

whistled and swept among them, and the marble playing boys began to disperse. Thomas was in his shirt sleeves, and long before he got home he was wet through. Oh, how he wanted a fire! The wind was indeed cold. He was chilled, and when he did get home he saw nothing but an empty house and a cold fireplace. His mother had gone to church to hear of the Saviour, and then Thomas remembered how she had the night before begged him to go out and pick up some chips, and he refused to do it. He sat down and wept! But when his mother came home he had a violent cold, and soon was in a high fever. His mother put him to bed—got a little girl to pick up some wood—made him a warm cup of tea, and put his legs in a foot-bath; but still the fever raged. Thomas had heavy pains in all his limbs, and was almost crazy. All night he lay in this agony; sometimes thinking he never would disobey his mother again; sometimes seeing two balls of fire; at others thinking he heard the church bell; and all the time in his fancy seeing the teacher that spoke to him!

After tossing all night, in the morning his poor mother (without a farthing in the house) asked Thomas what he would have? "A Sabbath school teacher," said he; "and oh! a glass of water." The water was got. "How do you feel now, son?" said his mother. "No better—*this* water does me no good. Do send for the teacher."

Hardly had he spoken these words, when a rap came to the door, and the teacher that Thomas had seen in the square came in! He looked mildly on the boy, knelt, and prayed. There was holy stillness in that ill-furnished room, and the Spirit of God seemed to be brooding there. Little Thomas sobbed and wept as the teacher presented him before the Lord in all his sins; and his heart seemed almost broken. He soon became so excited that a profuse perspiration covered his

body, and before the teacher left he was asleep.

Next day this good man called again, bringing Thomas some nice things in case he might be better. Truly not only had God heard his prayer for the child's health of body, but also for the health of his soul.

Thomas was found by the teacher with a moist, pleasant skin, and a calm conscience. He told the teacher he didn't know what was the matter, but that he felt a light vapoury kind of warmth in his soul; something as if he wished every body to be happy and good, and to feel as he did. "Don't you want to play marbles on the Sabbath?" "Oh no! the thought puts a black cloud over my heart. It makes me feel sick." "What would you like to do on the Sabbath?" "Go to school in your class, and then go up stairs to Church to hear of heaven." "Well, you shall do so," said the teacher. "I have brought you a bible, and now let us read the 12th chapter of Isaiah." When they came to the third verse, Thomas said, "Mother, *that* was the water which cured my fever."

"Blessed fever!" said the mother. "It has given me a son in my old age."
—*Christian Treasury.*

MANGAIA, HARVEY ISLANDS, SOUTH SEAS.

Happy Death of Davida, Native Father and Founder of the Mission in this Island.

Davida, once a bloody savage, but brought to the knowledge of Christ through the means of the missionary Williams, landed in Mangaia from Taa, another of the South Sea islands, on the 15th June 1824. Ever since, until within the last five years, when he became unable through the weakness of old age, he has been preaching Christ crucified. We extract from the *London Missionary Magazine* the following account of his last moments:—

"In the epidemic of January, 1850, he and the whole of his family were