

Children's Corner.

LAST WORDS OF A NEW ZEALAND CHIEF.

A dying chief lay on his death-bed. Calling his family around him he said: "You well know that I have, from time to time, brought you much riches. I used to bring you muskets, hatchets, and blankets; but I afterwards heard of the new riches called faith. I sought it; I went a long and dangerous journey, for we were surrounded by enemies. I saw some natives who had heard of it, but they could not satisfy me. I sought further, but in vain. I then heard of a white man, at Kapiti, and that with him was the spring where I could fill my empty and dry calabash. I travelled to his place, but he was gone, gone away ill. I returned to you, my children, dark-minded. Many days passed by. The snows fell, they melted, they went away; the tree-buds came, and the paths of our forests were again passable to our feet. We heard of another white man, who was going about over mountains and through forests and swamps, giving drink from his calabash to the poor natives, to the remnant of the tribes of the mighty, and the renowned of former days, now dwelling by twos and threes among the roots of the trees of the ancient forests, and among the brooks in the villages. Yes, we heard of that white man; we heard of his going over the snowy mountains, and up the east coast, and all over the rocks. I sent four of my children to meet him. They saw his face; yes, you talked with him. You brought me a drop of water from his calabash. You told me he would come to this far off spot to see me. I rejoiced. I disbelieved his coming, but I said, "He may." I built the chapel, we waited expecting. You slept at night; I did not. He came; he came forth from the long forest; he stood upon our ground; I saw him; I shook hands with him. Yes, I saw a missionary's face; I sat in his cloth house; I tasted his new food; I heard him talk in our tongue. My heart bounded within me; I listened; I ate his words. You slept at night, I did not. Yes, I listened; and he told me about God, and His Son Jesus Christ, and of peace and pardon, and of a father's home beyond the stars. And now I, too, drank from his calabash, and was refreshed. He gave me a book, too, as well as words. I laid hold of the new riches for you and me; and we have it now."—*Child's Companion*.

VERSES FOR A VERY LITTLE CHILD.

I am a happy little boy:
 Who is it makes me so?
 Jesus, who lives above the sky,
 Who taught the little birds to fly,
 And makes the daisies grow.

The little birds can fly and sing,
 The flowers are sweet and fair,
 But yet they cannot learn of God,
 Or thank him for his care;
 But I can learn about his love,
 And thank him in my prayer.

Mamma will teach me more and more
 About his love to me,
 And I will try, through all the day,
 Happy and good to be;
 For when I am a naughty child,
 The God in heaven can see.