

How beautiful will sister be
 When God shall give *her* wings,
 Above this dying world to flee,
 And live with heavenly things."

THE COLLIER BOY.

"You all know," said an English gentleman, addressing some children who worked in Yorkshire mines, "what it is to work down in the coal pits, for many of you spend your days in them. A short time since, a little fellow, not more than five or six years old, was brought before some gentlemen to be questioned about his work. They asked him his age; then, what he had to do. He answered that every day, from five in the morning till five in the evening, he sat without a light beside a little door in the dark coal passage, and, when he heard one of the boxes come rumbling along, he opened the door by a piece of string which he held in his hand. He was asked whether he had any way of amusing himself. Once he had caught a mouse, and this was quite an event in his life. But his chief way of amusing himself was by begging of every one who came through the door a piece of candle-end; and then, when he had collected a sufficient number of pieces, he lighted them all. "Well," said the gentleman, "and, when you have got a light, what do you do?" 'Oh I said the little fellow, *'when I gets a light I sings.'*

"Now this is a simple story: but I want you to learn a lesson from it. We are met to-day to think, hear, and learn about the poor heathen in distant lands; and they are like this poor child in the coal pit. They live in darkness—in utter spiritual darkness. They are, the Bible tells us, 'sitting in darkness,' without God, without Christ, without hope. Now the object of the Missionaries is to take light to them—the light of the Gospel; and the use of Missionary meetings is to stir up people to help in this blessed work. You, my dear children, give your pennies and your half-pennies; and they are like the little boy's candle-ends, which he begged of the men as they passed. They go towards getting the light of the Gospel spread among the heathen; and, when they have heard and believed the glad tidings of salvation, they sing praises to Him who has called them out of darkness into His marvellous light, just as the child sang when he had got a light in his coal pit!"

LETTER FROM A CHINESE YOUTH.

THE young Chinese, KIUNG-HAE, who writes to the Rev. William Muirhead, one of the London Missionary Society's agents, the