





BROOM ROAD, TAHITI.

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BROOM ROAD, TAHITI.

THE sweet singer of Israel said, "The earth is full of the *goodness* of the Lord." The earth is wonderfully *adapted* to the wants of its inhabitants. *That* shews the goodness of the Lord. And it not only ministers to our *necessities*, but to our comforts and enjoyments. It contains innumerable sources of gratification,—prospects delightful to the eye,—minerals of incalculable importance,—beautiful and fragrant productions,—and all in endless variety; this also shews the goodness of the Lord. How many charming spots there are in England! Fertile valleys, gracefully sloping hills, and winding streams! And in the north of our country, bold mountain scenery, where the lofty summits hold communion with the skies!

Our Missionaries see many other countries, and they find them always "*full* of the goodness of the Lord!" The works of Creation are everywhere replete with beauty, suitableness, and variety.

We have selected for our Frontispiece this time, a charming little scene in Tahiti—poor Tahiti! Some of you have no doubt read Captain Cook's Voyages. He described the island;

and, since his time, many visitors and Missionaries have also given an account of it. Ellis's "Polynesian Researches" is a book full of information. Just now a very large and expensive book has been published in America,—a "Narrative of an Expedition;" and it contains very full accounts of many places in that part of the world. The writers say, respecting Tahiti, "when the island is approached so near as to make separate objects visible, the contrast between it and the barren coast of Peru becomes striking. Even upon the steep surface of its cliffs, vegetation abounds. The belt of low land (lying between the mountains and the shore) is covered with the tropical trees peculiar to Polynesia; while the high peaks and wall-faced mountains in the rear are covered with vines and creeping plants. This verdure is seen to rise from a quiet girdle of water, which is again surrounded by a line of breakers, dashing in snow-white foam on the encircling reefs of coral. Such objects are sufficient to form a landscape.

"The BROOM ROAD," it is stated, "is about twelve feet in width, and is well made, being raised above the level of the ground, and having ditches on each side. It extends completely around the island, and is in places almost arched over by trees that grow on each side of it and form a delightful shade. It may be termed a national work, and, but for its want of width, would bear comparison with many of the turnpike roads in the United States. The streams which intersect it have all been once crossed by

ood bridges of plank, but which are now going to decay.

“At short intervals are groves of cocoa-nut trees, planted along the road; these are called the Queen’s, and travellers are at liberty to help themselves to the fruit. The private groves, whose fruit it is wished to protect, are *tabooed*. This is indicated by tying a girdle of leaves around them, and this simple signal is still respected, although the superstition on which its sanctity was once founded has ceased to prevail.

“The natives travel a great deal on this road, and some use it in going to visit places on the opposite side of the island, in preference to passing over the mountains.”



### THE FIRST MISSIONARY INTO EUROPE.

HERODOTUS, the oldest Greek historian, informs us, that a Syrian lady crossed the Mediterranean with some Greeks, and gave her name to our quarter of the world. A far more valuable book, written by “the beloved Physician,” tells us of an event which changed the religious character of Europe from the heathenish to the Christian. God employed an extraordinary man to begin this reformation; and, I am sure, you will be pleased to read a little about him.

His father and mother were Jews, of the tribe of Benjamin, and he was born at Tarsus, a city of Cilicia, north of the Mediterranean Sea. He had, however, the advantage of being instructed by one of the most learned men in Jerusalem,

under whom he became a well-informed and zealous Jew. His mind was very active and ardent; and he thought, that the religion of his tutor and parents must be right, and continue for ever. This, acting on his depraved heart, made him exceedingly mad against Jesus Christ, and against both men and women who believed Him to be the Messiah. He persecuted them even unto strange cities.

So full of rage was this man, and, perhaps, also anxious to gain the applause of his countrymen, that he asked the Sanhedrim, the Parliament of the Jews, to send him to Damascus to seize and murder the disciples. That blessed Saviour, however, who had chosen him for his service, met him on his way; not as the angel met Balaam, to crush his foot, and to increase his guilt; but to dazzle his eyes with his brightness, to reduce him to a sense of helplessness by his merciful power, and to convert his heart by his grace. He was a wonder to many, and to no one was he so great a wonder as to himself. Perverse and self-willed before, he is now so docile that a little child may lead him. When the scales fell from his eyes, he saw the Gospel in its clearness and grandeur. The first of persecutors became the foremost Missionary in the world. The time, indeed, would fail me to tell you of the places which he visited, and the good which he did, in spreading the Gospel in Asia.

This Missionary was greatly favoured by Jesus Christ, whom he served; he heard his voice at his conversion; once was he taken, whether in

or out of the body he could not himself tell, into the third heavens; and after much labour in his own quarter of the earth, he saw a VISION.—“There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, come over into Macedonia, and help us.” Fully convinced that this call was of God, this Missionary went to Philippi with help *indeed*, and thus brought the Gospel into Europe. If you look into the map, you will see that a narrow channel, called the Hellespont, divides one continent from the other. Xerxes proudly built a bridge of boats across this water, but now God constructs an arch of mercy, a more beautiful arch than even his “bow in the clouds,” and the feet of those who bring salvation walk over it. Never, never, did any other vessel so richly laden as that which bore this Missionary and his friend touch the European shores. How superior, too, the object of this mission to that of Alexander, when he passed over from Macedonia to butcher or enslave the Asiatics!

At Philippi, there was an excellent woman of a mild and gentle disposition; a worshipper, as a Jewish proselyte, of the true God; but ignorant of the Gospel. Her heart, the very first Sabbath day, the Lord opened, and she received with gladness, the word preached. All the people at Philippi, however, were not like her, for many made a disturbance, and dragged this Missionary and his companion to prison, for the crime of telling them that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. But He who was with Joseph in the gaol honoured his servants, and the hard-hearted, cruel keeper was brought to repent

of his sins, and to believe in the Saviour. The sermon preached to this gaoler had an extraordinary introduction: the hymns of the persecuted Missionaries; the great earthquake which shook the foundations of the prison, and opened all its doors; the horror-struck conscience of the keeper,—all gave power to the sermon, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.” Perhaps these two persons were the first European Christians. Do they not say, that God sent his word to our quarter of the globe, to save women and girls as well as men and boys?—that he can change the heart of the kind and gentle, and of the stern and cruel?—that none are so good as not to need conversion, and that none are so bad as to be beyond the power of divine grace?

I cannot tell you how this Missionary travelled and preached, and gained converts in Italy, Spain, and France, and other countries in Europe; some think, even in Great Britain: but ever since this time our quarter has had the Gospel, and for a long period it has been far more blessed with the privileges of Christianity, than the other great divisions of the world.

Let the inhabitants of Europe, then, and especially of our part of it, both the aged and the young, shew their gratitude by sending the Gospel to all destitute nations; freely they have received, let them freely give. Let them glorify God in his servant Saint Paul, the first Missionary into Europe, and still more for “The Best Missionary,” Jesus Christ, the Father’s  
“UNSPEAKABLE GIFT.”

J. K. F.

### THE BUSHMAN BOY.

I WAS one day talking to a gentleman about Missions, and the good that had been done by them; and how possible it was for the Gospel to change the hearts and the lives of the very worst of savages. To confirm what I had said, he told me a beautiful little story of a Bushman Boy. You will recollect that the poor Bushmen\* have been a most neglected and degraded race of people. Before the Gospel was sent to them, they scarcely knew any more of themselves, or of God, or of heaven, than the beasts which they killed with their poisoned arrows. Many people have said they *never could* be instructed, and *never could* become religious; but we now know far better than this, from what we have heard of the labours of Mr. Read, Mr. Moffat, and other Missionaries.

This gentleman told me he had a brother that was living in Cape Town, in South Africa, a Colonel in the army, and that when he was travelling in the country of the Bushmen, having heard a great deal of their degraded condition, he was resolved to bring back with him a boy, and take him into his family, and see how far he could be improved, and become like other boys. He instructed him, taught him to become a little servant, put the best appearance upon him he

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\* They are Hottentots; live in South Africa, and are called Bushmen, from their having lived a wandering life among the bushes, the mountains, and other uncultivated places.

could, and made him useful and respected in his situation. He provided for him a suit of *red* clothes. He thought himself, of course, wonderfully fine, for it was a great change for a savage. From his good behaviour, and rapid improvement, he became a general favourite. Every body that knew him was greatly pleased with the Bushman Boy. Time passed away, and he was still the better pleased with his master, and his master with him; nobody could ever have dreamed of a separation between them. However, one day, the boy came to his master, and said, if he pleased, he wished to go back to the "bushes." This was an unaccountable request to his master, and he could scarcely believe the boy was in earnest, or if he were, he thought that some delusion must have come over him; so he reasoned with him, and tried to persuade him from it. It was all in vain; go he would, if it were possible. At last, it occurred to the master, that, perhaps, the boy was proud of his fine clothes, and wanted to go back to his country to shew his companions what a noble fellow he had become, and to tell them all that he had seen among the white people; he therefore resolved to put him to the test, and requested him, if he must go, to bring him all his red clothes, and deliver them up to him. The boy did so without any difficulty or hesitation, and was willing to part with all, to go back to the bushes. This seemed more extraordinary than ever; and it all appeared to his master a great mystery, until he learned that the lad had been in the habit of hearing the