

soon appeared at the door of the missionary.

Little Lamkore was welcomed to the school, and maternal affection kept the mother, too, within reach of daily Christian instruction.

Our next notice of this interesting girl is in the language of the missionaries. They say: "Ramkore is now about ten years old, and has long seemed to love the truth. She is naturally of a very mild disposition, and one of the most lovely girls in the school. Some months ago a neighbor came to her mother, and begged this little girl in marriage for her son. The mother consulted the daughter. Ramkore's first question was, 'Is he a Christian?' and when told that he was not, she replied that she would never marry any one that was not a Christian. Her mother reminded her that she would probably never find a Christian husband, when she at once repeated her resolute purpose never to marry an idolater."

A little further on in the reports of this mission, we find an interesting account of this mother's conversion and baptism. Brought thus incidentally under the influence of the Gospel, coming at first with hesitation and trembling, lest her child should become a Christian, that mother's heart is touched and converted; and instead of fearing her little girl will become a Christian, she begins to pray that she may—brings her forward and consecrates her to the true God in baptism. What agency did God employ for bringing this heathen mother to a saving knowledge of the truth? Does the question admit of any doubt? Is not the agency of the school clear and unmistakable?

But let us return to Ramkore. The missionaries soon say of her: "We do hope this little girl is already a child of God. She has long seemed to love the society of Christians, the reading of the word of God, and the exercise of prayer and praise. Still, as she is so young, being only about ten years old, we thought it best that she should be baptized on the faith of her mother. Her influence upon two or three of her companions has been very good, and our hopes have been strongly excited in regard to them."

The very next year we have an account of the admission of this dear girl, and her three companions, to the fellowship

of the Church, as the first fruits of the girls' boarding school. Ramkore still lives to adorn her Christian profession. She presents in that dark land the pattern of a frugal, industrious, intelligent, lovely, Christian wife and mother, training her children in the fear of God, a true helpmeet for her worthy husband—a native pastor, while her winning and elevating influence upon all around her is precious as ointment poured forth. Her aged mother, too, lives with her, and pleasant must be their remembrance of all the way by which the Lord has led them.—*Rev. R. G. Wilder's Mission School.*

### KEEP YOUR TEMPER.

"I never can keep any thing!" cried Emma, almost stamping with vexation. "Somebody always takes my things and loses them." She had mislaid some of her sewing implements.

"There is one thing," remarked mamma, "that I think you might keep, if you would try."

"I should like to keep even one thing," answered Emma.

"Well, then, my dear," resumed mamma, "keep your temper; if you will only do that, perhaps you will find it easy to keep other things. I dare say, if you had employed your time in searching for the missing articles, you might have found them before this time; but you have not even looked for them. You have only got into a passion—a bad way of spending time—and you have accused somebody, and unjustly too, of taking away your things and losing them. Keep your temper, my dear; when you have missed any article, keep your temper, and search for it. You had better keep your temper, if you lose all the little property you possess. So, my dear, I repeat, keep your temper."

Emma, subdued her ill-humour, searching for the articles she had lost, and found them in her work bag.

"Why, mamma, here they are! I might have been sewing all this time, if I had kept my temper."

### THE CONVICTED NEGRO.

A poor negro thus described what passed in his own mind, when hearing a missionary preach the gospel at Regent's Town, in Western Africa—"Yesterday morning when you preach, you talk