

explained to her what the Lord was doing for her brothers and sisters, and he was happy to find that the same spirit of promise was working effectually on her heart also. And now, the faithful God has gathered in good old Isaac's *eight sons and daughters*, and He is carrying on a work of grace on the grand-children also, three of whom have joined the Church of Christ.

Reader, what a lesson does this teach us! Behold the faithful God! He did not say to Isaac's seed, "Seek ye me in vain." O praying parents, be encouraged! And ye, children of the righteous, take care, that you bring not your parents with sorrow to the grave.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

A MISSIONARY STORY.

Young readers are generally fond of *stories*. Those who read this little paper I hope, however, have no fondness for idle, silly stories. They prefer something instructive and useful—such is the character of the story I am about to relate. It is a *missionary story*—an account of some missionaries who lived a great while ago, long before any one now living was born. They went to a little island situated in the Atlantic ocean. There they found a very rude savage tribe of people. In some respects they were even more savage than the wild Indians in our country. Many of them lived by hunting and fishing; some were clothed in the skins of wild animals, others painted their bodies and went almost or entirely naked. They were poor and miserable. Their huts were small, filthy, and comfortless. Education they had none. Their religion was a terribly cruel idolatry. Human sacrifices were often made to their hideous idols. The poor missionaries must have felt greatly discouraged when they began their labors with this people. They found them in a terribly wretched condition; but they thought if they could only

teach them to read the Bible and get them to cast away their filthy idols and worship the true God, their condition would soon be improved. So they went to work, to endeavor to instruct them. The first thing was to learn the language of this singular people. This was no trifling task. When this was accomplished, they translated the Scriptures for them. Then they collected the children and taught them to read. They told them all they knew about God and the Saviour, and the way of salvation. They now began to forsake their idols. Many embraced the gospel; and, as they forsook their false and cruel gods, their condition began to improve. They cast off their shaggy *skin coats*, and ceased to paint their bodies. They now learned to clothe themselves in a more decent and comfortable manner. They also built more comfortable houses, and began to cultivate the land, to raise flocks and herds, and ceased to chase the wild animals to obtain food. They established schools and colleges, they built towns and cities, procured ships and navies, and have now become one of the most intelligent, refined, wealthy, and powerful nations on the globe? Can you tell, now, where that little island is! and what is its name? Yes, you will reply, it is England. England! then those heathen people were our *ancestors*. We are their posterity, their children. Thus we learn that we all have a *heathen* ancestry. That our forefathers and mothers were just as ignorant and wretched as any of the present heathen. We see also that we are indebted to *missionaries* for the gospel, with all its rich blessings. Are we not bound, then, by the most solemn obligations, to do all we can to send the same gospel to others which has done so much for us? We see also from this what will be the result of our missionary efforts. What the gospel has already done for our pagan ancestry and their descendants, it is now doing for many other heathen nations;