

and sailors, and one day while the Captain was on shore endeavouring to settle some dispute, he was killed by one of the chiefs, and his body being recovered, was buried at sea, and thus he lay at rest in the bosom of the mighty ocean, leaving behind him a name which has since become a household word in every English home.

For nearly a hundred years after Capt. Cook's death, the spot where he fell was only marked by a cocoa-nut stump set up on a bed of stones and broken lava, on which different visitors fixed sheets of copper with simple inscriptions. Within the last few years, however, a monument has been erected by some of his fellow-countrymen.

But we wish to tell our young readers of the bright side of the history of those islands of the South Sea. Where heathenism and darkness once reigned supreme, the light of the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ has shined in, and now the whole country is professedly Christian; and in the reign of one king named Kamehameha the land passed from a savage to a civilized condition. Although the king named never became a Christian, yet through the powerful influence of his step-mother he caused all the idols to be cast away and destroyed. In 1824 the king and his wife visited England, where both of them took measles, and died in London. They were taken back to Honolulu and buried.

The present king, Kalakaua, is a fine looking, kind and well educated gentleman.

Our engraving gives us a portrait of Capt. Cook, with a picture of the attack made on him by the natives; also of the monument referred to in this article. Above these appears a portrait of the present king, while in the lower left hand corner is a view of Sentinel Rock, dedicated to the memory of Capt. Cook.

We advise our young readers to ask their parents to buy the book entitled, "The Isles of the Pacific,"* which gives a beautiful description of those interesting islands, with many fine illustrations. We are sure you will be delighted with the book, and much benefited by reading it, or by hearing some friend read it to you.

Not Afraid.

A DEAR little girl was lying dangerously ill, and there was scarcely any hope of her getting better.

"Does my little one feel afraid at the thought of death?" asked her father, bending lovingly over her.

"No, dear papa," said she, smiling; "my hand is all the while in the hand of Jesus, and He will not let it go."

Have all our readers the sweet trust of this little girl?

* "The Isles of the Pacific, or Sketches from the South Seas." 274 pages, over 100 illustrations. Price, 90 cents. For sale at the Toronto Willard Tract Depository.

The Best of Books.

OF all the books that I have read,
I love the Bible best;
It tells how Jesus dwelt below,
And was the sinner's guest.
How could the Lord of glory come
From his eternal throne,
And through this sad and weary world
A lonely stranger roam?

I've read the story o'er and o'er,
But it seems always new;
I feel the tears flow down my cheek,
To think that it is true—
That He should walk o'er Judea's hills,
By Galilee's blue sea,
And have not where to lay His head,
Then bleed and die for me.

O Jesus, Lamb once crucified,
Oh, wash my sins away;
Thy praises teach Thy child to sing,
Through my life's little day;
O Saviour, fit me, when I die,
To join the hosts above,
And through eternity to praise
Thy great and wondrous love.

A Time and Place for Everything.

DAISY DARROW was always in a hurry. If she was sent on an errand, she ran every step of the way, and came home flushed and out of breath. If a task was set her, she was in such haste to finish it that she often slighted it.

One day in the early spring Daisy was walking with her mamma. "Oh dear," she sighed, "how I do wish the flowers would hurry and come!"

"There is a time and place for everything," said Mamma Darrow, "and I want my little daughter to learn that God never hurries. All that He does is well done, and He wants His children to be earnest and diligent and careful about their work, but never to be rash and hasty. Let the daisies of the field teach you this lesson, my little Daisy. They will come in God's time, and when they come they will be perfectly made, for God works slowly and surely."

What Floy Saw.

ONE morning a little girl went out for a walk. She opened her blue eyes wide, and these are some of the things she saw:

A lovely green carpet on the ground. White daisies and yellow buttercups right on the carpet! Trees all dressed in green, that seemed to be waving their arms to the birds. Golden and white butterflies, that looked as if they were trying to catch the sunbeams. And over all, a soft mellow light that made everything look happy.

"Oh, pretty world, I love you!" said she; and then she said softly, "I love God, 'cause He made you!"