

none at all. If any one has some yams to sell, or wishes work for the day he comes to school in the morning as a special favor to me. They ask me to pay them for coming to school, but I told them it should be the other way that they ought to pay me instead of us paying them. A few of them did not appear for some days after being refused pay. Now they at last know that they will get no pay for coming to church and school.

None of the women or girls have yet returned into church or school. Two or three have been driven in by Mrs. Annand. Public sentiment seems to be against female education. How long this opinion may last I cannot say, but now that I am getting a hold upon their language I hope soon to get the women and girls to come as well as the men and boys.

For a few Sabbaths past I have been speaking to the people who come to the School house in their own language for some ten or twenty minutes.

Not long since one of the high chiefs and another elderly man were present for the first time. They listened attentively but when I mentioned something that was new and strange to them they talked to each other about it in the meeting. They assented to what I said so as to be heard all around.

The resurrection of the body is the greatest wonder to them. Oh how dark and benighted their minds are.

THE HAPPIEST BOY.

Once there was a king who had a little boy whom he loved. He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, and pictures and toys and books. He gave him a pony to ride, and a row-boat on the lake, and servants. But the young prince was not happy. He was always wishing for something he had not got.

At length, one day a wise man came to court and said to the king—

"I can make your son happy. But you must pay me my own price for telling the secret." The king promised.

So the wise man took the boy into a

private room. He wrote something with a white substance on a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it and hold it under the paper, and read what he saw. Then he went away and asked no price at all.

The boy did as he had been told, and the white letters on the paper turned quite dark. They formed these words—*"Do a kindness to some one every day."*

The prince made use of the secret, and became the happiest boy in the kingdom.

LITTLE MARY'S THREE LETTERS.

I knew of a little girl who had given her heart to Jesus, and whose daily prayer was that her father might do the same. She sat down and wrote: "Dear father, won't you be a Christian?" and she left the slip of paper on his table, where she knew he would find it. He saw it, read it, tore it into small shreds, and threw it on the floor. He said nothing about it, and the faithful child thought she would try again. "Dear father," she wrote, "Do be a Christian," and placed the slip as before on the table. This time he folded it up and placed it in his pocket, and walked away, thinking of the words of his little monitor. The child was still unsatisfied, so, for the third time, she wrote: "Dear father, won't you be a Christian? Tell Mary." On the following morning, seeing the third note on the table, the father was overcome. He could stand it no longer. "Where is Mary?" he called, Mary was in sight in a moment. He embraced her with an unutterable tenderness of feeling. His hard heart was completely subdued, and his little daughter was the means of bringing him to Jesus.—*Good Cheer.*

BEAUTIFUL ANSWER.

"What is conscience?" said a Sunday-school teacher one day to the little flock that gathered around to learn the word of life.

Several of the children answered—one saying one thing, and another another—until a little timid child spoke out:

"It is Jesus whispering in our hearts."