

ver on Tuesday the 8th March, 11 o'clock, a. m.

Home Mission.

We have to intimate that the funds of the Home Mission Board are at a very low ebb at present—if not in a state of utter exhaustion. It is extremely desirable that donations and collections should be forwarded to the Treasurer with as little delay as possible. The Home Missionaries do the rough pioneer-work of the Church throughout the most destitute localities of the Provinces.—We trust that their operations will not be hampered for lack of funds.

Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

Our readers will learn with great satisfaction that the subscriptions for this Fund in Halifax alone have reached £400. We hope that other portions of the Church will be equally liberal. In Halifax we have but three congregations one of which is young and comparatively weak; yet out of these the sum above named will be contributed to this Fund. If other congregations will manifest equal liberality we think the vested Fund may fairly be expected to reach £4000 or £5000.

Donation

A deputation, consisting of a few of the young men connected with St. James's Church, Dartmouth, waited on their pastor, the Rev. A. McKnight, after prayer meeting on Wednesday evening, the 10th February, and presented him with a purse of money. The donation amounted to 61½ dollars.

Fireside Reading.

The child Missionary.

"Annie, dear," said Mrs. Harvey to her little girl, "would you like to be a Missionary?"

"A Missionary, mamma, to the heathen? Oh, no, I should not like that at all."

"Why not, Annie?"

"Oh, mamma, I never could make up my mind to go far away over the wide, deep sea, and leave you and dear papa and my brothers. I often wonder how people ever

got to be good enough to go and be missionaries to the heathen."

"Where are the heathen, Annie?"

"Oh, they are in India, and China, and Africa, and the islands of the sea," she answered.

"Who are the heathen, my daughter?"

"They are the people who have no knowledge of the true God, mamma."

"Annie, did you see the little beggar-girl who came here this morning?"

"Yes, mamma?"

"When I went down to speak to her," said Mrs. Harvey, "I asked her if she had never been to Sabbath school. She said, 'No.' I asked her who made her, and she said she did not know. And when I asked her if she had ever heard of God, she answered, 'No'. Now, here is a little heathen at our own door, and I propose that you shall be a little missionary to her."

"How, mamma?"

"I have proposed to this poor ignorant child to come here to-morrow morning, and every morning, to be instructed in the knowledge of God: besides which she has promised me that she will regularly attend Sabbath school. She seems a bright, intelligent child, and was pleased with the idea of gaining instruction, and you shall read to her every morning from the Bible if you please."

"Oh, mamma, I should like to be such a Missionary as that," exclaimed Annie.

It was a beautiful sight to see the little Missionary seated on her low chair, with her large Bible open across her knee, and the little learner on another low chair near her, her eager, bright eyes gazing into the face of the young teacher, who read slowly, and in sweet voice, the story of the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem, of the life of the Man of Sorrow, and of the death of the crucified Saviour. These stories are so familiar to us that we do not always feel their beauty, but to this poor little ignorant one, they came with the freshness of a first hearing. Annie is thus sowing seed which may spring up into everlasting life. And even if the poor child, to whom she reads, is not made better by her instructions, a blessing may return into the heart of the little Missionary; for no effort is made to do good from a pure and right motive, which does not bring its reward. Those are truly to be pitied who hurry on through the pathway of life without pausing a moment to aid and bless their fellow-travellers: they pass by many a bright flower which, if gathered, would shed a sweet and refreshing fragrance.

Perhaps my little readers think it impossible that these should be heathen almost within sight of their own dwellings. But you may be sure they are there. Will you not look for them, lead their wandering feet