

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, December 18th, 1864.

Read—LUKE XI. 37-44: Christ rebukes the Scribes and Pharisees. 1 SAMUEL XXVII.: David's exploits.

Recite—PROVERBS III. 13-17.

Sunday, December 25th, 1864.

Read—LUKE XI. 45-54: Christ rebukes the lawyers. 1 SAMUEL XXVIII.: The witch of Endor.

Recite—1 COR. XIII. 1-3.

A Shipwrecked Crew and the Converted Fijians.

A few weeks ago (says *The Record*) we inserted a brief notice of the wreck of the *All Serene*, and of the providential arrival of a portion of its crew on a Fijian island after terrible sufferings. The survivors have now reached Sydney, where one of their number has published "A Narrative," in pamphlet form, with a preface by the Rev. Thomas Smith, of St. Barnabas. A copy having reached us by the last mail, we recur to the subject, more especially as the circumstances of the rescue, on a recently savage island, afford a striking illustration of the humanising effect of Christian missions. Let it be marked that there was only one word which enabled our forlorn countrymen and the natives to establish a communication. "It was the word 'missionary,' but this word (they say) made us feel perfectly safe." What follows will be seen from the happy conclusion of a sad and touching tale.

The *All Serene*, timber-laden, sailed from Victoria, Vancouver's Island, for Sydney, in November, 1863. Her cargo being ill-stowed, the ship had a visible list to starboard, and the voyage was from the first protracted and perilous. The weather was stormy, and after a succession of mishaps, the vessel capsized. She went over, however, so gently, that all, except the captain's wife and two children, who were drowned in the cabin, had time to get on her weather side, and every one was clinging to the fore, main, or mizen chains. Presently the vessel righted sufficiently to enable them to get on deck, which now presented a dismal scene. Here they remained for several days and nights with neither food nor fresh water. Terrible was their thirst.

"But (says the writer) the eye of God was upon us, and His watchful providence was made manifest to us that (one) evening in a plentiful shower of rain, which He sent to relieve us in this dark hour, when despair was clouding our hearts. We caught the sweet cooling water in oilskin jackets and in small pieces of canvas; we drank it as fast as it was caught, and we saved none, as the rain ceased before our inordinate cravings were satisfied. I ought to have mentioned that the sharks had become bold and numerous around the wreck, and that we had caught one on the previous day. We hauled it in on deck, but as we had no means of making a fire to cook it by, it tasted so nauseous that none of us could eat more than a mouthful."

Afterwards they discovered five small bags of flour, on which they agreed to allowance about two ounces a day to each man, mixing the flour with salt water, and so drinking it. Eight of the men now set themselves to construct a punt. While this was going on a painful circumstance occurred. A leather bag of gold coin was found, and its contents were claimed and identified by a Jew passenger. During the night some one was heard at the bag, and it was found that a considerable amount had been abstracted. The thief was one of the crew, an Italian. The crime had a most dispiriting effect.

"There we lay, in a helpless condition, far from all human aid, on a shattered and rapidly-weakening wreck, the only thing between us and eternity, likely to be destroyed by the first commotion of the elements. Yet even in this extremity some were found willing to risk their never-dying souls for the transient possession of paltry gold; and we felt that such depravity might grieve the Spirit of God away, and that He might now abandon us to our justly-merited fate."

At length the rudely-constructed punt was completed—only just in time for the breaking up of the wrecked vessel. With much difficulty, all—thirty-one in number—were got on board the trail bark, floating almost helpless on the pathless Pacific, without any nautical instrument or a single drop of fresh water, entirely dependent on the caprice of the wind, as the punt would run no other way except right before it, its wake marked by hungry sharks. Space would fail us to give the full detail of the sufferings of nearly twenty days' exposure. Some of the men became insane, several died, and the bodily sufferings of others were terrible.

"All was silence now; hours would pass by without a word being exchanged between any of us; but Monday morning dawned, and brought us a renewal of life and hope; rain again descended in refreshing showers. It was a piteous sight to see the swollen and burning tongues stretched out to catch the first cooling drops. But this rain had nearly proved fatal to us all, as in our eagerness to drink, the baling was neglected, all order was lost, and we were in imminent danger of being swamped. On this day we caught another small shark. This appeared the gnawing pangs of our hunger, and again our hearts were filled with gratitude to our Almighty preserver.

"It now became the general impression that we were keeping too far to the north, and it was resolved that should we not see land in one day more we should alter our course, and try to keep more to the west. The weather continued gloomy, no land was seen, and on Wednesday we kept off a little more to the west; but in the course of the afternoon the clouds, which during the preceding ten days had enveloped the whole face of the sky, rolled away, and there in bold relief, and in the very direction from which we were trying to turn away, stood a majestic mountain, clothed in deepest green. Land! land! welcome, sound; our hearts bounded with joy.

"But this gladdening prospect of deliverance elicited not the noisy demonstration which it would have done had it occurred during an earlier stage of our sufferings. No shouting was heard; scarcely a word was spoken; each heart was in communion with God, and our hands were clasped in the fervency of prayer. "This was a bright and lovely evening. The moon, which nearly approached the entrance of her third quarter, and seen by us for the first time, shone in unclouded splendour.

"The morning dawned, and again our gladdened eyes could feast on the emerald beauties of the island to which, borne by a gentle breeze, we were gradually approaching. The day was particularly fine. Already we could fancy ourselves reposing beneath the lofty cocoa-nut and spreading banana trees, eating of their delicious fruits, and drinking at our pleasure—without even moving from our recumbent position—from the crystal streamlet that murmured at our feet. And new joys seemed already returning to our exhausted hearts.

"On this day the captain died; he had lingered long in pain, and suffered greatly. He seemed to be broken-hearted from the first, as ever since the wreck he had evinced no desire to save his life; indeed he was several times heard to say that he had no longer any wish to live. He overheard us speaking of the land, he raised himself and gazed in the direction of the shore, but the film of death was on his eyes, and he could not see it.

"As the day wore away, we came nearer and nearer to the desired haven. And now the tracery of the luxuriant vegetation on the shores became distinctly visible; but it was evident that we could not reach the land in the light of day. Already the shades of night were falling, but as on the previous night the sky was without a cloud, and the cheering moon relieved us from the dread of darkness.

"We could see the white surf as it glistened in the moonbeam, and heard its angry roar as the sea broke over the reefs of coral which environed the shore, and which seemed to threaten us with destruction should we attempt to pass. But we determined to run ashore at all hazards, as we knew that death in a worse shape would speedily overtake us if we now turned back. We succeeded in wearing the punt round a steep rocky promontory, and gained the mouth of a small bay, at the head of which we could discern a faint flickering light. We tried hard to pull the punt up this bay, but the current was too strong for us, and we drifted to leeward, straight on to the reef. Fortunately for us, there was little or no wind at the time; it there had we must inevitably have died here, as none of us had sufficient strength remaining to swim ashore.

"As soon as the punt struck on the reef we all left it; many fell down at the first step they took on the uneven surface of the coral. The Jew forsook his gold, and left it in the punt, but it was afterwards recovered, and again the glittering dross awakened the cupidity of him who handled it. A foul robbery was committed, at the recital of which the feelings of humanity must revolt; the perpetrator of this detestable crime was a Portuguese sailor. He is now in this city.

"We were only about 300 yards from the beach, but a terrible ordeal lay between to be passed in our exhausted state; and while I write the remembrance of that passage makes me shudder with horror. The sharp lacerating coral pierced our unprotected feet. Everything seemed running around before the eye in one giddy whirlpool; we kept falling at almost every step; some tried to crawl on their hands and knees, but they were continually getting into deep holes, from which with difficulty they extricated themselves. But in the midst of this trying scene there was one touching instance of kindness occurred which must not be allowed to be forgotten. It was where three of our number, although nearly exhausted and in the last extremity of suffering themselves, still toiled, and were successful in their endeavours, to save another that was more helpless than they; and the remembrance of this generous action will leave a bright spot in their memories only to be erased by death.

"At last we all stood on the dry sandy shore. We were saved, saved from the very jaws of death; and only those who have been in peril, and preserved miraculously, can fully understand what were then our feelings. Tears of gratitude fell from our eyes. Ah! it is at such a time as this that the human heart is full of love to God. Twelve had died in the punt, nineteen were spared to reach the shore, but the young man who had got on shore with such difficulty died two days afterwards. Six or eight of the strongest now went up the beach, in the hopes of meeting with some natives. We knew not in what island we were, nor whether the natives were civilised or savage, but our urgent necessities forced us to seek them, although we knew that if they were in a savage state we could make no resistance. All our doubts were soon dispelled. After we had gone about a mile we came to a native house. The inmates seemed very shy at first, and gave no answer to our repeated calls, but we after-

wards discovered that their timidity arose from a suspicion that we were slavers. At last we succeeded in attracting the attention of one of them as he was leaving the house by the back door. He saw our helpless condition at a glance, and in a few minutes many more came from their places of concealment and gathered around us. None of us could speak a word of their language, neither could we understand anything they said, with the exception of one word—it was the word 'missionary,' but this word made us feel perfectly safe. They conducted us to a small village, leaning and supporting us all the way, and seeming to vie with each other in their unremitting attentions to us. The kindness of these natives was remarkable. They took us into their houses, and they seemed to anticipate our every wish; and evinced the greatest delight in being allowed to minister to our wants, holding the reviving cup to our lips, and supplying us with abundance of food. We succeeded in making them understand that there were more of our comrades still on the beach, many of them went with torches (as the moon had now gone down), and brought them to the village.

"On the following morning some of the natives went to inform Mr. Nettleton, a gentleman belonging to the Wesleyan Mission, and residing twelve miles from the village. He came to see us on the next day. This was a happy meeting; he prayed with us, and we cried like children. We learned from him that we were on the island of Kandavu, one of the Fiji group, and that we must have come between 400 and 500 miles in the punt. He also told us that had we not made this island we must have perished, as this is the outer island of the group, and we had struck on the most southern point of it. The natives showed great reluctance to part with us, but Mr. Nettleton took us all away in boats to the mission stations, and afterwards sent them presents in return for their kindness to us. He left half of our number with his brother missionary, Mr. William Fletcher, about eight miles from where we had landed, and took the others to his own place.

"We remained nearly two months under the care of these gentlemen. Would that I could speak in terms of praise equal to the merits of these two gentlemen and their most amiable ladies! All I can say is this—they administered solace to our wearied spirits; they supplied us with many temporal comforts; they clothed our nakedness and healed our wounds. It is but justice to the few other white inhabitants of those islands to say that they treated us with uniform kindness. May God bless them all!"

Conjuring and Spiritualism.

A retired officer of the Indian army, writing to *The Cork Constitution*, refers to the manifestations made by the Indian jugglers, not in darkness, but under a cloudless sky and the powerful ray of a tropical sun, and gives the following description of a feat by an Indian juggler. He says:—"One day in the latter end of May, 1861, I was sitting in the verandah of my quarters in the officers' lines in Vellore, in Southern India, when a greybearded Maharratta entered the compound accompanied by a young woman and a lad, the latter bearing a closely-woven basket, in length about four feet. My children asked permission for the jugglers to perform; for peace sake I granted it. I pass over some, what in this country would be considered extraordinary acts, and proceed to show what was the object of the basket, together with its contents—ropes made of the cocoa-nut fibre, and a net of close meshes of the same material. The main road of the cantonment was parallel to the front of my quarters, and was distant about 180 feet. The plot of ground in which my house stood was surrounded by a wall of brick in chunam; the entrance through an iron gate self-closing; the space between the house and the road was occupied by a circular carriage-drive and flower-plot, so that there was no interruption whatever to the full gaze of the spectators by on the road as to what was going on in my quarters. A crowd assembled at my gate, and on the compound walls young Kamosamney ensconced himself. The performance was going on in front of my quarters. The hoary-headed old wizard brought the young woman forward, and struck up a monotonous tune on his tom-tom or Indian drum. The woman was encircled in the net, and tied down tightly with ropes, her ankles and wrists bound together with knots it would take a sailor some time to remove. The woman had evidently a horror in her countenance, but was cowed by the old man's eye. She was thrown under the basket, which was then covered by the old man's shoulder cloth, and was left so for a few minutes while the wizard went to the gate to collect the sightseers' offerings. On his return he ran the basket through with a rusty tulwar, and a faint scream was heard to proceed from it, and continued at intervals increasing in distance, as if proceeding from the bowels of the earth. The old man removed the basket, the net and ropes lay on the carriage-drive—the girl was gone. My children huddled together, fright depicted in their countenances. My old butler says:—'Come away, children; that man is the devil; he has thrown dust in all our eyes; will we ever see clearly again?' Not finding more copper coin coming to his purse, the chief in this scene called the woman to him, and she made her way from the midst of the crowd that assembled on the high road, entered my compound, walked downcast and troubled up the carriage-drive, entered my verandah, and salaamed. The Davenport Brothers perform in darkness. What I have related was done in the open day, when the eyes of those who witnessed it were on the stretch to detect the trick if possible. Un-

tying the coil the woman was in might have been easy enough, but how did she convey herself away? I never lost sight of the basket, man, or lad during the exhibition."

A Vicar on the fifth of November.

The Rev. Thomas Stevens, Vicar of Hathorsage, in England addressed the following letter to his parishioners; "Dear Brethren,—It is my particular desire that the bells should not be rung on the 5th November, and that such an uncharitable insult to our Catholic brethren should be abolished. But, although a wish on the part of your vicar ought to have some weight with you; you may desire some further inducement to abolish an old custom, not being aware how wrong and uncharitable it is, as I hope now to convince you. From a child Guy Fawkes had seen his relations, friends, and brethren of the same religion persecuted in every possible way. He had seen them imprisoned, deprived of their property, and reduced to beggary, banished, beheaded, halbroasted, disembowelled, and cut into four quarters—all under the pretence of supporting the Protestant religion. He and two or three others brooded over these cruelties till they became gloomy fanatics, and insane enough to plot the atrocious tragedy which was happily frustrated. How far the persecutors were to blame for goading them into this state of mind is best known to the Almighty and Just Judge, to whom they have long ago gone to render their account. But the Catholics were not responsible for the gloomy fanaticism of three or four conspirators, and should not be annually insulted on account of it. We ought to remember that our Catholic forefathers put up these bells to be rung to the glory of God and good will towards our brethren, and that it is only as 'Catholics' we have any right or title to them at all. If not 'Catholics'—that is, if we dissent from the Catholic faith and worship (for which the churches were built and endowed)—we are in the position of cuckoos in other birds' nests, partakers of sacrilege, and sharers of plunder. You may wonder how such a state of things became established; but as it is natural for cuckoos to give a bad character to those birds whose nests they seize, and whose eggs they suck, so was it natural for some of our Protestant ancestors to give the worse possible character of the Catholics whom they persecuted and killed, and whose property they seized as a reward. After fifty years' persecution, the Catholics were so wicked as to retaliate for three years during the reign of Queen Mary; but this retaliation has been fearfully avenged by 250 more years of persecution. Surely it is high time this should now cease and die away, and such a vestige as the annual insult of the 5th of November be abolished, and that we should now return to a better mind. I may add that the form of prayer for 'gunpowder treason' never received the sanction of the Church, but was thrust in at the end of the Prayer-book by the spiritually wicked in high places, who had profited by violence and injustice.—Believe me, &c."

An Outspoken Epitaph.

A remarkably outspoken one, from a monument in Horsleydown church, in Cumberland, runs as follows: "Here lie the bodies of Thomas Bond and Mary his wife. She was temperate, chaste, and charitable; but she was proud, peevish, and passionate. She was an affectionate wife and tender mother, but her husband and child, whom she loved, seldom saw her countenance without a disgusting frown, while she received visitors whom she despised with an endearing smile. Her behaviour was discreet toward strangers, but imprudent in her family. Abroad, her conduct was influenced by good breeding, but at home by ill temper." And so the epitaph runs on to considerable length. *Frazer's Magazine*.

Agriculture, etc.

MANAGEMENT OF RESTIVE HORSES.—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* writes: "After your horse is harnessed to the carriage, procure a piece of webbing as a broad strap about ten feet long, fasten it securely around the off foot below the fetlock, then pass it up through the girths and lay the end over the dashboard; see that everything is right, then standing on the off side of the wagon take the strap in the right hand, proceed to get in; if the horse attempts to start, pull on the strap, at the same time saying 'whoa'—the strap brings his foot up and makes it a pretty effectual 'whoa'; slack upon the strap as soon as you have stopped him, and if he attempts to start again repeat the operation. When you have got good ready to start, give the horse the word, and go along. Repeat the operation until the horse will stand perfectly quiet at the word 'whoa' always remembering not to whip your horse, but always treat him as you would a friend, with perfect kindness, and never say 'whoa' unless you want your horse to stand perfectly still. No man should undertake to break a horse who cannot control his own temper."

THEY catch rats in Paris by a new and ingenious plan, which consists in forming with bricks a kind of narrow drain, at the end of which is a board so balanced that the rat, when attracted by a bait, can push it in a box beyond; whilst the board resumes its position, so that they cannot return.