

knee and repeat her prayers. Before she could do so, her father held up the picture of a Hindoo god, and said, "See, Mary, what a *god* the poor heathen pray to!" It was very ugly, and looked very ill-natured. She gave it but one look, which said, "What an *ugly* god!" and immediately dropped on her knees at her mother's side, and began saying, in a sweet voice, "Our FATHER, which art in *heaven*," &c. Her parents wept for *joy*, because she evidently thought God *lovely*. She has been a Missionary collector ever since, and now works for the Chinese schools.

LITTLE EMMA'S CORNER.

Emma. But mama, are there little boys and girls, like Henry and me, in all the places where the Missionaries go to?

Mama. Yes, there are. Should you like to hear something about them?

Emma. I should like to hear *all* about them. But have *you* been there to see them? How do you know?

Mama. Oh, I read the accounts that the Missionaries send home; and then, you know, papa brings the Missionaries to our house, when they happen to come to England, and we ask them what they have seen, and they love to tell us.

Emma. Yes; Mr. Pritchard came to see us, and he told us about the children in some place—I forget the name of it.

Mama. Was it Tahiti? Cannot you try and remember the names, my little pet?

Emma. I'll try; but sometimes they are such very

hard names. I wish they were easy, like "London," and "York," and "Bath."

Mama. Well, and what did Mr. Pritchard say about little boys and girls in Tahiti?

Emma. He said, when the Missionaries first went there, they had no schools at all, and no books, and no pictures, and hardly any playthings.

Mama. Were the fathers and mothers always fond of their little boys and girls?

Emma. Oh no! Don't you remember how he told us that they were sometimes so cruel and so wicked they used to kill the little babies, because they would not have the trouble of taking care of them. Wasn't that very wicked?

Mama. It was indeed, and very cruel; but they had no Bible, and no ministers to teach them better.

Emma. They don't do so now. They have schools, and learn to read; and they write very nicely, and the girls sew and mark almost as well as Fanny. I wish I could just go and see them; and I should like to hear them sing, and talk to them.

Mama. But you would not understand their language.

Emma. Then how do the Missionaries talk to them and teach them?

Mama. Aye, they have very hard work indeed; for they must learn the language first, and that takes a good while.

Emma. How long? Three months?

Mama. More than that. A year,—two years, or perhaps more, before they know it well.

Emma. I wonder what it is like! Is it like the Chinese, that we saw in this dear little Magazine last month?

Mama. No; they use the same letters as we do, but the words are different. This is a Tahitian New Tes-

tament ; now try and read the first verse in the fifteenth chapter of St. John.

Emma. O van te vine mau. (Pronounced, O vow te vinny mow). How very odd ! And do they quite understand that ? Is that the way they talk ?

Mama. Yes, that is their language. You see it is very different from the English. And there are a great many different languages in the world ; but God has sent good men to learn them, and to translate the Bible into them all ; and the Bible is now in nearly two hundred of these languages.

Emma. Two hundred ! what a many ! - But how are the people to get the Bible in all these languages ? Where do they come from ?

Mama. Well, my love, that's a very proper question. You've heard about the Bible Society. The Missionaries put the Bible into the language of the people where they go, and the Bible Society gives paper and prints it, and pays a deal of money to get it done.

Emma. That's very nice ! Then they help one another, just like Henry and me in our little garden ; he helps me, and I help him ; he pulls out the weeds and digs the ground, and I put in the seed. So he's like the Missionary Society, and I'm like the Bible Society. I suppose they are brother and sister. I hope they are very fond of one another.

Mama. Well, my dear, I think they are, and your idea is a very good one. These societies are a great help to one another ; indeed, they could not do well without each other. Both together, I think they will, if God continues to bless them, make the world a great deal better and happier than it is.

Emma. I wish every body in the world was happy.

POEM.

BEFORE the emancipation of the Negroes, a bell rang to summon them to work, and every one hastened immediately, for fear of punishment. A little girl upon the point of death, who heard it, observed, "The bell calls you to work; but it seems to call me to heaven."

The bell! the bell! with iron tongue,
 That hateful sound the bell hath rung.
 Up and away,
 We must not stay,
 The driver's lash bears no delay.
 The elder hurries from his chair,
 The young man grasps his hoe,
 The mother leaves her infant there—
 The sick and faint must go.
 But one, upon her bed of death,
 Her young days fading fast,—
 The flickering flame—the gasping breath—
 The struggle almost past—
 Lay fetter'd by a stronger band,
 And colder than the oppressor's hand.
 Her dim eye, for a moment bright,
 Caught at the sound a gleam of light.
 "Mother," she said, "I cannot go.
 That bell sounds sweetly now to me;
 It calls me from this world of woe,
 To Him whose boundless love I know,
 Up where eternal pleasures flow,
 To be for ever there."

Hamerton.

J. EDMESTON.