

you have tried the service for yourself, "It is good to be a missionary."—Youth's Dayspring.

THE NESTORIAN GIRL AND HER MOTHER.

Will the readers of the Dayspring permit me to tell them a short story? During the recent revival at Oroomiah, a vacation occurred in our Female Seminary, during which many of the pious members were very indefatigable in their prayers and efforts for the salvation of their friends.—One of them, *Hany*, a very lovely Nestorian girl, about fifteen years of age, who had, for some time, spent hours in a day in praying for the conversion of her mother, a hardened wicked woman, could hardly cease entreating that mother, with strong crying and tears, to be reconciled to God, when she personally witnessed her worldliness and impenitence at home. The mother, at length wearied with warnings, entreaties and prayers, one day rudely rebuked her weeping daughter, in the following terms:—"Enough, enough. Stop your praying and weeping for me. You will cry yourself blind." The dutiful daughter, in unutterable anguish of spirit, meekly replied, "O mother, it seems to me that I would gladly become blind, if thereby you might be brought to Christ!"

I suppose that some of the youthful readers of the Dayspring, who are hopefully pious, have parents who are still the enemies of God. Are these youth and children as earnest, in their prayers and efforts for the salvation of their parents, as this pious Nestorian girl?—Dayspring.—

THE MISSIONARY MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

Among all the trials of missionaries, there is none greater than their being compelled to send their children away from them. Their parents think they cannot be properly brought up in a heathen land, because they are surrounded there with so many vile persons, and are in danger of learning from them all kinds of wickedness. These beautiful lines from the Missionary Repository will show you what a mother's feelings are, when she thus parts with her dear children. She finds it hard, very hard, to give the last kiss and bid them farewell, but yet the love of Christ is stronger in her soul than her love to her own children; and she can say, as a missionary mother once did in India, while standing on the shore of the sea and looking at her little ones ready to sail for her

native land, "Jesus, I make this sacrifice for thee."

Come, dear one, oh! come to thy mother a-while,  
Let me look in thy gentle blue eyes while I may,  
Let me sun my sad heart in the light of thy smile.  
And know the full joy of a mother to-day.

Not long may'st thou pillow thy head on my breast,  
Not long may thy voice fill with music mine ear,  
Some arm—not thy mother's—must fold thee to rest,  
Some hand—not thy mother's—must wipe off thy tear.

For perils encompass thy birth-place, my child,  
Thy cradle is shadowed by error's dark tree,  
The air is all poison—the storms here are wild—  
The land of the heathen is no home for thee.

I would weep, but I must not—I know we must part,  
And to meet perhaps never again 'neath the sun;—  
But where wilt thou wander, O lov'd of my heart!  
And who will befriend thee, my motherless one!

Hush, faithless forebodings! the dove found its way  
To the ark of its rest o'er the sea-desert wild;  
And the angel that suffer'd not Hagar to stray—  
The covenant angel—will watch o'er my child.

And the hearts of God's children with pity will glow  
When they know thou art orphaned, and look in thy face;  
The tears of all mothers for thy sake will flow,  
All fathers shall claim thee, and yield thee embrace.

Oh! rich are the sheaves of the harvest they'll bind,  
Who bless such as thou in the name of the Lord,