

Mission, with a view to encourage the Society to multiply its stations.

The Bedouins inhabiting the Desert of Sinai are equally anxious to exchange their nominal Islamism for Christianity; and as soon as our funds will permit of

it, another mission on their behalf will be started. Nor are these the only openings. At Oran, in Algiers, an English clergyman offers his gratuitous services among the Arabs, provided the Society supply him with an assistant.

MISSIONARY MISCELLANY.

MOUNG MOUNG AND HIS FATHER.

AN INCIDENT IN DR JUDSON'S WAYSIDE PREACHING.

One day as the pair came in sight, the missionary, beckoned with his hand, and the child, with a single bound, came to his knee. . . .

"You have a fine boy there, sir" said the missionary, in a tone intended to be conciliatory. The stranger turned with a low salaam. For a moment he seemed to hesitate, as though struggling between his native politeness and his desire to avoid an acquaintance with the proselyting foreigner. When taking the hand of the little boy, who was too proud and happy to notice his father's confusion, he hastened away.

"I do not think that zayat a very good place to go to, Moung Moung," said the father, when they were out of hearing. The boy answered by a look of inquiry strangely serious for such a face as his.

"These white foreigners are ——." He did not tell what, but shook his head with mysterious meaning. The boy's eyes grew larger and deeper, but he only continued to look up into his father's face in wondering silence.

"I shall leave you at home tomorrow to keep you from his wicked sorceries. .

"Papa, hush, Moung Moung!"

"Is it true that she *shikoed* to the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Who dares to tell you so?"

"I must not say, papa: the one who told me said it was as much as life is worth to talk of such things to *your* son. Did she, papa?"

"What did he mean? Who could have told you such a tale?"

"Did she, papa?"

"That is a very pretty *goung-boung* the foreigner gave you."

"Did she, papa?"

"And make your bright eyes brighter than ever."

"Did my mother *shiko* to the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"There, there! You have talked e-

nough, my boy," said the father gloomily; and the two continued their walk in silence. As the conversation ceased, a woman, who, with a palm leaf fan before her face, had followed closely in the shadow of the stranger—so closely, indeed, that she might have heard every word that had been spoken—stopped at a little shop by the way, and was soon, seemingly intent on making purchases.

"The one shall be taken and the other left," sighed the missionary, as he tried to divine the possible fate of his bright-eyed little friend.

The desponding words had scarcely passed his lips when, with a light laugh, the very child who was in his thoughts, and who somehow clung so tenaciously to his heart, sprang up the steps of the zayat, followed by his grave, dignified father. The boy wore his new Madras turban, arranged with a pretty sort of jauntiness, and above its showy folds he carried a red laquered tray, with a cluster of golden plantains on it. Placing the gift at the missionary's feet, he drew back with a pleased smile of boyish shyness; while the man, bowing courteously, took his seat upon the mat.

"Sit down, Moang Moung, sit down!" said the father, in the low tone that American parents use, when reminding careless little boys of their hats; for though Burmans and Americans differ somewhat in their peculiar notions of etiquette, the children of both races seem equally averse to becoming learners.

"You are the foreign priest," he remarked civilly, and more by way of introduction than inquiry.

"I am a missionary."

The stranger smiled, for he had purposely avoided the offensive epithet, and was amused by the missionary's frank use of it.

"And so you make people believe in Jesus Christ?"

"I try to."

The visitor laughed outright; then, as if a little ashamed of his rudeness, he