

There is a great improvement in the children who are brought up in the Mission-schools. They are modest in their attire, and intellect beams from their dark eyes. Their presence has improved the rudest hamlet, and civilized the roughest villages. Satisfied with the way in which they have been brought up, they have no disposition to embrace idolatry. They glorify the Cross of our Redeemer. They adorn the walks of life, they enlighten the valley of death. The children are sometimes found holding voluntary meetings for prayer, and for reading the Scriptures. The American Missions have found it necessary to build a row of twelve small rooms, in order that the girls may exercise their devotion, and worship God in private. They have known young persons rejoice, when suffering from bodily affliction, in the exercise of the religious knowledge which they have received in the Wesleyan institution. Hundreds, when the Bible is read and expounded, and the Gospel unfolded, trust in Jesus. Their eyes are opened to behold the glory of Christianity, and they become steadily attached to our soul-saving religion—*Wes. Juv. Off.*

### Trophies from the Mission Field.

"Be instant in season, and out of season"

Nobody likes to be forgotten. I knew a little girl, who used to weep in the dark night, because she thought of the time when she would be covered up in the cold grave, and be forgotten; and a little boy, too, who returned weeping from the laying of a foundation stone, because the big stone would be buried up, and never seen more. We all know who was so anxious to be remembered, that he built his monument in his life-time; a monument which his wicked conduct turned into a monument of shame. Absalom is not alone in this work; what, if I tell you, You are each busy building a monument, which shall stand longer than Absalom's pillar! Some day, nobody will know the spot where Ab-

salom's pillar stood: but it will never be forgotten that he raised an army, and hunted his good father from his throne, and tried to kill him. So, though many of you may have no stone monuments, your words and actions, and even your looks, are writing inscriptions on the memories and hearts around you which will never rub out, no, not to all eternity, for the tablets on which you are writing them are immortal. Missionaries have all such monuments. Dr. Coke, and John Baxter, and Mr. Hyde, and Mr. Whitehouse, and many others now in heaven with their Master, have left noble monuments behind them, all hung round with trophies from the enemies' camp.

I am going to show you a trophy to-day, from a lady's monument. She was a Missionary's wife; and O, what different inscriptions are on her monument! We need not stop to read them; but, one thing I know, many trophies are hung there which shall deck the Saviour's brow in the day when He maketh up His jewels. But for my story, which I had again and again, from the lips of its subject. Mrs. G— was a lady who had moved in the highest circles of West-Indian society, married in early life to a rich merchant in Antigua. She spent her life in a constant whirl of folly and gaiety. She thought as little of her soul, as if she had not had one. Admired and loved, she was satisfied with present enjoyment, and thought not of the future. The dark day came; her husband, after years of affliction, was cut off in the prime of life; but though she watched with him all through his dark night of pain and suffering, she was still a thoughtless sinner, without God, and almost without anxiety about eternity. She removed to another island, and accepted an offer of marriage from a Roman Catholic gentleman. They occupied a large handsome house on the side of a sloping hill, with a verandah in front, and a large garden at the back of the house. It was some-