

the Sabbath that he was there, one hundred and fifteen native converts joined with him in partaking of the Lord's Supper. It happened, that at the very same time, certain heathen ceremonies were being observed by the heathen at Borjelong. Outside the little chapel, there was shouting and dancing, croaking and grunting, and all kinds of wild noises. Inside, a band of christians were quietly and solemnly seated round the table, on which stood the bread and wine, showing forth the broken body and poured out blood of their Saviour, and the sweet hymn rose upon their blended voices.

Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
While thousands make a wretched choice
And rather starve than come?

Here and there, the tear was seen rolling down the dark cheek; and here and there the sigh of gratitude and love, or of pity was heard, as they who sat within that happy Christian fold, listened to the uproar of the wicked idolators without, and thought to themselves, "And such were we! but we are washed, but we are sanctified, but we are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." After the service was over, Motale said, "These poor sinners thought to disturb us with their dance and song, and thus to do us evil; but they have really done us good." "How so, Motale?" asked Mr. Moffit. He replied, "It made me thankful; and we all feel alike, for we were all once as foolish as those poor blind heathen."—*Miss. Repository.*

GIVE IT TO THE HEATHEN.—THE MISSIONARY BEQUESTS OF TWO CHILDREN.

The truly affecting letter inserted below was lately received from a respected minister, dated December 5th, 1849, with the money to which the letter refers. It can hardly be read, even by strangers, without tears. To the deeply afflicted parents, however, there must be a pure consolation, in remembering the piety of their departed children. We trust thousands of children in our congregations will learn a lesson of early benevolence from this example.

DEAR BROTHER.—I had two little daughters, "Addie" and "Maggie," the one seven, the other five years old. They were all I had. I commenced early to teach them the importance of denying themselves for the purpose of doing good to others. This they were perfectly

willing and anxious to do, but were at a loss for a while, as their wants and desires were few and simple, to know of what to deny themselves in order to make money. They finally concluded, however, to give up the use of butter, of which they were very fond, as an article of food, for which I agreed to pay them a picayune (half dime) each, for every two weeks' abstinence. They adhered rigidly to this course of self-denial, for which I paid them punctually, whenever it was due, each a little shining five cent piece. In the course of months they accumulated a little purse, out of which, nevertheless, they had made several appropriations: one to the Bible Society, one to the Sabbath School, and one to assist a brother in paying for breaking a neighbor's window, which, in order to make him careful in the use of his hall, I told him he must pay out of his own purse, accumulated in the same way.

During the ravages of the dreadful pestilence last summer, they both died in the same week, each after a few hours' illness, and both gave the most cheering and undoubted evidence of the faithfulness of a covenant keeping God. They had no fears of death, but had clear and full apprehension of the blessedness of going and being with Jesus.

Little "Maggie" died first, and whilst struggling in the agonies of death, she was asked what should be done with the money? she whispered, "Give it to the heathen;" but, fearing that she was not distinctly heard, she summoned all her strength and spoke aloud, "Give it to the heathen." Little "Addie," also, in her dying moments, was asked the same question, and gave the same answer, "Give it to the heathen."

In obedience, therefore, to their dying bequests, I send you their little purses, containing fifteen half dimes each. It has cost us pain and even tears to part with these little memorials, which their own darling fingers have handled, and so often counted over, and we have been tempted to retain them and send other money in their place. But this we cannot consent to do; since it cost them self-denial to obtain them, so in like manner we will also endure self-denial in parting with them. May the Lord bless the offerings—and in heaven may it be seen that they have accomplished good. Had I known that my little darlings would have been taken from me so soon, I should have