

"What do you expect to find?—wild looking fellows, noisy and unruly? Well, it is true that they come of a wild race—that many of them are familiar with, and have been concerned in scenes that you would shudder to hear of. But what do you see? Thirty persons seated at four tables, of whom the youngest may be nine or ten years old, and the oldest perhaps four-and-twenty. Some are writing—some answering questions in arithmetic. If I buy eight pounds' weight of yams for a hatchet, how many can I buy for seven hatchets? Four cocoa-nuts for three fish-hooks, how many for fifteen fish-hooks? &c. Others are spelling away, somewhat laboriously, at the first sheet ever written in their language. Well, seven months ago not an inhabitant of their island had ever worn a stitch of clothing, and that patient but rather rough-looking fellow can show many scars received in warfare, perhaps in capturing or defending his wives, of whom he has four. I hope you notice their teacher: he is a young man called Harper, from an island 400 miles to the south of the three different islands from which his pupils come. He has learned to talk their language a little, and it is *his* little book which they are reading. I did little more than alter the mode of spelling and writing some of the extraordinary sounds which those fellows pronounce.

"You ask, who is that older-looking man, sitting with two lads and a young girl at that table? He is Wadrokai, our oldest scholar. This is the tenth year since the Bishop of New Zealand first brought him from his islands, and he is teaching his little wife and two of his countrymen.

"But come and see what this class is about. . . Why! what's this! The Catechism. . . You have printed the name of the little book in English, so I can read that. Do you mean that these boys and young men are learning their Catechism? . . . They are some of the candidates for Baptism, and we are well satisfied with their intelligence and earnestness. . . .

"And now let us walk up and down the beach while the stewards and cooks for the week get the tea ready. We tell off each week a number of the lads, who do the cooking work, cut the wood, fetch milk, &c. We take all our meals together and you will see

them taking their places and using their knives and forks as if they had used them all their lives. They are very fond of tea, especially with plenty of sugar in it. Living in the land of sugar-canes, they are all fond of sweet things. They have bread and biscuit and potatoes with their tea at breakfast; a good mess of soup in the middle of the day for dinner; and bread or rice and tea again in the evening." One of the boys, on his return to his native island, described the pleasures of St. Andrew's College to his friends by saying, 'We have three regular meals a day, and a bird that comes into the hall is never shot at.'

"After tea we have prayers, before the evening school.

"You will feel that *this* is the time when the real nature of our work comes home to us. It is a blessed thing indeed to hear these children praying in the words of our own General Commission, island after island passing in thought before our minds, as we take up one language after another, and then gather all together in our own English prayer."

And now let us say a few words about the progress the mission is making among the islands from which the St. Andrew's scholars are taken; We will instance the history of Mota, where the winter school is carried on. Seven years ago the Bishop thought it better not to land there. He says, "We remained sitting in the boat, and exchanged presents only with men swimming about us.

"The next year two lads came away with us. . . . When we went back again, after spending the summer in New Zealand, I slept ashore, and queer stories they tell us now of what they thought of that wonderful stranger, the opinion at length prevailing that I was one Porisris who had died at Mota, but who had now returned in another form to his own land. It was evident, they said, that it must be so, for this unknown person went to the house which Porisris had occupied, and slept there, and it was consequently no less clear that every man when he died went to New Zealand, the country from which Porisris had returned, and there passed through certain changes till he reappeared in his own land. They have other ideas, thank God, on these matters now.

"When we were making up our party