

21th This morning I enquired what was done with the ^{body} of the young woman that was sacrificed the preceding ^{the body} day, and was informed that it had been dressed and eat by the natives of Wyecotto, tho' Kiva had told me he had given directions that it should be buried. Previous to retiring to rest last evening I heard the natives singing and dancing near the spot where the young woman was killed. I have no doubt, but they were then preparing to eat the sacrifice - However horrid and revolting, ^{this custom} is to the Christians mind, and nothing can be more so, yet the ^{the} Men Sealconders feels himself as much bound by his superstition to kill and eat human sacrifices, as the Christian does to offer up his sacrifices of Prayer and Praises to the true God. These bloody rites will never be laid aside by the natives, until their fetters of their superstition are broken by the sword of the Spirit - nothing short of the Power of the divine word can effectually remedy these dreadful customs. While we sang the 92. Psalm last evening I could not but contrast the situation of the Men Sealconders with our own - we are made of the same blood - have one common Father, and yet what an infinite distance between the believing and the poor ignorant Heathens, both as it respects this world, and that which is to come - The joys of the one are pure, heavenly & divine, and of the other barbarous, sensual & devilish: the one has an Hope full of immortality, the other has none, and without God

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