happy Christian Societies, while, already gathered into heaven, are some bright spirits from those once dark heathen shores.—*Juv. Mis. Mag.*

THE SAILOR'S DYING MOTHER.

During the last illness of a pious mother, when she was near death, her only remaining child, the subject of many agonising and believing prayers, who had been roving on the sea, returned to pay his parent a visit.

After a very affecting meeting, "You are near port, mother," said the hardy-looking sailor, "and I hope you will have an abundant entrance."

"Yes, my child, the fair haven is in sight, and soon, very soon, I shall be landed

"On that peaceful shore
Where pilgrims meet to part no more."

"You have weathered many a storm in your passage, mother; but now God is dealing very graciously with you by causing the winds to cease, and by giving you a calm at the end of your voyage."

"God has always dealt graciously with me, my son; but this last expression of his kindness, in permitting me to see you before I die, is so unexpected, that it is like a miracle wrought in answer to prayer."

"O, mother!" replied the sailor, weeping as he spoke, "your prayers have been the means of my salvation, and I am thankful that your life has been spared till I could tell you of it."

She listened with devout composure to the account of his conversion, and at last, taking his hand, she pressed it to her dying lips, and said, "Yes, thou art a faithful God! and as it hath pleased thee to bring back my long-lost child, and adopt him into thy family, I will say, 'Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'—*Day Star.*

THE USEFUL SCHOLAR.

"I recently visited," says a gentleman in America, in 1828, "a well-conducted Sabbath school, consisting of nearly 200 children, seated on circular forms. The director gave out a hymn, which was sung by the children. He then told them he would introduce to them four new scholars, who were arranged before the desk, and their names were mentioned. The superintendent read the rules of the school, which were printed on a card, and were very simple and appropriate, and explained them to the scholars then to be received.—He then prayed for each one of them, after which the following verse was sung by the children, who were seated:

"We welcome you to this dear place,
Where kind instruction's given;
And hope that you may see the face
Of Jesus Christ in heaven."

"I do not remember all the rules on the little card, but the last was, 'I must get as many children to go to the Sabbath school as I can.' This rule will not be forgotten, from an interesting circumstance which the superintendent stated, of a little boy whose name was Samuel. He always made it a practice to invite every child he met, who did not belong to the Sabbath school to attend. He one day found a little boy, who was so lame that he could not walk, and asked him if he would not be glad to attend a Sabbath-school. The boy replied, 'Yes; but I am so lame that I cannot walk: my father is dead, and my brother is gone to sea, and I have nobody to carry me.' 'Oh, I will carry you!' said Samuel: 'I will come for you every Sabbath, and bring you home again. I should like to do it. I'll carry you on my back; you are not very heavy, and I had a good deal rather do it than not.' And every Sabbath morning, Samuel was seen carrying the lame boy on his back to the school. Now, if all Sabbath school children had the same disposition as little Samuel, how few idle children should we see in the streets on the Sabbath."

PLEASING INCIDENT.

On the 16th April last, a boy named John Gibson, while proceeding to school, found, on the streets of Gorbals, a purse containing £28 in gold, which he at once handed to his teacher, Mr. Thomson, Norfolk Lane. The teacher, on his part in due course, gave the purse and money over to the Superintendent of Police of the Southern District. At first no inquiry was made after it, and as the day was that on which the "City of Glasgow" steamer sailed, and the purse was found on the line of route to that ship, it was believed that the gold must have been dropped by a passenger previous to embarking. Advertisements were, however, inserted in the newspapers, and in due course a person called at the Police Office, on the part of a widow lady in Dublin, who had sold off her furniture in Glas-

gow, and dropped the money while proceeding on the day in question to settle in Ireland. Subsequent correspondence left no doubt that this lady was actually the owner and the loser of the purse; and on recovery she authorised the magistrate to reward the honest finder with two sovereigns, or perhaps a trifle more, if he should think fit. Accordingly, a few days ago, the boy, with his father and teacher, was requested to appear before Baillie Smith at the Southern Police Court, to receive the reward; but the magistrate having ascertained that the parent was an industrious hard working man in Dixon's Works, resolved to increase the present to £3. He then addressed to the youth from the bench the following remarks, which we think worth preserving:—

My Dear Boy—This is a very happy day for you. You stand here in a very pleasing position; for you have stamped your character with integrity and honesty. Not long since I witnessed a scene of a different character in which two blackguard men found a large sum of money, £40 I think, in the Cattle Market, but instead of endeavoring to find the owner as you have done, they spent more than the half of it in dissipation and folly, and were then taken with the remainder in their possession, and each sent 60 days to prison. I truly envy the feelings of your father on this happy occasion.—The highest authority says that “a wise son makes a glad father;” and the same authority reiterates the same tender expression—“My son, if thou be wise, my heart will rejoice—even mine.” The disposition shown by you on this occasion is most honorable to the care and pains which have been taken with your training by your parents and your worthy teacher. I hope your father will place this little sum for you in the Savings' Bank, so that if you are spared to grow up to maturity it may form a good foundation on which to raise the structure of your future business character and prosperity; and

that you will continue by your dutiful conduct to gladden the hearts of your parents and friends—*Glasgow Chron.*

THE DYING GIRL.

A child of nine years old, in St. Giles's, London, had gone for a long time to school, in which the children of Roman catholics are taught, by protestants, to read the Bible. The little girl was taken very ill, and when there seemed no hope of her getting better, her parents sent for a popish priest. When he came, he thus spoke to her: “Child, you are in an awful state; you are just going to die. I beg you, before you depart, to make your dying request to your father and mother, that they will not send your brothers and sisters to the school that you went to.” The little girl raised herself up in bed, and said, “My dear father and mother, I make it my dying request, that you will send my brothers and sisters to that school; for there I was first taught that I was a sinner, and that I must depend alone upon Jesus Christ for salvation.” She then laid her head back, and expired.—*Childs' Companion.*

SPEAK NO ILL.

Nay, speak no ill—a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind;
And oh, to breathe each tale we've heard
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown
By choosing thus the kinder plan,
For if but little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide—
Would fain another's faults efface;
How can it pleasure human pride,
To prove humanity but base!
No, let us reach a higher mood—
A nobler estimate for man;
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Then, speak no ill, but lenient be
To others' failings as your own;
If ye're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a passing day—
No lips may tell how brief its span—
Then, oh, the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can!
—*Day Star.*

O COME, LET US SING!

T.

Air & Alto.

O come let us sing, Our youthful hearts now swelling, To God above, a

B.

God of love; O come let us sing. Our joy-ful spi-rits glad and free,
With

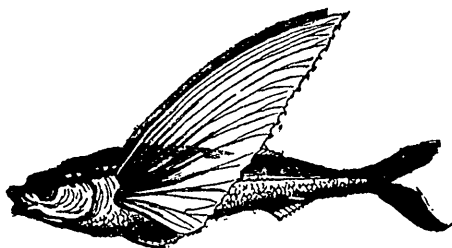
high e-mo-tion rise to thee, In heavenly me-lo-dy; O come let us sing

The full notes prolong,
Our festal celebrating,
We hail the day with cheerful lay
And full notes prolong.
Both cheerful youth and silvery age,
And childhood pure, the gay, the sage,
These thrilling scenes engage,
Full notes to prolong.

O swell, swell the song,
His praises oft repeating :
His Son he gave our souls to save—
O swell, swell the song.
The humble heart's devotion bring,
Whence gushing streams of love do spring,
And make the welkin ring
With sweet swelling song.

We'll chant, chant his praise—
Our lofty strains now blending :
A tribute bring to Christ our King,
And chant, chant his praise.
Our Saviour, Prince, was crucified,
" 'Tis finished," then he meekly cried,
And bow'd his head and died—
Then chant, chant his praise.

All full chorus join,
To Jesus condescending
To bliss our race with heavenly grace,
All full chorus join.
To God, whose mercy on us smiled,
And Holy Spirit, reconciled
By Christ, the meek and mild,
All full chorus join.



FLYING FISH.

Bishop Heber, in his journal, which he kept during his voyage to India, says :—The flying-fish to-day were very numerous and lively. They rose in whole flights to the right and left of the bow, flying off in different directions, as if the body of the ship alarmed and disturbed them. Others, however, at a greater distance, kept rising and falling without any visible cause, and apparently in the gladness of their hearts, and in order to enjoy the sunshine and the temporary change of element. Certainly, there was no appearance or probability of any larger fish being in pursuit of one-hundred part of those we saw; nor were there any birds to endanger their flight; and those writers who describe the life of these animals as a constant succession of alarms, and rendered miserable by fear, have never, I conceive, seen them in their mirth, or considered those natural feelings of health and hilarity, which seem to lead all creatures to exert, in mere lightness of heart, whatever bodily powers the Creator has given them. It would be just as reasonable to say, that a lamb leaps in a meadow for fear of being bitten by serpents; or that a horse gallops round his pasture, only because it is in fear of some enemy,—as to infer, from the flight of these animals, that they are always pursued by the boneta.—*Childs' Companion.*

Voyage of the "John Williams" to the New Hebrides and New Caledonia Groups.

(Abridged from the *Samoan Reporter*, a South Sea periodical conducted by the Missionaries.)

On the 3d of July 1848, the "John Williams" left Upolu on her third voyage westward to those heathen islands. There were on board the Rev. John Geddie and Mr I. Archibald from Nova Scotia, the Rev. T. Powell of the Samoan Mission, together with their families; Samoan and Rarotongan native teachers, a native of New Caledonia, another of Aneiteum, and another of Savage Island; amounting in all, including ourselves and the ship's company, to sixty souls.

ANEITEUM.

We had two teachers here, and we found them both well. They had no decided cases of conversion to God to report; still their labors are not altogether in vain. A fluctuating few attend their services on the Sabbath; but wherever they itinerate, among villages or plantations, all they meet with are ready to converse with them and listen to their instructions. We rejoice to report that the Rev. Messrs Geddie and Powell, and their assistant, Mr. Archibald, who went thither for the special purpose, have re-occupied the New Hebrides Mission, and are now located at Aneiteum, at the southwest harbor. We have also located two native teachers at a station on the north-east side. Messrs Geddie and Powell will not confine their labors to Aneiteum, but exercise a superintending care over the native teachers placed on other islands of the New Hebrides and also the New Caledonia groups.

TANA.

Last voyage, everything was discouragement at Tana: a teacher killed, the station abandoned, and the mission premises burned. Two teachers were left at Aneiteum to watch for a reaction, and return. Tana, with all its faults, will have the Gospel! In March last year, a chief on the west side of Port-Resolution, sent his son to Aneiteum for the special purpose of getting teachers. This was to the teachers a call of Providence, and the very thing they were waiting for. They returned to Tana immediately, and have been there ever since. When an epidemic breaks out, they are still blamed for it by some, and their lives are in jeopardy, but no harm has befallen them and they fear no evil. The chiefs on the east side of the bay, with one exception, desire teachers. They still pray to Jehovah, and keep up a nominal observance of the Sabbath. We left a third teacher on the West side of the bay.

ERROMANGA.

Had the wind favored us, we proposed calling it Dillon's Bay. But we heard much about Erromanga while in the group; and our prospects for that unhappy island are as dark as ever. The "Elizabeth," Captain Brown, a sandal-wooding barque, went ashore last February in Dillon's Bay. The Erromangans are constantly fighting with the sandal wooders, and are determined that no white man shall ever live an hour on their shores. But the half of the atrocities committed on these islands can never be told. We have a strong suspicion that there is a traffic being carried on there more revolting than ever slavery was. We believe that the Erromangans will give pigs or sandal-wood for as many of the Tanese, or even hostile tribes on their island, as they can get, and that the poor creatures are killed and cooked whenever they can be obtained. It is the same at Tana. Erromangans taken there are worth about three pigs a-head, or something equivalent. We

know that there are parties who trade honestly and as peaceably as they can for the wood; but we have reason to believe that there are others who will do *anything* to get it. There is evidently a curse upon the trade. During the last eighteen months alone, upwards of sixty of our countrymen prosecuting it have been cut off by massacres and shipwrecks. But this is nothing compared with the loss of life on the side of the natives.

SANDWICH ISLAND.

On reaching Fate (or Sandwich Island), we were grieved to learn, that three of the five stations there had been abandoned, and that our devoted native evangelists had been exposed to many perils. At one of the stations, the teacher died of ague, in May last year.

At another place, two teachers were stationed. About the same time one of them died, the other was taken ill, and visited by his fellow-teachers from another station. On the Sabbath afternoon, a party of the natives went to the house of the sick man. He was suspicious, got up, went towards the door, and on attempting to keep them back by asking what they had come for, one of them struck him on the chest, with a block of wood which they use as a pillow. He fell, died, and was buried that night.

But the abandonment of another of the stations on the south-west side of the island,—viz. Olatapu, is associated with events more calamitous still. Mose and Sepania, teachers from Samoa, were stationed here. On Friday afternoon, towards the end of April, 1847, a boat reached a bay close by where the teachers were. Two white men were in it, and starving for want of food. The natives resolved on killing them, desirous of getting their bodies, their clothes, and their boat. Mose was the means of saving one of them, a man named John Jones. The other, a stout man, was taken by a person, saying, he would save him; but he was killed and cooked next morning. This was a boat belonging to the

"British Sovereign," a sandal-wooding barque, which had gone ashore some nights before on the east side of the island, and became a wreck. The captain and the rest of the crew, having escaped from the wreck, arrived at the same place on the following Sabbath, on their way to the large harbor on the south-west side of the island. They were all killed.

A few days after, another boat touched at the same place, which we suppose was the long boat either of the "Elizabeth" or the "British Sovereign," in search of survivors. All on shore were in arms again, bent upon killing the four or five white men who were in this boat; and when they went off towards it, the men fired upon them. The chiefs were enraged at the firing, and determined to be avenged on the teachers and Jones, who was still a refugee with them. A woman, hearing of the plot, ran and informed the teachers. Jones and they had scarcely reached the bush, fleeing for their lives, when the party arrived at their house to kill them. They were pursued to another station whither they fled; but, after remonstrance, and in consideration of getting all the property of the teachers, there was no further bloodshed.

But there is a bright side of the picture. The teachers on this island have many opportunities of telling the people the way of salvation. They have visited other parts of the island, were well received, and had requests for teachers. Three aged women would have been buried alive, but for the remonstrance of the teachers. This custom is awfully prevalent here. It is even considered a disgrace to the family of an aged chief, if he is not buried alive. And when the poor old heathen feels sick and infirm, he will tell those around him to bury him. The grave is at once dug, and the old dying man's groans are drowned amid the weeping and wailing of his family and friends. Persons, too, at whatever age, if in sickness they are delirious, are buried alive forthwith. A young man in the

prime of life was thus buried lately. He burst up the grave, and escaped. He was seized, and buried again. A second time he struggled to the surface; and then they led him to the bush, bound him to a tree, and left him to die. Verily, the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty!

LIFU.

The Lives of the Teachers in Danger.

—Many of the people, including some of the chiefs of Lifu, were cut off by an epidemic, towards the end of 1846. As it broke out soon after the arrival of fresh teachers, they were blamed as having brought it. Many were determined to kill them, but some were raised up to defend them. "Kill them," said their enemies, "and there will be an end to the sickness!" "No," was the reply; "we are dead men if we do; their God will avenge their death." "Then banish them from the island!" said they. "That will also expose us to the Divine judgments," their friends replied. "Let them alone; they have come among us for good, not for evil!" A chief from the Isle of Pines, who was there at the time, was then consulted. "Spare the teachers!" said he. "We on our island foolishly killed our teachers, thinking it would remove disease; but, after their death, their God punished us, and disease and death raged among us more than ever. Spare them, lest it be the same here." While this heathen council was being held, the teachers were assembled in their own house, spending the day in prayer and preparation for their end. They thought that day was to be their last. They cast themselves on the arms of Him who said, "Lo I am with you always;" and he delivered them from death. The chiefs Bula and Gaisone were, on this occasion, mainly instrumental in saving them. But soon after this, Bula died, and then again they were in great peril. It is a custom, on the death of a chief, to impute it to human agency; and on these occasions the friends, like so many avengers of blood, are up in arms, and rest not until they have spread desolation and death

somewhere in the land. Malice, at such times, is at work, pointing out some parties as causing the death through their incantations. When Bula died, the cry was again raised, "Kill the teachers!" Gaisone was firm on their side, and told the people they must kill him first. Some talked of killing him to get at the teachers; but on this another party was blamed, and revenge sought that very night in the blood of a family of eight individuals in another part of the district.

MARE.

At Mare, our teachers are still laboring. Schools have fallen off, but the services are attended to by many people on the Sabbath. They have four preaching stations in the distance, which they supply on that day. Some, we trust, are "not far from the kingdom of God."

An old chief, hearing the teachers tracing diseases to divine and not human agency, sent for a noted priest, and engaged him to exert his power and bring disease upon some of the teachers, to see whether Jehovah or the priests of Mars were true. The priest went to the bush behind the teacher's house with his basket of relics, viz., the hair, finger-nails, bones, &c., of his forefathers; and, striking the air with his club, looked to see whether there was blood on his basket—a sign that vengeance had gone forth upon the teachers. He beat the air and looked at his basket until he was tired. No blood appeared; and chief and priest concluded that Jehovah, the God of the teachers, must be a true God and a mighty one. The chief is attached to the teachers; and, since that time, the priest has sent for the teachers to preach regularly in his village.

We again anchored at Apia on the 2d of September; and, in closing this Report of our Voyage, we do so with heartfelt thanks to our heavenly Father, for all the protection and guidance vouchsafed throughout its course, and for all the encouragement he gives us

to go forward in our hallowed enterprise for the evangelization of these dark places of the earth.

A TRUE HISTORY.

I know children are very fond of histories, and so I will tell them about a little boy with whom I am acquainted; but, as he may perhaps see this, I do not choose to give his real name, and shall therefore call him Edward, hoping however that he will be able to discover his own character, and perceive its defects.

I do not intend to attribute that to thoughtlessness alone, which certainly springs from the deep depravity of the heart, and displays itself more or less in every child of Adam; proving the truth of Scripture, which asserts, "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child;" and, we "go astray as soon as we are born, speaking lies," Prov. xxii. 15. Psa. lviii. 3.

This little boy is nearly ten years of age, blessed with pious parents, and a kind sister who attends to his education. He possesses an abundant share of religious advantages, and has been regularly accustomed to attend upon a faithful minister; but I am sorry to say he often wishes to stay at home. I fear that he often neglects private prayer, or engages in it in a careless manner, and therefore you will not be surprised at what I am going to tell you. If Edward does anything improper, and is desired by his mamma not to do it, she has to speak several times before he chooses to obey. If he is told to do any thing in the least contrary to his own inclination, he will either refuse to do it, or grumble in a most disagreeable manner; but, if his own requests are not immediately granted, he will keep teasing, or else pout and fret, and not unfrequently get quite in a passion. And I am sorry to say, he often speaks in a disrespectful manner to his kind mamma, though he will declare how very much

he loves her; which assertion would be more readily believed if he tried to please, instead of distressing her.

Edward is not only disobedient and impatient, but exceedingly self-willed. He likes his own way best, and is often heard to say, "I will have it;" or, "I will go." He has, too, a sad habit of contradicting every body, and making assertions in the most positive manner, which is not at all becoming in young people. Very frequently he displays that evil feeling, alas! so common—I mean selfishness; preferring our own gratification before another's, or sometimes at the expense of another person's comfort. This disposition is seen when chasing a butterfly, for amusement, and may very probably be termed cruel, as the poor little insect must suffer from a rude touch, and soon dies when confined under a glass, or in a box.

Now, as a person may have a dirty face, without being aware of it till he sees it in a looking glass; so may a child be told of his faults, and not see how hateful they appear. I have therefore chosen this method of displaying them, that they may be more readily seen, and do good, if read with care, and prayer for the Holy Spirit's influences without which we cannot discover our true characters.

When Edward has read this, and his conscience tells him it is a description of his own conduct, I hope he will not throw it aside, and, in his usual manner, say, "Ah! well, I don't care;" but I would advise him to read it again with attention; go into his own little room, then kneel down, and beg of God to convince him of his sinfulness, and change his heart.

Perhaps, amongst the readers of this magazine, there may be more than one little boy or girl to whom some part of this paper may apply. Let each one ask himself, or herself, "Is this my character? Am I unprofitable to my kind parents? Do I show these tempers and dispositions which are so unamiable?" If you have reason to

think this is the case, dear children, go and ask God to make you sorry for your sins, and forgive you, for Jesus Christ's sake, for you have offended him by such conduct. You know it is said, in the Bible, "Children, obey your parents in all things." Read about Jesus Christ; he was subject to his parents; he was meek and lowly in heart; and, if you ask him in sincerity, he will make you like himself.

But you must watch against all evil tempers, and pray that God the Holy Spirit would enable you to overcome them, for his grace is promised to all who ask for it.—*Childs' Companion.*

TEACHER'S CORNER.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

We take the following chapter, "Heaven's Antidote to the Curse of Labor," from the Prize Essay on the proper observance of the Sabbath, by J. Allan Quinton, Ipswich, England, from which Sabbath School Teachers in Canada will see the high estimate that is formed of the work in which they are engaged, and that they may be led to regard, in a suitable point of view the responsibility of their position, or, as a consequence, the necessity of seeking those qualifications which alone can enable them to discharge their duty aright.

The Sabbath Schools of our land afford another exemplification of the advantages of the Sabbath in relation to mind. These delightful institutions are mainly supplied with scholars from the families of the lower ranks of society. There are at the present time, according to a recent calculation, not fewer than two millions of such children gathered every Sabbath day into these Christian nurseries; a large proportion of whom are employed thro' the entire week, and who, but for this expedient of Christian benevolence and zeal, would grow up in a state of barren ignorance. Here, then, we have a machinery, simple in its construction, noiseless and unobtrusive in its operations, but nevertheless wonderful and far-reaching in its results. The ten thousand little streamlets glide unseen along the bed of society; the children and teachers come and go from week to week; the busy world, meanwhile, taking no note of them; but a mighty and beneficent work is stealthily going on in secret. The fallow ground of two millions of

minds brought under the culture of spiritual husbandry. The virgin soil of youthful hearts is turned up and exposed to the warm breath of instruction. The seeds of evil germinating there—those indigenous to their nature, those shed upon them by a pernicious parental example, and those borne to them on the wings of every worldly influence—are sought out and carefully eradicated. Fresh sowings simultaneously take place; living germs of goodness are implanted; the stony heart is oftentimes made ductile by tender treatment; the conscience is aroused; the intellect is dredged and fructified; an appetite for nutritious knowledge is created, and thus the work hopefully goes on.

Sometimes the green blade of promise speedily appears, the budding intellect expands its leaves, and the progressive life yields a rich crop of piety and usefulness. In other cases the springing is delayed. The golden grain seems to have perished in the ungenial bed to which it had been consigned. But no rank passions and luxuriant vices have only checked the precious seed, and retarded its growth. The living rudiments can never rot; they lie deeply earthed in the heart; entangled, perhaps, with the fibres of sins that root themselves there; awaiting a predestined day, an hour, a place, when and where they shall suddenly burst, with startling energy, into sight. It may be on the desolate rock, when the wreck is going down; it may be in the heart of a deep wilderness, or in the worse solitude of a crowded city, when no friendly face beams upon them; it may be in the graveyard, in the day of desolation; it may be in the lonely chamber, in the dead of night; it may be in the dungeon, when crime is fully ripe; or it may be on the death-bed, when the judgment hour draws near; for on all these occasions, and in all these places, have the imperishable reminiscences of Sabbath-school instructions been suddenly revived, sometimes to communicate a glimmering hope of the Divine mercy, at others, to add fuel to the burnings of despair.

What rich fruitage has this blessed system already yielded! The Sabbath school is a nursery of national righteousness. It has supplied men of integrity for responsible stations in society; it has, from year to year, replenished the church of God with new members; it has provided the ministry of our land with not a few of its most illustrious ornaments, and has given the first impulses of seraphic zeal to many of the most distinguished missionaries of modern times. And who can compute the number of dormant minds it has quickened into activity; the fine intelligence it has opened and expanded; the memories it has stored with precious truths; the trailing virtues it has supported and invigorated; and the thriving vices it has withered, uprooted and destroyed!

It is, moreover, the peculiar excellence of

this educational system, that it not only develops intellect, but it develops it in a right manner. It does this, not by artificial stimulants, forcing a precocious and sickly growth, but by simply aiding the healthy action of nature. For it is not the abstract acuteness and capacity of any mind, but the proper application of its powers, that should be a matter of solicitude. A splendid intellect prostituted to the advocacy of error is a fearful curse; while the humblest talents, plighted to truth, and wisely directed, may prove an enduring blessing.

Had the Sabbath no other benefit of which to boast, than that of educating the incipient mind of the working classes, it would be entitled to our warmest gratitude and commendation. Sabbath-school instruction is one of the most hopeful and influential of all labors, and in the present perilous times is emphatically required! If the wide undergrowth of youthful mind be not carefully watched, and directed, in its earlier stages of development, small success will attend any subsequent efforts to improve it, when it has attained a dwarfed, misshapen, and stubborn maturity. A good impulse are not given to the rising intelligence of the laboring population in childhood, there is painful reason to fear that, in very many cases, the impressing season is irrevocably lost. Other teachers are in the field. Other influences are busy all around. Life opens up its beguiling scenes to the inexperienced eye. Harlotry lavishes its blandishments and weaves its snares. Scepticism insinuates its doubts. Profanity next approaches, flashing its witty jests and blasphemies. Enticements to dissoluteness and sensuality ply the unguarded victim on every side, till at length the time not spent in the duties of his calling is wasted in awful wickedness. Thus the fallen one becomes a wretched outcast from all good men. And thus minds that, with timely training, might have struggled into light and usefulness, become blasted by early neglect, and the fierce onset of earthly temptations.

But, if youth will push its way to the brink of destruction, let us, nevertheless, fence the path with all possible resistances and obstructions. Since the road to ruin is so easy and congenial to the heart of man, let us lodge in his mind every principle that is calculated to retard his progress and damp his guilty ardor. This object is blessedly achieved by the Sabbath-schools of our country.

What a fund of blessing is thus hoarded up in the Sabbath! Its uses in relation to mind are not at present fully understood; for its rich available sources have never yet been half explored. The present Sabbath-school system, for instance, is but the embryo of a more perfect scheme for intellectual elevation hereafter to be disclosed.