

For the Young.

They were giving away Missionary boxes at a Juvenile Missionary meeting to the boys and girls who thought they could collect a little money for sending the Gospel to the heathen. Amongst those who asked for a box was a poor child, so poor that the chairman hesitated at first to give her a box, on consideration, however, he let her have one.

About a fortnight afterwards, this little girl called upon him in great trouble. He said to her, "Why, Sarah, what are you crying for? Can not you get any money to put into your box?"

"No sir, its not that," sobbed Sarah, "it is so full I dont know how I shall get any more in, the last penny was so hard to get in, I had to take a hammer and hammer it!"

The gentleman said, "Well Sarah, I think we can easily get over that difficulty—here is another box for you."

But this was not all, when Sarah first applied for a box, she did so just because her feelings of compassion had been awakened for the poor heathen children, but while she was busily engaged in collecting, the thought came into her mind, "What am I collecting this money for? That the poor heathen children may be taught about Jesus, but what do I know about him myself?"

Sarah then began to pray, and begged God the Holy Spirit to tell her about Jesus, and that was a commencement of a new life to the dear child.

FIVE KINDS OF PENNIES.

A boy who had a pocket full of coppers, dropped one into the Missionary-box, laughing as he did so. He had no thought in his heart about Jesus or the heathen. Was his penny not as light as tin?

Another boy put in a penny, and look-

ed around to see if any body were praising him. His was a *brass* penny, not the gift of a lowly heart, but of a proud spirit.

A third boy gave a penny, saying to himself, "I suppose I must, because all others do." This was an *iron* penny. It was the gift of a bold, selfish heart.

As a fourth boy dropped his penny into the box, he shed a tear, and his heart said, "Poor heathens! I'm sorry they are so poor, so ignorant, and so miserable."

That was a *silver* penny, the gift of a heart full of pity.

But there was one a scholar who gave his, saying, "For Thy sake, Lord Jesus Oh! that the heathen may hear of Thee, the Saviour of mankind!"

That was a *golden* penny, because it was the gift of faith and love.—*From Children's Record.*

A few weeks ago a little boy, about six years old, (how his dear, honest little face comes up before us as we write) said to his mother,—

"Mother, we must do our very best to get as much money as we can to send out to the Missionaries, for, you know Jesus won't come till the heathen have heard about Him."

Oh, true and blessed motive for self-denying, persevering effort in this great work of the Lord! Truly, this gospel of the heathen must first be preached among all nations, and then shall the Lord come.

The Indians of the north of Borneo consider human sacrifice the most pleasing to the Divinity, and lose no opportunity of presenting it.

The Dyak tribes of Borneo in general, have a barbarous custom of taking human skulls, which they store and prize as objects of pride and umph.