

ANOTHER LETTER TO LITTLE GIRLS.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

WHEN I read that very interesting letter contained in your "Juvenile Missionary Magazine" for December, encouraging you to "work for the children in the Missionary-schools in other countries," I resolved to do all I could to encourage you in the good work.

Perhaps I may do this by giving you a short account of the formation and first meeting of one of these societies in my own Sunday-school and congregation:—

Besides the school-room, I have a very neat vestry attached to the chapel. There are about 150 children in the Sabbath-school, to all of whom I am much attached. We have had many happy meetings, and this "Jubilee Year" of the London Missionary Society we are trying to shew our love to poor heathen children. This we do in three ways: *first*, we sell as many of the Juvenile Missionary Magazines as we can, so that, by reading them, the people around us may have more compassion for those who have not been told of the love of Jesus Christ in dying for sinners. One girl in the school sells more than *seventy* numbers every month; *secondly*, we get as much money as we can in our Missionary boxes. The children have already twenty-two distributed among them; and, *thirdly*, we have just formed a "Juvenile Missionary Working Society."

Our first meeting was held on Tuesday, March 3. There were eighteen girls present, and some kind ladies, who cut out and fixed the work for them.

All children coming to the meeting are required to have tickets for good behaviour and attention to their sewing in the British-school, which they attend during the week. By this means, good and diligent girls are encouraged, whilst the bad and idle ones are punished, by being excluded from the meeting. I hope it may be a means of making them diligent for the future.

Eighteen good girls came on the day appointed. I told them about the poor heathen children, who had no nice clothes to wear, and asked if they were willing to make them some. They all eagerly replied "Yes." They then began in right good earnest. Several kind friends had given us presents of calico, prints, and muslin, besides some frocks and pinafores made up as patterns, so that there was plenty of work for them to do.

I had taken with me to the meeting that beautiful little book, which you should all get and read, called "Address to the Young on the Jubilee of the London Missionary Society," by the Rev. J. A. James, which I read to them, and some letters I had received from children of other Sabbath-schools. We also sung, during the course of the meeting, "Oh! that will be joyful;" "There is a happy land;" "Little child, do you love Jesus?" "Around the throne of God in heaven," &c.; and how happy we were! When I asked them what message they had to the readers of the "Juvenile Missionary Magazine," they said, "Tell them we love to make up things for the heathen, and we are determined to do a great deal of work." One little girl, in the warmth of her excitement, said, "*Let us have the next meeting at six o'clock to-morrow morning.*" I gave the little book I had read to the girl who finished the first article, which was a bag. The meeting was concluded with singing and prayer.

Now, this is one way in which we are going to keep the Jubilee of the London Missionary Society. We helped to buy the "John Williams," and, when she wants repairing, we are ready to help again; but we want to have something to do which will often lead us to think of and pray for the heathen, so we have formed this society to make up clothing for them, and *we invite you to join us.*

Dronfield.

P. H. D.

INTELLIGENCE.

THE "John Williams" safely reached Hobart Town on the 10th of October, 1844, and afterwards, Sydney, on the 27th of October. Everywhere the friends of Missions have expressed great delight on the arrival of the ship, and have been much cheered by the fact that *such* a vessel was obtained by the generous efforts of the young friends of the Society.

On this subject, the Rev. Dr. Philip of Cape Town, remarks:—

"It is not the amount of the sum collected, large as *that* is, to which I attach the greatest importance; but to the effects of it on the minds of the rising generation, and of generations yet to come.

"To enlist the sympathies of youth in this manner in the cause of Missions, is to prepare their hearts for the saving reception of the Gospel; it is training their minds to greatness, by bringing before them and accustoming them to meditate on the greatest of all interests; it furnishes parents with the best aids of which they can avail themselves for evangelizing the souls of their children with the grace of the Gospel of Christ; while, to use the language of Luther, when he would animate the drooping spirit of Melancthon, it is training up young soldiers for the Captain of our Salvation."

THE LITTLE BUSY BEES.

A KIND-HEARTED friend living in the country said to a minister one day, "I am doing all I can for the Missionary Society. I am employing a great many collectors for it. I suppose I employ more in that good work than anybody else." "Indeed," said the visitor; "I should like to know how that is." "Come with me and I'll shew you," she replied; and forthwith she took her

friend into the garden, and there, amidst honeysuckles, roses, larkspurs, and other fragrant flowers, she pointed out several bee-hives. "There," said she; "all that honey I give to the friends of the Missionary Society, so that all the bees employed in collecting it I consider as my collectors for the Missionary Society."

She was right. And if those busy *bees* could have known to what an excellent use their labour was to be applied, and could have talked about it to one another, as they were flying from flower to flower, they would have been brisker than ever, and, perhaps, have sung or "hummed" the annexed verses, part of which are original:—

WHAT if the little rain should plead,
So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty mead,
I'll tarry in the sky?

What if the shining beam of noon
Should in its fountains stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day?

*What if each bee with busy wing
Should fly about no more,
Because the sweets which it can bring
Add little to the store?*

Does not each rain-drop help to form
The cool refreshing shower,
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

*And when each bee its honey brings,
Sucked up from cups and bells,
Though they are feeble tiny things,
They fill the waxen cells.*