

can paddle along in their canoes, or they can travel on the smooth beach, except when the mangrove trees come down and stand in the edge of the water. Nothing can exceed the luxuriance of the forests, which cover almost the whole island with the richest green, from the shore of the ocean to the tops of the hills. There are no horses on it, no cattle or sheep, and scarcely any animals except lizards, crabs and rats. Pigeons abound. Near by is an island of considerable size, called Lela, where the king and chiefs mostly have their residence; there are others which are quite small,—the group reminding you of a full-blown rose, with one partially opened leaning against it, while buds stand thick around them.

The natives seem mild and gentle. Many of them came on board, the day the vessel arrived; but when, after evening prayers, they were requested to leave, they all went quietly ashore. Some of them fish, some cook, others build houses, and others make boats; each has his own trade: the father brings up his sons to practice the one which he follows; all are industrious; the women, too, are busy in their houses. The people are also very observing and inquisitive. It was surprising to see how well they talk in English. Nearly all of them can use some common word; can, at least, say "Good morning," and "Good tobacco";—which filthy weed, I am sorry to say, they, like more civilized folks, have learned to love;—and many of them can converse in broken English on familiar things. They find it so easy to catch the sound of English words, and are so fond of doing it, that perhaps they will all, by and by, learn to speak our language. They also want to know what our customs are, that they may adopt them.

The homage which they pay their king, amounts almost to adoration. No one comes into his presence without creeping on his hands and knees. When he appears abroad, they sit with their heads bowed towards him till he has passed. They love him very greatly, and speak of him as "good King George." Their last king before him was very cruel; and when they could not bear his tyranny any longer, they rose against him and deposed him. King George, who at the time was only a low chief, took a leading part in freeing the people from the tyrant; and they thought that he was the best man to rise to the vacant throne. He greatly pre-

ferred to continue at his trade of fisherman; but they were so united and earnest in their choice, that he at length consented to be their king. You would not see much about him that corresponds with your ideas of regal state. Several large buildings, within an inclosure of reeds, constitute his palace. The one which he uses for purposes of state, has but a single room. Chests, arranged on one side of it, serve for seats. His robe is a faded flannel shirt. The queen wears a short, small cotton gown. But in and round his premises, all is in perfect order and quiet.

He likes, too, to have things orderly and quiet through his realm. So he does not allow any rum on shore, nor any intoxicating drink made from the cocoa-nut tree. "Plenty white men", said he, "speak me, very good tap cocoa nut tree; get toddy. Me say, no; no good. Plenty men get drunk on shore; too much row; me like all quiet."

Some men who had been at the island, tried to prejudice him against missionaries; but he took notice that the men who spoke against them were bad men, men who got drunk and did other wicked things; whilst sober men, who made him no trouble, spoke well of them. He saw at once that missionaries could not be bad men; and when he learned that there was a company of them on board the vessel in his harbor, he wanted one of them to come and live with him. "Will they teach all the people," he asked, "or only the chiefs?" "All the people," was the reply, "That's right," said he. He was much interested in witnessing religious worship, and remarked, "It's first rate." He has given Mr Snow a small island, with many tall trees upon it, where he may live; and was going to build him a house. "Tell," said he, "the King of the Hawaiian Islands," who had written him a letter, commending the missionaries to his care.—"Tell him that I will be a father to Mr Snow and his wife." How happy the day will be, when he and his people shall worship the true God!—*Youth's Dayspring.*

THE PRAYING GIRLS.

Mary is a sweet girl, six years old. She lives at Nellore, Ceylon. She has lost her mother, but has a step mother. On the evening of her arrival at home from school one night, before lying down upon her mat, she knelt and prayed. Her mother and grandfather laughed at