

herself should honour him with a pension—that he who drew the little label for the window should become an author who would direct thousands and tens of thousands to the blessed narrow path which he walked in himself!

I need hardly tell you that Kitto, even when a boy, was full of industry and perseverance. It was his delight to improve his own mind, and under every disadvantage he did so. He studied when in the poor-house; he studied when labouring hard to earn his bread as a shoemaker's apprentice. But amongst the many volumes which he eagerly read, that which he most studied, that which he most read, was the word of God, which makes men *wise unto salvation*. It is written, of Kitto, that when quite a child, "the book he most valued was an old Bible."

Dear children, could this be said of you? You may, perhaps, never be learned or famous like Kitto; but if, like him, you give your hearts unto God, and remember your Creator in the days of your youth, a richer blessing will be yours than all the praises of men, or the wealth of the world. Kitto was poor, but the true riches were his; he laboured hard; but he laboured not in vain; for he looked forward in humble faith to that blessed day when "the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped;" and the first sound that breaks the long silence may be the welcoming voice of the Saviour."

A RAROTONGAN TREASURER.

THE following letter, forwarded by Mr Buzacott, is from the female chief of the island of Rarotonga, and local treasurer, addressed to Sir C. E. Eardley, treasurer to the London Missionary Society:—

To the man that holds the money in Britain.

DEAR SIR,

Love to you through the Lord Jesus the Messiah. You know that ours is a land of poverty, and that we have no gold holes here. Firewood, sweet potatoes, and poultry are the only means by which we can obtain any money.

At the Annual Meeting for 1855, we found that our subscriptions did not amount to what we intended; and we urged one another to increased diligence, that our subscriptions might be more next year. One of our number got up and said, "The bag for *this* year is not full. Let us try if we cannot choke it up before we talk about next year." Then we began to search our pockets, and by some means or other we got up to