

Shall it be spent in uttering the wailings of the lost for ever?"

The question sent conviction to her heart, and she rested not till she had found peace in believing.

Reader, you often sing as you best can; perhaps you sing well. What will you do with *your* voice in eternity?—*American Messenger.*

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### MORNING PRAISE.

The morning bright,  
 With rosy light,  
 Has waked me from my sleep.  
 Father, I own  
 Thy love alone  
 Thy little one doth keep.  
 All through the day  
 I humbly pray,  
 Be thou my guard and guide;  
 My sins forgive,  
 And let me live,  
 Best Jesus, near thy side.

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### BRAVING AN IDOL.

This picture represents a bold act. The fear of the poor idolaters is also well expressed. It is too a representation of an actual incident in the history of South Sea Missions. The Island of Aitutaki was lying in heathen darkness. The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Williams sailed from Naitatea, accompanied by two converted heathen, Papeiha and Vahapata, who designed to evangelize it. On reaching the Island, these men were landed, Mr. Williams pursuing his voyage. After some time, a ship came to the Island where these men had been telling of the Gospel, a boat approached the shore, and one of the sailors without fear, landed amongst the savages. They crowded around him, led him off and delivered up to their Gods in one of their temples. Faaori was not dismayed, but going to one of the idols, gave it a blow, and turning round to the people said, "why do you not burn this evil spirit, they are Satan—they are deceit, why do you suffer them to remain." The astonished Islanders waited to see the stranger fall down dead for his presumption, and finding that this did not happen, thenceforth listened more readily to the truths of Christianity, which after a time made much