

nasjapienaig unyima irai iji Mohoc et tas chelema a Misi vai pece is upyi amen intas u lhova iran; im nesego u ilpu dualop im ilpu atahaig. Et e ege a Misis Annand an jupki ja et e ege a Misi Annand an jupura an tas unyima im intas Beritania. An nasjapienaig unyima um caig inhag itaup eris lep ikni hal ilpu elter im ilpu tiak im hal ou an naopan ineig Ak ilpu stoak ek ugnyi caua ainyak mika aki aligaheni vai cama aijana mika yi auroauro um apaahni intas upene irai iji narin asega. E a aiheuc vai caua a ilpu atahaig u Misi et for.

Et mun ti intas unyak.

Napig.

Translation of the above.

Aneityum, Aug. 21 1882

Brothers and sisters in the church in the land of America, I send my love to you.

We are thankful that two new missionaries have come for the work of Jehovah in the Islands of this Sea. We are thankful for this also that the people of Epi love the two who are now dwelling among them. Thanks to God for His compassion, in that He desires that other people may know Him, and that He sends His people to preach Him to them according to the word of Jesus who says—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

I will tell you that we have meetings every month, and at them Misi speaks to us about the lands in which the word of Jehovah first dwelt. I will also tell you about the teaching of the boys and girls. Missis Annand teaches in the afternoons and Misi Annand teaches towards evening in our language and also in the language of Britain.

At the time of our meeting for the sacred supper, some elders and deacons were ordained; and there were also some people put into the church. There are also some in the candidates class at present seeking the church.

My brothers and sisters! I intreat you to pray for us in these lands that the gospel may speedily spread into all places.

Misi's four girls send their love to you all.

My words are finished.

Napig.

ITS ALL THE LITTLE BOOK.

Something more than a year ago, as the writer was sitting in a railway carriage, a pleasant voice sung out:

"Paper, sir; paper, sir; morning paper; lady?"

There was nothing new in the words, nothing new to see a small boy with a package of papers under his arm; but the voice, so low and musical—its clear, pure tones, mellow as a flute, tender as only love and sorrow could make—called up hallowed memories. One look at the large brown eyes, the broad forehead, the mass of nut-brown curls, the pinched and hollow cheeks, and his history was known.

"What is your name, my boy?" I asked, as half-blind with tears, I reached out my hand for a paper.

"Johnny—;" the last name I did not catch.

"You can read?"

"O yes; I've been to school a little," said Johnny, glancing out of the window to see if there was need of haste.

I had a little brother once, whose name was Johnny. He had the same brown hair and tender, loving eyes, and perhaps it was on this account I felt very much disposed to throw my arms around Johnny's neck, and to kiss him on his thin cheek. There was something pure about the child, standing modestly there in his patched clothes and little, half-worn shoes, his collar coarse, but spotlessly white, his hands clean, and beautifully moulded. A long, shrill whistle, however, with another short and peremptory, and Johnny must be off. There was nothing to choose; my little Testament, with its neat binding and pretty steel clasp, was in Johnny's hand.

"You will read it, Johnny?"

"I will, lady; I will."

There was a moment—we were off. I strained my eyes out of the window after Johnny, but I did not see him; and shutting them I dreamed what there was in store for him—not forgetting His love and care for the destitute, tender-voiced boy.

A month since I made the same journey and passed over the same railroad. Halting for a moment's respite at one of the many places on the way, what was my surprise to see the same boy, taller, with the same calm eyes and clear voice!

"I've thought of you, lady," he said; "I wanted to tell you its all the little book."

"What's all the little book, Johnny?"

"The little book has done it all. I carried it home and father read it. He was out of work then, and mother cried over it. At first I thought it was a wicked book to make them feel so bad; but the more they read it the more they cried, and its all been different since. It's a j