

own age in this country. I have some specimens of their writing in my possession, which would do no discredit to any of my readers, and must copy one here for them to read, only sorry that I cannot exactly imitate their writing:

*Central Infant School,  
Upolu,  
Navigator's Island.*

*La au pell E, ia tatou fealofani.  
Beloved, let us love one another.*

*Written by Siava.*

This sounds as you read it, like a sweet voice coming over the waters from the distant isles, and inviting you to love your little brothers and sisters in the Southern seas.

Many of the boys, will answer very quickly many sums in mental arithmetic, and work out others most correctly on their slates.

In some of the schools they have an annual examination, generally in the month of May, and called the *Children's Feast*, when they all dine together. They are then dressed in their best, and, as far as possible, in European clothes. The day is looked forward to with great pleasure, and they are long preparing for it—making hats, bonnets, and other articles of clothing. Some who cannot get European clothes, try to imitate them, and do so sometimes very well. A few years ago some gentlemen were admiring what they took to be red ribbons on the bonnets of some of the girls, but which turned out to be only strips of bark which they had died with the juice of some red berries. On the day of the feast, the children and the teachers walk through the settlement with banners flying, displaying various mottoes.— One will have a dove with an olive branch; another with “God save the Queen;” a third with “God bless our teachers;” and so on. When they get to the chapel, the missionary gives them an address, and they sing some

of their pretty hymns. A missionary gives us the following account of one of these services:—

“The hymns were read by the lads of the school, and sung by the children. A lad about eleven years of age, read the sixty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, which he had previously translated from the Tahitian. Classes of boys and girls were then minutely examined in the Tahitian Scriptures, which had been selected for them to translate into this dialect. My elder lads translated, from the Tahitian, and read, in this dialect, a little tract entitled, ‘Miro and Buran,’ which much interested the parents; and others were examined from books in their own dialect. I then asked them promiscuous questions from their catechisms, and questioned them on their respective answers, to all of which they replied with readiness and accuracy. After a short address, I concluded this interesting service.”

The children then dined together under the shady branches of the gigantic trees abounding there.

On one occasion, when the dinner was over, several of the elder boys spoke in a very interesting manner.— One of them referred to their former condition, and then, turning to the boys, said very earnestly, “Whose servants will you be? As for me my desire is towards the Lord. I will be the Lord’s.” A little boy, about twelve years old, then stood up and said, “Friends, it is said, ‘Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.’ These words I delight to think of, because they are the words of Christ to us sinners, whom he has pitied in this land.”

Besides these, there are schools for the sons of the chiefs and others, which I may tell you of another time. Let this peep into the good doings in the South make you bless God for having so visited these dear children, and sent them that precious word that has made them what they are.