

her sons prohibited her seeing us again. We have heard of her repeatedly since; she is very anxious to come and live with us, but, I fear, there is not much prospect of her doing so at present.

Christian mothers!—Will you not pray for this persecuted widow! She is shut out from the means of grace; she cannot read; so the precious promises of the widow's God are not known to her, save as she may sometimes hear them from the Catechist Thomas Bully, who with his wife sometimes gains access to her. Oh! pray for her that "the consolations of the spirit, neither few nor small," may rest upon her; against these no door can be closed, no persecutions can hinder. Pray for her, that she may be "faithful unto death, and then receive the Crown of Life."

There are "devout women not a few" in connection with all our Christian Churches. May I ask you, dear sisters, to form a little band in every Church, and once a month to meet, and pray especially for Christian and heathen mothers in this and other heathen countries. I know one such little band in Islington, who have met twice a month since the day before we left England, among whom are devout widows, and devoted mothers, and hand-maids of the Church; and we do believe, in answer to their prayers, and the prayers of others, God is giving a blessing here; the dry bones are shaking, and several lately have literally *thrown away their idols*. Much and highly as we appreciate the efforts made at public meetings to excite and to interest, we depend more for success upon these meetings for prayer, though, perhaps, held only in a "small upper room." And when so met forgive me if I ask you to remember the dear ones we have left behind. Missionaries go to do the Church's work among the heathen, but those who have children (most of them) organise their own children to do it. Do, do pray for them, that while deprived of a father's counsel, and a mother's care, the God of Missions may be near them, to bless them, and to lead their feet into the path of righteousness and peace.

MEMOIR OF JOHN ADAM.

My dear little readers, you have perhaps heard and read much of those who were called great and noble, on account of what they had done. You have perhaps heard of brave soldiers, and have wished to be like them. The writer recollects of the time when he used to read and hear of warriors, and heroes, with such delight that he often wished "to follow to the field some warlike lord." He has, however, changed his mind on this subject, and here writes

of one who, though nothing like those he then admired, now appears to him a far more noble and notable warrior than they. And he hopes that you will, when done with this paper, think as he does, and instead of desiring to be soldiers whose work is bloodshed, will desire to follow the banner under which the subject of this memoir fought and conquered.

Some of my *younger* readers are perhaps now impatient to have the history of this hero, and are picturing him to be some stately giant clad in shining armour, exciting admiration, inspiring awe, or spreading terror wherever he appears. But such must submit to be greatly, though I trust, not unpleasantly disappointed.

John Adam was in no respect warlike, as the meaning of that word is generally understood, but at the time regarding which I principally write, was a sickly dying boy of thirteen, stretched on a bed of languishing, with a frame spent and emaciated—a countenance pale almost as death, but calm, peaceful, and pleasant, and altogether as unlike the blood-shedding soldier as the lamb—gentle, meek, and helpless—is unlike the cruel, destroying tiger.

Some of my readers may here be puzzled, and almost prepared to suspect that I have promised too much, when I said I would tell them of a brave soldier, seeing that they now know him to be nothing but a sickly dying boy. But to such I would only say have patience till I tell you all, and then judge whether I promised more than I have performed.

Though it is principally regarding his days of sickness that I now write, I may mention that he was always a thoughtful, and, for his years, a remarkably prudent boy. With a great deal of personal and relative* affliction, in addition to the care of a numerous family, his mother had more toil and anxiety than her constitution was well

* Previous to John's death, two of the family had died of the same disease (consumption), both also perfectly peaceful and happy.