

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

MISSIONARY SUMMARY.

In ancient times the Athenian State maintained a "sacred galley," for the performance, once a year, of a stately religious ceremonial. That service rendered, she lay ashore, a useless though dignified part of ecclesiastical machinery. In our days a Christian Society maintains a vessel far more worthy of the name of "sacred" than the old tenant of the Pnyx. At this hour there sails in the Pacific Ocean a little ship belonging to the London Missionary Society, which is constantly engaged in the active service of the Prince of Peace. Most vessels sail in search of gain, and many are destined for war; but this "sacred galley" glides through the blue waters, touching at one fair isle after another, freighted only with the message of salvation. She carries missionaries to their spheres of labour, or on their tours of inspection. She is a royal vessel, for she bears the ambassadors of the great King; she is a ship of war, and her one weapon is the "Word of God."

We gladly extract the substance of a part of a journal letter from the commander of this interesting vessel:—

"We left Sidney on the 13th of October, and arrived at Aneiteum, one of the New Hebrides, on the 22nd. The anchor dropped off the Mission station, where the Rev. J. Girdle is labouring with much success. We landed his supplies, with 3,000 copies of Mark's Gospel—the first whole copy which was printed in this language. On Monday took on board our teachers and their wives, with the natives we had left here on our way to Sidney. Next day sailed to the Rev. Mr. Inglis' station, on the north side of the Island. Here we found the people, men, women, and children, all waiting with smiling faces, desirous of shaking hands. Twelve or thirteen years ago we found these people all barbarous, and could not in safety trust our lives among them. Now there is not one we may not feel safe with. What has God done by his Gospel for this people! Some days after we made sail for Erromango, anchored in Dillon's bay, and found our teachers well. They had erected a small place of worship, besides dwelling houses. We went on shore and held divine worship, being permitted to serve God in peace and safety on the spot where a few years ago our beloved missionaries, Williams and Harris, fell under the clubs of savages. On returning from worship we found on the beach the chief who killed Mr. Williams. He went on board with us. We asked him why he killed our missionary; he said, that white men had killed his relatives, and that he did not know any thing about him.

In this manner we might follow the Gospel ship from island to island, to learn everywhere of triumphs already won by the cross, or of people waiting in hope for the day of their merciful visitation.

A great work has begun in the different provinces of the Turkish empire. Thirty-five years ago the American Board of Missions began operations in those "lands of the Bible," from which its light and truth had departed. Great obstacles were encountered, and for some time little progress made. The sowing time was with tears, the harvest day is dawning with joy. It is with feelings of singular interest that we hear of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus causing awakenings in places, the names of which are familiar to every reader of the Bible. From Constantinople to Mosul, and from Caucasus and Ararat to Lebanon. Christian agencies have been extended by the American Board. By the noble zeal of our American brethren, a staff of 126 male and female missionary labourers has been formed and set in operation. But a single glance at the vast field over which they are spread, will show that they are quite insufficient "to go in and possess the land." From all quarters the cry comes, for more men to work in this great enterprise. Already 200 places are known to contain Protestants: in fifty of them there are stated congregations with 100 Bible classes. During the last twenty years the American Mission has circulated Bibles, tracts, and books, to the extent of 109 million pages. They have issued 700 translations of tracts and other works in the various languages spoken through the Turkish dominions. John Bunyan is now speaking with many tongues in the home of allegory; and the "Dairyman's Daughter" has been the means of introducing the Gospel into Nicomedia. At Sidon, a little chapel is well filled with an attentive audience, discussions on Bible truths are frequent; and the movement has extended to Tyre, as well as the mountain villages above Sidon. The dew has again descended on Lebanon, and a much-tried community

of believers there begins to flourish. At Beyrut, on the coast, and Acheh, in Lebanon, there are training schools for young men and women, as well as attentive congregations. We have before spoken in praise of the American Training Institution at Bebek and Harkeny, near Constantinople.

Attached to the Syrian branch there are 12 Americans, two of whom are physicians; also a printer, four native preachers, and one native helper. The Armenian branch extends over Asia Minor, Armenia Proper, and Roumelia. For this wide region there are only twelve missionaries, one of whom is a physician; six native preachers, and twenty-four native helpers.

At Constantinople itself, there are, besides six missionaries, four native preachers, and six assistants. The Assyrian branch has five missionaries, one of whom is a physician, and three native helpers. Its principal stations are Mosul and Diarbekr, where the enquirers are numerous.

The American Board has this year voted £14,000, for carrying on the Missions in Asia Minor, Armenia, Syria, and Assyria. A large sum in itself, and a noble proof of the liberality of American Christians.

Yet how small, compared with the work to which it is devoted;—how insignificant, compared with the expenditure of the world on its pride, its ambition, or its pleasures.

Fountain Department.

I WILL BE GOOD TO-DAY.

"I will be good, dear mother,"
I heard a sweet child say,
"I will be good, now watch me—
I will be good all day."

She lifted up her bright young eyes,
With a soft and pleasing smile;
Then a mother's kiss was on her lips,
So pure and free from guile.

And when night came, that little one,
In kneeling down to pray,
Said in a soft and whispering tone,
"Have I been good to day?"

Oh, many, many bitter tears
"T would save us, did we say,
Like that dear child, with earnest heart,
"I will be good to day."

SYMPATHIZE WITH CHILDREN.—"O, how I do love to talk with you, Mrs. S. I would rather talk with you any time than with my own mother." Thus exclaimed a girl of nine years, whom we had taken into our family to bring up. I was spending a season in conversation with her, which she greatly enjoyed, as her remark testified.

"Why Jane," said I, "what a speech! I thought you wanted to see your mother very much."

"So I do," she replied, "but for all that, I love to talk with you, better than I ever did with her."

"What is the reason?" I asked.

I don't know exactly," said Jane. "Sometimes mother wouldn't let me talk with her, when she wasn't busy either. The school girls used to plague me sometimes, and if I told mother she would say, 'Hush; stop telling tales out of school.' I used to plague them back; and so we had real quarrelling times. One day, pretty soon after I came to live with you, I told you how Ellen May pushed me down, and you told me about heaping coals of fire on her head. You know you said, if I would give her part of my orange, she wouldn't do so again, and she didn't. Now when the girls plague me, I do so nothing to please them, and they stop very quick. I guess they won't trouble me any more. Before I came here, if I hurt me and told mother, she would laugh at me and tell me what a fuss I made about nothing. But you say, 'never mind,' 'I'm very sorry,' and that seems to make it stop off aching, almost. I feel as if I can tell you anything better than I could tell mother, for she never cares what I say."

Poor child! It was sympathy she needed; and how natural to seek it from her mother. If Jane's mother had lent an ear to her daughter's troubles with the girls, she might have instilled into her mind the great principles of right which it was her duty to do. She need not have encouraged the child to make "much ado about nothing," mourning over every scratch or bruise; but she might have fortified her resolution to bear the pain, or might cause her to forget by admiringly turning her attention to something of interest. This cause would have added to the happiness of the child, and strengthened her affection for her mother.

Let a mother show her little ones that she regards their troubles as trifles, and their sports as follies, and

it will not be long before they will cease to reveal their thoughts and emotions confidingly to that mother.

They will find in their playmates more congenial spirits, and will form injurious intimacies of which the mother will remain ignorant, for they will soon learn the art of concealment. They will not tell of their temptations, nor seek for counsel of those in whom they confide not. The Holy Spirit may strive with them, but no mother bids them beware how they grieve at away, for she is unconscious of its presence. Distress on account of sin may lie heavily on their young hearts, and they may grope in spiritual darkness for months, not knowing whither to turn for relief, when a mother would gladly point out the way, did she but know their desires.

WHO IS THE GOOD CHILD?—It is a great mistake for children to think that they cannot be religious. In a book called 'The Beautitudes,' which every one ought to read, it says:—"A little girl who is affectionate and obedient to her parents, kind and gentle to her brothers and sisters, and amiable and benevolent towards every body, is doing the will of her Father in heaven. If, in the exercise of these virtues, she is ready, for Christ's sake, to sacrifice a favourite inclination, to subdue a bad passion, to repress an unkind emotion for convenience sake, she is certainly fitting herself to be numbered among the blessed."

A little boy who gets up early in the morning, says his prayers, is always at his meals, as soon as they are on the table, tries to be affable and obliging towards every body, never says a bad word, loves his mother so dearly that he never offends her in word or deed, and does all things for conscience and his Saviour's sake, is not far from the kingdom of God.

Such children are religious, and experience joy and peace that no one can conceive of, until he becomes like them. Have you my dear reader, no interest in the matter? Will you not try to be good and holy, like Jesus Christ?

Selections.

MUSIC FOR THE OUTCASTS.—We lately gave a sketch of a private musical exercise frequently enjoyed by the children of the Five Points House of Industry. This pleasant custom has been improved and enlarged for the benefit of the poor outsiders in the neighborhood. On successive Tuesday evenings, the chapel has been thrown open, and we have had a throng of auditors, from the deepest culls of guilt and wretchedness, overflowing the room, pressing upon the doors, and climbing upon the windows, to hear the sweet songs and Sabbath hymns of our happy children, once as lost as they.

The chapel is formed of two long, parallel rooms thrown together by an open midway in the partition some twelve feet wide, as two parlors are connected by sliding doors. Each division has its separate door, and the inner division was devoted to visitors and friends, of whom a crowded and most respectable audience, chiefly ladies, was assembled. Opposite them in the centre of the other division, the children of the institution were placed, so as to form three sides of a hollow square, facing inward, the girls in front, all dressed in white, and the piano-forte in the centre. On one side of the children, on a raised gallery of seats at that end of the room, sat the adult inmates of the house, and at the other end, crowded in from the street the squallid but deeply attentive, charmed, and orderly people of the Five Points. Never was the power of music more wonderfully illustrated, since strokes and strains paid homage to the lyre. Not a sound proceeded from the dark, dense mass; every face was fixed in motionless attention, and there they stood in the same manner for two hours without intermission, fascinated by the strangely beautiful sights and sounds. It was an overpowering spectacle, full of suggestions which cannot be expressed. On the one hand, congregated misery and depravity of the darkest hue, subsided to the gentleness of the lamb; in the midst, the saved and cleansed and lovely company of children, singing songs of joy and songs of Zion; and on the opposite hand an equal assembly of refinement, beauty and goodness, listening, and gazing on the contrast with mingled tears of pity and gratitude.

Nothing could exceed the beauty and propriety of the children's singing, or the happy selection of the pieces, for alternate exhilaration, pathos, and devotion. As they stood singing heavenly melodies, a white-robed company, skirted by the dark masses of wretched depravity out of which they so lately had issued—it seemed like a vision of the ransomed who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and