

THE LOST TREASURE FOUND.

A good Missionary in Borneo, called Becker, writes: "At the close of the last year we received from Germany a number of school books in the Dajack language, and nothing could exceed the joy which the boys showed when I took them to the school, and gave to each a copy. It is a pleasure to see how they value this gift, and how carefully they preserve their books from injury. Without our recommendation, nearly every one of them has made a little basket or bag, in which to keep his treasure safely, in coming to or going from school. Some of the boys have to cross a river to their homes. Lately four of them sprang into a boat, which was so small, that before they could reach the opposite bank, it filled with water. Three of them when they got to the shore, shook their jackets and long wet hair, and then laughed heartily, for they had saved their spelling books and slates. But the other, who was a new comer, and had no basket for his book, remained by the water as still as a post, not joining in the mirth of his companions, for his book and slate had, as he feared, sunk to the bottom. But happily he was mistaken, for, looking around him after a moment's thought, he saw his book a little way off, floating upon the top of the stream, and instantly he plunged in after it. He seized it, and holding it up above the water, brought it joyfully to land. Now, however, he thought of his slate, and his joy was checked. The boat was full of water, but it had not entirely sunk. 'Perhaps,' he said to himself, 'the slate may still be at the bottom of the boat;' so he quickly swam to it, and searching the bottom, found his lost treasure. But how can I describe the joy of the poor boy, as he shouted, laughed, and, shoving away the shattered boat, leaped to the shore! I could scarcely help laughing myself, but a tear of pleasure stole down my cheek as I thought what good these boys might one day do to their country. May the grace of our Saviour be given to them! Pray, young people, that so hopeful a beginning may end in their conversion to Christ, and that they may become faithful servants of His truth, in this dark country.—*Juv. Miss. Magazine. L. M. S.*

LETTER FROM A NEGRO BOY.

Some good is doing among the degraded negroes who live on the west coast of Africa. Formerly, the greatest cruelties were practiced by the pretty kings on their own people. Sometimes they were skinned alive, or the kings' children were allowed to cut the people with knives; and when any of them were killed, they used a very blunt knife, to make the pain of dying as great as possible. Now, however, over a large extent of country, these cruelties are abolished. The following letter is from a negro boy, living at Atropong, in a district once very dark and very wicked. It was written last year to a missionary student.—*Juv. Miss. Mag.*

"I received your letter with joy, and thank you for it. I am at present in Atropong, and have found that the Lord is good. How wonderful is Divine grace! How sweet that Word which has saved a creature like me—no longer than a drop of water in the ocean of life! I was once lost, but now I am found; I was once blind, but now I see. I may never see you in this world, but hope we shall all meet in heaven at last; and I pray that the Lord will help us through this world, and be with us forever. I entreat the Lord, also, that he would save my poor parents; and I beg of you to pray that God would pour out his Holy Spirit over this land. I know there is much that is dreadful in sin, and dangerous in practice here. My poor fellow-Africans believe not in the Lord, but the Lord may yet bring them to be sheep of his fold. Think of me always in your prayers. My best wishes attend you and your brethren always.

"Your constant friend,

DANIEL SEKJEMAH.

—*Youth's Dayspring.*

A WARNING AGAINST INSTABILITY.

SAYS John Angell James:—There is as much truth as beauty in the proverb, "A rolling stone gathers no moss." Reuben's character should be a beacon to all young men, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." The man who tries many things, without abiding by any thing, is absolutely certain to do nothing. A tree may sometimes be better for one removal, but it can never flourish under a frequent transplanting. How annoying is it to a father to find that he has scarcely introduced a son into a good situation ere the youth