

Dear Reader.—Do you love this dear Friend, the Son of God, the Friend of man, who loved his enemies, and prayed for them, even when they were nailing his blessed hands and feet to the cross? Do you believe truly that he died for you? Go and show it, by being obedient to your parents, as he was—loving to all, as he was—pray much to God your Father, as he did. If your school fellows and friends are sick, go and see them, and read to them, and instruct them, and comfort them; then, if you follow his blessed example, you will see him when you die, and he will welcome you to heaven—*Juvenile Messenger*.

MISSIONARY WORK IN AFRICA.

A kind correspondent has sent the following letter to our readers, which we are sure will deeply interest them:—

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—One morning, about five and twenty years ago, a young man, Mr. William Ross, presented himself at a parish school in the Carse of Gowrie, wishing to be furthered in his study of the Latin tongue. The teacher was particularly glad to devote to his instruction a few hours each day ere beginning his usual public labours. The student cheerfully assisted in return in teaching the classes of the school. By and bye he went to town to attend a classical seminary, where he devoted all his energies to the acquisition of Latin and Greek. He proceeded next to St. Andrews University, and acquitted himself most creditably in the various branches of philosophy, &c. After which, he entered the Divinity Hall of the United Secession Body in London, and duly received license to preach the Gospel of Jesus. Then became evident the grand object he had had in view, in leaving the plough, and leaving the planes, for he had been both a ploughman and a wright of the first class, as also his anxiety to acquire a little money at these trades. It was to educate himself for the holy ministry, and by his skill to win the confidence of the poor heathen to whom he had resolved on going to tell "what God had done for his soul," and what He is as willing to do for theirs.

At this time the distinguished African missionary, the Rev. Mr. Moffat, was in London, and lectured on his great work. After hearing one of his intensely interesting addresses, Mr. Ross, was introduced to him, and offered to accompany him back to the field of his arduous exertions, which offer was at once accepted by Mr. Moffat, and by the London Missionary Society in whose Mission he had so long been labouring. Like true heroes of the cross, who have, at different times, urgently