

and they loved him in return. He wished to go to New Zealand, that he might teach the natives how to be happy, and try and do them good; but the Governor of New South Wales would not let him go: he said, he would be sure to be murdered, and his life was too valuable to be sacrificed.

Three Missionaries, with their families, were sent from England to go to New Zealand; but when they arrived at Sydney, they could not get a ship to take them there, so much were the Captains afraid of the natives. After waiting a long time, Mr. Marsden was obliged to buy a vessel, and the Missionaries sailed on their dangerous expedition; their wives and little children were left behind at Sydney. The natives received them kindly, from the love they bore to Mr. Marsden. Finding they were so kindly received, the Missionaries returned to Sydney for their wives and children whom they took back to New Zealand. On this voyage Mr. Marsden accompanied them, taking with him horses, cattle, sheep, goats, cats, dogs, pigs, and poultry; in fact, the ship was like a Noah's ark. When they landed in New Zealand, the natives crowded round Mr. Marsden, with many expressions of affection. They watched with great interest the arrival of the boats with the cattle. On seeing the cows and horses, they were much surprised, not having seen any animals so large before; but their astonishment was very great when Mr. Marsden mounted a horse, and rode up and down the beach. They had heard of horses, but did not think it was possible to ride upon them, because they had tried to ride upon their own pigs, and found them quite unmanageable: so they thought it

was impossible to ride on larger animals. The Missionaries soon managed, with some planks and an old canoe, to make a place to preach in, and divine service was held for the first time in New Zealand.

After this happy beginning things went on smoothly for a time. And now I must stop: the dangers and trials which the New Zealand Missionaries afterwards endured make too long a story for me to tell.

AFFECTING SCENE IN THE STATE PRISON.

We passed through the Auburn Prison, yesterday, in company with a friend who had never before visited the institution. Some eight or ten persons, gentlemen and ladies, were shown through at the same time. Among the number was a man who, we should suppose, had reached the age of 50 years. He wore a sorrowful and downcast look, and seemed to avoid all conversation with every one. Upon inquiring of the keeper whether he knew the cause of the old man's sorrow, we were informed that he had two sons in the prison—sent there for the crime of stealing a horse.

The keeper stated that the convicts, young men, had not been seen by their father since their confinement, a little over a year. The old man was apprehensive that he would not be able to recognize his sons in their convict dress, and requested the keeper to point them out to him as they passed along. One of the convicts was employed in the cooper shop and the other in the carpet room.

The cooper shop was visited first, where the old man's son was at work, the keeper asked him if he could point him out.

The old man gazed intently at one