

there five years. The landing of Isaiah on Rarotonga, from his visit to England, will be an occasion of no small interest to the people of the island. The ship also takes out 5,000 copies of the Bible, and a large supply of other books, in the native language, which have been printed in this country. Sailing from the Hervey Islands, the ship will proceed to the Samoa group, which lie about 900 miles westward of Rarotonga; and amidst their joy, disappointment will arise in the hearts of the brethren there, as they go on board, expecting to receive young missionaries from England, but finding none. From this group in Central Polynesia, a noble company of Rarotonga and Samoan teachers will embark on board the ship for the Islands of Western Polynesia. These will be accompanied by one young missionary, to enter on the inviting field of Janna, Lifu, and Erromango. About this time next year the ship will have reached our extreme stations on these Western Islands, and then it will return through all the groups eastward, visiting every island occupied by missionaries or native teachers, and thence back again through the groups, doing entirely missionary work, on its way to Sydney. Thus, during the ship's four years' absence from England it makes about two visits a-year to each island, and an annual voyage to Sydney for repairs and supplies, which, besides the outward and homeward voyages, gives a working distance of many thousands of miles every year.

### I CANNOT PRAY FOR FATHER ANY MORE!

A child knelt, at the accustomed hour, to thank God for the mercies of the day: and pray for care through the coming night; then, as usual, came the earnest "God bless dear mother and" but the prayer was stilled! the little hands unclasped, and a look of agony and wonder met the mother's eye as the words of hopeless sorrow burst from the lips of the kneeling child, "*I cannot pray for father any more!*" Since her little lips had been able to form the dear name, she had prayed for a blessing upon it; it had followed close after *mother's* name, for *he* had said that must come first; and now to say the familiar prayer, and leave her father out! No wonder that the new thought seemed too much for the childish mind to receive. I waited for some moments that she might conquer her emotion, and then urged her to go on. Her pleading eyes met mine, and, in a voice that faltered too much almost for utterance, she said, "O mother I cannot leave him *all out*. Let me say, thank God that I *had* a dear father *once!*" so I can