

make out of the inner bark of a small tree. Some of them shew great skill in the pattern of their cloth. They also make beautiful white bonnets with the stem of the arrow root plant. I wish you could see them on the Sabbath, clothed in their best, going with willing feet to the house of God.

But I suppose you would like to know something about the children and their schools. The children are a lively, merry set, as fond of play as you are, and many of them as fond of their school. The day-schools are held at six o'clock in the morning, and as soon as the bell rings, the children may be seen racing along to school with their books and slates. If you could go into one of their schools you would hear a terrible hubbub—five or six hundred children all reading at once. There are but few children of any size who cannot now read the Gospel of Mark. They have no nice story books with pictures, as you have. Many of the bigger boys and girls can not only read, but can repeat many chapters of the Gospel History.

The children greatly love their Sabbath school. But the children alone do not go there: old men and women, who a few years ago were dreadful savages, may be seen spelling out a chapter, with sometimes a little child teaching them. But perhaps some of you are wondering what the children do, and how they amuse themselves. They are as fond of play as English children, and are at no loss to amuse themselves. They spend a good part of their time on the reef, fishing and playing in the water; and then, they can swim like fish. A little while ago, wherever we went we saw groups of boys spinning tops, just as we have often seen boys in our streets at home. They had seen a top on board some ship, and were not long in making tops for themselves, out of a piece of hard wood, which spun as long and as well as the best in England. But they were not content with little spinning tops only. Some of them saw a humming top, and to our surprise, a few days after we heard the hum of a large top. They had succeeded admirably in making one out of a calabash or gourd, which hummed to their great delight. So, you see, the little Savage Islanders are quick and clever. I might give you many proofs of this, but my letter would be much too long if I did.

And now, dear children, we want you to do something more than you have done yet, not for Savage Island merely, but for thousands who want the light of the Gospel. What the Gospel has done for this land, it can do for many islands just as dark as it was. You can all help in the great work. The other day, the Teacher's house close to ours was being plastered by the people of the place. The children all helped. They went down to the sea, and brought up baskets of sand, shouting as they came. Little

boys who could only just run about, brought their tiny baskets full. Soon a large heap showed what a many little ones could do. Your help, however little it may be, is wanted in building a living temple for God.

But some of you may do much. You may do what some of the young men here want to do. One young man who had been noted for his fierce, savage conduct, in former times, came the other day and sat down in my study. He told me had one great desire, and that was to go to some very dark, cruel land, to take the Word of God to them. He said he wanted to go the next time the Missionary ship, the "John Williams" came, lest he should die without telling others of the love of Jesus. May God give many of you the same desire, and bless you all, is the prayer of

Your sincere friend,
W. G. LAWES.

"AND THEY BROUGHT UNTO HIM ALSO INFANTS."

LUKE XVIII. 15.

A pious man in England once said to a friend, "I believe my mother taught me to think about God when I lay in the cradle."

This remark was repeated to a Christian mother, whose declining health led her to feel the importance of doing with her might whatever her hands found to do. The pastor of this faithful Christian, the Rev. J. W. Benham, has since visited the writer of this article; and he is responsible for the truth of the following statements:—

For the sake of dear children peopling our happy English homes, says Mrs. M., I would furnish some memorials of a beloved child. Ye nursery men and women, let your doctrine drop as the rain, let your speech distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass. Cause them to hear of the loving-kindness of their Maker in the morning, and in the evening withhold not your hand.

It was on one of those early summer mornings, when little children awake almost with the first carols of the lark, that I first attempted to teach little Bertie the existence of God. He was then two years of age. As I caught the deep blue eyes of my baby-boy gazing upwards, I said, "God is there in the sky! God loves Bertie! God is good!" Then taking his hand, I said, "God made this little hand, and these feet to run about with. God made these eyes, and these ears to hear about him, and that little tongue to speak to him with."

Then taking advantage of a propitious moment, as I observed the inquiring spirit of the child, I said, "Now, Bertie, call him!" With intense interest, the child