

and in person and manners was most prepossessing and retiring; she was always diligent and attentive, and I, felt almost proud of the rapid progress she had made. When she entered the school, she knew not a letter, nor could speak a word of any language, except the Dutch; but for a considerable time before she died, she could read or converse fluently either in Caffre or English with the girls of the first class. She was ill fifteen days, and during the time became very communicative, and was frequently engaged in prayer, and at first expressed a desire to recover, in order that she might serve God and pray with her school-fellows. To be fit for heaven appeared to be her great desire; it was sweet though painful to hear her earnest, child-like prayers, "Please to take away my sins." "Make me holy." "Give me patience to bear my pain; I want a patience like Job's." "Make me fit for heaven." She would frequently send for Mr. Laing, and ask him to seek for her the same blessings. A few hours before she died, she looked very earnestly at me, and repeated some verses of a long hymn, the subject taken from Eccles. xi. 6, very distinctly. It begins:

"Sow in the morn thy seed  
At eve hold not thy hand;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,  
Broad-cast it o'er the land;"

and you may suppose my feelings, for I had never heard it before, but have since found it in the Weston Hymn Book for Children, two copies of which was sent me about three years since, and one of them I had given to this dear child.

Here is an instance, dear children, of the benefit resulting from missionary efforts. What would little Katarena have known of Jesus, had not a kind Christian lady left her own happy country to instruct the daughters of the poor Africans. Give your pence freely, then, and at the same time pray that God will give still more abundant blessings to the labors of the missionaries. Pray also that when you die,

you may be as happy as little Katarena.—*Juv. Mis. Herald.*

### A Missionary Lesson for Children.

By JAMES MONTGOMERY.

#### PART I.

A grain of corn an infant's hand  
May plant upon an inch of land,  
Whence twenty stalks may spring, and yield  
Enough to stock a little field.  
The harvest of that field might then  
Be multiplied to ten times ten,  
Which, sown thrice more, would furnish bread  
Wherewith an army might be fed.

#### PART II.

A penny is a little thing,  
Which e'en the poor man's child may sing  
Into the treasury of Heaven,  
And make it worth as much as seven.  
As seven! nay, worth its weight in gold,  
And that increased a million fold.  
For lo! a penny tract, if well  
Applied, may save a soul from hell.  
That soul can scarce be saved alone:  
It must, it will, its bliss make known.  
"Come, it will cry, "and you shall see  
What great things God hath done for me.  
Hundreds that joyful sound may hear—  
Hear with their hearts as well as ear;  
And these to thousands more proclaim  
Salvation in the "Only Name."  
That "Only Name" above, below,  
Let Jews, and Turks, and Pagans know;  
Till every tongue and tribe shall call  
On "Jesus" as the Lord of all!

### The Little Karen Child.

A little Karen boy named Jesse, the son of the assistant at Ulah, about four years old, was taken sick and died. While he was very sick he prayed to God, and said, "Oh God, have mercy on me. Amen." Then he sung a couplet in his own language, the translation of which is,—

"Jesus Christ came to die,  
To save a sinner, such as I."

He could sing no more. Just as he was about to die, he prayed again, and then expired. He had been in the habit, for some time before, going to sleep, to sing and pray. Dear children who read the "*Herald*," is it your habit to do as little Jesse did?—*Juv. Miss. Herald.*