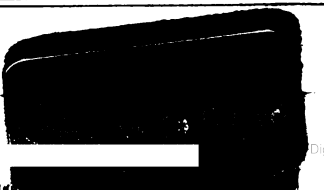
CHILD'S CABINET.



A Breakfast at Cana in Galilee. p. 13.

THE

CHILD'S CABINET

OF

THINGS BOTH RARE AND USEFUL,

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

THE EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION.
NO. 265 CHESTNUT ST.

CONTENTS.

THE CHILD'S CABINET.

BLIND ROBERT.

One day I met a little boy in the street, who was going along very slowly, feeling his way by the houses and the fences; and I knew that he was blind. If he had had eyes to see with, he would have been running and jumping about, or driving a hoop, or tossing a ball, like the other boys in the street. I pitied him. It seemed so hard for the little fellow to go about in the dark all the time, never to see the sun, or any of the pretty things in the world; never to see even the faces of his parents, and brothers, and sisters. So I stopped to talk with him. He told me that his name was Robert, that his father was sick at home, that his mother had to take in washing, and work very hard to get a living. All the other children had some kind of work to do; but as he could not see to work, he was sent after clothes for his mother to wash. I asked him if he did not feel sorry because

he was blind. He looked very thoughtful and solemn for a moment, and then he smiled, and said, "Sometimes I think it hard to have to creep about so. Sometimes I want to look at the bright sun that warms me, and at the sweet birds that sing for me, and at the flowers that feel so soft when I touch them. God made me blind, and I know that it is best for me; and I am so glad that he did not make me deaf and dumb too! I am so glad that he gave me a good mother, and a Sabbath-school to go to, instead of making me one of the heathen children that pray to snakes and idols!"

"But, Robert, if you could see, you could help your mother more." I said this without thinking, and was sorry as soon as I said it; for the little boy's smile went right away, and tears filled his blind eyes, and ran down his pale cheeks.

"Yes," he said, "I often tell mother so; but she says that I help her a great deal now, and that she wouldn't spare me for the world; and father says I'm the best nurse he ever had, though I'm blind."

"I am sure you are a good boy, Robert," I answered quickly.

"No, sir," he said, "I am not good, but have got a very wicked heart; and I think a great many wicked thoughts; and if it wasn't for the Saviour, I don't know what I would do."

"And how does the Saviour help you?"

"Oh, sir, I pray to him, and then he comes into my heart, and says, 'I forgive you, Robert; I love you, poor blind boy! I will take away your evil heart, and give you a new one.' And

then I feel so happy; and it seems to me as if I could almost hear the angels singing up in heaven."

"Well, Robert, that is right; and do you ever expect to see the angels?"

"O yes, sir! When I die, my spirit will not be blind. It is only my clay house, that has no windows. I can see with my mind now; and that, mother tells me, is the way they see in heaven. And I heard father reading in the Bible the other day, where it tells about heaven; and it said there is 'no night there.' But here it is night to blind people all the time. Oh, sir! when I feel cross because I cannot see, I think about heaven, and it comforts me."

I saw now that Robert began to be uneasy, and acted as if he wanted to go on. I said, "Don't you like to talk with me, Robert?"

"Yes, sir, I do; and it's very kind of you to speak so to a poor blind boy: but mother will be waiting for the clothes."

This evidence of the little fellow's frankness and fidelity pleased me. I had become much interested, and made up my mind to find out more about him. So I took some money out of my pocket, and gave it to him, telling him to take it to buy something for his sick father. Again the tears filled his blind eyes.

"Oh, sir," he said, "you are too good! I was just wishing I could buy something for my poor sick father: he has no appetite, and we have nothing in the house but potatoes. He tries

to eat them, and never complains; but if I could only get something good for him, it would make him better, I know it would. But I don't want you to give me the money; can't I work for you, and earn it?"

I made him take the money, and then watched him to see what he would do. He went as fast as he could for the clothes; then bought a fowl to make soup of; then a stale loaf of bread, for toast; and felt his way home, trembling all over with delight. I followed him without his knowing it. He went to a little old-looking house, that seemed to have but one room. I saw that he put the bread and fowl under the clothes, and went, (as I thought, by the sound,) close to his father's bed, before he showed them; then dropping the clothes, he held up the loaf in one hand, and the fowl in the other, saying, "See, father, what God has sent you!"

He then told about my meeting him, and giving him the money; and added, "I am sure, father, that God put it into the kind man's heart; for God sees how much you wanted something to nourish you."

How beautiful to love God and to trust in him, as poor Robert did! Could you be so contented and happy, if you were as poor as he was, and blind, too? Think about it, dear children.

AN AGED TEACHER IN THE TAHITI WAR.

AFTER the commencement of the war in Tahiti, a good old man, who was a native teacher, had been compelled to leave his post of duty, and retire to where the missionaries dwelt. The people of Tahiti had betaken themselves to the fastnesses of their mountains, and had resolved that there they would abide until the French retired. They had determined not to molest their enemies, except in the event of these enemies attempting to take their goods and land from them, when they would thus be compelled to act on the defensive. Several of the people came to the venerable teacher, who, before his conversion, had been a renowned warrior, and said to him, "You must come with us to the mountains, and help us to fight against our foe." He replied, "I am old, and feeble, and cannot fight, and am therefore resolved that I shall stay where I am, and wait the fulfilment of the purposes of the Most High." To this they said, "We cannot do without you, we shall have you, you must come along with us; and if you cannot fight, you will pray when we fight,

that God may shield us in the day of battle." He replied, "I have resolved that I will not go, I will remain where I am, and here will I pray for you." On perceiving his firmness, they said, "We must have you," and they forthwith took him in their arms and bore him away with them to their mountain-fastnesses. He was preacher and instructor to all the people on the north-west side of the Island. Though in hourly apprehension of being attacked by the enemy, they, notwithstanding, kept up their prayer-meetings, and observed their Sabbaths amid the mountain-solitudes of their isle. One day the cry rose that the French were coming. It was too true. The warriors gathered themselves together, and stood around their revered teacher to ask of him advice, ere they descended the hill to meet the foe. Pointing them to the bay he said, "See, there is the French war-steamer, it is finding its way along the shore, and you will soon join in the deadly battle. My advice to you therefore is, Let every man see that his heart is this day right in the sight of God. The sun is now high in the heavens, but ere he goes down behind yon western waves, who can tell how many of you may have sunk beneath the assaults of the enemy, and perished on the bloody field? My advice to you is, See that your hearts be right with God, commit your spirits to him, and then go in his strength against your foe, and I will remain here and pray that the shield of his protection may be thrown over you."

They went down the hill and were soon engaged in mortal conflict with the troops of the French. The onset was severe,

and they fought like men who felt that they were defending their homes, their children, their wives and their religion. He who "maketh the wrath of man to praise him," and "who mustereth the hosts for the battle," was doubtless on their side; and though untutored for savage war, and unskilled "in the tented field," and thus very unequal matches for the well-trained legions of the foe, they, nevertheless, left fewer dead upon the plain than they. While the battle was raging at the foot of the hill, the venerable teacher, with the women and children, the diseased and the infirm, was engaged in solemn, earnest, and persevering prayer on its summit, and who can doubt that their cry—the cry of deep injury and awful wrong—entered into the ears of the God of Sabaoth?

And of those who perished in the fight, is it not to be feared that widely different dooms awaited them in the eternal world? We can only tremble when we think of the death of the poor Frenchmen; while of the fall of the native warrors of Tahiti, may we not at least say, *there was hope in their death?*

TALKING TO GOD.

"Sir, who have you been talking with?" said a little girl to the praying man in whose family she had come to live. Her father lived in a remote part of the country, and had a large family of children. He was poor; and, unable to keep them at home, he put some of them away from him to live. It was the favored lot of a little girl, I think about eight years of age, to fall into a family where daily prayers were offered up to Almighty God. Prayer she was unacquainted with. The subject was new to her. At home she never heard a prayer. An astonishment seized her when she saw her master, night and morning, standing in one corner of the room talking, as she termed it, with something that she could not see. An anxiety swelled in her little bosom to know who it could be. Unwilling to ask one of the family with whom she lived, yet solicitous to know, she obtained leave to go home. She had hardly reached the lonely cottage, before she asked her mother who it was that her master talked with when standing in the corner of the room night and morning. She told her that she did not know, being herself a

heathen, though in a Christian land. Not satisfied, she asked her father, who answered in a thoughtless and inhuman manner, "The devil, I suppose." The little inquisitive child returned uninformed to her master, where she witnessed the same promptitude and holy ardour as before. Not many days had elapsed before she summoned fortitude enough to put the question.

One morning, after her master had been talking with the unknown being, she stepped up before him, and said, "Sir, whom have you been talking with this morning?" The question was so unexpected, and from such a source, that at first he felt unable to answer her; and was unusually impressed with the importance of the duty of prayer, and the weight of obligation resting upon him to approach God aright. But after recollecting himself a little, he said, "I have been trying to talk with God." "God!" said she, with astonishment, "where is he? where does he live?" &c. Many questions of a similar nature she put with much interest and feeling, to which her master gave her such answers as were calculated to awaken the liveliest feelings of her mind in regard to Jehovah. After she had learned all her little mind could retain of divine things, she desired to go home and see her parents with an earnestness that could not be resisted. Go she must: leave was granted; she went home to her father's cottage, a place where prayer was not wont to be made, with her little bosom beating with a high tone of pious feeling, in view of the importance of prayer. She went to her father, and said, "Father, pray." She urged with warmth a

compliance; but he utterly refused. She then went to her mother, and asked her to pray, but with no better success. She could not endure it any longer; her feelings must vent themselves in words. She said, "Let us pray." She knelt down and prayed, and it appeared that Scripture was fulfilled, "The effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much." In answer to her prayer, both of her parents were brought under conviction, which terminated in hopeful conversion to God. And this was the beginning of an extensive revival of religion.

A BREAKFAST AT CANA OF GALILEE.

THE Rev. J. Bowen, a missionary in Syria, thus writes: Last year I was travelling in Palestine, and had pitched my tent one night at a place called "*the well of figs.*" There is a fine spring there, but no houses. It is very near the Lake of Tiberias, which is called the sea of Galilee in the New Testament. I set off from this very early the next morning, just at break of day. The road was first through bushes, and then rough, stony, and sometimes very steep. We passed through a large village, and about three hours afterwards came to another, which is called by the people Cana El Gelleel, that is, Cana of Galilee, the very place where the Lord Jesus wrought the first of his miracles. Here we rode to the church—the Greek church. It is a small, square building, which nobody in this country would think to be a church. Some of the people went and told the priest that a stranger had arrived. He soon came, and with him also several children, and a few men, to look at the stranger. The priest asked what I would have for breakfast, and ordered one of bread, sour milk, cheese, and raisins; and this, be it understood, is good

food there. A small carpet was spread on the shady side of the little church, and the whole party sat down just as they are represented in the engraving. Being anxious to make the most of the occasion, I took out of my bag a little book: it was the Psalms of David, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, which is almost the only school-book used by the Christians of the Greek church. I then asked the boys to read. Some of them could not do so. One, however, took the book, and read a few verses of the second Psalm, beginning, "Why do the heathen rage," &c. As the boy was *gabbling* very fast, I said, "Stop a moment, and let me ask you a few questions about what you have read." They all looked surprised at this, as it was quite a new thing to have questions asked them, or to have any explanations given them. "Do you know," I said, "who the heathen are?" "How should I know?" said one. "How should I know?" said another. Indeed, not one of them could tell what was meant by the word "heathen." The priest seemed rather vexed at this. "Oh!" said he, "these boys are cows! they are cows! they don't know anything: how could you ask them anything?" "Why," said I, "don't you teach them?" "Oh, indeed!" said the priest, "I have something else to do than to do that. What need have they to learn?" I then said to him, "Perhaps you will tell them now. What do you say? who are the heathen?" "Oh I know very well," said the priest. "Well, who are they, then?" "They are *the children of Israel*, to be sure!" answered he. Now, this poor priest was not unusu-

ally ignorant: he was also a kind man, and was more pleasing in his manners than many of his fellow-priests; but he was entirely unfit for his office.

May we not well ask the question, If such are the *teachers* of a people, what must the *people* themselves be?

"I was pleased on the whole," Mr. Bowen continues, "with the poor children at Cana: they seemed glad to be taken notice of; and the next day three of the boys followed me, walking on foot, to Nazareth. They begged of me to give them each a New Testament; and as I talked to them about its contents, it was very interesting to see how happy they looked when they began to find that there was some more distinct meaning to the words they read in it. Let us hope, therefore, that if missionaries are only sent to them, they will soon learn rightly to know and believe in Him whom now they 'ignorantly worship.'"

A PRAYING CHILD.

In coming down the Hudson river, I was seated in the cabin of a magnificent steamer, in conversation with some friends. It was becoming late in the evening, and one after another, seeking repose from the cares and toils of the day, made preparations to retire to their berths.

I had noticed on the deck a fine-looking little boy, of about six years old, following round a man, respectably dressed, evidently his father, whose appearance indicated him to be a foreigner, probably a German. The child was unusually fair and fine-looking, handsomely featured, with an intelligent and affectionate expression of countenance; and from under his little German cap fell his chestnut hair, in thick, clustering, beautiful curls.

After walking about the cabin for a time, the father and son stopped within a few feet of where we were seated, and began preparations for going to bed. I watched them. The father adjusted and arranged the bed the child was to occupy, which was an upper berth, while the little fellow was undressing himself.

Having finished this, his father tied a handkerchief around his head to protect his curls, which looked as if the sunlight from his young happy heart always rested there. This done, I looked for him to seek his resting-place; but instead of this, he quietly knelt down on the floor, put up his little hands together, so beautifully child-like and simple, and resting his arms on the lower berth, against which he knelt, he began his evening prayers.

The father sat down by his side and waited the conclusion. It was, for a child, a long prayer. I could hear the murmuring of his sweet voice, but could not distinguish the words he spoke. But what a scene! There were men around him—Christian men—retiring to rest without prayer; or, if praying at all, a kind of mental desire for protection, without sufficient courage or piety to kneel down in a steamboat cabin, and before strangers acknowledge the goodness of God, or ask his protecting love.

This was the training of some pious mother. Where was she now? How many times had her kind hand been laid on those sunny locks, as she had taught him to lisp his prayers. A beautiful sight it was, that child at prayer, in the midst of the busy, thoughtless throng. He alone in the worldly multitude, draws nigh to heaven. I thank the parental love that taught him to lisp his evening prayer. It did me good, it made me better. I could scarce refrain from weeping then, nor can I now, as I see again that sweet child, in the crowded tumult of the steamboat cabin, bending in devotion before his Maker.

Bnt a little while before I saw a crowd of admiring listeners

gathering about a company of Italian singers in the upper saloon —a mother and two sons, with voices, and harps, and violin : but no one heeded, no one cared for the child at prayer.

When the little boy had finished his evening devotion, he arose, and kissed his father most affectionately, who put him into his berth to rest for the night. I felt a strong desire to speak to them, but deferred it till morning. When morning came, the confusion of landing prevented me from seeing them again. But if ever I meet that boy in his happy youth, in his anxious manhood, or in his declining years, I'll thank him for the influence and example of that night's devotion, and bless the name of the mother that taught him to pray.

Scarcely any passing incident of my life ever made a deeper impression on my mind. I went to my room, and thanked God that I had witnessed it and felt its influence on my heart.

THOU, GOD, SEEST ME!

"FOUR little words did me more good when I was a boy, than almost anything else," said a gentleman the other day. "I cannot reckon up all the good they have done me; they were the first words which my mother taught me."

"Indeed, what were the four little words?" said I.

He answered me by relating the following story:—

"My father grafted a pear-tree; it was a very choice graft, and he watched it with great care. The second year it blossomed, but it bore but one pear. They were said to be a very nice kind of pear, and my father was quite anxious to see if they came up to the man's promises. This single pear, then, was an object of some concern to my father. He wanted it to become fully ripe; the high winds, he hoped, would not blow off the pear; and he gave express directions to all the children on no account to touch it. The graft was low, and easily reached by us. It grew finely. 'I think that graft will meet my expectations,' said my father many times to my mother. 'I hope now, there is some prospect of our having good pears.'

"Everybody who came to the garden he took to the graft, and everybody said, 'It will prove to be a most excellent pear.'

"It began to look very beautiful; it was full and round; a rich red glow was gradually dyeing its cheeks, and its grain was clear and healthy.

"'Is it not almost ripe? I long for a bite,' I cried, as I followed father one day down the alley to the pear-tree.

"'Wait patiently, my child; it will not be fully ripe for a week,' said my father.

"I thought I loved pears better than anything else! often I used to stop and look longingly up to this. 'O, how good it looks,' I used to think, smacking my lips; 'I wish it was *all* mine.'

"The early apples did not taste as good; the currants were not as relishing, and the damsons I thought nothing of in comparison with this pear. The longer I stopped alone under the pear-tree, the greater my longing for it, until I was seized with the idea of getting it. 'O, I wish I had it!' was the selfish thought that gradually got uppermost in my mind.

"One night after we were in bed, my brothers fell asleep long before I did; I tossed about and could not get to sleep. I crept up and went to the window. It was a warm still summer night: there was no moon; no noise except the hum of numberless insects. My father and mother were gone away. I put my head out of the window and peeped into the garden. I traced the dark outlines of the trees. I glanced in the direc-

tion of the pear-tree. The pear-tree—then the pear! My mouth was parched; I was thirsty. I thought how good a juicy pear would taste. I was tempted.

"A few moments found me creeping down the back stairs, with neither shoes, stockings, nor trousers on. The slightest creaking frightened me. I stopped on every step to listen. Nancy was busy somewhere else, and John had gone to bed. At last I fairly felt my way to the garden door. It was fastened. It seemed to take me ages to unlock it, so fearful was I of making a noise, and the bolt grated. I got it open, went out, and latched it after me. It was good to get out in the cool night air. I ran down the walk. The patting of my feet made no noise on the damp earth. I stopped a moment and looked all round, then turned in the direction of the pear-tree. Presently I was beneath its branches.

"Father will think the wind has knocked it off; but there was not a breath of air stirring. Father will think somebody has stolen it—some boys came in the night and robbed the garden—he'll never know. I trembled at the thought of what I was about to do.

"I leaned against the trunk of the tree and raised my hand to find it, and to snatch it. On tiptoe, with my hand uplifted, and my head turned upward, I beheld a star looking down upon me through the leaves. '*Thou, God, seest me!*' escaped from my lips. The star seemed like the eye of God spying me out under the pear-tree. I was so frightened I did not know

what to do. 'THOU, GOD, SEEST ME!' I could not help saying over and over again. God seemed on every side. He was looking me through and through. I was afraid to look, and hid my face. It seemed as if father and mother, and all the boys, and everybody in town, would take me for a thief. It appeared as though all my conduct had been seen as by the light of day. It was some time before I dared to move, so vivid was the impression made upon my mind by the awful truth in these four words, 'Thou, God, seest me.' I *knew* he saw me. I *felt* that he saw me.

"I hastened from the pear-tree; nothing on earth at that moment would have tempted me to touch the pear. With very different feelings did I creep back to my room again. I lay down on the bed feeling more like a condemned criminal than anything else. No one in the house had seen me; but O! it seemed as if everybody knew it, and I should never dare meet my father's face again. It was a great while before I went to sleep. I heard my parents come home, and I involuntarily hid my face under the sheet. But I could not hide myself from a sense of God's presence. His eyes seemed everywhere, diving into the very depths of my heart. It started a train of influences which, God be praised, I never got over. If I was ever tempted to any secret sin, 'Thou God, seest me,' stared me in the face, and I stood back restrained and awed."

The gentleman finished; his story interested me greatly. I think it will interest many children. I hope it will do more than interest them; I hope it may do them much good.

"*Thou, God, seest me.*" Those four little words are from the Bible. Hagar uttered them. She fled in anger from her mistress Sarah, and went into the wilderness. An angel met her by a fountain of water. The angel bade her return to her mistress, and told her some things in her life, which Hagar thought nobody knew but herself. "*Thou, God, seest me!*" she exclaimed. Then she knew it was the angel of God, for nobody but he could look into the most secret parts.

Children, learn these four small words. Impress them upon your heart. Think of them when you lie down, when you get up, and when you go by the way, when alone or with your companions, both at home and abroad; remember "Thou, God, seest me!"

God is in heaven!—Can he see
When I am doing wrong?
Yes, that he can; he looks at thee
All day and all night long.

God is in heaven!—Would he know
If I should tell a lie?
Yes, though thou said'st it very low,
He'd hear it in the sky.

THE LENT HALF-CROWN.

"WHAT are you crying for?" said Arthur to a little ragged boy that he overtook on his way home from the village school. There was something in the kind of crying that led Arthur to think there was some serious cause for it.

"I am hungry," said the boy, "and can't get nothing to eat."

"He don't go to our school, or he would have said get *anything* to eat." But Arthur did not stop to criticise his language.

"Why don't your mother give you something to eat?"

"She hasn't anything for herself, and she is sick, and can't get up."

"Where is your father?"

"I haven't any—he was drowned at sea."

"Where do you live?"

"Down there," pointing to a miserable hut in a distant lane.

"Come with me, and I'll get you something."

Arthur turned back, and the boy followed him. He had a few half-pence in his pocket—just enough, as it proved, to buy a

loaf of bread. He gave it to the boy, and told him he would go home with him. The boy took the loaf, and though he did not break it, he looked so wishfully, that Arthur took his knife and cut off a piece and gave it to him to eat; he ate it in a manner that showed that he had not deceived Arthur when he told him he was hungry. The tears came into Arthur's eyes as he saw him swallow the dry bread with such eagerness. He remembered with some self-reproach, that he had sometimes complained when he had nothing but bread and butter for tea. On their way to the boy's home, Arthur learned that the family had removed to the place about a week before; that his mother was taken sick the day after they came, and was unable to leave her bed; that there were two children younger than himself; that their last food was eaten the day before; that his mother had sent him out to beg for the first time in his life; that the first man he asked told him that beggars would be put in jail, so he was afraid to ask anybody else, but was returning home when Arthur overtook him, and asked him what he was crying for.

Arthur went in and saw a good-looking woman on the bed, with two small children crying by her side. As he opened the door, he heard the eldest say, "Do, mother, give me something to eat." They stopped crying when Arthur and the boy came in. The boy ran to the bed and gave his mother the loaf, and pointing to Arthur, said,

"He bought it for me."

"Thank you," said the woman; "may God bless you, and give you the bread of eternal life!"

The oldest girl jumped up and down in her joy, and the youngest tried to seize the loaf. Seeing that the widow's hands were weak, Arthur took the loaf and cut off a piece for the youngest first, and then for the girl and boy. He gave the loaf to the widow. She ate a small piece, and then closed her eyes and seemed to be in silent prayer.

"She must be one of the Lord's poor," thought Arthur. "I'll go and get something for you as quick as I can," said Arthur, and he departed.

He went to Mrs. Berton's who lived near and told her the story; and she immediately sent some milk and bread, and tea and sugar and butter, and sent word that she would come herself as soon as she could get the baby to sleep.

Arthur had a half-crown at home, which he wished to give the poor woman. His father gave it to him for watching sheep, and told him that he must not spend it, but put it out at interest, or trade with it so as to make something by it. He knew his father would not let him give it away; for he was not a true Christian, and thought of little else than of making and saving money. Arthur's mother died when he was an infant, but with her last breath she gave him to God.

When Arthur was five years old, he was sent to school to a pious teacher who cared for his soul, and knowing that he had no teacher at home, she took unusual pains to instruct him in the principles of religious truth. The Holy Spirit blessed her efforts, and before he was eight years of age, there was reason to hope that he had been born again inwardly.

Arthur was now in his tenth year. He considered how he should help the poor widow, and at length hit upon the plan which proved successful.

His father was very desirous that he should begin to act for himself in business matters, such as making bargains. He did not wish him to ask his advice in so doing, but to go by his own judgment. After the business was done he would show whether it was wise or not; but never censured him, lest he should discourage him from acting on his own responsibility.

In view of these facts Arthur formed his plan.

"Father, may I lend my half-crown?"

"What! To some spendthrift boy?"

"I won't lend it without good security."

The father was pleased that his son had the idea of good security in his head; he would not inquire what it was for—he wished Arthur to decide for himself. He told him to lend it, but be careful not to lose it.

"I'll be sure about that," said Arthur.

Arthur took his half-crown, and ran to the poor widow, and gave it to her, and came away before she had time to thank him.

At night his father asked him if he had put out his money.

"Yes, sir," said Arthur.

"Whom did you lend it to?"

"I gave it to a poor starving widow in Mr. Harvey's house."

There was a frown gathering on his father's brow as he said, "Do you call that lending? Did you not ask my permission to lend it? Have I a son that will deceive me?"

"No, sir," said Arthur; "I did lend it." He opened his Bible that he had ready, with his finger on the place, "'*He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth to the Lord.*' I lent it to the Lord, and I call that written promise good security."

"Lent it to the Lord! Will he ever pay you?"

"Yes, father, he will—it says that he will pay again."

"I thought you had more sense," said his father; but this was not said in an angry tone. The truth was, the old man was pleased with the ingenuity, as he called it, of his boy. He did not wish to discourage that. So he took out his purse, and handed Arthur half-a-crown, "Here, the Lord will never pay you. I must, or you will never see your money again."

"Thank you, sir," said Arthur. "In my way of thinking," said he to himself, "the Lord has paid me much sooner than I expected; I hardly expected he would pay me in money. The hearts of all men are in his hand, and the gold and silver are his; he has disposed my father to pay it to me. I'll lend it again."

Arthur kept the habit of lending his spare money to the Lord all his days, and he was always satisfied that he was paid four-fold and often several times over.

THE TWO WAYS.

BERTRAM and Robert were two bright-eyed, cheerful lads, always together in school and out. They were of the same age and read the same books, spelled the same words and recited the same lessons. If one had any difficulty the other shared the trouble, and their tears flowed together. Out of school they played the same plays, eye glistened to eye, and laugh echoed to laugh. They both had pleasant homes, and their parents were happy to see them thus united, as their hearts beat in unison in all the fresh joys of childhood. They were in the same class at Sabbath-school, each had a well-learned lesson, and they were beloved by their teacher for their promptness and punctuality. How happy were they in those days of truth and friendship!

But with boys there comes a point when the feelings and character change either for better or worse, depending much on the influences under which they are placed. It is indeed a critical time.

Bertram had lost his father, and went into the family of a farmer, an infidel, who threw out his sentiments of encourage-

ment in sin by night and by day. He was, of course, in the midst of profanity. The name of Jehovah was used with laughter and jest, and all that is sacred or holy was a mere by-word for wicked merriment.

At first such language and conduct shocked him; it was contrary to all the teaching of his early life, of his home, and Sabbath-school, and he determined not to use such words, nor be influenced by such conduct; but "evil communications corrupt good manners," and thus it eventually proved with Bertram.

At the first profane word he uttered he had many a painful feeling, and his conscience was faithful to warn him in the stillness of night, as he lay upon his bed after his weary labours. He thought too of the judgment, and many texts of Scripture he had learned came into his mind; but they were soon dismissed with a delusive hope that they might not prove true, and thus he fell asleep. In the morning the noise and fun, coarse jests and profanity began, and day succeeded day, and night succeeded night in this manner, until it ceased to be a strange sound to his ear. The infection of sin was evidently benumbing his heart, for he soon could laugh as heartily at the obscene and profane conversation as any of them. Alas! how deeply poisoned was that deathless young spirit at that tender and critical age!

Bertram had from his earliest years been a member of a temperance society, but now his associates all used the stimulating drink, and were encouraged to do so by their employer, telling them to "take all they wanted, it would do them good;" and

after a while he partook with the rest, and became as silly and thoughtless as the others, who would shout, and drink from their bottles if they saw a friend of the noble temperance cause passing by. In the short space of one summer, Bertram was so changed in character that he never again seemed what he was before.

Soon after he returned to the village, to the scenes of his school-days, and Robert and Bertram met. It was, indeed, pleasant to Robert thus to meet again his old playmate and companion; and after a little conversation, Robert asked Bertram a question as he had been wont, but to his horror and surprise he replied in a tone of coarseness and anger, with a terrible oath. Robert was stung as if a viper had struck venom into his very heart, and he went on his way in deep sorrow and bitterness, feeling that he had lost in one moment the friend of his lifetime. He often thought of the happy days they had spent together, and mourned over his loss as if he had been a brother, for his heart was lonely, and the smile of gladness for a long time was scarcely seen to play upon his sunny features.

Bertram had chosen a new set of companions, and here they parted company to pursue their different ways through life.

Bertram went into a spirit shop, in a low locality of the city, to deal out intoxicating liquors to men whose wretched families were mourning at home over the destructive evils of strong drink. Robert went into the store of a pious merchant, whose influence and worthy example were a constant aid in the right paths of life.

Bertram, as one might suppose, soon learned to love but too well the intoxicating draught, and a few more years found him a vagabond, ruined in body and soul, without either employment or friends; while Robert became the partner of his employer, and more than equalled him in every good cause.

A few more years of intemperance and vice, and Bertram, worn out by disease brought on by exposure and dissipation, died in a poor-house.

Robert still lives, and though not in the possession of great wealth, yet with what is far better, a heart to do good; and he appropriates yearly a large share of his gains to the cause of Christ.

A Family perishing in the Snow. p. 36.

A FAMILY PERISHING IN THE SNOW.

THE poor Indians suffer dreadfully during their long winters from cold and hunger: many die from these causes. Three years ago the winter was one of peculiar severity and scarcity, and a Missionary Station at Lac-la-Ronge proved a merciful refuge to many a poor, forlorn, wretched wanderer; so that, through the timely aid there received, several were preserved from destruction.

Abraham, once a wicked conjuror, now a Christian convert at Lac-la-Ronge, discovered an Indian family, for whom he had been searching some time, and who were ready to perish from hunger and cold. When engaged at the Station in the month of January 1850, a poor famishing Indian arrived there in a state of extreme exhaustion. Enfeebled by starvation and benumbed with cold, he seemed to have mustered all his remaining energies to crawl there to die. Food was immediately given to him, and, while eagerly eating a little fish he fell backward, but was able to say that he had *thrown his family away*. And what was the sad meaning of this expression? He meant, that, com-

pletely worn out with cold and hunger, they could travel no further, and he had been forced to leave them to perish. Abraham no sooner heard the sad tidings than he resolved to make an effort to rescue them. He immediately set out to search for them, tracking the poor man's footsteps in the snow as well as he could. He walked all that night, and the next day, and the following night, without success. The cold was severe, walking in the snow fatiguing, and the way long: still he persevered. Selfishness would suggest, "It is all to no purpose: you will never find them: you may as well give it up, turn back, and go home." Corrupt nature would doubtless have acted on the suggestion; but Abraham's once-frozen heart had been thawed and melted, renewed and warmed, by heavenly love; and, like his Divine Master, he was now prepared for sacrifices and sufferings in his efforts to seek and to save those that were lost. In the morning of the third day he came upon the objects of his search. How his heart would leap for joy to find them still alive! There they were—a woman, three children, and two young men—huddled together in the snow! A few hours longer, and help would have arrived too late!

What a wonderful change Christianity makes in the human character! How true it is, that "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature!" A heathen Indian would not have acted as Abraham did. Nay, the aged parents are neglected and treated with contempt by their own children, and are often left behind to perish. If an old man or woman of the tribe becomes infirm,

and unable to proceed with the rest when travelling, he or she, as the case may be, is left behind in a small tent made of willows, in which are placed a little firewood, some provisions and a vessel of water. Here the unhappy wretch remains in solitude till the fuel and provisions are exhausted, and then dies.

The first thing Abraham did was to light a fire. He had brought with him a few fish: these he boiled, and gave the poor sufferers a little of the liquor, and so gradually revived them, and brought them all at length to the Station.

Alas! how many are there on every side, whose souls are being famished for lack of the bread of life; and who, having no hope, and knowing not from whence help could come, have given themselves over to despair. And shall it be said of us, "The diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick, neither have ye bound up that which was broken, neither have ye brought again that which was driven away, neither have ye sought that which was lost?" And if we are negligent, and say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" shall it not be required of us? "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

THE TELEGRAPH.

GEORGE and Thomas Bates had often expressed a desire to visit the Telegraph Office. One day, after school, these boys went into their father's store, which was just opposite the Telegraph Office, and asked him if he would be so kind as to take them to see this wonderful invention. Their father was not so occupied as to prevent his granting their request; and the next moment they were by the side of the agent, looking at the performance of the little instrument that noted down intelligence like a living thing.

The boys entreated their father to send a message to their uncle in Washington. This he consented to do, but the little machine was so busy that the agent had no opportunity to gratify them.

Tic, tic, tic, dot, dot, click, click, click, went the little pointer. By-and-by it ceased for an instant, but just as the agent was going to put in his claim it began again. After a while their turn came. The agent hurried to put in a W for Washington,

and "Ay," "ay," was the reply, to let him know that his wish was attended to, and the message was sent.

In the evening the boys could talk of nothing but the wonders of the Magnetic Telegraph. "Is it not the most wonderful thing you ever heard of, father?" said Thomas.

"No," replied his father; "I have heard of things more wonderful."

"But, father," said George, "you never heard of any message being sent so quickly as by this means, have you?"

"Yes, I have, my son."

"And you receiving an answer as quickly?" added George.

"Yes, much sooner," replied his father.

"Are you in earnest, father?" said Thomas, drawing his chair close to his father, and looking eagerly in his face. "Is it possible you know of a more wonderful way of communication than by telegraph?"

"I never was more in earnest, my son, than I am when I say 'Yes,' to your question."

"Well, father," said George, "do tell me what it is, and in what respect it is better than the telegraph."

"In the first place," said his father, "you have not to wait to send your message while others are attended to; for your message can go with thousands of others, without any interruption or hindrance."

"So *that is* an improvement," said George, "for we had to wait a long time, you know."

"And in the next place," continued his father, "there is no need of wires, or electricity, or any machinery, to aid the mode of communication of which I speak; and what is more wonderful than all, is the fact that you need not even *express* the nature of your communication, as, before you do so, your answer may be returned, though it is necessary that you truly and sincerely desire a favourable reception for your request. Besides all this, the plan of communication of which I speak is superior to all others, from the fact that you need not resort to any particular place to send your request. In the lonely desert—on the trackless ocean—in the crowded city—on the mountain top—by night or by day—in sickness and health, and especially in trouble and affliction, the way of communication is open to all. And the applicants can never be so numerous that the simplest desire of the feeblest child, properly presented, shall not meet with immediate attention."

"Is there any account published of this wonderful manner of communicating your wishes?" inquired Thomas.

"Yes, there is, my son; and I hope your interest will not be diminished when I tell you it is to be found in *the Bible.*"

"*In the Bible*, father!" exclaimed both boys.

"Certainly, my sons; and if you will both get your Bibles, I will tell you where to find the passages confirming what I have said."

The children opened their Bibles, and found, as their father directed them, the 24th verse of the 65th chapter of Isaiah,

which Thomas read as follows: "And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."

Next, George found and read the 9th verse of the 58th chapter of Isaiah: "Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here am I."

"Now turn," said their father, "to Daniel, 9th chapter, 20th, 21st, 22d, and 23d verses."

"And whiles I was speaking, and praying, and confessing my sin, and the sin of my people Israel, and presenting my supplication before the Lord my God; yea, whiles I was speaking in prayer, even the man Gabriel, being caused to fly swiftly, touched me about the time of the evening oblation. And he informed me, and talked with me, and said, O Daniel, I am now come forth to give thee skill and understanding. At the beginning of thy supplication the commandment came forth, and I am come to show thee."

"I see, father, from these passages," said Thomas, "that you refer to prayer."

"And I am sure you will both agree with me that this mode of communication with heaven is more wonderful than any other, for by this means our desires can be immediately known to our heavenly Father, and we receive an answer."

A FOREST FUNERAL.

We had lately a long, wearisome, and unsuccessful expedition. We made our calculations to go through the whole hunting district in the course of six days, and reach the river ten miles below our cabin on Saturday, so that we might attend church there—or rather hear preaching in a log school-house, from a clergyman who once a month visited the small settlement. We worked hard during the week, and we were not sorry at dusk on Saturday to sit down in the comfortable farm-house of Colonel ——, who is the owner of some thousands of acres in that immediate vicinity. The school-house in which services were to be, is beautifully situated in a grove of oaks, on a point around which the river bends and runs rapidly, with a lulling sound. Did you ever notice how different the voice is in passing different scenes? Up in the gorge above it is wild, and rages, as if angry with the rocks it meets, and its voice is like the voice of a roused warrior. But here it goes slowly and sedately by the little "oak school-house," as it is called, and would seem to linger, as if loving the quiet scene.

It was nearly midnight of Saturday that a messenger came to the Colonel, requesting him to go to the cabin of a settler some three miles down the river, and see his daughter, a girl of fourteen, who was supposed to be dying. The Colonel awoke me and asked me to accompany him, and I consented, taking with me the small package of medicines, which I always carried in the forest. But I learned soon that there was no need of these, for her disease was past cure.

Leaving the house, we descended to the bank of the river, and stepped into a canoe that lay in an eddy, and seizing a pole, flattened at one end for a paddle, the Colonel pushed the slight vessel out into the current, and we shot swiftly down. You may imagine the scene if you choose, as I lay in the bottom, and he used now his pole and now his paddle, to guide the bark in the rapids.

"She is a strange child," said the Colonel, "and her father is as strange a man. They live together on the bank of the river. They came here three years ago, and no one knows whence or why. He has money, and is a keen shot. The child has been wasting away for a year past. I have seen her often, and she seems gifted with a marvellous intellect. She speaks sometimes as if inspired, and she seems to be the only hope of her father."

We reached the hut of the settler in less than half an hour, and entered it reverently.

The scene was one that cannot easily be forgotten. There were books and evidences of luxury and taste lying on the rude

table in the centre. A guitar lay on a bench near the smal window, and the bed furniture, on which the dying girl lay, was as soft as the covering of a dying queen. I was of course startled, never having heard of these people before; but knowing it to be no uncommon thing for persons tired of the world to go into the woods to live and die, I was content to ask no explanations, more especially as the death hour was evidently near.

She was a fair child, with masses of long black hair lying over her pillow. Her eye was dark and piercing, and as it met mine, she started slightly, but smiled and looked upward. I spoke a few words to her father, and turning to her asked her if she knew her condition.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," said she, in a voice whose melody was like the sweetest strain of an Æolian harp. You may imagine that the answer surprised me, and with a few words of like import, I turned from her. A half hour passed, and she spoke in that same deep, richly melodious voice:

"Father, I am cold; lie down beside me;"—and the old man lay down by his dying child, and she twined her emaciated arms round his neck, and murmured in a dreamy voice, "Dear father —dear father."

"My child," said the old man, "does the flood seem deep to thee?" "Nay, father, for my soul is strong."

"Seest thou the further shore?"

"I see it, father, and its banks are green with freshest verdure."

"Hearest thou the voices of its inhabitants?"

"I hear them, father, as the voices of angels, falling from afar in the still and solemn night-time; and they call me. But I am cold—cold! Father, there's a mist in the room. Is this death, father?"

"It is death, my Mary."

"Thank God!" she said.

I stepped out into the night, and stood long and silently looking at the rushing river. The wife of a settler arrived soon after, and then the Colonel's excellent lady and her daughter, and we left the cabin.

The Sabbath morning broke over the eastern hills before we reached the school-house again. But never came Sabbath light so solemnly before. The morning service in the school-house I have not room to describe now.

As evening approached, a slow and sad procession came through the forest to the little school-house. There with simple rites the good clergyman performed his duty, and we went to the grave. It was in the enclosure where two of the Colonel's children lie—a lovely spot. The sun was setting as we entered the grove. The procession was short. They were hardy men and rough, in shooting jackets, but their warm hearts gave beauty to their unshaven faces, as they stood in reverent silence by the grave. The river murmured, and the birds sang, and so we buried her.

I saw the sun go down from the same spot, and the stars were bright before I left it—for I have always had an idea

that a graveyard was the nearest place to heaven on this earth; and with old Sir Thomas Browne, I love to see a church in a graveyard, for even as we pass through the place of graves to the temple of God on earth, so we must pass through the grave to the temple of God on high.

LOOKING FOR A PLACE.

"WELL, Johnny, have you succeeded to-day, my son?"

"Nothing good to-day, mother. I have been all over town almost, and no one would take me. The book-stores, and dry-goods' stores, and groceries have plenty of boys already; but I think, if you had been with me, I should have stood a better chance. Oh, you look so thin and pale, mother, somebody would have felt sorry, and so have taken me; but nobody knew me and nobody saw you."

A tear stole down the cheek of the little boy as he spoke, for he was almost discouraged; and when his mother saw the tear, not a few ran down hers also.

It was a cold, bleak night, and Johnny had been out all day looking for "a place." He had persevered, although constantly refused, until it was quite dark, and then gave up, thinking that his mother must be tired waiting for him.

His mother was a widow, and a very poor one. She had maintained herself by needlework till a severe attack of sickness had confined her to her bed, and she was unable to do more.

She told her little son to sit down by the fire, while she pre-

pared his supper. The fire and the supper were very scanty, but Johnny knew they were the best she could provide, and he felt that he would rather share such a fire and such a supper with such a mother, than sit at the best filled table with anybody else, who did not love him as she did, and whom he did not love as he did her.

After a few moments of silence, the boy, looking up into his mother's face with more than usual seriousness, said:

"Mother, do you think it would be wrong to ask my new Sabbath-school teacher about it on a Sabbath?"

"No, my son, not if you have no other opportunity; and I think he would be a very suitable person, too; at least, I should think that he would be interested in getting you a good place."

"Well, to-morrow is the Sabbath and when the class breaks up, I believe I will ask him."

After reading a portion of God's holy word, the mother and her little boy kneeled down together in their loneliness, and prayed the Lord most earnestly to take care of them. They were very poor, but they knew that God cared for the poor. They knew also that God would do what was best for them. Oh, it is a sweet thing to the soul, to be able to say, sincerely, "Thy will be done!"

"I feel happier, now," said John. "I was so tired when I came in, that I felt quite cross, I know I did; did I look so, mother?"

The mother's heart was full, and she gave her boy one long, affectionate kiss, which was sweeter to him than many words.

Next morning was the Sabbath. John's breakfast was rather scant, but he said not a word about that, for he saw that his mother ate very little. But one or two sticks of wood were left outside of the door where it was kept, and he knew that both food and fire might all be gone before night. They had had no money to buy any with for several days.

The Sabbath-school bell rang. The sun was shining bright and clear, but the air was exceedingly cold. The child had no overcoat, and was still wearing a part of his summer clothing. He was in his seat just as his superintendent and his teacher entered.

"Who is that little pale-faced boy in your class?" asked the superintendent of Johnny's teacher.

"His name is Jones; he lives in Stone street, and I must visit him this very week. He is a well-behaved boy."

"I should like to know more about him, and I will see him after school."

The superintendent did not forget him, and when the class broke up, seeing him linger behind the other scholars, went up and took him by the hand kindly.

"You have been here to school several Sabbaths, have you not, my boy?"

"Yes, sir, I came just a month ago to-day."

"Had you ever been to school before that time!"

"Yes, sir, before mother was taken sick I used to go to —— street school; but that was a great way off; and when mother

got better, and you opened this new school, she advised me to come here, as it is so much nearer."

"Well, did I not see you yesterday looking for a place in Water Street?"

"I was down there, sir, looking for a place."

"Why did you not take that place which the gentleman offered you in the large grocery store?"

"Do you mean the store where the great copper worm stood on the side-walk?"

"Yes."

"Oh, sir, I didn't know they sold rum there when I first went in, and when I saw what kind of a store it was I was afraid?"

"Have you a father?"

"No, sir; father is dead," said the little boy, hanging down his head.

"What did your father do, my son?—what was his business?"

"Sir, he once kept a large store like that;" and the child shuddered when he answered.

"Why did you not keep the piece of gold money that you found on the floor as you were coming into the store?"

"Because it was not mine, and I thought that the gentleman would find the owner sooner than I should."

"He did, my boy; it was my money. Did you get a place yesterday?"

"No, sir, all the places were full, and nobody knew me."

"Well, my boy, you may go now, and tell your mother that

you have got a place. Come to me very early in the morning; your teacher will tell you where I live."

Johnny went home with his heart and his eyes so full that he could hardly see the street, or anything else, as he went along. He knew that it would cheer his dear mother very much, and so it did. His superintendent procured a good place for him, and they were made comfortable and happy.

Surely this story carries its own moral.

"GOOD NIGHT, MOTHER."

LITTLE Willie was a most beautiful child. Strangers as they met him in the street stopped Sarah, his nurse, to ask his name, and that of his parents. They called him "a noble little fellow;" but those who knew him, showed their appreciation of something beyond the wondrous beauty of his infant face, for they always called him "Dear Willie."

His bright fearless eye, and pleasant smile, and more than all, his frank *heart*-toned voice, were sure passports to the affections of all. His parents lived on the banks of the river, in a small village of which his father was the pastor, and everybody in the village, even the poor old ladies who lived in the alms-house behind the hill, and the workmen who toiled all their days down in the valley, all knew and loved Willie. Whenever his little green wagon was seen, being slowly drawn over the smooth grass of the common, you might see one white gate after another open, and some one coming out to wait and see "Willie" when he went by. Sometimes it was a little girl, with a flower which she had just had especial permission to pick for "Willie." Some-

times it was a young lady, with a new book for "Willie" to read; sometimes it was an old lady with an apple, or else with something she had been knitting for "Willie" or for "Willie's" mother; sometimes it was one of the greyheaded old men, who would stand leaning on his staff, and look down in the child's placid face, till a tear came in his eye: then with a low "God bless that boy," he would turn away. But as the little wagon was drawn back again, with its load of gifts, up the hill, and down the lane by the church, at a low brown wicket half hid by struggling lilac bushes, was ever to be seen waiting one whose heart yearned for the return of the petted child. This was Willie's mother. With a happy heart and a smiling face, she would meet her first-born and her only, and snatching him from the arms of his nurse, would bear him, and the tokens of love which had been given him, lightly up the carpeted staircase, till she paused at a carved oaken door. Her light tap and Willie's shout were answered by a "right welcome all," in the deep tones of her student husband, whose eye kindled with that pleasure which words cannot tell, as it rested on the two beings which were life, and love, and all to him. Soon Willie would fall asleep, from the fatigue of his ride, and they went together to lay him on the little couch, which his father would have placed in one corner of his study, in a corner where the sunlight rested warmly, and near the window, through which looked, in spring, the bright eyes of the cherry blossoms. While he slept, his mother sat beside him and sewed, while her eyes were resting first on her boy

and then on her husband, and her heart was full, more than full of bliss. Thus was "Willie" loved.

One night, a cold night in March, a low stifled cough from Willie's crib, awoke both parents at the same instant. Almost immediately they stood by his side, and with emotions which can be felt but not described, saw that he was suffering with a severe attack of croup. Medical assistance was soon procured, but it was too late. Willie's little limbs were already cold, and the glaze of death on his bright blue eyes. He could not speak distinctly, and his mind was clouded, but with a seemingly confused idea that he was going to bed at night, and with an expression of perplexity on his pale brow, as if he wondered why he could not pronounce the words he framed, he looked up, smiled, said slowly, "Good night, mother," and died.

The graveyard of Milton is on the southern side of a hill, on the summit of which waves a forest of pines. The sun lies serenely all day long upon the many hillocks there, and the blue violets grow wild in profusion around. In one corner of the yard is a little grave, on which lilies of the valley bloom in the spring, and white roses and snowy chrysanthemums in the summer and autumn. A path beaten and worn by the frequent tread of loving feet, leads to it from the iron gate, and in the long Saturday afternoons, little groups of thoughtless children are seen going thither, and standing by the grave. At sunset every Sabbath, a graceful though bending form kneels by the little mound, and leaning upon the firm arm of her husband weeps bitterly It

is Willie's mother, but she always rises more calmly, and sometimes reads aloud with almost a smile, the simple line which is carved upon the white marble stone, "Good night, Willie."

How many of our hearts are saddened by the ever-present thought of the loved ones who are sleeping! Why do we not remember that we have but bid them "good night," and rejoice in the anticipations of the joyous morning greetings, which we shall exchange with them, in the early light of the sun of immortality.

THE ACORNS.

CHARLES WILMOT, a little boy of five years old, was very busy one day at play with some acorns. He filled the tiny cups with water, and bruised the balls with his wooden hammer on a Dutch tile. His father asked him what he was doing. He said, "I am playing at making medicine, papa. This is how I saw my cousin do; only he had a large brass basin and hammer."

"A pestle and mortar, I suppose."

"Yes, that was what he called it. That did better than my Dutch tile and wooden hammer. The bits fly off, and I cannot make them come to powder, to mix with the water."

"No; your acorns are not dry enough to grind to powder, even if you had a pestle and mortar."

"Perhaps they would do better if I were to scrape them with my knife."

"Well, you can try."

"Papa, acorns are not poison, are they? May I eat one?"

"You may taste it, if you please; but I do not much think you will like them, they have a bitter taste."

Charles tried; but soon agreed with his father, that acorns were not half so sweet and nice as nuts.

Then he amused himself a while by playing with them as marbles; but he found that, not being quite round, they did not shoot so well.

His father seeing that he began to tire of his play, said to him, "Come hither, my boy, I will show you another use to which you may put your acorns, that will give you pleasure a long time to come. Have you any left that are whole, and not bruised?"

"Yes; here are five very fine ones."

"Well, then, I will give you a piece of ground on which to plant them. The gardener shall dig it up for you. But are you willing to part with them, and bury them under ground?"

"Yes, if you think I had better do so, I am willing."

"My dear boy, I have sometimes tried to make you understand what *faith* means; this will help to make it plain to you. You are willing to do something of which you do not quite know the use or advantage, because I advise you to do it. You are willing to part with something that pleases you now, because I have told you, that by so doing, you may have greater pleasure at some future time. You believe what I have said. You trust my word, my judgment, my truth, my kindness. You give me credit for knowing what I tell you. You do not think that I am under a mistake myself. Still less do you think that I wish to mislead or deceive you. You rely on me for wishing you well, and giving you good advice, do you not?"

"Yes, father, that I do. I am sure you would not tell me wrong if you knew it, and I always find things turn out just as you tell me."

"You have *faith* in me, and your faith grows stronger by trial and proof. The longer you have known me, the more willing you become to trust me, in matters of which you cannot at once see the meaning. Besides, you are more ready to believe me, because you have sometimes found yourself mistaken. Is it not so, Charles?"

"Yes; I have thought I could do things which you said I could not—but you knew best; and I have been afraid that things would hurt me; but when you told me I might touch them, I tried, and they never did me any harm; so I ought to mind what you say."

"It is a good thing for children when they learn to trust their parents. It is the very means that God appoints for keeping them from harm, and teaching them by degrees to judge for themselves, and to be wise."

"Mamma once read to me a story about a little girl whose mother was going to make her a present, and the little girl wished to have a purple jar, one of those that look so bright and pretty in the shops where they sell medicine. Her mamma told her that it would not please her long, nor be of any real use to her; but still she very much wished her mamma to buy it. At last her mamma said, 'You shall judge for yourself; if you choose it, I will buy it for you.' She did choose it, and had it. But

when she had it, it did not give her much pleasure, for it was the stuff inside that made the glass jar look purple, and when that was poured out, all the prettiness was gone, and it was nothing but a common white jar. Then the little girl was sorry that she did not believe her mother. She wished the jar to be taken back to the shop, and to buy what her mother advised her instead; but this could not be done; only she learned to be wiser another time, and to believe that her mother knew best; so she got that good from the purple jar."

"Well, that *was* something good—to learn to distrust herself, and trust her parents."

"And, papa, I know something that happened to my own self. When the cherry trees were pruned, I got some of the pieces that were cut off, and planted them in my garden. You told me they would not grow, because they had no roots. They did not die directly, but the buds came into blossom a little more, and then I thought you had made a mistake, and that I was right. But the blossoms never came to cherries, and soon the branches quite withered and died."

"And so, Charles, you learned to believe what papa told you?"

"Yes, I shall not forget that you were right, and I was wrong."

"Well, my dear boy, thus the blessed God invites our faith. Some things are addressed to us in the Bible which we cannot understand, not because they are untrue or not according to reason, but because we are weak and ignorant. These we must re-

ceive upon the word of God. We are sure he cannot be mistaken, and that he would not deceive us.

"Then we are sometimes called to part with things that we very highly prize, or to engage in duties which we do not exactly like. If we could see how wise the plans of God are, and how much he designs our good in all he requires and all he commands, we should not have one contrary wish. But as we cannot see, we are called upon to believe and to submit. Will you try to remember this, my dear boy? Whatever is said in the Bible must be true, for God says it. Whatever we may have to lose or to suffer, God orders it, and it must be right.

"But it is time I should begin to reward your confidence, by explaining to you something of my design. Do you know why I advised you to plant your acorns rather than to play with them?"

"Because, I suppose, they will grow to trees. Will they not, papa? And what sort of trees will they be?"

"Come with me, and I will show you."

Mr. Wilmot then led his son to a part of the grounds where there were some fine full-grown oaks. The leaves began to look brown and yellow, as they do in autumn. This is because they are fading and will soon fall; but the tree looks very rich and beautiful. There were a great many acorns on the ground, like those with which Charles had been so much pleased.

"There, my boy," said the father, "if your acorns are planted in the ground, and properly taken care of, they will produce trees like these. They are called oaks, and are the finest trees of our forests."

"Oh, papa, were these large trees ever tiny acorns like what I have in my hand?"

"Yes, Charles, indeed they were; and yours, in time, may become as large and useful."

"Useful are they, papa? Of what use?"

"Many uses. More than I can at present recollect or explain to you. But I will tell you a few. You have seen the poor people picking up the acorns, which they use as food for their pigs. The green oak-apples which you saw in spring are used in making ink, without which your pretty lessons could not be written."

"Do oaks have two kinds of fruit—acorns and apples?"

"No, Charles, the acorn is the fruit of the oak. The oak-apples, as they are called, are formed by insects on the bark of the tree. But as they are useful, and as they are not found of the same kind on the bark of other trees, they are to be reckoned among the useful things that the oak yields. Besides this, several parts of the oak are used in medicine. All these the tree gives while it is growing; but its greatest use and value are when it has come to its full growth, and is cut down. Then the timber, or large wood of the tree, is used for building houses, ships, and other things that are wanted to be very strong and lasting, and for these purposes the timber of oak is the best that can be had. The bark, or outside tough rind, is used by the tanners. A tanner is one whose business it is to preserve and prepare the skins of animals, and make them into leather for shoes. Leather

is used also for harness of horses, for binding books, and many other purposes. The sawdust of the oak is used in dyeing or changing the colour of woollen or other stuffs. From this, which is but little of what you might be told, I think you will allow that the oak is no less useful than it is noble and beautiful."

"Yes, indeed it is. But I should never have thought that such a large tree could come from a little acorn."

"Well, remember this, and let it teach you never to make light of trifles, as they may seem. Very small beginnings may come to very great good or very great evil. And the harm or good that we have done by one little action, may be a curse or a blessing in the world long after we have left it."

"Well, father, I will plant my acorns, and when they grow to be large trees, I will let the poor children pick up the acorns to feed their pigs—the same as you do—and when the trees are cut down, I will have a little ship built, or a large boat that will hold us all whenever we like to go on the water; and part of them will do to build a nice little cottage for poor old nurse." As the little boy said this, his father looked very thoughtful. Charles paused a moment. Then looking up in his father's face, he asked,—

"But, papa, how long will it be before the acorns are become large trees—large enough to be cut down and made use of?"

"A great many years, Charles. Eighty or a hundred, or even longer still."

The little boy looked sad, and replied, "Then it will not be

in poor nurse's life-time; nor perhaps, father, perhaps not in mine?"

"No, my dear, it will not. The oak grows slowly, and the life of man passes quickly and is soon gone. The same person who plants the seed will not live to see the full-grown tree."

"But I planted some willow twigs last year, and they are grown so much! They are twice as long as they were, and my brother's poplars are become quite large trees; and you know, papa, he planted them himself, and he is only twelve years old."

"Many trees grow much more quickly than the oak, but they are not of so much value. The wood will do for many uses, but it is by no means so strong or lasting."

"Then, papa, did not you plant these trees yourself?"

"No, my dear. They were planted by the grandfather of my father. He has been dead more than eighty years."

"But if I shall not live to use or enjoy the trees, how can they be called mine?"

"True, my child. There is nothing in this world that we can properly call our own. Some things are so fading and short-lived, that they perish almost before we can lay hold of them. They are like the soap bubbles you sometimes blow. They look bright and gay; but when you try to catch them they burst. Other things last long themselves; but we die before they become ripe; we do not live to fulfil our plans. This world was never intended to be our home or our rest. Let this thought sink into your mind, my dear child. The richest people who

have more of this world than heart could wish do not find enough to satisfy them, and make them happy; and even a child, who has least care and sorrow, is pleased rather in thinking of what will be than what is. But whatever we may have or whatever we may enjoy, our life on earth will not last long—and the world itself will not last long enough to supply the wants of the life that never ends. Have you thought, my child, of what can make you happy when you have done with all that this world affords?"

"Yes, papa, heaven. That makes me think of the sermon last Sabbath—dont you know?"

"Let me hear if you can repeat the text."

"'Knowing in yourselves that ye have in heaven a better and an enduring substance.'" Heb. x. 34.

"I am glad you remember it. Do you know how we can obtain a portion in that better world?"

"Yes, papa. You told me to learn two texts about it: 'Jesus said, I am the way, the truth and the life;' and, 'I go to prepare a place for you: and if I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.'" John xiv. 6; 2, 3.

"But who are they for whom Jesus prepares a place in heaven?"

"I do not know, papa."

"Think, my dear. Do you suppose he prepares a place in his holy heaven for those who love sin?"

"No, papa; I must love him and serve him here on earth, that I may dwell with him and be happy hereafter in heaven."

"But you are a sinner, Charles. You know you have often sinned against God. How can you be saved from the anger of God, which your sins have deserved?"

"Because Jesus Christ died on the cross to save sinners."

"Yes, all sinners, who repent of sin and trust in Christ, and obey him; but not those who neglect him."

"No, papa."

"Never forget, then, to pray for the pardon of your sin through the blood of Christ, and pray for the Holy Spirit to help you to love and serve God, and to make you fit for heaven, that better world, where pleasures last for ever.

"But I have one thing more to say to you. Though this world cannot make any one happy who has no portion beyond it, the world is full of the mercy and goodness of God. His rich bounty gives us many things that we may enjoy and do good with, and he wishes us to do so. Plant your acorns, my dear child, and please yourself by watching their first appearance, and their rising growth. Do not grieve even at the thought that you will not live to see them fully grown; but rather be pleased to think that they will do good to others, when you want them no longer.

"All of us ought to try to do good in this way. It is no more than just. We owe it to those who went before us. We cannot repay it to them, but we may do our part by taking care to benefit those who come after us. We think with respect and gratitude of those who planted trees, and did many other good

things that we enjoy, and we should take care that others may have as much reason to be grateful to us.

"I will tell you one way in which you may begin to do this. You have learned to read. You cannot repay that benefit to those who taught you; but you may try to teach some other person to read also."

"Yes, papa, I should like to do that. My brother Samuel says he will take me to help him to teach the Sabbath scholars when I am a little older."

"Well, try what you can do. We will now return and put the acorns in the ground; and when the place that knows us now knows us no more, may we be in heaven, and for ever with the Lord who died to save us."

RECENT PERSECUTION IN MADAGASCAR.

RANAVOLO MANJAKA, the cruel queen of Madagascar, is the bitter enemy of the Christian religion. She has, from its first introduction into the island, been the fierce and unrelenting persecutor of such of her subjects as have embraced it. Above sixteen years ago she forced the missionaries to leave the land where God had blessed their labours, and the afflicted people to whom those labours had been a blessing. Amongst the faithful witnesses who first suffered for the word of God, and the testimony of Jesus, was Rasalama, who, when told that she should die, declared, "I was not afraid, but rather rejoiced that I was counted worthy to suffer affliction for believing in Jesus: I had hope of the life in heaven." Rafaralahy was another of the first martyrs, who spoke to his executioners, all the way as he walked along to the place of execution, about Jesus Christ, telling them how happy he felt at the thought of soon seeing that Saviour who had loved him, and died for him. Six of the first converts made their escape, and came to England; and it was a privilege to see those interesting Christians, for there have been

few, since the days of Stephen, who have shown more of a martyr's spirit.

Many years have rollèd by since Rasalama and Rafaralahy slept in Jesus, and their fellow-Christians fled from the presence of their persecutors. But during all this time the queen and her counsellors have shown the same evil spirit. Still, all that their power could do has been in vain to stop the spread of the gospel, or to prevent the people from believing it. Indeed, the number of Christians has increased so greatly, in spite of all the queen could do to prevent it, that lately she determined to punish them more cruelly than before, in order to stop others from following their example. The account of this new persecution was written and sent to this country by two Christian natives; and, although short, it is sufficient to show the faith and firmness of some who have suffered, and even died, for the name of the Lord Jesus.

From this account we learn that a man, who had been punished for disobeying the orders of a Christian officer of the young prince of Madagascar, resolved to be avenged; and knowing that this officer—whose name was Ramaka—and other Christians, would meet together at a certain time for the worship of God, in a large chapel, which they had built in a secret place, he went to the queen, and informed against them. As soon as he had done this, the queen commanded the chief constable to go there and seize the Christians; and he lost no time in obeying this order. Taking with him a great many persons, that they might

help him to seize the Christians, the chief constable went to the place. But when they came there, they were startled to see how large a number of people had met together for prayer—for there were not less than two thousand of them! To seize so many was impossible; and therefore the first thing the constable did was to find out who had built the chapel, who were the most active Christians, and which of these had been previously warned by the queen not to believe the gospel. Shortly after the list had been made out, the chief men were brought up for trial, in the presence of all the inhabitants of the capital. According to the unjust custom of the country, they were required to accuse themselves, and to take an oath never to pray any more. But the same spirit which, fourteen years before, kept Rasalama and others faithful unto death, again showed itself; and many have now been added to the honourable list of their forerunners in suffering. You have, no doubt, heard that the queen's son is a Christian; but the enemies of the gospel were afraid to touch him. There was, however, another young man, a nephew of the queen, who had joined the Christians, and was found amongst them when they were met together for prayer. His name was Ramongo. He was commanded to take the oath; but the young prince, his cousin, said to him, "Do not do so, for he that puts an end to your life shall put an end to mine also." He meant, by this, that he would defend his cousin even at the risk of his own life. This was very noble, and I am sure you will admire the spirit which it discovered. When, therefore, Ramongo was called upon

to take the oath, he firmly told the queen's officers that he would do nothing of the kind. Then his relations, who were also relations of the queen, came round him, and begged him to take the oath, pointing out the great danger of his refusing to do so. But he was not moved by their entreaties; and when they saw that they could not persuade him, they went away to the queen, and, without his knowledge, told her that he had taken the oath. This falsehood of his heathen friends saved his life; but, for having been a Christian, he was degraded to the rank of a common soldier.

Among the condemned were three noblemen, and the wife of one of them. These were burned alive, but, like many martyrs in queen Mary's reign, they were ready to burn rather than turn. The letter in which we are told of their death does not give us any particulars beyond their honoured names; but there can be no doubt that they "suffered as Christians."

Beside these, there were fourteen who were flung down from the top of a fearful precipice, and dashed to pieces. The place where this was done is called Amparima; and this was the manner in which these devoted Christians were destroyed. Each of them had a rope tied very firmly round his body: he was then lowered over the edge of the precipice in order to frighten him, and thus to get him to take the oath. While hanging in this way, with a dreadful depth below, a man stood near the rope, holding in his hand a sharp knife, with which he was ready, when the command was given, to cut the rope. The

Persecution of Christians in Madagascar. **p. 70.**

Christian was then asked, for the last time, whether he would cease to pray; and as soon as he answered "no," the rope was cut, and he fell, a mangled corpse, upon the rocks below. What a proof was it of the power and grace of God in these faithful men, that, under such frightful circumstances, they calmly faced and cheerfully suffered death, rather than deny their Lord! One of them, whose name was Ramanabona, when he was led out to the edge of the precipice, and was about to be swung off, entreated that he might have a little time allowed him to pray, "as," he said, "on that account I am to be killed." His request being granted, he kneeled down and prayed aloud very earnestly. Then, rising up, he thus addressed his executioners—"My *body* you will cast down this precipice; but my *soul* you cannot, as it will go up to heaven to God. Therefore it is gratifying to me to die in the service of my Maker."

SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD.

On the first Monday of a month, the clergyman of a secluded village sat waiting to hold a missionary meeting. It was the first to be held in this quiet corner of the world, and a superficial observer might have said: "What can this handful of people do for the Lord?" But the Christian minister judged otherwise. He bore in mind the act of love once performed by a trembling woman, and the commendation bestowed on her by the Saviour; and he hoped that among his charge too would be found some willing to do what they could for the Redeemer's cause. In order to place before them the wants of those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death, and to rouse them to exertion on their behalf, the clergyman had invited both parents and children to meet him. How many would respond to the invitation he did not know; but as the appointed hour approached, and the minister saw one after another enter the room with an eager and inquiring countenance, his heart rose in gratitude to God for having thus realized his desires. With all the earnestness of one who is anxious to speak to the hearts of his hearers, the clergyman endeavoured to give them some conception of the horrors of heathenism. He

told them too how joyfully many of the heathen receive the glad tidings, and how gratefully they cling to the kind missionaries who go to teach them the way of salvation. "There is a Lord rich above all," said the minister; "but how can the poor heathen call upon him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? And who is to send preachers?" he added. "My friends, cannot each one of us do something to encourage and aid missionaries to go forth into the dark places of the earth with the torch of divine truth in their hand? Ask your own hearts, What can I do?"

While thus speaking, the clergyman observed among those who had last come in a poor blacksmith, holding in his arms a little girl, whose bright, animated eye formed a striking contrast to her pale cheeks. Mr. B. had brought with him several small boxes which he put at the disposal of those who wished to lay aside money for the missionary cause. "The sous* which you save for this purpose," he said, "you are lending to the Lord." In the mean-while the little girl was stroking her father's dark face, and evidently coaxing him to let her have a box. The man approached the table. "Do you want a box, my friend?" said the clergyman, "perhaps your little daughter may have something to put in." A gleam of joy shone across the child's face, as her father nodded his assent, though he said, "I fear my darling will have to bring it back empty." "A willing heart

* The *sou* (pronounced *soo*) is a French coin of the value of nearly one cent.

is inventive of means," replied Mr. B., as he put the box in the child's hand, "and I see your little girl means to do what she can."

A year passed away, and on the anniversary of the first missionary meeting, the owners of the collecting boxes assembled to put them into the hands of the clergyman. Our friend, the blacksmith, was not wanting; but he came alone;—his wife had died early in the year, and, only a few days ago, he had followed his little daughter to the grave. His look was sorrowful, and many a tear fell on the box he held in his hand, as he stood on the spot where, a year before, his child had caressed him, and listened so eagerly to the narrative of the heathen. He was the last to go up to the clergyman. "Here is the box, sir," he said, "my little Anna begged me to give her half a sou from my earnings, at the end of every week when she had behaved well. She never failed to deserve her half-sou; I paid her for 52 weeks. Almost the last act of her life was to put in her mite; you will therefore find the box to contain 26 sous.

Mr. B., opened the box, which apparently contained only half-sou pieces; but, on counting them, he found three half-sous above the sum specified, and among them one whole sou. Such a trifle would scarcely have arrested his attention, had it not called forth the dismay of the distressed father. He counted the money again and again, and at length exclaimed: "My Anna cannot have put the money of another into the box in the hope of serving God! Yet where do these sous come from? I did

not give her them." The clergyman was much affected, and parted from the father in the hope, that the circumstance would still be satisfactorily explained.

With a downcast heart and mien the blacksmith returned to his desolate home; for he was an upright man in thought and action; and he grieved, lest his child had been tempted, even for a good purpose, to swerve from the path of rectitude. But who was there to justify the litle girl? No one, as the father thought; but God did not permit this stain to rest on the memory of the pure-hearted little maiden. One morning a lady entered the blacksmith's workshop, to give him an order. She had visited his child the evening before her death, and had been struck with the patience and resignation of the little sufferer. She now asked many questions regarding her, and the father told all, even the fear that troubled him. "Perhaps I can relieve your mind," said the lady, who had listened with visible emotion. "When I saw your little girl's parched lips, it occurred to me that the juice of an orange would do her good. I had been making purchases, and had only three half-sous left; these I gave her, telling her to send some one for an orange. I remember seeing the missionary box on her bed, and regretting I had no more money with me to put into it." "The Lord be praised!" exclaimed the blacksmith, who had drunk in the lady's words as if his life depended on them, "and may he pardon my cruel suspicion. I see it all; my child denied her dying lips this last refreshment, that its cost might go to save the heathen. May my life and death be like hers."

And who that loves the Saviour, but would wish to possess devotion and self-denial like little Anna's? Can we look into that chamber of death, and see her infant hands engaged in an act that would do honour to the strongest, without feeling an impulse to go and do likewise? Doubtless, the loving Saviour has welcomed to his bosom this sweet lamb, who served him in life and in death; and shall we not all labour so as, at last, to receive a similar welcome home?—*Miss M. A. Oncken.*

Sowing Rice in China. p. 77.

SOWING BESIDE ALL WATERS.

"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters, that send thither the feet of the ox and the ass."

"THAT is the last verse of the chapter, grandma," said a kind little girl, as she closed the Bible. "I have read it through; is there anything else I can do for you to-night?"

"Yes, my love, you may cover up my fire, shade my lamp, and put it in a safe place, then you may get me a glass of water and go to bed. Is there anything I can do for *you*, my dear child, before you go?" asked the old lady, stroking the soft hair of little Mary, as she sat on a stool beside her easy chair

"Yes, dear grandma, if you are not too weary, I should like you to tell me what is meant by 'sowing beside all waters.'"

"Yes, gladly, my love. In the eastern world where the Bible scenes are laid, the rains are not so frequent as with us. They have long dry seasons, in which grain and all vegetation becomes parched and withered. The people therefore strove to guard their crops against this drought by sowing beside the rivers, so that when they overflowed their banks, the water would moisten and soften the earth, that the little seeds could germinate. Then

their tender shoots would soon come peeping above the ground, and grow and bring forth bread for the eater. The provident and thoughtful received the blessing; but those who chose to sow only in such places as were near their own doors, without regard to the means of watering the crop, were deprived of the blessing, and forced to beg in harvest and have nothing.

"The passage is used, my dear child, to show that the seeds of gospel truth must be sown in all places. The promise was to those husbandmen who sowed beside *all* waters; and it is fulfilled also to those who bear forth the seed of truth in our day. They may strew it on a soil as apparently hopeless as is the sea-beach or the river's brink to the farmer of our land. There it may be out of sight, till God cause the waters of the river of life to overflow, and give it vigour, and cause it to bear fruit. It appears first in the young shoot, then in the tender blade, at last in the ripened ear, and gives spiritual and eternal life to those who, but for that heavenly bread, must perish for ever. No doubt, the prospect often looked dark to the husbandman of the east. His seed was hidden beneath the arid soil, and gave then little hope of the abundant harvest. But, though he might have gone forth weeping, bearing the precious seed, he returned again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. Do you understand that, Mary?"

"Yes, grandma, now I do; but when I first read it, it seemed to me that beside the waters was a strange place to sow seed," replied the child.

"Well, my dear, that verse has a sweet little lesson for children, as well as for the husbandmen of the times in which it was written, and the preachers of every age. Those who seek opportunities of doing good, in all places and to all people, belong to this blessed class who sow beside all waters. One person may sow the seed of truth in the pulpit, another in the Sabbath-school, another in the family, another among his neighbours in private, and still another while travelling by the wayside. The minister can sow in all these places, and private Christians, who have no place in the pulpit, can spread the truth in all these other ways."

"But, grandma," said the gentle child, "little children cannot teach in the Sabbath-school, nor in a family, nor among their neighbours, for they don't know enough to teach any body—*I* don't."

"Did I not hear you teaching your mother's cook to read, dear? You know more than she does, although you are not half as old."

"But, grandma, Ann is only *one;* that is so little among such a world-full of ignorant people. I do not know enough to teach anybody else."

"But, my love, there are many other ways of sowing precious seed, as well as by teaching. Children can carry round little seeds of love, and as they move on in their lowly way, can sprinkle them around on every side. They will meet with the poor whom they can help, with the helpless and old, whom they can lead or comfort, or with the heart-broken and afflicted, whose sorrows they can relieve by attention and kindness."

"Did you ever see a child who did any of these good things, grandma?"

"Yes, dear. I know one little girl who, it seems to me, is always looking around her to see if there is no little office of love she can perform for others."

"She's *dead*, isn't she, grandma?"

"No, my dear, she is not; why did you ask that?" said the good grandmother.

"Because all the good children I ever read about died while they were small. You know Mary Lathrop, and Miriam Warren, and Elizabeth Davidson, all died while they were young."

"Well, *this* little girl is living, and I hope God will spare her a long time, and make her very useful in sowing her little seeds of love beside all waters."

"Did you see any of her little seeds spring up, grandma?" asked little Mary, smiling at the question.

"Yes, my love; and felt their blossoms cheer, and their fruit sustain, my own sinking heart. This child seemed to have her hand always stretched out, and her little seeds falling to the right and the left."

"What does she do, grandma?"

"O, sometimes she speaks a kind word of encouragement, or offers to do some little kindness for the weary girl in the kitchen; sometimes she cheerfully gives up a walk, or lays down a charming book to amuse her baby brother, when her mother is not well. She waits cheerfully upon her feeble grandmother at home, and

patiently walks slowly by her side to church, when it would be much more agreeable for her to walk fast by her brother."

"Those are very little seeds indeed, grandma; don't she do any larger good things?"

"She is not old enough to watch by night at the sick bed, or to earn money to feed the poor, or to go far off to teach the heathen. But she has the seeds of these great things in her heart; and when she is a woman, they will bring forth larger fruit. These constant little acts of love amount to a great deal in a year."

"But I do not see any fruit such tiny seeds as those could bring forth, dear grandma," said the child, smiling at the way in which she was still able to follow the illustration.

"Well, I'll tell you, my dear Mary. I once heard a servant in the family say, 'My work is so hard, and I get so discouraged, that I often think that I will leave here and find a new place; but when I think of that child, I change my mind. I have always had rude and unkind children everywhere I ever lived; but let me be ever so weary here, I'm always rested and made cheerful, when she comes in and offers to assist me, or reads aloud some little book that I can understand.' Then, her grandma once lived with her little cousins, who were disrespectful and unkind to her; so much so, that she often felt life a burden and wished that she might die, rather than live among little ones who mocked at her infirmities, and 'wished there were no troublesome people in the house.' But at last this good child's father insisted that the grandmother should go to the city and live with

him. It was at first a great trial to leave the broad green fields and beautiful trees, and the little churchyard where nearly all she ever loved were buried; to leave her kind old neighbours and to seek new friends in her old age. But she hoped for more love in her new home, and that was all she cared for in this world; and so she left her house, where her children were born, and where most of them and their father had died, and sought her new home. When she reached there, she thought the high brick house looked very lonely and gloomy, but when she entered, her welcome was so warm from the parents and children that she forgot all else that was around her. This one child that I have spoken of seemed to feel that it was a great joy to have her aged grandmother with her all the time; and for three long years she never spoke a hasty or disrespectful word to her, but strove in every way to add to her comfort and happiness. The little seeds sprung up and made the old lady almost young again with their beauty and fragrance; and she who felt a few years ago, that she was only a burden to other people, begins now to feel as if she were of some use in the family, and to the poor and afflicted around her. If that grandmother accomplishes any good while she lives, it must be reckoned among the fruits of the little seeds which her darling grand-daughter scattered in her dark pathway."

"That grandmother's story was something like yours," said the artless child; "you came from the old homestead in the country, to live in the city just as she did; and I will try to make

you as happy as that little girl made *her*. I should like to sow such seed beside all waters." The grandmother smiled, for she saw that our little heroine did not recognize as her own, the portrait which she had just drawn. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

"Mary, my dear child, it is a long hour after your bed-time. Now cover up the embers safely, wind up my watch, and go to your rest." And with a kiss the child went to her pillow, followed by the prayers of one whose dark days she had brightened, whose burdens she was helping to bear, and whose pathway she was making easy to the tomb.—*Mrs. J. D. Chaplin.*

THE POOR WIDOW'S SON.

A NUMBER of well-dressed happy-looking boys, just dismissed from school, were at play on the village green. Their joyous shouts caused other boys who did not belong to the school to join them, and they were readily allowed to take part in the sports. Soon after a little boy, about nine years of age, came slowly out of a neighbouring lane, and, taking his station by the fence near where the play was going on, watched the proceedings with very earnest attention. He was very pale and thin, his clothes were ragged but clean, his feet were without shoes, and his hat wanted a rim. Now and then a smile would pass over his face as he witnessed some feat of the boys; but for the most part it wore a melancholy expression. He did not ask to play, and no one took any notice of him.

In about twenty minutes David Halsey joined the group. He had remained during that time in the school-house, with the teacher, in order to receive some explanations in regard to his lesson. He always wished to understand things thoroughly. He had recited his lesson accurately, but there were some points

connected with it which he did not perfectly comprehend He stayed, therefore, after school, to ask some questions which the teacher was happy to answer.

David was very fond of play, as well as of study. When he played, he played with all his might; and when he studied, it was after the same fashion. He had not been on the ground long, before he saw the lone boy by the fence, and he felt sorry for him. He went up to him and said, "Do you wish to play?" The boy nodded in reply.

"Boys," said David, "let this fellow play."

"No," said one; "he don't belong to the school."

"No matter," said David; "there are several here who don't belong to the school."

"He is so ragged," said another boy. The pale boy who had come forward a little when David began to speak in his behalf, turned back as he heard this speech, and resumed his station by the fence. He looked a little sadder than before.

David was sorry that the boys would not let him play, but he concluded there was no help for it. So he joined in the play which was going forward with his usual vigour, but not with his usual pleasure. He could not help thinking of the poor boy. Whenever he looked that way, he saw that he was watching him. He made another effort to get the boys to allow him to play; but the reply he received from the most influential one of the group was, "Oh, don't make such a bother about a ragged boy."

It was now proposed by one of the boys that they should go

to a neighbouring hill. This proposition was agreed to by acclamation, and all the boys except David set off on a run. David stayed behind and talked with the poor boy.

"Where do you live?" said David.

"Down there," said the boy, pointing towards a lane, where there were several small houses.

"How long have you lived in the place?"

"About two years."

"I don't remember that I have ever seen you before."

"I was always at work in the factory till I got sick, and was obliged to stop."

"Where did you live before you came here? Tell me something about it."

"We used to live in Lakeville. Father had a snug little farm there, and we used to live so nice and happy. But father was taken sick and died, and then they came and took away the farm."

"Was he in debt for it?"

"No, he had just finished paying for it; and then a man came and said the title wasn't good, and after mother had paid the lawyers a good deal, they told her she must give up the farm: so we had to move out of the house: we had to sell most all the furniture to get money to live on. Then mother took in sewing, and sat up at night till she got so weak that the doctor said she must stop, or she would die and leave her children without anybody to see to them. She then came here, that sister and I might work in the factory."

"How old is your sister?"

"She is a year older than I am. About a month ago I was taken sick, and had to stop working; I am better now; I am going into the factory again next week."

"You don't look well enough to go to work."

"I feel better than I did; I feel pretty well, only I am not so strong as I used to be, and I have a bad pain in my side most of the time. I don't tell of that, though; for mother would not let me go to work if I did."

"I think you are rather foolish for wishing to go to work, when you are not well enough to go."

"You wouldn't think so if you knew how little mother has to eat, and how thin sister is growing."

"Hasn't your mother enough to eat?"

The boy shook his head, while a tear stood in his eye.

"Are you hungry now?"

"Not very."

"Not very! you ought not to be hungry at all, because you are willing to work. Come now home with me."

"I had rather not."

"I'll get mother to give you something to take to your mother."

This argument could not be resisted. He followed David home. David made a statement of the facts he had learned, and after making a few inquiries of the boy, and addressing some kind words to him, his mother put up a large basketful of things

which she thought would be useful to the afflicted family. She told David to go with him, and assist him in carrying it. David was well pleased to go, for he was quite interested in his new acquaintance, and moreover he took pleasure in the performance of benevolent deeds.

"Our house is not much like yours," said the boy, as he turned to go into a very small house. Everything was neat within it, though the furniture was very scanty. A Bible and hymn-book lay on the table. A sickly-looking woman sat mending clothes. As the basket was brought in and opened, she blushed, and said, "My son, I hope you have not been begging."

"No, ma'am, he has not," said David; "I got talking with him, and found out you had been sick, and I made him go home with me; and mother begs you will accept of these things."

"I cannot refuse what Providence has so clearly sent; and I have no disposition to do so. I did not see where help was coming from; for I had concluded that Mary must stop work to-night; she is killing herself, poor girl. She can now stop for a time, and we shall not suffer."

"Father says the Lord always helps those who trust in him," said David.

"I am glad you have rebuked me for my want of faith," said the woman.

"I didn't mean to rebuke you, ma'am."

"I know you did not."

"Mother will come and see you, I think;" and turning to the

boy, "you come and see me, and I will play with you." David then withdrew, because he thought they might be very hungry, and would not like to eat before him.

"Mother," said he, when he went home, "I hope you will send me to that place again, for I think Mrs. Barclay will prove to be a good customer."

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Halsey.

"You know Christ says, '*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto* ME.'"

THE WAR ON THE BREAD-FRUIT.

THIS is a beautiful world! Sometimes when I stand on the top of a high hill and look over the spreading plains, and see the fields of golden grain, the waving corn, the noble trees, the majestic hills, the grand old woods, and the broad stream flashing the sunbeam from its rippling surface—and when I look up at the clear blue sky, and see the white clouds tipped with the most lively golden tints or silver bands, I think what a lovely world this is! How unspeakably lovely would it be were man innocent, and pure, and holy. We do not see its beauties, because our minds are so blinded with sin.

The world which God made so beautiful, man makes horrible and frightful by his crimes. He sweeps over the fertile plain, and leaves it a dreary, blackened wilderness; he passes through the noble forest, and leaves it a blood-stained and desolated charnel house; he tramples over the garden, and scorning the perfume which the flowers send up as an offering to their Creator, he treads them in the dust; he sails upon the bosom of the flowing river, and makes of it a grave for the bodies of thousands of

the victims of hatred and oppression; he dares the wide ocean, and where one breath of the Divine Giver may hurl the proudest navies into a common ruin, man boldly and wickedly destroys the image of his Maker!

The savage who has never known any other than his own bloody deities of wood and stone, and the civilized man who has long had the Bible to teach him, are alike! War is as cruel, bloody, horrible and destructive in civilized as in savage lands; and while a Napoleon, or a Frederick, or a Charles, sweeps over the face of Europe, destroying cities, towns, and villages—burning farm-houses, and desolating the fields by destroying the grain and the fruits of the earth, an Africaner or a Finau, in Caffreland or in the Fejees, does the same.

A young Samoa chief, who called to see Mr. Williams, the missionary to Polynesia, said to him, when speaking of a cruel war in which he had been one of the fighters, "Oh, my countrymen, the Samoa man, too much fool; plenty wicked; you don't know. Samoa great fool; he kills the man, *he fights the tree. Bread-fruit tree, cocoa-nut tree,* NO FIGHT US. Oh, the Samoa too much fool, too much wicked."

It was the custom in the South Sea Islands, before the missionaries went there, after a battle, for the conquerors to destroy all the plantations, houses, and gardens of the other party. The bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees form a principal part of the food of the islanders, and of course when the trees were destroyed, the conquered party would have no food to eat, and would either

starve to death or be obliged to go to their enemies for help. The cruel heathen would then often kill them in cold blood. By such means as these, a great many deaths would take place, and islands which should have been beautiful gardens in the bosom of the wide Pacific, were blackened, dreary, and almost deserted wastes.

In Mauke, one of the Hervey Islands, a group situated in the South Pacific, about two or three years before the missionaries reached it, there had been just such a terrible battle. Ramotane, a heathen chief of Atiu, had determined to make war on the Maukeans and subdue them. For this purpose he took a fleet of eighty canoes, full of warriors, and on reaching Mauke he made war, killing a great many men, and then ordering all the children, and the old people, the sick, the blind, and the lame, to be thrown into large fires, built for the purpose! Then destroying their plantations, he declared himself their king; the few left submitted to him, and he went away to his home! But how strange are the ways of God! That same bloody, cruel chief, became a Christian, and was the first one to tell the poor Maukeans of a God and a Saviour—the first one to tell them of heaven, and lead them to give up their idols! Ramotane, the bloody chief, first taught them the words of "peace and good will to men," in Jesus Christ! and soon after sat down with some of the people, to celebrate for the first time the dying love of Him who is the Prince of Peace. Does not the Bible, indeed, make the lion lie down as a lamb?

The way in which they "fought with the trees" was various.

Sometimes they burned them down, and sometimes they stripped off the bark. They killed the cocoa-nut tree in a curious manner. Sometimes they put a large sea-snail on the crown of the tree, around the sprout, and let it rot there. Sometimes they beat the crown of the tree with a stone; the large tuft of leaves around the top of the tree soon faded and fell off, leaving the tall trunk standing fruitless and barren for years afterwards. The cocoa-nut is thus very easily killed.

The island of Rarotonga, one of the Hervey Islands, was the scene of frequent wars, and these wars were generally followed by the wanton destruction of the noble bread-fruit, cocoa-nut, and banana trees. Mr. Williams, in his book, gives the following interesting account of one of these wars:

"They had just been engaged in a disastrous conflict, when we discovered the island. Pa and Kainuka, with the inhabitants of the eastern district, had been fighting with Makea and Tinomana, the chiefs of the north and west sides of the island, when the latter were beaten, and Makea, with his people, driven away from their possessions, to which, however, peace being restored, they had returned, about a month or two prior to my first arrival. The sad effects of these contests were then and are still apparent; for the laws of savage warfare appear to be like those of civilized countries, to 'burn, kill, and destroy;' and there is not one old cocoa-nut tree to be seen on the north, west, or south sides of the island. A few old bread-fruit trees still rear their lonely heads, having survived the injuries which they received from the

hands of the devastating conquerors. Walking one day with the king, among the groves of banana and bread-fruit trees, and observing the mutilation, I asked him, while pointing to one of them, why all the bark was stripped off; and turning to another, inquired why so deep a gash was cut in it; and wished to know what had become of the cocoa-nut trees, against the stumps of which we were continually striking our feet? To this he replied: 'You know very well that we were conquered, and why do you banter me? *We were fools enough to fight with the trees*, as well as with men; some we cut down ourselves, lest our enemies should eat the fruit of them; and others our conquerors destroyed. If it were possible, I would put new bark on all these trees, and fill up the gashes in the trunks of the others; for, wherever I go, they stare me in the face, and remind me of my defeat. However, young trees are growing fast, and I am planting cocoa-nuts in all directions; so that my possessions will soon be equally valuable with those of our conquerors; and I am under no apprehension of having them again destroyed; FOR THE GOSPEL HAS PUT AN END TO OUR WARS!'"

THE WAY TO BE STRONG.

"WHERE are you going, father?" said Richard Sayre to his father, one bright morning in winter.

"I am going to the blacksmith's shop," said Mr. Sayre.

"May I go with you, sir?"

"I have no objection." Richard took his father's arm, and they walked on the crisp frozen snow towards the shop. Mr. Beckwith, the blacksmith, was as usual hard at work. Though it was mid winter, and the door of his shop was always open, yet he had his coat off, and the sleeves of his red flannel shirt were rolled up above his elbows. He was blowing the bellows with his left hand, and adjusting the iron in the fire with his right, when Mr. Sayre entered the shop. "Good morning, Mr. Beckwith," said Mr. Sayre.

"Good morning," replied Mr. B., accepting Mr. S.'s proffered hand; "my hand is not as clean as yours."

"Not as clean literally just now. I trust that, morally speaking, you have clean hands. A blacksmith may have clean hands in that sense."

"Clean hands in that sense means a clean conscience. He may have that. It is not necessary for him to soil his conscience as it often is to soil the hands, but great care is necessary to avoid soiling it. When one's conscience is soiled, it is not as easy to cleanse it, as it is to cleanse the hands. Water will cleanse the hands, but nothing short of the blood of Christ will cleanse the conscience."

By this time the iron was sufficiently hot, and he drew it forth glowing and sending out sparks. When he laid it upon the anvil and struck it with the hammer, the sparks flew all over the shop. Richard was alarmed and got behind his father. From that secure place he watched the effect of the blows given by the ponderous hammer, which seemed to be wielded with perfect ease. He admired the brawny arm of Mr. B., and envied the strength that could give such forcible blows. When the iron became so far cooled that it was necessary to return it to the fire, Mr. S. made known his business to Mr. Beckwith, and withdrew.

"Father," said Richard, when they were a little from the shop, "you seem to think a great deal of Mr. Beckwith. I was rather surprised to see you shake hands with him."

"I do think a great deal of him," said Mr. S. "He is a worthy citizen, and a good man. The fact that he is a blacksmith does not make him the less a man."

"I know it does not, only persons do not generally think quite as much of a man if he is a blacksmith, as they do if he is a merchant or something else."

"I hope my son will form the habit of estimating men according to their real worth, and not according to their employments. I often have occasion to ask Mr. Beckwith's advice, and I value it highly. Our minister does the same."

"What a strong arm Mr. Beckwith has! what makes it so strong?"

"He has made it strong by exercise—by wielding his heavy hammer."

"I should think that would wear it out instead of making it strong."

"Excessive labour would have that effect, but hard labour only tends to give additional strength. The way to get a strong arm is to work hard with it: what is the way to get a strong mind?"

"I suppose one must work hard with his mind."

"Certainly: strong minds are made in the same way that strong arms are."

"I should think, then, that every body would have strong minds."

"Why so?"

"Because when a man has a strong mind, he is thought a great deal of."

"And so you think, if strength of mind depends upon the will, all men would have it?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you forget that a necessary condition of having it, is

hard work. That men do not like. They do not like hard work of any kind, but least of all hard work with the mind. It is much easier to get a man to work hard over a forge than over a book. It is much easier to induce him to swing the iron sledge-hammer than the intellectual sledge-hammer."

"Our teacher told us that our minds grew strong by acquiring knowledge."

"That is true, but the knowledge must be acquired by your own labour. Suppose your teacher could pour all the knowledge he possesses into your mind at once, just as all the water in one cup can be poured into another cup; you would have more knowledge than you have now, but your strength of mind would not be increased. That can be increased only by exercise."

"Then the more a person gets help in his studies, the less benefit he gets from them."

"Certainly: suppose a physician should tell his patient that he must walk a mile every day in order to strengthen his limbs, and that instead of doing it, he gets another person to do it for him: do you think his limbs would grow strong in consequence of the other person's walking?"

"No sir. One would be very foolish to think so."

"And the patient would be very foolish to pursue the supposed course. But not more so than the student who gets another to learn his lesson for him."

"If it is better for one to get his lessons without help from any one, I should think it would be better for him not to have books with notes and explanations."

"It certainly would be. I have no patience with those school books in which all labour on the part of the student is superseded. The makers of such books would seem to have entered into a conspiracy against mental labour and mental strength.

"John Gale has a Latin book, which has a great many notes, and he always gets his lessons sooner than the rest of his class; because when he comes to anything hard, he has nothing to do but to turn to the notes. He gets his lesson, and then laughs at the other boys, and tells them to dig away. Once in a while, he will lend one of them his book, but not very often."

"He does them good by refusing to lend his book, though he has no design of so doing. I wish you to form the habit of getting your lessons yourself, and of performing your own mental labour. That is the only way to become a man. I will now ask you how a person can become strong in goodness?"

"By taking pains to be good."

"Yes, by diligent exercise in goodness. He must do right, not only when it is easy to do right, but when it is difficult to do so."

"I have sometimes thought I can never become good, it is such hard work."

"It is indeed hard work, but then we were made for hard work. But the very difficulties in the way, may be the means of giving one greater strength in goodness. Every time there is a struggle in the soul between good and evil, and you overcome, you gain strength. Overcoming once, will enable you to overcome the next time with less difficulty. I must now go to my office, and you must get ready for school."

On his way to school, Richard formed a resolution to become strong in mind and strong in goodness—rightly judging that strength of mind, united with goodness, would make one a great man.

But he felt that he had no power of himself to do good, or to avoid evil. He had often tried in his own strength, and been overcome by temptation. He now prayed, as he had never done before, "Create in me a *new* heart, O Lord, and renew a right spirit within me." And his prayer was heard.

He had not reached the school-house, before he met a boy who was accustomed to abuse him. The boy did not suffer the present opportunity to pass. He threw Richard down, and rubbed some snow in his face. He then passed on. Richard rose up very angry, and seized a club near him, and was about to throw it at his enemy, but he thought of his resolution, and threw the club with all his might in the opposite direction. Here was a good beginning in his efforts to become strong in goodness.

THE THEFT AND THE LIE.

GEORGE was only a little younger than his eldest brother. He was a well-behaved child, and generally obedient to his parents. But George had one fault—he was cunning. Some boys think this shows smartness, but it is very hard to be cunning and truthful at the same time. George could not see this; his parents tried in vain to convince him that the little tricks by which he outwitted his companions, were all founded on deceit, and partook of a lie. So it came to pass, that though the schoolboys all thought George very smart, they called him a slippery fellow. True, there is great probability that the character a boy has at school will go with him as long as he lives. Pray, then, children, that you may begin right.

When George was almost nine years of age, he was sent to a neighbouring shop for some thread, which was wanted in the family. When he went in there, he found two or three persons who were to be served before him. As he was looking about, he saw a nice double-bladed knife on the shelf. It was just what he wanted; he had been wishing for such a knife a long time,

and the price marked was only one shilling. He had exactly that sum in his hand. His brother John would have been likely to have bought the knife without thinking, and then run home to tell all about it; but George never did things in John's way. He did not forget that he had been sent for two hanks of thread, but he looked at the handsome knife, till he could not see anything else. You know that we can think very quick; it was but a little while that he stood by the counter, but many thoughts passed through his mind.

First, he thought, I do want that knife; then conscience said, You must not buy it with this money, for it is not yours; then an evil thought came, I can tell mother something. Conscience said, That will be lying as well as stealing; wait and save your pocket money. George was almost persuaded by this last thought, and was turning away, when his heart suggested to him, perhaps the knife would be gone before he could get money enough, so he asked the clerk to let him see it. Conscience is a faithful friend, but if we will do wrong, it will stop warning us. George bought the knife; but after he had put it in his pocket he felt as heavy as lead. Oh, how he wished it was in the shop again! Why, said he to himself, why do people hang things up to tempt us? If only I had never seen it! Many a one has asked this question before George. But we must be tried; how else shall we know what we are? If this boy had remembered God's holy commandment, and prayed to him for help to keep it, the desire of having the knife would have gone out of his mind.

"My son, you have staid long," said his mother; "why, what is the matter?" for George was pale, and trembled.

"Oh, mamma, you know the old shed at the corner of the fence. As I was going past, a drunken man came out, and ran after me, and made me fall down, and the money dropped in the sand; so I lost it."

"Oh," said the servant girl, little thinking that she was helping George out with his lie, "that must be the same man that I saw asleep under the fence this morning."

George felt relieved; but so far was he from enjoying his dear-bought knife, that he put it away in the bottom of his box, where he might not see it. He could not help thinking of it, however.

The Bible says, "A lying lip is but for a moment;" and again, "Be sure thy sin will find thee out." So it fared with our cunning boy. To make his story more sure, he had said to his father that Mr. Benton, a neighbour, had seen the drunken man, and made him go away. One lie, you know, makes twenty. Mr. Benton was not in the habit of coming to the house of George's parents, but it happened that his cart broke down near their gate, and he stepped in for assistance. George's father said to Mr. Benton, "I thank you, neighbour, for helping my little boy the other day." As you may suppose, the good man knew nothing about the affair, and thus George's sinful conduct was all exposed. Was he punished? Yes, severely; but who can tell how grieved his parents were? They shed bitter tears over his sin. Do you

ask if he repented? In one sense he did; he sincerely regretted that he had behaved wrong, and made himself liable to punishment, but whether that was the right sort of repentance, I leave you to determine. Soon after this George lost his father. What a loss is a pious father, especially to a boy who needed so much guidance and control as did this one!

As you sail up one of our southern rivers, away off to the right, rises a gloomy building; it is the State Penitentiary. Among its miserable inmates is a youth of respectable appearance, sad, pale, and degraded; it is poor George.

"LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

LISTEN! little children; how sweet and yet solemn the words sound—"Little children, love one another." Who was it that spake these words? It was Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who once lived on this earth, and died upon the cross to save little children as well as grown-up people. Yes, Jesus Christ loved little children dearly; and that they might be happy in this world, as well as when they came to die, he said—"Love one another." Now I dare say you are thinking in your hearts, Well, that is easy enough to do; I love my brothers and sisters, and playfellows, I am sure: but you may not have thought how much is meant by these three words—"Love one another." Now I will tell you a story; and when it is finished, you must each one ask yourselves, whether you, like the children you have been reading about, do not often break this law?

Many years ago I was visiting a lady and gentleman, who had three little girls and two little boys. Jane was the name of the eldest; and then came Thomas, and Lucy, and Lizzy, and little Harry. These little children had almost everything you can think of to make them happy. They lived in a nice house on a

hill, with nice gardens; there was a fish-pond, with a boat upon it, in which they were sometimes taken a pleasant sail. Thomas and Jane had each a little pony to ride, and better than all these things, they had a kind father and mother to love them and to take care of them. But for all this, these little children were not happy, for they did not love one another; though if any one had told them so at that time, they would have been very much offended indeed, and would have said it was not true; for children are naturally proud, and self-willed, and do not like to own that they do wrong. Ah! it is a sad thing when brothers and sisters forget these words of Christ; and it was the cause of much unhappiness to these children. It was soon perceived that they often quarrelled and disputed with each other, and were dissatisfied with everything that was done to please them. If apples or cakes were given them, each would think that his or her own was not so large or so nice as the others. If Jane proposed that they should play at paying visits, Thomas would exclaim, "No, I will not; I do not like that, it's girl's play; let us have horses, and I will be the driver." "No, no, indeed," Jane and Lucy would cry, "if you will not play at what we like, you may play by yourself, for we will have visits:" whilst little Lizzy and Harry, who could only just talk, would imitate their brother and sisters by snatching at each other's playthings, and shrieking and crying whenever they were crossed.

You will perhaps be surprised, that with such kind parents, these little boys and girls had not been better trained; but I will

tell you how it was. Their mother had been very ill for a long time: she had been from home nearly two years. Whilst she was away, her children were left with their grandmother; and she, though she loved them dearly, made the sad mistake of not correcting them when they did wrong, and let them do just what they liked; and as you I dare say know, they would like to do many things that were naughty. Before their mother was ill, she had taken great pains with her children, though they were very young, to teach them to love and obey their Father in heaven. But when she was far from them, they forgot what she had taught them; or rather they put it away from their thoughts, because they liked better to indulge in their own naughty tempers. Surely these children did not reflect, that though their mother could not see them, God did.

When their mother returned home, she was, you may be sure, very much grieved to find her dear boys and girls so naughty and unkind to one another; and she did all she could to make them better. She prayed to God for them herself, and she taught them to pray to the Holy Spirit to put good thoughts and wishes in their hearts, and help them to become more kind, gentle, and forgiving; she made them understand that Jesus Christ, who said, "Love one another," promised to give his Spirit to all who asked for it. Sometimes it seemed as though what their mother said had a good effect for a little time; but then again they would break out into angry words, fighting one another, and quarrelling about the most trifling things. But at

last a severe punishment befell these little children. You shall hear how it happened. Their mother and a lady were in the nursery playing with them, when they were called down to tea. Before leaving the room, they fixed them each to an employment. Thomas had his box of paints, and was colouring some pictures; little Harry was busy with his bricks, and Jane, Lucy, and Lizzy had their dolls, for which they were making some clothes.

Now you would have thought that surely with such pleasant employments, these children might have been happy, and that they could scarcely find any cause of quarrel. Their parents and the lady had just finished tea, when dreadful sounds were heard from the nursery. "Mamma! mamma! oh! papa! papa! fire! fire! Lizzy's on fire!" These words were accompanied by fearful screams, that sounded in the ears of their parents as they rushed up stairs; and what a sight met them there! little Lizzy's clothes were all on fire! and the rest of the children were almost dumb through fear. Their father caught his little child in his arms; he clasped her to him, and throwing himself on the floor, at last succeeded in putting out the flames, but not before Lizzy was so dreadfully burned, that for many days it was feared she would never get better. Ah! little children, see how much sorrow naughty tempers and unkind words and actions may bring us to; for if these children had always remembered to love one another, this dreadful accident would not have happened.

That same evening, when Lizzy's burns had been dressed, and

Lucy and Harry put to bed, their father took Jane and Thomas with him into the parlour, and seating them one on each knee, he asked them to tell him all about this sad affair. Jane was still trembling, and so sorry for the pain her sister was suffering, that when her father asked this question, she burst into tears; but Thomas said, "Why, papa, after mamma and Miss Newton went down stairs, we were very happy for a while; and then nurse said, 'I am going into the laundry for some clean clothes, mind you sit still and are good whilst I am away;' and so we were for a little while; but then—then, papa," said Thomas, hesitating,——"then I said, papa," sobbed Jane, "that I wanted some red paint to paint my doll's cheeks, because all the colour was come off"—"yes, and I said, papa," added Thomas, "that the paints were not hers, and that I should not give her any: so Jane got very angry, and said to Lucy, 'but we will have some, won't we?' and Lucy said yes, and then they both tried to snatch my paint-box from me; but I had hold of it, and the more they pulled the faster I held it; and somehow, oh! papa, we knocked the candle over, and it set fire to Lizzy's pinafore; and then, oh dear, dear! we were so frightened," and at this recollection, Thomas's courage failed, and he, too, began to cry.

Their father pressed them in his arms; and kissing both, said, "My little son and daughter, you are now being taught, by sad and bitter experience, how shocking a thing it is when brothers and sisters do not love one another; what grief and

misery it brings not only on themselves but on their parents, and all who love them. Your dear little sister is now suffering dreadfully in consequence of your unkindness and wilfulness. If you, Thomas, had been good-natured and obliging, or if you, Jane, had been good-tempered and forbearing, all this grief and suffering would not have been brought upon us. God sees that instead of being kind and forbearing, and forgiving to each other, you give way to naughty tempers and angry words; and he has punished you thus severely, to show you the wickedness of such conduct. Let us then, my dear children, pray to him to assist you with his Holy Spirit to overcome your evil hearts, and to enable you to cultivate all sweet and holy dispositions—that you may daily become more like that dear Saviour whose command it was that we should 'love one another.'"

A few days after, little Lizzy was pronounced out of danger. I left Oaklands, (for that was the name of the place where my friends lived,) and eighteen months passed away before I again visited them. Eighteen months—how many changes had taken place in that time! It had been winter when I was last there, now it was summer; but another summer and another winter had come and gone since then. As the carriage drove slowly up the steep hill that led to the house, I had time to admire the thick foliage of the trees on each side of the drive; the roses in full bloom; the sweet mignonette, that spread itself along the ground, filling the air with its fragrance; and the tall white lily, in whose deep cup the bee loves to linger. But the horses

quickened their pace, and soon a turn in the road brought me in sight of the house. There, on the lawn, (with one exception,) were all my little friends and their father and mother. As they caught sight of the carriage, the boys set up a shout, and all ran forward to meet and welcome me; but I could not help noticing, even then, that there was no pushing, no rudeness, but that each gave way to the other. We passed into the pleasant drawing-room, and when tea-time came, the children joined us at the table. Now when I had visited here before they had not been allowed to do so, because they were so rude and disobedient. I think Jane must have seen something like surprise in my face, for looking at me, with a smile, she said, "You see we have tea with papa and mamma now;" and little Harry repeated after her, "Tea with papa and mamma now."

I cannot tell you how pleased I was to see the alteration in these children; they seemed so happy, so gentle and obedient, and children who are gentle and obedient will always be happy. There was however one change that grieved me much. When I had visited Oaklands last, there were five little children; now there were only four. Lucy, merry little Lucy, was dead! She had died in the spring, and the family was still in mourning for her. After tea, their papa and mamma having left the room on some business, the children came round me, and I asked them to tell me about their sister Lucy. "Oh!" said Thomas, "I am glad you wish to hear about her, for we have so much to tell you. You do not know how happy she was; the very last words she said, were, 'Happy! happy!'"

"Yes," said Jane, "it is very different now to what it was that sad time when you were here before, Miss Newton. Oh! I can scarcely bear to think of it; but that dreadful punishment did us good. When we saw how pleasant and good it was to love each other, it made us wish to do so; but sometimes our naughty hearts got the better of us, and then mamma was obliged to separate us. In time, however, we all improved; but Lucy most. Dear sister Lucy, you cannot think, Miss Newton, how good she was; and yet so merry, she could always make us laugh, even when Thomas and I were inclined to be cross and ill-natured. At last the sad time came when she was ill; we were all ill together with the hooping-cough; but Lucy was worst, though she bore it the best. In March, when we had all got well but Lucy, mamma took her to a warmer place, to try if that would do her good; but it was of no use, and Lucy wanted to come home again—she wanted to see us. Oh! Miss Newton, when she came back we scarcely knew her, she was so pale and thin—but she smiled just her own old smile, and then we were sure it was sister Lucy. When she was laid on the sofa, she said to us, 'Are not you glad to see me? I am only come for a little time, so you must love me very much:' and Lizzy said —'Why, Lucy, you are not going away again; mamma says you are come to stay with us?' 'Yes, so I am,' she answered; and again said, 'but for a little time—only a little time.' I saw that mamma was crying, and that papa looked very sad, and I felt so strange, so very strange, that I could not say anything. I could not ask Lucy what she meant; but at last she said to papa, 'Papa,

speak to them, and tell them where I am going; that beautiful country, you know, papa, where

"Sweet fields stand dressed in living green."

"Then papa spoke to us, and he said, 'Lucy is quite right, she is only come here for a little while; our darling Lucy is going to heaven—she is going to her heavenly Father—to Christ, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Lucy is very happy; for she knows that her dear Saviour has washed all her sins away, and that he is going to take her to himself, to be happy for ever and ever; and though we are all grieved to lose her, our sorrow is for ourselves, not for her.' Here Lucy exclaimed—'Yes, papa, yes! I am sorry to leave you and mamma, and brothers and sisters, but then you know, papa, it is only for a little time—you will all come to heaven, won't you? And I shall be there first—you will know me directly; we shall all be together again;' and she was so much in earnest, that she sat up, and her eyes sparkled brightly. Mamma would not let her talk any more that night, but every day she would ask us to sit by her, and talk of heaven. At last one evening, after lying some time in papa's arms asleep, she awoke, and opening her eyes that looked so full of love, she said, very gently, 'Mamma, papa, kiss me—I am going.' They kissed her; we all kissed her; and the only other words she said, were, 'Happy! happy!'"

We were all weeping at Jane's touching account, when her papa came in. He said, "You have been talking of our Lucy:

but we do not generally weep when we talk of Lucy, do we little Harry?"

"No, papa," said the little boy, "Harry go to see Lucy some time." "Yes, my darling," said his papa, "we shall if we love Jesus Christ as much as she did." Then turning to me, he said, "Our children love one another now very much; they love each other here as they hope to do in heaven!" The next day we took a walk to the church-yard, to see Lucy's grave. Many beautiful flowers were growing over it; and Thomas told me that he and his sisters, with their papa's assistance, did everything to it that was necessary: "and see," said he, "next spring this part will be covered with her favourite flower, the snow-drop." I staid a long time with my friends and their children, and every day I loved them better. They are grown up now, and Jane and Thomas have children of their own—but they have never forgotten their first great punishment, and their sister Lucy's death. They love each other dearly now; and are looking forward to the time when they shall all meet together, a happy, loving family, at the Redeemer's feet!

THE DUTIFUL SON.

Some years ago, a man died in a distant land, leaving a wife and several children. They were in humble circumstances, and dependent on their labour for support. The mother was a pious woman, and trained up her children to fear God and honour their parents. She was industrious, and toiled hard, performing severe and menial tasks for the maintenance of her family. As her sons advanced in age, one of them, while quite young, visited one day the grave of his father. As he stood by the grave, and thought of his deceased parent, he remembered how his care and toil had once provided for the family, and that this care and toil now rested upon his widowed mother. He wished that he was a man, that he might fill the place of his father, and be able to assist and relieve his good but burdened mother. The feeling came fresh and glowing in his heart, "O that I could do for the family what my father did, and help my poor mother." This feeling became a purpose.

When he was some years older, having more than usual enterprise and courage, he left his mother, and home, and country, and came to this favoured land, a stranger, and inexperienced, but resolved by economy and industry to make the most of the advantages for business which he found here. When he landed

on our shores, and had paid the expenses of his voyage, he had but a single dollar remaining. He immediately commenced labour, and the very first money he earned and could possibly spare from the most prudent living, he sent across the Atlantic to his mother! Instead of spending it in travelling to see a new country, or in replenishing his scanty wardrobe, or in gratifying many innocent and reasonable wishes, he makes it a token of remembrance of a needy and anxious parent. He was prospered in business, and rapidly accumulated property, till he became a rich man. During all his prosperity he remembered his mother. Liberal sums of money were frequently transmitted to her, to render her lot easy, and to afford her the means of procuring every comfort.

As his riches increased, he built a splendid mansion, and one room in it was specially designed for her, though still beyond the seas. It was delightfully situated on the banks of a pleasant river, in a beautiful village, in one of the finest towns in New England. In due time, with every possible care for her comfort, she was transported, in her old age, to occupy the room prepared for her, and to have around her all her own children, who had leaned on her in the days of her dependence and sorrow in a foreign land. The whole family, except the father, who was left in a foreign grave, were now to live in the same neighbourhood. The venerable mother had long loved no book so much as the Bible, and no place like the house of God. It had through life been her practice to worship God in his sanctuary, and to

relinquish this practice was to give up her dearest privilege in this world.

Though infirm, decrepid, bowed with age, and walking only with the aid of her staff, and with tottering step; though entering a carriage and alighting from it with great difficulty, yet she wished to continue her old custom of attending church. Instead of having this wish slighted as childish and unreasonable, or refused as too troublesome, it was most kindly and uniformly indulged. Her wealthy son personally assisted her to enter and to leave the carriage, and when she entered the church she was supported on one side by his arm, and on the other by her staff, and thus he bore her slowly and patiently the entire length of the aisle to his pew. As the writer has seen them thus enter and advance towards the pulpit, a son honouring and gratifying an aged mother on the verge of the grave, it was always with delight and admiration. It was an example of filial attention to the whole congregation. It said to every one, to the poor and to the rich, *Remember your mother*. It honoured the son more than all his reputation and talents for business, and all his outward marks of prosperity and wealth. And when she died, the same filial attention truly honoured her memory, and planted evergreens around her grave, a just memento of the green and fresh remembrance in which she was held by grateful children. Was not such remembrance of a mother right noble? Does it not honour any man, however exalted in station and character? Then, reader, remember your mother.—*Mother's Magazine.*

THE LITTLE FLOWER GATHERER.

We are about to give a true account of a little girl. The village in which she lived was one of the prettiest to be found in any part of the land. It stood upon a high bank of a pleasant stream, whose sparkling waters ran quickly along till they flowed into a noble river a long way off. There were to be seen on the river side rows of white houses, with neat blooming gardens.

In one of these pretty little houses lived little Jane. Her father had long resided in the village, and was a person who could afford to keep his family in much comfort. Her mother was in bad health, and seldom left the house. There were several brothers and sisters, who were older than Jane; but we are sorry to say, all the family, except her, were vain and worldly. They loved to dress in fine clothes, and to spend all their time in pleasure.

When Jane was about twelve years old, a new clergyman came into the village, who, like a kind shepherd, went to visit all his flock. But, before he could call at all the houses, there came to him, on a bright, summer's afternoon, a little girl, who

very modestly said she wished to speak to him. She was timid, and hardly knew what to say at first. The clergyman saw this, and spoke to her kindly to remove her fears. There was a pleasing look about her face that at once took his attention. It was not beauty, for some people said she was very plain, but she appeared as if she was a serious, yet happy little girl.

"I thought I would call on the new minister, sir," she said.

"And I am glad to see you," said he, taking her gently by the hand.

He then told Jane to sit down, and began to talk with her. His manner was so kind, that she soon felt herself quite at ease while she spoke to him. It was not often she could find one to speak to her about Jesus, whose name she so much loved to hear. He found that she had no teacher, and yet she showed that she knew much of the Bible. She could repeat whole chapters, and in a way that proved she felt their beauty and knew their meaning. She had committed to memory more than one hundred hymns, and could repeat them with feeling. Jane did not make this call on the clergyman to talk about herself, and to tell him how wise and pious she was; but, by his questions and kind manner, he found it all out.

When Jane was at home she was mostly neglected; for they said she was not so good-looking as her brothers and sisters, nor did they care about her joining in any of their pleasures. Yet she was always happy; she knew it would be sinful to murmur or show an angry temper. Her great delight, next to reading

the Bible, was to roam about in search of wild flowers. She was very fond, on her week-day holiday, to stroll in the woods, or the meadows, or along the banks of the stream, in search of her favorite buds and blossoms. Sometimes she would take her food with her, and be absent all day long.

One day, the clergyman was called to bury a child of nearly the same age as Jane. After the burial service was over, he walked into a retired part of the churchyard, to spend a few moments in serious thought. As he returned, he found a young person standing by the newly made grave. He soon saw it was Jane. Taking her by the hand, he began to speak to her about death. "Do you think, sir," she inquired, "that little girl was prepared to die?" "I hope she was," he replied. "I hope so, too," she said: "for it must be a dreadful thing to die without being ready." "It is indeed, Jane; but do you think you are prepared?" She paused for a moment, and then slowly said, "I trust I am, sir; I do not think I am afraid to die." "Why are you not afraid to die, Jane?" "Because, sir," she answered, while a soft smile passed over her face, "I hope I love Jesus."

As the clergyman left her that day, he could not but hope that Jane did indeed love the Saviour; that she had a simple faith and trust in him, which would enable her to meet death whenever she should be called to die.

A few months after this Jane was missing. She had gone, as usual, to gather flowers along the side of the stream. Search was made for her, but in vain. A week passed away, and she did not

return to her home. At last, her body was found, floating in the river. It is thought she must have fallen into the water while trying to reach some pretty flower which grew near the brink, and that there was no one near to save her. As the minister laid her in the grave, he thought of her sweet smile when he last saw her, and of her words, "I do not think I am afraid to die, because I hope I love Jesus."

Young reader! do you love Jesus? Are you ready to die?

SWIFT as my fleeting days decline,
The final hour draws nigh,
When, from the busy scenes of time,
I must retire and die.

O may this solemn thought pervade
And penetrate my soul;
Govern my life through every stage,
And all my powers control.

Lord, draw thy image on my heart,
And show my sins forgiven;
And all that holiness impart
Which fits the soul for heaven.

Then welcome the kind hour of death,
That ends this painful strife;
The hand that stops this mortal breath
Will give eternal life.

THE CONTRAST.

THE school-bell rang at six o'clock, and, awakened by the sound, Annie and Helen sprung out of bed, and quickly began to dress; for their governess was strict in her rules, and all the young ladies were expected to assemble in the school-room upon the second ringing of the bell, at half-past six. Helen had many things to say while they were dressing, about the events of yesterday and the duties of to-day; while Annie, though good-humoured and cheerful, was less talkative, and seemed inclined to indulge in her own quiet thoughts. They were both ready ten minutes before the time; and, sitting down side by side, Annie read a few verses from her little Bible, before they knelt to offer their morning prayer. It was a good habit, learned at home, and which they had both promised their mother should not be lost at school, but a single glance at Helen's listless attitude and wandering eye would have told that, as far as she at least was concerned, there was neither interest nor benefit attending it.

They both knelt down to their prayers, and then, just as the

first clang of the bell reached their ears, Helen opened the room door, and joined two or three other girls on the stairs. Something was said by one of them to excite their laughter as they went down, and, in spite of Annie's gentle caution, they went into the school-room whispering and giggling in the foolish unbecoming manner which their governess highly disapproved. A reproof was the consequence, and then Helen and her fellow-offenders took their seats with sullen looks, as if the governess, and not themselves, had been to blame.

This was a bad beginning of the day; and when lessons had commenced, things did not seem to improve with Helen. Her French exercise was full of mistakes, and the appearance of the book showed that this was no uncommon occurrence. Her copy-book also abounded with blots; and, on this morning, there was one word, and that not a very difficult one, misspelt in every line. Nothing that she did was done well. Her lessons were but half learned: her needle-work was wrong, and had to be picked out; and she had to stay in after school-hours to practise her music over again.

Annie was more successful in the performance of her duties. She found her French exercise very difficult that morning; but she read the rule in her grammar again and again, and pondered over its meaning, until at last a glimpse of light came into her mind, and she began to understand what should be written. When the exercise was examined, it was not free from mistakes; but the teacher said that it was very creditable, and showed

that she had done her best. Her copy was neatly and correctly written. You could not have found an ill-spelt word in the book, while its pages showed the gradual improvement of the writer. Every lesson was well repeated; she made good progress in her needle-work; and was at leisure to stand by and help Helen to count time, while she again went through her half-hour's practice after school.

How was this difference between the two sisters to be accounted for? Simply because Annie was in earnest, in whatever she did or tried to do; while Helen was trifling, inattentive and careless about her own improvement. Annie acted from a principle of duty. She did not read her Bible without trying to obey its precepts; and when she offered her prayers to God, she sought to offer them from her heart. Therefore she listened to instruction, and was diligent in her studies, because it was her desire to do right. She had her toils and trials like other people, for knowledge will not come of itself, without efforts of our own; and every one knows that lessons are troublesome things, which need both thought and patience. Annie had both thought and patience to give. She had also something far better than either —an humble, child-like love for her Saviour, and a desire to overcome all that was wrong in herself, for his sake, and by the help of his grace. This was the secret of Annie's gentleness and humility, of her forbearance with the faults of others, and her endeavours to subdue her own.

I need not further describe the character of Helen. We can

all think of some unfortunate person to whom it applies. But before fixing it upon any one else, stop, reader, for a moment, and make sure that it is not your own. What report could your teachers give of your conduct during the last year? What was your behaviour in school and at home during the last week? How were your first duties performed this morning? Did you read your Bible with attention? Did you offer prayer and thanksgiving with your *heart?* Ah! it is possible that these questions may meet the eyes of some young readers whose Bible still lies unopened, and who do not begin the day with prayer. But it is not too late to form good habits, nor to ask God's blessing upon them. Begin, then, at once; begin to-day. Resolve from this time, to follow the holy example of David, and pray that God would strengthen your resolution, for your Saviour's sake. "O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee." "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up." Days thus begun cannot fail to go on well; for the blessing of God is ever upon those who seek him to keep them in all their ways.

A WORD IN SEASON.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John i. 7.
"In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace."—*Eph.* i. 7.

In the calm evening of a sultry day,
A toil-worn missionary, deep in thought,
With patient step pursued his onward way,
To the dear home his heart so fondly sought.

On the soft balmy air there rose no sound,
And yet he paused; for on the dewy ground
A travel-worn and feeble native lay,
Whose haggard frame and quickly-heaving breath
Foretold too truly the approach of death.

The gentle minister, with looks of love,
Bent in much kindness o'er the dying man,
And strove to lead his wandering thoughts above,
Ere death for ever closed life's little span.
"What is thy hope," he asked, in mildest tone.
"When thou shalt enter on a world unknown?
Oh, will it faithful in the trial prove?"
A bright gleam lighted up that half-closed eye,
And murmuring accents gave this sweet reply:

"The blood of Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Cleanses from every sin!"—The life-blood rushed
From the warm beating heart—The faltering tongue
In death's long silence was that moment hushed.
The missionary paused in solemn awe;
And, as he gazed, a folded paper saw;
Which in that hand, so lifeless now, was crushed;
And found a single tattered leaf which bore
The precious verse those lips could breathe no more.

Ah! that had led the weary soul to Him
Who is the trembling sinner's perfect rest;

And when all earthly hopes were faint and dim,
Had filled with rich abiding peace his breast.
The missionary his lonely path pursued
With feelings of adoring gratitude;
And oft in notes of praise his joy expressed,
That one pure ray of truth, in mercy given,
Had guided that poor wanderer safe to heaven.

THE END.