

expect to get out of suffering in time. How well it is to know that there is *no little sin* against God. *All* "sin is an abomination unto Him." I will tell you about the hottest hell, and you can try to fancy what the others are. In this place they say there is a large iron box, eight cubic feet square, as large as a good dining-room, filled with grains of corn. This box has a heavy iron lid. It stands in a lake of fire, into which the wicked are thrown. Once in a thousand years the lid is opened, just wide enough for a hand to pass through. Then the wicked are allowed to take out *one* grain only, when the lid is shut up for another thousand years, and so on till the box is emptied of the corn. All this while the wicked are suffering the torments of the burning lake. When they empty this box they are put into the next hell, and, not until they have passed through all the eighteen hells, do they reach a heaven. How awful to be under such a mistake! How dreadful to find out after death, when *too late*, that the happiness and glory of that world is to be with God, and like God—without sin and without fear; and that separation from God—not to have him to love, and to make us holy, nor to hope any more for mercy,—is the doom of every sinner alike! Oh, it was so difficult to teach the Buriats such things. Often the Missionaries went to their tents to explain these truths to them. And those who came for books and for medicine seldom went away without hearing something about God, and sin, and salvation. The Buriats are very kind to their visitors. When they see any one coming, they meet him at a post a little way in front of the tent, and invite him to come into the tent, though they had never seen him before. They never say "What do you want," or "Why have you come?" as they do in England. They were very kind to the Missionaries when they visited them. Often they sat for hours in their tents talking to the people, or went about preaching "from house to house,"

as Paul did, when the priests, and men, and women, and children, would sit round the fire, on the ground, and listen and ask questions. The Missionaries often left with heavy hearts, for the people were so ignorant, that it was very difficult to make them understand spiritual things. Still, all this visiting and talking prepared for something better. It was the clearing and digging, the sowing and watering of seeds, some of which afterwards sprung up, and brought forth much fruit.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine*.

### "Out of the Mouths of Babes and Sucklings."

William Hone, a noted English author, was a deist. While passing a turnpike gate, as he was travelling on foot through Wales, he saw a young girl taking her dinner of goat's milk and bread, and just of a character to impress him. On entering into conversation with her, he was overwhelmed with astonishment to find this poor, bare footed, unsophisticated girl "mighty in the Scriptures," and listened to the use she made of them, and to the power they had on her soul. His heart was subdued, and soon after he avowed himself a believer in Christ, and united with the church.

### Look to the Foundation and Persevere.

In the years of my childhood, when I little thought that my brow would ever be graven with wrinkles, or my head covered with grey hairs, I was once amusing myself in building a card house, but so unsuccessfully, that time after time, the frail tenement fell before it was completed. My father happening to be a witness of my disappointment, whispered in my ear, "Look to the foundation and persevere."

Prayer is a key which unlocks the blessings of the day, and locks out the dangers of the night.