

little aon, "Who told you to put your penny into the missionary box? No-body but myself," was the ready reply of the Juvenile subscriber to the mission fund. But what penny was this that he called his own penny? I will tell our dear little friends something about it. It was the first penny that this little boy ever gained by his industry. But you would like to know what he worked at to get a penny for his wages! Well, here is a copy of the bill given him by his teacher: "Master E——has merited the sum of one penny payment on demand!" He had worked hard at his lessons, and so kept at the top of his class for a certain time, for which he obtained a penny, and this penny he gave to God, to help to make him known to the poor heathen, who knew him not, and are dying in their sins. It was but a small sum; but, like the widow's two mites, it was ALL he had in the world that he could call his own; and he gave it of his own free will and with evident pleasure: and you know "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver." You may be sure that his papa and mama were delighted with what their little boy did. And so will you make the heart of your papa and mama glad, if you follow his example, and go and do likewise.—[Wesleyan Juv. Offering.

THE TAHITIAN CHILD AND HIS MOTHER.

Little Teilio was a Tahitian. He had a mother who loved her bible, and taught him to pray and to love God, though little more than thirty years ago there were no such mothers in Tahiti, but many who destroyed their children. His mother also taught him to love the House of God, and he did love it so much that he would be very sorry if he could not attend.

Teilio, however, had but a weak body, and was often kept at home by sickness, even before he was seized with the illness which caused his death. During that illness, his mother watched over him with the most affectionate care, and was rewarded by the eagerness with which he listened to her instructions, and repeated the prayers she had taught him. Often when in pain he begged her to pray for him, and expressed his sorrow that now he could not be where he would like to be—in the House of God.

Every thing was done by his friends to save his life, but it pleased God to take him away from this state of sin and sorrow, to that blessed, blessed world where there is no pain. Shortly before his death, he looked at his mother, and said, "Health to

you, mother, I am going." "Going where?" said his mother. "Going to my Father," he replied. "Who is your Father?" "God is my Father." "Will God take you, sinful as you are, for his child?" "Yes; I have begged him to do so, and he will." He then asked all to retire but his mother, whom he requested to raise him up while he prayed to Saviour to take him. After doing so, the little boy laid himself down again, and went to his "Father" above.

Observing some days after Teilio's death, that his mother, when in her usual seat at chapel, wept very much, and did not sing, as was her habit, after the service, I said to her, "Why do you weep?" "Because my dear child is absent from my side." "Would you, then, call him back, if you could?" "Oh no. He is happy where he is," she replied, "I would not call him back, but I must shed a few tears to his memory, for that I cannot help."

This was a Tahitian mother, and a Tahitian child, not as they were, when the heart was frozen by the hardening influence of heathenism. Then the mother would have seen her own infant destroyed without pity and without an effort to save it. Nay, she would wish her own hands have crushed her tender infant, and cast it from her. Mothers forgot their own sweet babes, and smothered them in the grave.

What has made the difference between their past and present state? It is the blessed gospel, which we wish you to love and then to send to the heathen, that it may teach all the cruel mothers in dark lands to love their children, to teach them to love the Saviour, and even when they have gone to Heaven, to shed a tear over their graves.—[Juv. Miss. Magazine.

"Ma, I have fifty cents that I can send to the poor heathen children," said little Victoria, after having listened attentively to a conversation which took place between her mother and a friend on the subject of missions. "My dear, you have spent your money," replied her mother. "Don't you remember that you gave it to your papa to help to buy your pink lawn frock?" Victoria could not well remember having spent the money, but withdrew immediately, brought the frock, and requested that it might be sent to one of the little heathen girls. Her mother told her it was not a suitable present to be sent so far as China. She soon left the room and returned with one of her handsomest toys, (a large parrot) and begged, with her