

idols were exhibited, and a description was given of the customs of the heathen land from which the missionary came, and there were a great many strange dresses which he tried on in turns.

There was a little boy way up in one corner of the gallery, whose soul was intensely working within him as he listened to all this description of what the heathen suffered, and what the heathen wore, and of all the opportunities which God had given to the missionaries to turn many of them from their dead idols to serve the living God, and to wait for His Son from heaven. And as he looked and listened, his little heart beat high within him. He said within himself, "If I live I will be a missionary. I will go to the heathen myself, and I will try to do something for them to win them to Christ."

By and by, when the meeting was about to close, it was intimated that there was to be a collection. The little fellow felt in his pockets, but he had not anything. He had not a single penny. He felt very sorry, very much ashamed of himself, and he did not like to go down and pass the plate at the door putting nothing in; so he waited up in the corner of the gallery until all the people had gone, and until the two men that were standing at the door should have had time to carry away the full plates into the little room behind, to count the collection, and with stealthy step he began to descend the stairs.

But the quick ears of one of the men heard a step coming, and true to his duty the man remained, and when the little boy came he held out the plate to him.

This was something he had not expected, and his little face flushed all over; but with a quick thought he said to the good man, "Hold it a little lower, sir." The man held it a little lower. "Lower still, sir." He put it down lower yet. "Please lay it on the ground, sir." The good man, not knowing what he meant, put the plate on the ground, and the little fellow stepped into it, and said, "I have no money, but I will give myself: in God's name I intend being a missionary." That was the biggest collection they had that night.—*Rev. S. H. Robertson. M. D.*

JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL.

No doubt, children, you have heard your dear mothers sing this hymn a great many times. Sometimes when she rocked you to sleep during the hours of pain and anxiety; sometimes when she was in great trouble of soul and longed for sympathy and rest. It is one of the

most beautiful hymns that was ever written. One day Mr. Wesley, the author, was sitting by an open window looking out over the bright and beautiful fields. Presently a little bird flitting about in the sunshine attracted his attention. Just then a hawk came sweeping down to wards the little bird. The poor thing, very much frightened, was darting here and there, trying to find some place of refuge. In the bright sunny air, in the leafy trees or the green fields, there was no hiding-place from the fierce grasp of the hawk. But seeing an open window and a man sitting by it, the bird flew, in its extremity, towards it, and with a beating heart and quivering wing, found refuge in Mr. Wesley's bosom. He sheltered it from the threatening danger and saved it from a cruel death. Mr. Wesley was at that time suffering from severe trials, and was feeling the need of refuge in his own time of trouble as much as did the trembling little bird that nestled so safely in his bosom. So he took up his pen and wrote that sweet hymn—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high."

Letter from Miss Morton.

The following is a private letter. The writer did not intend it to see printer's ink, nor did the receiver send it for publication. The Editor happened to see it and appropriated part, about half, of it, for the children. He only is responsible for its appearance, but he could not resist the temptation of giving the children the benefit of it after carefully taking our anything that was of a more private character.

Tunapuna, Nov. 7th, 1884.

My Dear Auntie:—

I got your nice letter of news on the first day of the month and was very pleased for I had not heard a word for a long time before.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant, and Mr. Gibson arrived safely on the 2nd inst., Papa saw them day before yesterday, but we have not seen them as yet. They sent the parcel. The seeds I am delighted with. Some are planted already, and if fit I will plant some more to-morrow.

There is a good deal of news to tell, but I hardly know where to begin.

First I think was the Laurel Hill riot.