

MICRONESIAN CHILDREN.

The brown-skinned boys and girls of these Islands of the South Pacific Ocean love to play just as well as you do. They play "hide and seek" in the moonlight and "goal;" they make little canoes and sail them, and make playthings out of the big, shiny, breadfruit leaves. They learn to swim when they are very young and to paddle canoes. They never knew anything about the Great Spirit, or God, till the missionaries went to them; they thought they were created by a man.

They have some very queer stories which the children like to tell and hear. One which they tell reminds me of the story of Jonah. A man named Lobweliju started for Burok, a Northern island, to go to Rongrik. His canoe upset and he could not right it again. His companions were eaten by sharks; but he was swallowed by a whale together with a net full of coconuts. While he was in the whale he ate all his coconuts, cracking them one upon another until he came to the last one and he could not think how to crack that. At last he thought of cracking it on the teeth of the whale. This made the whale's teeth ache so that he was very uneasy, and he dove down through the water very fast till he heard the reef cracking under him. Then he came up on shore at one of the islands—they do not say which one. This caused a great excitement among the people. They commenced to cut him to pieces; whereupon Lobweliju cried, "Cut to the North and cut to the South, I am here, Lobweliju." When he came out of the fish he was entirely baldheaded.

Their houses are little huts thatched with leaves, and the sides are made of the same. They have no board floors. They gather pebbles from the seashore and cover the ground with them, then cover these with coconut or pandanus leaves. When night comes they lie down on a mat made of a pandanus leaf, which shuts up like a book cover. They lie on one half and cover themselves with the other half, and sleep very soundly.

They have learned that it is a wonderful

thing to learn how to read, write, sing, etc., and they are very glad to go to school. They are going to have a new house on Kusaie, where some of the girls can come and learn what it is to be in a pleasant home where they will hear only pure sweet words, instead of the filthy ones they hear in their own homes; where they can learn to love Jesus and to follow him.—*Missionary Letter.*

LEAVING THEM TO GOD.

In West Africa a society in England has started a school for native children. One day in that school a little girl struck her school-mate. The teacher found it out, and asked the child who was struck "Did you strike her back again?"

"No ma'am," said the child.

"What did you do?" asked the teacher.

"I left her to God," said she.

A beautiful and most efficient way to settle all difficulties, and prevent all fights among children and among men. We shall never be struck by others when they know that we shall not return the blow, but "leave them to God." Then, whatever our enemies do, or threaten to do to us, let us leave them to Him, praying that He would forgive them and make them our friends.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

Every girl wants to be beautiful, and so she may. Where do you think beauty begins—on the skin? No, in the heart. And no matter how fair the skin; how soft the eye; how regular the features and bright the color, if there is anything unlovely in the soul it will show through and spoil all the beauty of face. You may try to hide it, but you cannot; in unguarded moments, in a tone, a look, an act, it will reveal itself. Whatever is ugly in the heart—pride, selfishness, anger, envy—she will sooner or later be written on the face. Get Jesus to make and keep your hearts clean and kindly, and the beauty He puts in them will shine through in your faces.—*Sel.*