

have no sorrow for me. The Lord has given, the Lord will take away; blessed be the name of the Lord! The Lord be gracious to you both."

"Next morning, he often asked the question, whether it was yet day; and whether the bell had rung for chapel, adding, 'Am I not now well? Can I not now go to worship? But we told him he was too weak to walk, or even to be carried. 'Then we will have service here,' he replied. A hymn was sung, and a prayer offered; and, at the conclusion, he repeated the words, 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, &c., be with you.' On the following day he became weaker; and at length, without a struggle or a sigh, he closed his eyes, and entered into the joy of his Lord."

Flowers always look beautiful, but never more so than when they bloom in a desert. So is it with early piety; it is lovely in a Christian land, and in an English child; but lovelier still when seen surrounded by heathens and idols. But such instances, in such situations, are—through missionary exertion, and by the grace of God—becoming more and more frequent. Let each child at home seek to live and die like this Hindoo boy; and to do what he can to make others in distant lands, holy and happy too!—*Juvenile Mis. Mag.*

What can we do for the Missions?

EVERY LITTLE HELPS.—The falling flakes of snow soon cover the ground with a thick white carpet. The blades of grass, so small and tender by themselves, make the beautiful green sward of the summer time. The little rills hasten to the streams; the streams to the rivers; the rivers to the sea. Every star in the sky gives light; every flower makes the garden more pleasant with its lovely tints and its refreshing smell; every boy and girl in the world may help to make the world more full of honest laborers. There is not anything in the world but may lend its aid in

making the world either better or worse.

A LITTLE AT A TIME, AND GO ON, is the true secret of success. Wise men once were ignorant; they had to learn the alphabet, and toil, and toil, and toil, until they gained the wisdom which makes their names as "household words."

EVERYBODY CAN DO SOMETHING.—Everybody can promote the cause of God. Even children can help to send to distant lands the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ. Farthings make pennies; pennies shillings; shillings pounds; and pounds will buy Bibles, and pay Missionaries, and purchase ships, and hire sailors, and waft the story of love to the poor guilty heathen far away.

But children can do something more than give money. If all the children in our Sabbath-schools were praying children, and all were praying that idolatry might be overthrown, and gospel light be shed on all, what then? Why, then the blessing of God would come down; then the sermons of the Missionaries would be like seed sown on good ground; then a glorious harvest would spring up, fit for the garner house of God.

The Red Indian still believes, as he sees the sun go down that it has gone to enlighten the better world; and the fireworshipper, as that sun rises, falls down and calls it God and as its glittering light falls on the pinnacles and minarets of Mecca the Mahomedan worships God and the Prophet. Hindooism is still the religion of millions. It is the eighteenth century, and heathenism still in the world!

Help! children, help! The young are the hope of the church, and the hope of the world. We obey Jesus Christ, when we aid the Missions, for he has said: "GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD, AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE."—*Juvenile Mis. Mag.*