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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

A SONG OF THANKS.

"I will give thanks" for blessings strown
Across my pilgrim-way;
For loving-kindness Thou hast shown
Thy servant day by day.

"I will give thanks" for friendships made
With honored saints of God;
I will give thanks for loved ones laid
Beneath the silent sod.

Thanks for the cup of unmixed joy
Filled to the very brim;
Thanks, too, for bitter grief's alloy,
And eyes for sorrow dim.

"I will give thanks" for wayside streams
Whereat my soul hath drunk;
For impulse from thy quickening beams,
When hope had well-nigh sunk.

Thanks for the "word of truth" which brought
My soul her daily food;
Thanks for the "all things" that have wrought
Together for my good.

Grace and Truth.

Religious.

THE POLYNESIAN SLAVE TRADE.

Since we obtained the information given a week or two since respecting the cruel murder of Rev. J. D. Gordon and the villany practiced upon the poor South Sea Islanders, we have learned of further injuries done to them on a large scale. A letter dated Auckland, New Zealand, Nov. 11, 1871, will show that the developments and features of this traffic are the first thing that strikes a passing visitor to Fiji. The letter is from a young man, a member of a respectable family at Leeds, to his friends there. After describing his voyage from Honolulu past the Navigators' Islands, &c., the writer says:

"About the 8th of October we sighted the Fiji group of about 200 islands, separated from each other by distances varying from one to fifty miles, and likewise differing in size to a similar extent. Ovalu is the island to which we steered, as it is the centre of the group—Lavuka is the chief, and only white town in the Fiji. Ovalu is about seven miles across, and is entirely volcanic, high towering mountains, visible for sixty miles, being its chief feature. In the defiles savage tribes, at war with the natives residing on the coast, exist. These are notorious cannibals. . . . Lavuka has a population of about 400 whites to 1,000 peaceable natives. The present king of the Fiji, Thackembau, was there when I was in the island; he is an old man, and was recently converted, but he was formerly a notorious cannibal, and has eaten hundreds, or helped to do so, both white and black.

The white population consists mainly of refugees, bankrupts, broken-down tradesmen, and loafers from the colonies. They buy land from the chiefs, and plant it with cotton (which is said to be the best in quality of any produced), and use native labour for its cultivation. This labour is obtained, in a general way, by chartering small ships to the different islands in the South Seas, and buying the prisoners and serfs, owned by the various chiefs, for beads, muskets, blankets, &c., and compelling them to work on the cotton plantations. If the chiefs won't trade the captives of the vessels watch their opportunity and kidnap as many blacks as they want, fasten them down in the hold, and sell them to the planters at £10 a head. I saw numbers of vessels almost every day I was at Fiji going to and from the different islands, or landing in the various harbours. They pretend to make them serve for three years only, giving them £3 a year (in barter) each, but I fancy very few are sent to their own islands again after they are once brought off. If the captains can't get men easily, they dress themselves as missionaries, parsons, or in bishops' robes, and as soon as their flock of hearers are gathered together they are surprised, driven into the ships, and sent off to the plantations. A 'bishop' of this sort had been to the island on which the real Bishop Patteson was killed but a few days before, and to prevent being served in a similar manner again, they determined to serve all bishops, good or bad, in the same way, i. e., by poisoned arrows. 'Labour' kidnapping is a dangerous but profitable business, and within the current year over two dozen captains and 'labour' vessels are missing, the former having been very properly (probably?)

killed and eaten by the enraged blacks of the Pacific Isles."

A pamphlet just received on this subject remarks:

"The islands most resorted to thus far are the New Hebrides group, which are comparatively near the three centres, where the demand exists. The islands are in the process of depopulation, and the man-hunters will soon be compelled to go further for their prey. Much evidence on the subject in all its bearings will be found in two important pamphlets, recently published: one entitled 'The Slave Trade in the New Hebrides' (Edmonton and Douglas,) published by the Foreign Mission Committee of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland. This body of Christians have occupied some of the New Hebrides islands as a mission field. The other pamphlet 'The Polynesian Labour Traffic, and the murder of Bishop Patteson,' &c. (Tweedie), is published by the Aborigines Protection Society. It would be difficult to conceive of witnesses more entirely worthy of credence. Of Bishop Patteson it is superfluous to speak. His name is one that will long shed lustre on the country of his birth, on the age in which he lived, and on that cause to which he gave the fifteen last and ripest years of his life, and for which he died a martyr's death. The Presbyterian missionaries, like Bishop Patteson, possess considerable acquaintance with the native languages, and are, indeed, the only Europeans of whom this can be said. They, too, are men of high christian character, and of motives untainted by self interest.

Bishop Patteson in his Memorandum says:—

"A captain of a whale ship writes to me:—The natives of these islands would come off in former years, bringing such articles of trade as their islands afford, for which we paid them with hatchets, tobacco, fish-hooks, &c. They trusted us and we trusted them. At times our decks were crowded. This, when slaving commenced, was all to the slavers' advantage, for the natives were easily enticed below, the hatchets put on, and the vessel was off. Now no natives come on board the whale ship, and we, in our turn, dare not land. Again, we used to carry people from one island to another when they wished it, and they would give us hogs and other articles. This also has been taken advantage of, and natives carried into slavery instead of home. Should we be wrecked, our lives must go for those that have been stolen."

The death of Bishop Patteson himself, is proof enough of the dangers that spring from this accursed traffic, for all, whether innocent or guilty, fall under the power of the outraged and exasperated natives. The real murderers of the Bishop were the slave traders, and not the ignorant, misguided natives of Santa Cruz who dealt the fatal blow.

LORD CONGLETON'S OFFER.

BY REV. ALFRED C. ROE.

The following incident I had from my friend Rev. George J. Mingins, superintendent of New York City Missions, as something he believed to be true:

Lord Congleton was one of the noble British laymen, of whom the Earl of Shaftesbury is best known, at the present day, on this side of the Atlantic. He had thrown himself, like an earnest man that he was, into evangelistic work, both on his own estates and among the London poor. He was also an eccentric character, and would do good in a style all his own. So his tenantry had learned to trust his goodness of heart, while wondering what he might do next. As thought went out towards those whom he would lift up, he satisfied himself that a change of life and heart must precede and underlie any solid reformation. So, with all temporal provisions and aids to self-help for those who had gone so far down, he pressed earnestly upon their attention the godliness which is profitable for time and eternity.

As he labored, he could not understand why men were so slow to believe and accept God's free salvation; and in his own peculiar manner he resolved to work out an old story he had read, and give all his tenants a practical object-lesson in higher things.

The session of Parliament was over, and he started for his country-seat. The morning after his arrival, he had the following notice posted in various conspicuous places about the village

that lay upon his estate, and on the great gate of his private grounds:

NOTICE.

Lord Congleton will be present, with his steward, at his office in the village, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 12 noon,—day of —; and will then and there pay freely all accounts and debts, to whomsoever owing, of any of his tenants who cannot discharge their obligations. To avail themselves of this offer, the applicants must present their accounts in the form of separate bills, containing the exact statement of the amounts and nature of the debts owing to each creditor. They must give, also, a statement of their own means, and whatsoever property they may have.

CONGLETON.

Soon, around each placard, a crowd began to gather. Curiosity, astonishment, possessed the villagers. "What does he mean?" And crowds gathered around the office. To one and all, the steward gave only one answer: "That is Lord Congleton's signature: the notice speaks for itself." Further explanation of his master's motives he refused; nor would he answer any questions. "He was simply ordered to fix those placards. That was all he knew."

The day drew on, with an increasing excitement on the part of the poor. Some looked at the latter clause. It seemed to intimate they must surrender all they had, to claim the benefit. They were not insolvent; and so they concluded not to apply. Others had accounts of a nature they did not like to expose to his lordship. Others had little faith in the whole matter. "Twas some new, unaccountable whim of Lord Congleton." But there's his own signature; he'll never dishonor that," said a neighbor. And so discussion ran high.

Many gathered up their accounts, and made out the required statements, resolving to see how others fared, and if they succeeded, to present their lists of hopeless debts. Some planned how to keep back part of their assets, and some again, deterred by arguments or ridicule, gave up all thought of the matter.

The day came, and a crowd of tenants and lookers-on were gathered near the office. All efforts to gain any further information were fruitless. A little before the hour, Lord Congleton's carriage drove up, and he stepped hastily into the office, and the door was closed and locked after him. Precisely at nine, a step came from the inner room, and they heard the bolt thrown back.

Men looked at each other. None were willing to go first, fearing, either the confession of poverty, or the ridicule that would meet an unsuccessful application. "You go and try, Jones," said a man to his neighbor. "I'm not so poor as you think for," was the reply, albeit each had shown friends their lists, and consulted with them about their debts they meant to present. So the minutes wore by, while men looked upon each other and waited.

It was nearing ten o'clock when an old couple, who for two or three years had been inmates of the poor-house, entered the group before the office. "Is it true," they said, "Lord Congleton has offered to pay all our debts?" "Don't know, he has paid none here." "But has any one been in?" "Not yet." Just then the notice hanging outside the office door caught the old man's eye. It was faded by sun and rain. "Why, wife," said he, "this has been here for days, and I know his lordship's signature. Thank God! we can die at least free of debt," and they started for the door. "Aye, aye; you go first, old man, and tell us how you fare." "I don't think you are out of the poor-house yet. Guess he'll be fooled." So their neighbor's comments fell upon their ears as they entered.

Within the inner office they found Lord Congleton and his steward. The old man laid his statement and bills upon the table, saying, "These are

my debts, my lord. I have nothing, but live in the poor-house. This however, matters little if I can die debt-free." "Why should I pay your debts?" asked the gentleman. "I can't tell why, except that you say you will. I know your signature, and believe your promise." "That is enough," said Lord Congleton.

The steward then made up the account and drew a check which he handed to his master. He looked at it, compared it with the statement and passed it with his signature to the old man. He earnestly thanked his benefactor, and then started for the door, saying, "I must tell my neighbors." "No, you shall not," said Lord Congleton, "they must trust my word." Then the old couple were shown into another room to wait till twelve; and in the meantime the steward told his master their history. Coming down from comparative comfort, their poverty had been through misfortune but not fault. Lord Congleton was interested in them, and ordered the lease of a little place to be made out in their name, which he added to the check.

Outside, the time wore away; and as the old people did not come forth, all settled down to the opinion that there was nothing in it. Twelve drew near. Men looked at each other, but did not go. Slowly the hour rang out, and with the last stroke the door opened, and the old man came out. "Have you got your money?" With that he showed the check. "Good as a note of the Bank of England." There was a rush around Lord Congleton as he entered his carriage, and men shook at him their statements. "My lord, will you pay my debts?" "Lord Congleton, there's my account." "Friends, it is past twelve o'clock said he, as he drove away.—Interior.

THE HISTORY OF A PENNY.

A FABLE FROM THE GERMAN.

In the mint, where all our pounds, shillings, and pence are made, there once were a gold ducat and a penny just coined. There they lay, shining and clean, close together on a table, and the bright rays of the sun danced and sparkled on them.

Then said the sovereign to the penny: "You jump, get away from me! You are only made of common copper, and are not worthy of the sunlight that shines on you. You will soon be lying all black and dirty on the ground and no one will take the trouble of picking you up. I am of costly gold. I shall travel about the world with great lords and princes; I shall do great things, and perhaps some day shine in the Emperor's crown."

In the same room there lay by the fire an old gray cat. When he heard this he licked his paws thoughtfully, turned himself around on the other side, and said, "Some things go by the rule of contrary."

And so it proved with the pieces of money. It turned out the very contrary of what the gold ducat expected. It fell into the possession of an old miser, who looked it up in a great chest where it lay idle and useless with hundreds of others like itself. But when the old miser found that he should not live much longer, he buried all his money in the ground, that no one might get it and there lies the proud ducat to this day, dirty and black, and no one will ever find it.

But the penny travelled far about in the world, and it came to high honors. And this is how it happened:

First, one of the poor boys at the mint received it in his wages. He carried it home, and as his little sister was so delighted with the clean, shining penny, he gave it to her.

The child ran out into the garden to show it to her mother, and saw a poor lame beggar passing by, who begged for a piece of bread.

"I have not got any," said the child.

"Then give me a penny to buy some," said the beggar, and the child gave him her new penny.

The beggar limped off to the baker's. Just as he came to the shop an old friend of his passed by, dressed as a pilgrim, with mantle, staff and scrip. He gave to some children who were standing round the baker's door, pictures of good and holy men, and the children in return put some money into the little box he had in his hand. The beggar asked, "Where are you travelling to?"

The pilgrim answered: "Many hundred miles away, to the city of Jerusalem, where the Holy Christ dwelt and died. I wish to offer up my prayers at his grave, and redeem my brother who is a prisoner in the hands of the Turks; it is for this purpose that I beg for money."

"Then take a mite towards it from me," said the beggar, and he gave his penny to the pilgrim, and would have gone away as hungry as he came, had not the baker, who saw all that had passed, given him the loaf which he wished to buy.

And now the pilgrim wandered through many lands, and went in a ship far over the sea to the holy city of Jerusalem. When he arrived here he first offered up his prayer at the sepulchre of the Holy Christ, and then went to the Turkish Sultan, who kept his brother a prisoner. He offered the Turk a large sum of money if he would set his brother free. But the Sultan wanted more.

The pilgrim said: "I have nothing more to offer you but this copper penny, which was given to me by a poor hungry beggar, out of compassion. May you also have pity as he had, and this copper penny will secure you a reward."

Then the Sultan took compassion on him, and set his brother free, and he received the penny from the pilgrim.

The Sultan put the copper penny in his pocket, and after a little while forgot all about it. Now it happened that after a time the Emperor of Germany came to Jerusalem to fight against the Sultan. So the Sultan fought bravely at the head of his army and was never wounded; but one day an arrow was aimed at his right breast; it struck him, indeed, but glanced off from his clothes, wounding him. The Sultan was very much surprised, and when his clothes were examined, after the battle, the penny was found in the pocket, and this had caused the arrow to glance off. So the Sultan prized the penny very much, and had it fastened with a golden chain to the hilt of his curved sword. Some time afterward the Sultan was made prisoner by the Emperor, and had to yield up his sword to his conqueror. So the penny came into the possession of the Emperor.

One day, when the Emperor was sitting at the table, and was just in the act of raising his goblet to his lips the Empress said she was anxious to see the curved Turkish sword. So it was brought in, and as the Emperor was showing it to the Empress, the penny became unfastened, and fell in the goblet of wine. The Emperor saw it; and before drinking the wine he took out the penny. But when he looked at it he perceived that the penny had turned quite green. This showed everybody that there was poison in the goblet. A wicked servant had mixed the poison, hoping to kill the Emperor. The servant was ordered to execution, but the penny was set in the Emperor's crown. So this penny made a child happy, gave bread to a beggar, delivered a prisoner, saved a Sultan from being wounded, and preserved the life of an Emperor. It deserved to be set in the Emperor's crown. Perhaps it is there to this day, if we could only see the crown.—Children's Hour.

Mohammed once said, "When a man dies, men inquire what he has left behind him; angels inquire what he has sent before him."