

Africa, a farmer's little girl, of five years old, constantly going, as secretly as she could, behind a bush. Coming to my waggon, I said, "What do you do so often behind the bush?" "I go to pray, Sir." "To whom do you pray?" "To Christ." "What do you ask from Christ?" "I ask for grace," was her answer. To another child of her age,— "I hear you often pray; what do you pray for?" "I say, Lord Jesus, here lies a poor sinful child at thy feet; Lord be gracious to me, and give me grace, and thy Holy Spirit; forgive me all my sins."

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One day two young girls came to a Missionary at Bethelsdorp, a Missionary settlement in South Africa. On being asked what they wanted, they replied, "To speak of salvation." "Why?" asked the Missionary: one of them answered, "Because my heart is sick." "What makes your heart sick?" "My many sins." "What will you do with such a wicked heart?" "Bring it to the feet of Jesus." "How long will you continue there?" "As long as he shall please to keep us there." These are the Lord's doings, and wonderful in our eyes!

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*Cruelties to which Children of the Heathen are exposed.*

In crossing the centre of a small island, called Pula-dua, my attention (says Captain Welsh) was drawn to a small round fenced place, which I supposed contained a stock of turtle; but what was my astonishment, on approaching, to find three young children, the eldest (which is the boy I have now brought home with me) cooking rice, and an old man who had the charge of them. I spoke to the children in the Malay language, but found they did not understand me. I then addressed the keeper, who informed me the children were natives of Pulo-Nyas, and brought there by pirates, who made continual excursions to that island for the purpose of stealing their young children and selling them, either