

"And then the name of 'John Williams' is a sort of sacred name to us. We feel that it grows in power and influence as years roll by; and we think that if we are permitted to get to heaven at last, there is hardly any servant of God of modern times, in that bright and blessed world, whom we shall take such delight in greeting as 'The Martyr Missionary of Erromanga.' We have a Missionary class in each of our schools, which bears this honoured name, and we often feel our hearts warmed and quickened by the silent but powerful influence which it exerts.

"We hope our humble offering may be in time to aid in defraying the expenses of repairing the ship; but if it should not, please let it go to purchase something that will be of permanent use on board of her.

"In conclusion, gentlemen, it is our earnest prayer that God may bless you abundantly in your good work; that He may bless the Missionary ship, may preserve her from all danger, and spare her for many years of usefulness in the good work in which she is engaged."

After reading these letters, we are sure that many of our young friends will rejoice more than ever in the part they have taken, and the money they have raised.

The Pupil.

The above is the title of a monthly publication lately started in Boston, and published by M. L. Dayton, 20 Washington Street. From the prospectus we learn that it is the design of the publisher to "furnish a cheap medium, whereby day schools may obtain new and interesting reading matter; dialogues, songs and pieces for speaking." Having seen but one number of this publication, we cannot speak of its suitableness for the youth of Canada; however, from the specimen before us, we are favorably impressed with its contents, it is well printed, on good paper, and is very cheap. A volume will contain six numbers, equal to 144 pages; making an interesting reading book both for schools and family libraries.

The subscription price will be 25 cents for the six numbers. One copy furnished extra to each School Teacher who sends us a list of four subscribers, or One Dollar.

In our last number we copied a very good piece of poetry, entitled, "My Home," and we give below a short story about a good little boy who taught his little sister a great many things.

The Pleasures of Learning.

There was once a little boy, whom all liked very much. He was only ten years old. He could not play well at ball or hoop, yet he was the first boy in the school. His mother had taught him the hard lessons, and explained all the hard words to him; so that while other boys were at play, or doing mischief, he was learning something useful from his mother.

One day, his father and mother died, and he and a little sister had to go and live with an aunt, a great distance from the school. So the little boy thought, as he could not go to school, he would read all the books he could get, and teach his little sister all that he knew, and all that his good mother had taught him about God and the heavenly country where their father and mother had gone.

And, O, how delighted he was to teach his sister! How joyfully he would get up at six o'clock in the morning, and would tie on her little black bonnet, and white pinafore and shawl! Then he would brush her tiny shoes, until they were very black, and would put on his straw hat, and away they would go over the hills together.

At nine o'clock, he would teach her to read; then he taught her to write and to spell. He showed her how to make figures, and work sums on her slate, and her aunt taught her to sew.

One day, when they were out on the hills, said Joseph to Kate, (for these were their names) "I am going to teach you all that my dear mother taught me from underneath this tree. Here are hundreds of things yet to find out and learn.

"Look at that beautiful sky, and the