

He thanked God fervently that time was still his own, that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years are passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountains, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain,—‘O youth return! O give me back my early days!’—*N. Y. Observer.*

NECESSITY OF MISSIONS.

DR. CAREY was once walking with a gentleman at Serampore, who pointed to a boy, and asked the Doctor if he could imagine how he came by him. The reply was of course in the negative. He then stated that he was on the east coast of Sumatra, when, having occasion to go ashore, he saw three little boys. He asked a Malay who they were, and was instantly told they had been stolen from a neighbouring island, and would be sold for food to the Battahs (a nation inhabiting part of Sumatra,) *as soon as they were fattened.* He asked their price; was told it was one hundred and sixty dollars: he paid the money, and took them on board his ship for the preservation of their lives. Truly “the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty!”

When a Missionary in South America was reproving a married woman, of reputed good character, for following the custom of destroying female infants, she answered with tears, “I wish earnestly, father, I wish that my mother had, by my death, prevented the distresses I endure, and have yet to endure, as long as I live. Consider, father, our deplorable condition. Our husbands go to hunt, and trouble them-

selves no further. We are dragged along, with one infant at the breast, and another in a basket. They return in the evening without any burden; we return with the burden of our children; and, though tired with a long march, are not permitted to sleep, but must labour the whole night in grinding maize to make chica for them. They get drunk, and in their drunkenness beat us, draw us by the hair of the head, and tread us under foot. And what have we to comfort us for slavery that has no end? A young wife is brought in upon us, who is permitted to abuse us and our children, because we are no longer regarded. Can human nature endure such tyranny? What kindness can we show to our female children equal to that of relieving them from such oppression, more bitter a thousand times than death? I say again, would to God that my mother had put me under the ground the moment I was born!”

“Five hundred millions of souls,” exclaims a Missionary, “are represented as being unenlightened! I cannot, if I would, give up the idea of being a missionary, while I reflect upon this vast number of my fellow-sinners who are perishing for lack of knowledge. ‘Five hundred millions!’ intrudes itself wherever I go, and however I am employed. When I go to bed, it is the last thing that occurs to my memory; if I awake in the night it is to meditate on it alone; and in the morning it is generally the first thing that occupies my thoughts.”—*Missionary Anecdotes.*

MODESTY.

Modesty in children is particularly beautiful. No one loves a bold and forward child, for boldness is exceedingly unbecoming in any one, but