

CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY SHIP.

A few years ago the boys and girls in the Sabbath Schools in England collected enough of money to buy a fine large ship. This vessel they called the "John Williams" after a celebrated missionary, and sent her out to the South Sea Islands to aid in spreading the Gospel in these heathen lands. Twice has the good ship been home for repairs, and twice have the Sabbath School children collected enough to pay the expenses of refitting this ship and sending her forth again on her peaceful errand.

We are delighted to learn that the Sabbath School children in the United States are going to follow this good example. The keel of a beautiful little vessel is about to be laid, which the children hope to call their own. Her name is to be the "Morning Star," and she will be employed in carrying out the missionaries and their families to the Sandwich Islands, and in conveying them from one mission station to another. What a deep interest the children will feel in their own missionary ship, and with what delight will they hear of the good she is doing! Each boy or girl who has contributed will own a part of the vessel; a nail or two perhaps, a piece of canvass, an ounce or two of the anchor, or one of the ropes. And how grateful the poor Sandwich Islanders will feel when they see the Sabbath School ship! They will never go on board the "Morning Star" without thinking of their distant young friends.

Can we not do something for missions too? How much better to spend money in this way than in cakes, candies, or such things, which can do us no good, but perhaps much harm.

Don't forget the little Orphans at Calcutta.

For the Juvenile Presbyterian.

Many of our young readers must have heard of the Rev. Dr. Judson, a Missionary who for many years preached the Gospel among the Burmans. The following beautiful verses are by his wife, and give a most touching picture of the trials which await the Missionaries in many foreign lands. Dear children, in the enjoyment of your comfortable homes do not forget those devoted men and women who are now preaching Jesus Christ to the heathen. Read their cry for help.

THE WAN REAPERS.

BY MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON, BURMAH.

I came from a land where a beautiful light
Is slow creeping o'er hill-top and vale;
Where broad is the field, and the harvest is white,
But the reapers are haggard and pale.