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THE
CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY
AND
SABBATH SCHOOL RECORD.

VOL. I.]

MAY 1, 1844.

[No. 5.]

PSALM lxxiv. 20.

“The dark Places of the Earth, are full of the Habitations of Cruelty.”

DEAR CHILDREN,—All that the Bible says, is true, and we have abundance of proof, we think, to show you that the verse quoted above is no less true *now*, than it was when first written. You know that when wicked men commit crime, they choose the darkness of night as the fit time to do it in, then it is that the thief and robber for instance prowl abroad. When men are left to their own understandings, without the influence of God's grace to renew their wicked hearts, and the light of his word and Spirit to guide their steps, they will be guilty of the most atrocious crimes. Cruel indeed are their tender mercies; but perhaps you will like this explained best by an example.

You know probably that some savage nations have been and now are so dreadfully barbarous, that they actually eat one another for food, and those who do so are called Cannibals. A tribe of natives on the continent of Africa, called Bassotoas, were remarkable as being great Cannibals, yet Missionaries of the Gospel have gone amongst them, and God has blessed their labours. We shall give an extract from the journal of M. Dyke, a French Protes-

tant Missionary there. Taking a journey through some villages about twenty miles from the station where he resided, he describes the country as very beautiful, but when he remembered how it was polluted by guilty man, he said he had occasion to weep rather than rejoice.

“Eleven years ago, no one could traverse this region in safety, unless he was escorted by a force sufficient to resist the murderers who lay in ambush. The natives who acted as our guides, had a thousand tales to relate concerning every spot, so to speak, of a country which they knew so well. ‘Here,’ said one, ‘were laid the snares in which the imprudent feet of the traveller were caught, beyond the possibility of escape.’ ‘Do you see this tree?’ cried another; ‘from its branches the Cannibals were accustomed to suspend the spoils of the wretches whom they had taken in their toils.’ A third showed us a natural cavern excavated in a rock; ‘There,’ said he, ‘they have devoured more than one poor victim.’

But we were already approaching the villages of the natives; and, as one and another passed before us, some one in our company exclaimed, “Behold one of these Cannibals; that one who is coming toward us, was one of the worst of them all.” Indeed we found ourselves surrounded with people who, during a whole year had eaten nothing but human flesh; there were some even who since their infancy, had scarcely tasted any other kind of food. We passed near a cave where I was told that I should find human bones. I went to it and actually found more than sixty square feet, covered with the remains of human beings who had formerly supplied the kettles of these Cannibals. I grew faint, and it became necessary for me to leave a place which was so revolting.

Towards evening, we came to the village of Penane, chief of the Cannibal Bassotoas. An immense rock, suspended, and forming a regular dome, under which many hundred persons could arrange themselves, served as a residence for the chief and many of his subjects. The presence of Moshesh secured for us a good reception. A short service was held, a prayer was addressed to the Creator and Preserver of our existence; after which we surrendered ourselves to repose. My imagination retraced the horrors which had been enacted, but a few years before, beneath this dome under which I now found myself. The cry of the bleeding victims, the frightful shouts of these inhuman butchers, seemed to resound in my ears. Their park, now so well filled, served only to recall, more vividly, those companies of another sort, formerly collected in this very enclosure; for, in the language of these monsters, the names of oxen, cows, and calves, were employed to designate the different ages and sexes.

In the morning, the people assembled by the order of Moshesh. The natives came from different villages to hear the word of life. The assembly was numerous and attentive. Moshesh arose first and spoke from a natural platform. Some extracts from his discourse will be read with interest.

‘I have come with my hand that you may fill it with grain. I have no more seed; but you can procure some for me. May it be fruitful, that it may fertilize the country anew. Although you should give me but a handful, you ought to remember that all the grain has come from a single ear. I have come with my missionary. He is a man who has traversed the sea on a tree (vessel) for your sakes. I have come to ask for seed; but he has brought seed with him. He has come with his harrow, which is his mouth to sow the seed in your hearts. When you are required to sow a field for the chief, it is your custom for all to get together, and the field is sown in one day. You ought to do the same thing to-day; and I am sorry that so few of you are here. You are our brethren. We, the masters of the country, have prepared for you the feast of Cannibalism. The ear comes from God, and he has created the eye. He has seen, he has heard. He will say to us, *Lords of the country, it is you who are Cannibals; for can men eat stones?* It is true that you have eaten my father; but I had first eaten your father.* Let all be forgotten. The word of God tells us that when we are struck, we ought not to strike back. You have heard of the progress which the gospel has made in my village; you know that my sons, Molapo and Mashnupa, have received it. Makoniane—he who has always been the arm with which I have defended myself against my enemies—has also received the gospel. How far are they converted? That is what I do not know; I am not a competent judge. But I listen to the gospel, and you ought also to listen to it. I am the door that shuts behind you. So long as I am alive, be of good courage; but when I am dead, account yourselves undone. Throw yourselves down your mountains the day that you hear that I am dead. It is the gospel which is the source of the prosperity and the peace which you enjoy; and I am perfectly convinced that every nation which does not enjoy the instructions of religion, is undone.’”

So many of our young friends having been delighted with the “Reasons why Children should fly to Christ without delay,” given in our January, February, and March numbers, that we

*The ancestors of Moshesh had stripped the ancestors of those whom he was addressing of all their property, and had, therefore, obliged them to live on human flesh. This was all that Moshesh meant by the expression, ‘I had first eaten your father.’ But on the other hand, the grandfather of Moshesh was actually killed and eaten by cannibals.

thought it right to publish another short address, by the same kind friend to children, the late Rev. Mr. M'Cheyne of Dundee. He himself has been called away to his rest about twelve months ago, but his name will long survive. The following was addressed to his own Sabbath School children, but we are sure that children in Canada will find it equally suitable to themselves :—

TO THE LAMBS OF THE FLOCK.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.—Isaiah xl. 11.

BELOVED CHILDREN,—Jesus is the Good Shepherd. His arms were stretched out on the cross, and his bosom was pierced with the spear. That arm is able to gather you, and his bosom is open to receive you. I pray for you every day, that you may be saved by Christ. He said to me, “Feed my lambs,” and I daily return the words to him, “Lord, feed my lambs.” In the bowels of Jesus Christ I long after you all. I believe Christ has gathered some of you. But are no more to be gathered? Are no more green brands to be plucked from the burning? Will no more of you hide beneath the white robe of Jesus? Oh come! for “yet there is room.” Lift up your hearts to God while I tell you something more of the Good Shepherd.

I. JESUS HAS A FLOCK.

“He shall feed his flock like a shepherd.” Every shepherd must have a flock, and so has Christ. I once saw a flock in a valley near Jerusalem, and the shepherd went before them and called the sheep, and they knew his voice and followed him. I said, this is the way Jesus leads his sheep. Oh that I may be one of them.

1. *Christ's Flock is a little Flock.*—Hear what Jesus says, “Fear not, little flock, it is your father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.” (Luke vii. 32.) Pray to be among the little flock. Look at the world, eight hundred millions of men, women, and children, of different countries, colour, and language, all journeying

to the Judgment Seat. Is this Christ's flock? Ah no. Five hundred millions never heard the sweet name of Jesus, and of the rest, the most see no beauty in the Rose of Sharon. Christ's is a little flock. Look at this town. What crowds press along the streets on a market day. What a large flock is here. Is this the flock of Christ? No. It is to be feared that most of these are not the brothers and sisters of Christ; they do not bear his likeness; they do not follow the Lamb now, and will not follow him in eternity. Look round the Sabbath Schools. What a number of young faces are there. How many beaming eyes! How many precious souls! Is this the flock of Christ? No, no. The most of you have hard and stony hearts—the most of you love pleasure more than God—the most of you love sin, and lightly esteem Christ. "What a pity it is that they do not a' come to Christ, for they would be sic happy," said one of yourselves. I could weep when I think how many of you will live lives of sin, and die deaths of horror, and spend an eternity in hell. Beloved children, pray that you may be like the one lily among many thorns—that you may be the few lambs in the midst of a world of wolves.

2. *Christ's Sheep are marked Sheep.*—In almost every flock the sheep are all marked in order that the shepherd may know them. The mark is often made with tar on the woolly back of the sheep. Sometimes it is the first letter of the owner's name. The use of the mark is that they may not be lost when they wander among other sheep. So it is with the flock of Jesus. Every sheep of his has two marks. *One mark is made with the blood of Jesus.* Every sheep and lamb in Christ's flock was once guilty and defiled with sin, altogether become filthy. But every one of them has been drawn to the blood of Jesus, and washed there. They are all like sheep "come up from the washing." They can all say, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood." (Rev. i. 5.)

Have you this mark? Look and see. You can never be in heaven unless you have it. Every one there has washed his robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. (Rev. vii. 14.) *Another mark is made by the Holy Spirit.* This is not a mark which you can see outside, like the mark on the white wool of the sheep. It is deep, deep in the bosom, where the eye of man cannot look. It is **A NEW HEART.** (Ezek. xxxvi. 26) "A new heart also will I give you." This is the seal of the Holy Spirit; which he gives to all them that believe. With infinite power he puts forth his unseen hand, and silently changes the heart of all that are truly Christ's. Have you got the new heart? You never will go to heaven without it. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." Beloved children, pray for these two marks of the sheep of Jesus—forgiveness through blood and a new heart. Oh, be in earnest to get them, and to get them *now*. Soon the Chief Shepherd will come, and set the sheep on his right hand, and the goats on his left. Where will you be in that day?

3. *Christ's Sheep all flock together.*—Sheep love to go together. A sheep never goes with a wolf, or with a dog, but always with the flock. Especially when a storm is coming down, they keep near one another. When the sky turns dark with clouds, and when the first drops of a thunder-shower are coming on, the shepherds say that you will see the sheep flocking down from the hills, and all meeting together in some sheltered valley. They love to keep together. So it is with the flock of Jesus. They do not love to go with the world, but always with one another. Christian loves Christian. They have the same peace, the same spirit, the same shepherd, the same fold on the hills of immortality. Especially in the dark and cloudy day, such as our day is likely to be, the sheep of Christ are driven together. They love to pray together, to sing praise together, to weep together, to hide in Christ together.

“Little children, love one another.” Make companions of those that fear God. Flee from all others. Who can take fire into their bosom and not be burned? I remember of one little boy who was indeed a lamb of Christ’s fold. He could not bear a lie; and whenever he found any of his companions telling a falsehood, he left their company altogether. There was one boy with whom he was very intimate. This boy, one day, began to boast of something he had done, which boast our little Christian saw at once to be a lie. Upon this, he told him that he must never again come to his house, and that he would have nothing more to do with him till he was a better boy. His mother asked how he would know when he was a better boy? He said that he would soon see some marks which would shew him that he was better. “And what marks will you know it by?” “I think,” said he, “the biggest mark will be that he loves God.”

(To be Continued.)

CHILDREN INVITED TO THE SAVIOUR.

Like mist on the mountain, like ships on the sea,
So swiftly the years of our pilgrimage flee;
In the grave with our fathers how soon we shall lie,
Dear children, to-day to a Saviour fly.

How sweet are the flowers in April and May!
But often the frost makes them wither away;
Like flowers you may fade: Are you ready to die?
While “yet there is room” to the Saviour fly.

When Samuel was young he first knew the Lord,
He slept in his smile, and rejoiced in his word:
So most of God’s children are early brought nigh,—
Oh! seek him in youth—to a Saviour fly.

Do you ask me for pleasure? then lean on his breast
For there the sin-laden and weary find rest;
In the valley of death you will triumphing cry,—
If this be called dying, “’tis pleasant to die.”

Sketches of Missions.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

(Concluded.)

The fields of Missionary labour in India were now white unto the harvest. In 1815, 1816, and 1817, upwards of 400 were added to the church; thus, in the course of about seventeen years, nearly 1200 individuals who, until the good news of salvation was brought to them by this society, had been living not only without God in the world, but in the practice of every species of wickedness, were now introduced into the glorious fellowship of the Sons of God. In twenty-four different places in India and the neighbouring isles, the standard of the cross was raised—several thousand children were brought under instruction in the various schools established by the Mission; and by the translation of the Bible into the native languages of the Hindoos, Persians, and Chinese, the path of Divine knowledge was laid open to many millions. The staff of English Missionaries was much increased, and many native converts became most invaluable assistants. One of these, Brindaban, first heard the Gospel at a festival between Cutwa and Cerampore. At night he went to the Missionary, and said, “I have a flower, which I wish to give to some one who is worthy of it,” (this was the Hindoo method of referring to his own heart,) “I have travelled,” said he, “about the country for many years, to find such a person, but in vain. I went to Juggernaut, but there I saw only a piece of wood; that was not worthy of it, but to day I have found one that is, Jesus Christ is worthy of my flower.” He made himself very useful by instructing inquirers. At the age of seventy he frequently walked more than twenty miles a day, holding conversation with his countrymen about the salvation of their souls; telling them of Christ crucified. When urged to spare himself, he would exclaim, “Oh! what do I live for?” He entered into

the joy of his Lord, September 2, 1821. It had always been considered a hopeless attempt to bring the Hindoo girls under Christian instruction, but obstacles gave way under the persevering energy of the labourers connected with this Society. Girls schools were organized about the year 1817, and ten years after, in Serampore alone, there were thirteen schools composed of Hindoo girls, and seven or eight in other places.

In 1824 the father of this much honoured Society, Dr. William Carey, slept in Jesus. He died at the age of seventy-four, after having laboured in the Missionary cause forty years.

In India the work of preaching, teaching, and translating, is still carried on with increasing zeal and success. In that country alone, thirty-three Missionaries are now labouring in forty different stations. There are seventy-four schools in active operation, attended by 2738 pupils. Copies of the Scriptures, Tracts, and School-books are continually issuing from the press at Calcutta by thousands and tens of thousands. Since the first issue of the New Testament in 1801 to the year 1842, the whole Bible, or parts of it, have been translated into forty-four Eastern languages or dialects, spoken by, at least, including China, five hundred millions of people, and nearly five hundred thousand volumes have been printed.

But the labours of this eminently useful Society were not confined to India and its Hindoo population. Missions were established in Africa, where they have now five stations, four Missionaries, and three schools. The first seed of a Christian Church was planted by one who had drunk deep of the spirit of Him whose name is Love. He was a slave named Keith, a member of the Baptist Church in Samaca. Immediately after the day of full emancipation, Keith sold all he possessed, purchased a few clothes, worked his passage out to Africa, to proclaim—and did proclaim, on the very spot where he had been stolen, the Gospel of Salvation.

In the Asiatic Islands there are seventeen Mission

Stations, six Missionaries, and twenty nine Schools, attended by about one thousand and fifty children. In Java the religious tracts and books were eagerly sought after. A young Javanese was asked if the books were read, and what the people thought of them, he replied, "Certainly they are read, and when we read them we can only weep over them." In the West Indies, Jamaica in particular, the spiritual harvest reaped by this Society has been very abundant. The first Baptist preacher in Jamaica was George Siele, a black man, from Georgia; he and his wife had been slaves in the service of a British officer, at whose death they became free; this must have been about the year 1806, since then many Missionaries have laboured in the field. Mr. Howe was the first sent from Britain. Messrs. Kitching, Knibb, and Burchell live in the warm remembrance of the now free and happy negro. Many circumstances occurred to render this Missionary Station one of fiery trial, and, at times, of great danger to the devoted men who laboured in this corner of the vineyard. Yet, in the midst, were they cheered and upheld by the evident blessing attendant on their labours. There is in the Christianity of the poor negro a peculiar simplicity, and often great beauty of thought and expression; they receive the truth in the love of it, as the sincere milk of the word, they feed on it. The following conversation between a Minister and a Negress is interesting, as an example of this: *Minister.*—"How long is it, Ellen, since you first knew the Saviour, who is so precious to you?" *Ellen.*—"Why Massa, some time ago, me hear Massa Kitching preach about the blessed Jesu. He say to we black people, de blessed Jesu come down from de good world; He pity we poor sinners. We die or He die—He die dat we no die—He suffer on de cross—he spill precious blood for we poor sinners. Me feel me sinner here—cry—me pray to Jesu, and he save me by precious blood. Oh Jesus Christ bery good. He save me." *Minister.*—"Is Mr. Kitching dead, Ellen?" *Ellen.*—

“Oh no, Massa Kitching no die; he fell asleep, and he sleep till de trumpet of the Arch angel wake him, and den he go up to God. Massa Kitching no die, he fall asleep.” In 1842 the Baptist Missionary Society had in the West Indies 106 Stations, thirty-five Missionaries, and sixty-six Schools. The annual income of this Society, which commenced with £13 2s. 6d, amounted in 1843 to £50,806 12s. Surely this has been the doing of the Lord, and it is marvellous in our eyes; like the little cloud it came out of the sea, no bigger than the size of a man’s hand, but lo, it hath brought showers of blessing.

HISTORY OF A CONVERTED INDIAN.

John Arch was born between forty and fifty years ago, in the Cherokee country, North America. His mother died when he was very young. His father taught him nothing except to hunt deer and other wild animals of the forest. As soon as he was old enough to travel alone through the forests, his father left him to seek his own support; he was a very good hunter, generally killed more game than his companions, and on this account was much praised and esteemed by the other Indians when ever he returned to his native village. But one year his success was not so great, he was out-stripped by one of his companions, who killed more than he had done, and carried off the honours. This mortification made such a deep impression on the mind of young Arch that he felt ashamed to go home, and resolved to hunt no more; to him the world appeared empty and vain, life itself a burden. At this time he was about twenty-one years of age. Soon after this he went with some of his countrymen to Tennessee; there he met with some of the Missionaries who laboured among the Cherokees. One of the Missionaries felt an interest in him, and advised him to go to a school David Brainerd had established for the Indians. He was much pleased with the idea, did not

take time to re-visit his home, but set off immediately, and travelled nearly 100 miles through the woods to the Mission School. When Arch presented himself at the Mission School-house the teacher expressed fears that he would never learn, but agreed to give him a trial. He told them when he was a very little boy his father had lived on the borders of North Carolina, near the white people; he went for a time, when quite a child, to school, and had learned his letters; after leaving the place he studied his spelling-book till it was worn out; ever since he had been most anxious to learn to read, but being too poor to support himself at school, and having worn out his book, he had given up all hope; and had nearly forgotten all he knew,—he now embraced the opportunity afforded him with great delight. Before receiving instruction from the Missionaries, his only ideas on religion were these, “He always believed there was a great Being above, but supposed he took little or no notice of his creatures here below. With regard to man, he thought when he died he ceased to exist, and that there was no future state. He had heard it said that man lived after death, and that the good went to a place of happiness, and the bad to a place of misery, and he sometimes thought this might be true, if so, he said, he must go to the place of misery, for he was bad, and had no idea that his heart could be changed.” After hearing the Missionaries preach, he soon became convinced there was a future state, but he could not see how any who had once been a sinner could ever be pardoned and saved, he became very unhappy, and the more he saw of his own sinfulness the more unhappy he became, until he almost wished he had never known any of these things. When, however, the way of salvation as revealed in the Gospel was more fully explained to him, he saw his error, but still he felt within him an unwillingness to accept of this way, and this unwillingness seemed to him the greatest of all sins. His distress of mind became very great. One whole

night he lay awake, expecting sudden destruction, but in the morning a new light broke in, he saw clearly the way of salvation through Jesus Christ, saw it exactly suited to his case, and the thought of being saved in that way and in no other gave him unspeakable joy. He now became a happy Christian, and spent the rest of his life in instructing his countrymen, he used to act as an interpreter to the Missionaries, prepared school-books, and assisted in translating parts of the Scripture into his native language. Wherever he went he left a sweet savour to the honour of God, and glorified him among his brethren. He died after being seven years connected with the Mission. His mind was peaceful and happy to the last. When told before his death that in a few minutes he would be in eternity, his countenance was lighted up with joy, raising his hand, he said, "Well, it is good," and entered into the joy of the Lord.—*Missionary Register.*

Missionary Intelligence.

POLYNESIA.

In the South Pacific Ocean, as our young readers may be aware, there are great numbers of islands, which, until lately, were altogether inhabited by savages. The Missionaries of Christ have reached these far off isles of the sea, and many of the now converted natives are rejoicing in the truth. Polynesia, which is the name given to several large groups of these islands, such as the Society and Friendly Islands, &c., is a wide field, and we hope to glean much interesting intelligence from the Missions there. At present we shall confine ourselves to a few extracts from the journal of an eminent Missionary, the Rev. John Waterhouse, who was sent out by the London Wesleyan Missionary Society. In reading his account of the journeys he performed among these islands, we find, 1st, that the

natives are much in want of Christian teachers, and find, that they are most anxious to get such teachers.

There is an urgent need for Missionaries, for, as our readers will shortly hear, the natives in many islands are degraded Cannibals. There are living amongst them also, some wicked English, French and American people, who are more wicked than those who are called savages and who, as many of them speak English, would be much improved by the coming of Protestant Missionaries. In Wallis Land, and several other places, Roman Catholic Missionaries have found their way, and are labouring to make Papists of the poor heathen. They do not give their converts the pure milk of the word, *they do not teach them the Bible—it is only changing one system of idolatry for another.* Already have the Roman Catholics told the natives, that “no good Missionary is married”—of course they do so, because the Romish Priests do not marry. Mr. Waterhouse refuted this absurd idea, and well might he, for a Missionary’s wife is often almost as useful as her husband. When Mr. Waterhouse asked a Roman Catholic Chief to allow Protestant Missionaries to remain on his island, he said, he was sorry he could not allow them to remain, without leave from the Priest, indeed without him he could do nothing.

One or two instances will be sufficient to show the state of the natives themselves. In the ship along with Mr. Waterhouse there was an intelligent young man, of about twenty years of age, the adopted son of the King of Rewa. While sailing past Kandavu, one of the Friendly Islands, he said he had lived there once, and describing the customs of the Island, he mentioned that in war, men, women and children have been eaten. On being asked if he had eaten human flesh, his reply was, “Yes, often, we used to think pork sweet, but that was sweeter.” He showed the parts that were thought most delicious, and which were kept for the chiefs. Generally, he said, they roasted the bodies, and then boiled them, as they are more tender that way. At

Vatutu, he said, 230 bodies had been eaten at one feast.

Mr. Jaggar, a Missionary, relates, that one of the servants of the King of Rewa, a few months ago ran away; she was soon brought back to the King's house. when, at the Queen's request, her *arm was taken off below the elbow, and cooked for the King, who eat it in her presence*, and ordered her body to be burnt in different parts. The woman is still living.

Two men were taken prisoners by Seru, a most cruel and barbarous chief, and he took the following way of putting them to death:—The two men were first obliged to dig a hole in the earth, so as to make a native oven, and then to cut firewood to roast their own bodies. They were then directed to go and wash, and afterwards to make a cup of the Banana leaf, which, from an open vein in each person, was soon filled with blood. Their tormentors drank the poor creatures' blood before their eyes. Seru then had their arms and legs cut off, cooked, and eaten, some of which was presented to them. He then ordered a fish-hook to be put into their tongues, which were drawn out as far as possible, and then cut off; these were roasted and eaten, while their tormentors tauntingly said, "we are eating your tongues." The poor prisoners not being quite dead, received stabs in the side, which ended their sufferings in this world.

It was the same monster who used to tie the children of the people whom he slaughtered to trees, that his own children might kill them with the bow and arrow, and thus learn to be warriors.

Such are a few instances of the state of the natives of this part of Polynesia: surely all our readers think that they need the gospel preached, the glad tidings of peace, for now they are ever at war with one another.

In many places the people are most anxious for teachers. On one occasion, as Mr. Waterhouse passed an island, a canoe, paddled by three men, shot out from the land, and the first question asked was, "Is it a

Missionary ship? Have you got teachers?" And over-joyed they were to find it was indeed a Missionary ship. "These Friendly Islands, of all lands," says Mr Waterhouse, "need help. Had I teachers, they would receive them in every island. We want men fearless of death, for Christ's sake: men willing to be martyrs. The fields are ripening. 'Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that he would send labourers into his harvest.'"

Poetry.

SILOAM'S SHADY RILL.

By cool Siloam's shady rill,
 How sweet the lilly grows!
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill
 Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo! such the child whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod;
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
 Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill,
 The lily must decay;
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill
 Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
 Of man's maturer age,
 Will shake the soul with sorrows power,
 And stormy passion's rage.

O thou, whose infant feet were found
 Within thy Father's shrine!
 Whose years with changeless virtue crowned
 Were all alike divine!

Dependant on thy bounteous breath,
 We seek thy grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
 To keep us still thine own.