

In that year a Christian native happened to visit one of these heathen tribes, and during his stay among them he was in the habit of regularly reading a portion of God's Word. While he was thus engaged, a youth, who evidently seemed at a loss to account for this strange employment of his time, watched him with much eagerness and curiosity, wondering greatly what he could be doing. At length he could not hide his feelings, and ventured to ask the man what he was doing, and if the thing he held in his hand was his god. "I am talking to my book," said he. "What does it say?" asked the lad. "It tells me a great many wonderful things about the great God, and about the creation of the world and of man, and about Jesus Christ the Saviour of men."

"Will it talk to me and tell me those things?" asked the boy.

"Yes, if you can talk to it," replied the Christian, "not with the mouth, but with the mind and heart; and you must learn from the teacher how to do this."

"Oh, I should like to learn," said the youth; "where is the teacher, and I will go to him?"

"He is across the mountain," said the man, "at Fasetootai."

Delighted to hear this, he could not be kept back from starting at once to the place, that he might learn to read; not doubting that he would do so at once, and would return the next day with his new-found treasure. Mountains, woods, streams, were as nothing in his path, and he eagerly pushed on to the Christian settlement. Here everything wore a different appearance from his own native village. Wherever he looked, he saw order and cleanliness; and the people, no longer naked savages, were clothed in suitable garments. Nothing discouraged, however, our little savage here asked for the teacher's house. "There it is; you see those animals feeding on the lawn in front of it," said a native.

But the little savage had already drawn the teacher's attention, who came towards him, and to whom he made known his wishes to be taught. So the next morning, after having been combed and clothed, he was admitted into the school-room. Nor was he long in learning the A, B, C, and so delighted was he with his accomplishment that nothing could prevent him from forthwith returning over the mountains to teach it to his friends. Here he insisted on their forming a circle round him, and learning the alphabet from his lips. This done, he was compelled to seek again the mountain-path which led him to Fasetootai. "So you are come back again?" said his teacher. "Yes, I come to learn more." But no sooner had he learned "more" than back he trudged to impart "more" to his pupils. He could