

fold of Christ was left like lambs among wolves; but after enduring fourteen years of fiery trials, still they live, and still increase. Between forty and fifty have been doomed, for the sake of the Lord Jesus, to meet death, in forms the most agonising and terrific; but none have drawn back unto perdition—all have been faithful, even to the death. The blood of the martyrs has proved the seed of the church; and for one Christian there are ten, and for tens there are hundreds."—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine*.

The Little Missionary.

One Sabbath evening, some years ago, the superintendent of a Sabbath-school, observing a little girl sobbing and crying in a corner of the school-room, alone with her beloved teacher, was anxious to ascertain the cause.

Upon inquiry, he found her weeping most bitterly because she was about to be separated from her teacher, from the school, and from the means of grace. Her father and mother were about to remove to an outlandish part of America, where there was very little population, no Sabbath-school, no professors of religion, no place of worship. The Lord, of His infinite mercy, having touched her heart, given her to see the evil of sin, and the beauties of the Saviour, she was weeping at the thought of being cut off from all those sweet enjoyments the society of the godly is calculated to impart, more especially to those who are earnestly inquiring after the things of eternal life.

Her beloved teacher was trying to console her with the thought that she might even there become a little missionary, and she appeared to gather some comfort and consolation from the idea. She soon, however, had to bid all her Christian friends adieu, and had to start with her parents for the wilds of America, neither of her parents having any knowledge of sin, or love to the Saviour of sinners.

When she had arrived at her destined place of abode, the desire still haunted her to become a little missionary. When the Sabbath morn came, she felt her loss of the advice and counsel of her devoted teacher; but after she had made known her desolate and disconsolate state to her heavenly Father, she gathered up into her bag her two favorite books, her Bible and

hymn-book, and set out, in a strange land and alone, but in the name and strength of the Lord her God.

On her tour as a little missionary, she had not proceeded very far before she saw two women talking together by the wayside; now, she thought to herself, is the time for me to muster up all my courage and begin my work; but when she came up to them, they fixed their eyes so intently upon the little stranger, that her confidence fled, and she could not speak a word, but walked forward. After a while she came up to another woman, who appeared so to wonder to see such a child alone, that she was completely overcome by her looks, and could not muster courage to speak to her of the love of Christ. She walked on, and after a while beheld a group of children, apparently at play; now, thought she, is the time; she came up to them, and found in the midst of them a grey-headed old man; and his age and grey hairs so frightened her, that she could not make known to them her wishes; she therefore passed on, and began to think the Divine Being would not employ her as a little missionary.

When she had gone as far as she thought prudent, she returned, and as she was returning she again came up to the group of children. The old man had gone into the house, and they were amusing themselves in play; she gladly availed herself of the opportunity, and joined their ranks. She asked them if she might read a nice verse to them, and they all gladly assembled around her to hear her read; then she asked them if she might read a nice hymn, to which they at once agreed; she then asked if she might read a few verses out of her Bible, and talk to them about the love of the Saviour to guilty sinners; they gladly listened to her reading and to the remarks she made. When the time drew near that she might go, they were exceedingly sorry to part with her, and very much pressed her to come again and read to them, to which she very gladly acceded.

The next Sabbath came: she again went to her little flock, and found she was welcomed by them. In addition to the group of children, she had the grey-headed old man for a hearer; and in a short time his hard heart became touched by the finger of God, and he became a true believer. The return of her visits became hailed by him as well as by the children, and she began to love her employ; the