

were soon surrounded by canoes; the natives were exceedingly noisy, presenting all the wild features of savage life; some were tatooed from head to foot, some were painted with pipe-clay, and yellow and red ochre; others were smeared all over with charcoal—they were dancing, shouting, and exhibiting the most frantic gestures. Our little boy, about four years of age, was the first white child they had ever seen, he attracted much wonder and admiration, all the natives were desirous to rub noses with him, which is the way they salute each other: the chief offered to take him, and make him king, but as we were not ambitious of royal honours for our child, we declined the offer. The chief enquired for the teachers who were to be left to instruct his people in the knowledge of the true God; two were landed among these wild barbarians. He received them with great delight, saluting them in the usual manner.

(To be Continued.)

A Lesson for those Children who never come to the Sabbath School in time.

One Sabbath evening, a Missionary was walking up and down in the verandah before his house, in the island of Aitutaki. The sun was just setting behind the waves of the Southern Ocean, and the labours of the day were over, and in that cool, quiet evening hour, the Missionary was lifting up his heart to God, and asking a blessing on his people, his schools, and himself. All was hushed and still, except a little rustling in the leaves of a mimosa tree close by; he fancied a breeze was springing up, and continued his lonely walk, but again he heard the rustling, and again, and again, till he felt sure that it could not be the wind alone, so he parted the long leafy branches of the tree, and passed beneath. What did he find there? Three little boys! Two were fast asleep in each others arms, but the third was awake, and it was he who had