

"We beg," says the author of this account, "to present our cordial salutations and thanks to the pious Captain Caffin, the Commander of Her Britannic Majesty's Steam Frigate *Penelope*. He was sent by the Lord in time of need; for Mallersward, our young missionary to Aland, was about to be arrested and tried for his preaching of Jesus; but, through this captain's powerful representations to the authorities at Degerby custom-house, he was able three weeks longer to preach freely the Word of God to the hungry souls in Aland."

May this be the first-fruits of a wider door for the entrance of the Word into the dark places of the Earth—a door that shall be opened never again to be closed.—*Church of Scotland Juv. Miss. Record*, &c. for February.

A SHORT SERMON FOR CHILDREN.

NO. II.—ENDLESS HAPPINESS.

"Not my will . . . be done."

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I have told you in my last sermon that you are never to die, but to have endless life. What I wish to teach you now is, how you are to have endless happiness.

Of course you *wish* yourselves to be happy, and all who love you wish this also for you. Your dear friends and relations wish it, and are glad when you are glad. The good angels wish it, for they all rejoice when they see even one unhappy sinner come back to God. Your own Saviour Jesus Christ wishes you to be happy; for did He not leave Heaven and come here, to enable you to be happy? Did He not become a little child, and live for more than thirty years in the World, to teach you how to be happy? And did He not die for you, and is He not always seeing you and thinking about you every day, and all to make you happy? And God, your own Father, loves you; and does a father not wish to make his own children happy? How very happy everything is in His world! The woods in spring are a great concert of singing birds, busy building their nests and singing their songs. The air is full of larks that hum like angels in the clouds. Bees hum over the meadows and visit with a song every flower; and the flowers open their hearts and give all their sweets to them; and then the bees return with joy to their hives, ready to start off at early morning, singing again to their work. The waves dance in the sunbeams, and the streams go singing and dancing to the Sea, and the fish leap and play in the water. The lambs sport and run races on the hill-sides. The flowers have on gay clothes, and look so beautiful and glad as the breeze plays with them and