

am the happiest person in the house. I have every temporal comfort, and then I am going to Jesus.' After a communion had been with her, she said, 'Margaret quite entered into my happiness; she did not look grave, but smiled; that showed how much she loves me.' When sitting one evening, her head resting on a pillow, she was asked is there anything the matter, my darling? 'Oh,' she said, 'I am only weak. I am quite happy. Jesus has said, "Thou art mine."' Another day, when near her last, one said to her, 'Have you been praying much to day?' 'Yes,' she replied, 'and I have been trying to praise too.' 'And what have you been praising for?' 'I praise God,' she said, 'for all the comforts I have, I praise him for many kind friends, you know he is the foundation of *all*; and I praise him for taking a sinner to glory.'—*McCheyne*.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY IN HEART.

A little boy in Paris, who attended a missionary meeting, was very deeply affected with the accounts he heard of the poor heathen children. His mother was a poor widow, and he was her great comfort. She loved the Scriptures, and had taught him to love them too. The next morning after the meeting, this little boy collected together all the money he possessed, (only thirty-six sous,) and took it to the minister, saying, 'I hope, sir, the people will soon be converted to God.'—The missionary told him that there was a great deal to do, and he feared it would be a long while before the work would be all done. 'I hope, sir,' he added, 'it will be finished before I am a man.' The minister expressed his fear that it would not. 'Well, sir,' said the boy, 'I prayed to God when I went home from the missionary meeting last night, that if it was not done before I grew up, he would make me a missionary, and permit me to be useful in this work.' Is there not such a desire as this in the heart of some of our young friends?—*Juv. Miss. Herald*.

LITTLE ROBERT.

Before Robert was four years old he had begun to think about the poor heathen, and to consider what he could do for them. At this time this dear little fellow was the picture of health and happiness, with his rosy cheeks and flaxen hair. But it pleased God early to send disease and death to take him to that better land, where he will meet some of the heathen

children whom he has helped to lead to God. Every Sunday he had a farthing given to him as a reward; and how do you think he would spend it! Alas! I have seen, with pain, children in my class come into school with an apple, an orange, or a paper of sweetmeats, purchased on the Sabbath Day. I fear girls and boys, who sin so greatly against God, forget that he sees all their actions, and rewards them also. But little Robert always brought his farthing to put into the missionary box, and he dropped it in with more pleasure than if many farthings had been given to spend upon himself. One day his teacher observed his eyes red with weeping, and said, "What is the matter, Robert? I hope you have not been a naughty boy." "No, ma'am," sobbed the dear little fellow; "but I have not had my farthing." His teacher appeared not to understand him, that she might learn from his replies what was passing in his infant mind, and said, "what did you wish to do with your farthing? I hope you were not going to spend it." "Oh, no," replied the child, quite shocked at the idea. "I was going to put it into the box for the missionaries." "Missionaries! who are they?" "Why, ma'am, don't you know? They are good, kind people, that go all the way over the sea to teach the black people to love Jesus Christ." "Who is Jesus Christ?" "Jesus Christ came down from heaven to die for us, and save us from our sins; and if we love him, he will take us up above the sky to live with him forever." "Can you see Jesus?" continued his teacher. "Oh no," said he, "there is the great thick sky between us; but he can see us through the sky." My young friends must remember that Robert was only three years and eight months old when he died, and then they will not be surprised at his childish expressions. About two months before he died, he was attacked with scarlatina, and while ill, his distress was not from his sufferings, but because he could not go to school, either on the Sabbath day or during the week; and when he had partly recovered, he begged so hard to be taken to the infant school, to see his dear, kind governess, that his request was granted. But he took cold again, and after much suffering he left this sinful world, and is now in that happy land, far far away, about which he used to sing so prettily. 'Grandmother,' said he, 'do you think Jesus would take me up in his arms, and bless me, if he were here?—