

Early last year Mrs. Young became very ill, just at the time when war broke out in Amoy, and the people were fighting and killing one another. Balls were flying in all directions, so that no one was safe, and poor Mrs. Young had to be carried away from her own home, and taken on board an English vessel then lying on the river. But she did not need this protection long, for she was soon called away by death from this world of sorrow to that blessed land where "the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick." She left behind her two little children; and last year, when their father was taken ill and obliged to come Home, one was left with a kind friend in China and the other he brought with him. Boo-a, whose portrait you have on the other side, was the nurse who had taken charge of the children from the time of their mother's death, and who brought the elder one to England along with its afflicted father. She stayed in Edinburgh for several months, and then returned to China. She was a good woman—an earnest follower of the Lord Jesus, although she had long been an idolator, bowing down to stocks and stones, "the work of men's hands." She has a son living in Amoy, who is also a Christian, and was baptized at the same time with herself; but she has two daughters who are still heathens, for whose conversion she often prays to the Lord of life. During her stay in this country she wore the Chinese dress, as you see in the picture, and showed much taste in decorating her hair with evergreens and flowers. On Sabbath she went to Church in a similar dress, and, although she could not understand what the minister said, yet she knew he was speaking about Jesus, and that made her happy and grateful. Boo-a was very thankful to every one who showed her kindness; but she loved those best who were true followers of the Lord Jesus. Although unable to talk to them in their own language, she looked upon them as brethren and friends, and was pleased to think that she would one day meet them in Heaven, where they would all speak one language, and sing one song—a song of praise and thanksgiving to Him who hath redeemed them to God by His blood.—*Juvenile Messenger, London.*

THOUGHTS ABOUT MISSIONS.

For the Juvenile Presbyterian.

A few years ago Missions, and especially Missions of the Protestant Churches, were few and feeble. A few years before the only Missionary Society in the World was that of the Jesuits, who, you know, are the devoted servants of the