

THE
YOUTH'S CASKET

OF

GEMS AND PEARLS,

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY THE EDITOR.

A. L. ...

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Sambo held up his book, while he shouted, Joy ! Joy !

See p. 80.

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THE YOUTH'S CASKET.

THE MISSIONARY CHILD.

"I LOVE the missionaries," said Sarah, as she dropped a penny into the family mission-box. "Wouldn't you like to have me be a missionary, mother?"

"If you are prepared, my child," answered the mother.

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A little girl with a basket in her hand came loitering down the road. Her dress was faded and ragged; she had an old black hood on her head which did not hide her tangled hair, and her bare feet were almost black with dirt. Her father was a drunkard, and her mother a sickly, thriftless woman. Nancy was now on her way to school.

"There is a little child that needs a missionary," said Sarah's mother, who sat at the window.

"Who, mother?" asked Sarah, running to look out. "Oh, Nancy?"

"Yes," said her mother. "The poor girl needs the heart of a missionary to love her and to do her good. And a child of pity, and sympathy, and self-denial, would, I think, be the best missionary for her. Children like to learn of each other, and love springs up quick between them."

"Why, she is a very hateful girl," said Sarah; "the worst in the school; nobody can go with her."

"I thought she was in great need," said her mother.

"Could I do anything for her, do you suppose?" asked Sarah.

"Any one who has the heart for it, can do good."

"I am sure I want to do good," said Sarah, as she ran for her sun-bonnet and books. She plucked a branch of roses as she passed through the gate, and then joined Nancy on her way to school.

"Good morning, Nancy," she said, as she came up with her.

Nancy was unused to attention, or even civility, and looked up surprised.

"Isn't it a pleasant morning?" said Sarah.

"Humph! I don't know," said Nancy.

Sarah offered her a fine rose, saying, "See how sweet it is."

Nancy was pleased with it, for there are few children who do not like a sweet-smelling-flower, and whose little hearts do not smile at the sight of one. "Your folks have got a great many roses, haven't they?" she said. "I wish ours had. Once I had a root, and father trod on it, and broke it down."

"My mother will give you plenty of roots in the autumn, if you want them," said Sarah.

"Mother says it's of no use; nothing will grow for us."

"You might have a root in a box, and put it in some place where it would not be disturbed. I'll give you a pretty rose-bush in a box next season, if you'll water it."

"Guess I could do that," said Nancy, smiling and putting back her uncombed locks under her hood.

A beautiful bright-feathered bird sung merrily on a tree by the road side. "See that beautiful bird," exclaimed Sarah. "How lovely everything is!"

"I'll make him fly," said Nancy with a roguish look, as she stooped to pick up a stone.

"Oh don't," said Sarah; "you might kill him."

"No, I won't, but I'll scare the rascal."

"Oh, don't. How can you make him afraid when he is so happy, and sings so sweetly for us? God takes care of every little bird."

"How do you know?" said Nancy.

"Jesus himself said that a sparrow falleth not to the ground without him."

When Sarah entered the school-room, she bade the teacher a pleasant "good morning," and Nancy had already felt enough of good influence to follow her example. "Good morning; I am glad to see you in good time," answered the teacher encouragingly, and Nancy felt a self-respect quite new to her.

At noon she was at some of her old tricks, snatching the girls' bonnets, throwing them in the dirt, and upsetting their dinner-baskets, because they would not play with her; so Sarah left her own quiet play and offered to see-saw with her, to soothe and keep her out of mischief. The other girls wondered at this, not knowing that Sarah had a good thing at heart for her.

After school she said to Nancy, "Come early to school to-morrow, won't you?"

"Why?" Nancy asked.

"I shan't tell you now," said Sarah, laughing.

Nancy's curiosity was excited, and she was early the next day. Sarah was watching for her at her own gate, and was glad to see that her feet had been half washed and her hair half combed. She had one of her own sun-bonnets in readiness, and gave it to her, saying, "Your hood is too warm." Nancy smiled, and handed her a wild flower she had plucked by the way. She had not learned to say "thank you" in words, still her heart could express the new and pleasant feelings of gratitude.

And in such quiet little ways as we have told, Sarah tried to do Nancy good without embarrassing her and giving her pain, and it was not long before she had a strong influence over her. Nancy was one of the poorest scholars in the school. She could not read at all, and was in the lowest class in spelling. She now took a start in learning; and when at her lesson, if she caught Sarah's eye fixed on her with interest, she tried her best.

Sarah knew well that decency of looks, and kindness of man-

ner, and diligence in study, are but little in comparison with true excellence of character and the conversion of the heart to God, and Nancy was very ignorant of God and his requirements.

Sarah wanted her to go to Sabbath-school, but Nancy's mother said "it was too long a walk there for her to go; and she hadn't clothes fit; besides, she wanted her to take care of the children, for Sunday was the only day she got, and more than all, it was no use to go to Sabbath-school." Sarah talked with her mother, and planned to have a little Sabbath-school of her own after chapel, and have Nancy come to it, and bring all her brothers and sisters along with her, so that her mother could not complain. Her own younger brothers and sisters were to make up the school.

So Nancy began to learn of Jesus and his wonderful life, and her heart was melted within her at the story of his love and his death. "Oh, I love him!" was her simple expression, as the tears rolled down her cheeks.

Was not Sarah a missionary child to the poor neglected Nancy? Are there no other missionary children, and is there no work for them to do? Have they looked around to find out the forgotten and the perishing?

THE DISOBEDIENT BOY.

ARCHIBALD ALDAY was the son of a widow—her only child. Though not unkind to his mother in other respects, he sorely afflicted her by making up his mind to go to sea. Yes! though he knew his mother's heart was wrapped up in him, he was set on the sea, and to sea he was determined to go. Not being able to get his mother's consent, he started off one night after she was gone to bed, with his bundle in his hand, and took the road to a seaport town.

It was not long before Archy was received on board the *Mary Anne*. It was all very pleasant to Archy to see the sailors move about the ship, setting and furling the sails; to watch the shining waters of the heaving ocean, and to gaze on the playful porpoises, and the stormy petrels. So long as these things were new to him, and so long as no accidents occurred, he was tolerably happy: but after awhile, the captain, the mate, and even the seamen, treated him roughly.

If Archy Alday had been strengthened by the feeling that he was doing his duty, he might have borne all, and more than all that he endured without a murmur; but conscience made him a

coward. "My son," says the wise man, "hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother." Prov. i. 8. At last a storm arose; it was a dark day for Archy Alday when the thunder rolled awfully, and the lightning flashed fearfully across the big black clouds; for he felt that there was a God in heaven, who knew of his disobedience, and who could bring a heavy punishment down on his head. Often and often the dying words of his old father seemed to ring in his ears: "Stay at home, Archy, and take care of your mother."

The masts began to creak, and the sails were rent by the tempest as it swept over the billows of the raging ocean. Two sailors were blown from the yards, but no help could be given them; another, who had fallen maimed on the deck, was carried below. Suddenly the ship received a stunning blow: she had struck on a rock;—a loud cry was raised by the crew; the vessel had sprung a leak, and the water was fast pouring into her hold.

Soon after this the ship went to pieces, and almost all the seamen perished; but Archy and a few more had got into the boat, where they were tossed about on the heaving ocean for a day and a night, without food, miserably cold, and drenched with rain to the skin. Archy wished a thousand times that he was sitting by the arm-chair of his mother.

The next day the storm abated, and they were picked up by a merchant ship; but he passed through many privations and dangers before he again set his foot in his native land.

With a sorrowful heart he proceeded on his journey to his

mother's cottage. He had thought to find pleasure on shipboard, and to return home laden with gold; but he met with little beside danger and trouble, and was, at last, returning home without shoes or stockings to his feet,

As Archy limped along the rough road, the stones hurt his feet, but his sorrowful thoughts hurt his heart a great deal more. He was a poor prodigal returning home, broken down in his spirit, and bitterly repenting of his evil ways; but he had no forgiving father to run out and fall on his neck and kiss him, and welcome him home, and put a ring on his finger, and feast him with a fatted calf!

When Archy came within a few miles of his native village, the farm-houses, the cottages, and the trees were well known to him. Now and then, too, he saw a labouring man at work in the fields, or met one in the lanes whom he knew; but he himself was so altered, that he passed on without being known.

More than three years had gone by since Archy had stolen away by night from the village where he lived, and since then he had never sent to, nor heard a word of his mother; his heart beat sadly, as, at eventide, he drew near the cottage, hungry and thirsty, and worn with the fatigue of his journey.

He opened the little gate, but it hung only on one rusty hinge. He put his trembling hand on the latch, as the words of his father once more rushed upon his memory. The cottage door was fast, and no one answered his repeated knocks. All was silent as the grave. He went round to the back of the cottage:—

the window was broken, the thatch had fallen in, and the little garden was overrun with weeds. With his heart faint and sinking within him, he turned his back on the cottage, and walked down the village, where he soon learned the pitiful story that his mother, pining for his loss, had dragged on an afflicted life for some time, and then died broken-hearted. Her grave was in the corner of the churchyard, covered with nettles.

Archy put his hands to his face, as well he might, and wept bitterly. Oh, it is a bitter thing for a child to neglect, to disobey, and to dishonour a parent! Archy Alday found it to be so, and so will all those who tread in his guilty steps.



DEVADASAN.

BY MRS. LUKE.

I HAVE seen many people in India who have given up the worship of idols, and yet have not become Christians. They see that it is very foolish to worship images of wood and stone, but they have not learned to worship the only true God. Many of these poor people like to hear what the missionaries have to tell them, and we may hope that since they have cast away their idols, they will be more ready to receive God's word. There are a great many of these people in the Province of Travancore, and they come in large numbers to be taught by the missionaries. Some have believed, and have begun to help the missionaries. I am going to tell you about the conversion of a young Brahmin, who is now one of these helpers. His name is Devadasan, which means, "The Servant of God." Is it not a beautiful name? Would you not, dear children, like to have such a name?

When Devadasan was a little boy, he was taught to worship idols. Almost all his time was taken up in doing things which he thought would please them. He went on pilgrimages to idol

temples. He used to repeat the name of his god Siva six thousand two hundred and fifty times a-day, and that of Rama twelve thousand five hundred times. How much time this must have taken! If you try how many times you can say one name in a minute, then multiply the number by sixty, you will find how many hours every day he must have spent in these vain repetitions. How stupid and tiresome too it must have been! When you learn sweet hymns, and texts out of God's blessed word, be thankful that your tasks are so easy and pleasant, and so different from Devadasan's.

The Brahmins are the priests of India, and are better taught than the rest of the people. As Devadasan was a young Brahmin, he had learned to read and write. A good missionary, who is now in heaven, of the name of Rhenius, wanted some schoolmasters to teach the Hindoo boys in his schools to read the Bible. Devadasan was glad to be one of the schoolmasters, as Mr. Rhenius gave him money for his trouble. Mr. Rhenius used to meet the schoolmasters once a week by themselves, to explain the Bible to them. Devadasan was obliged to go with the other schoolmasters, but he did not like it at all. He tried neither to listen or understand. Of course when Mr. Rhenius asked questions about what he had been saying, he could not tell anything about it. The good missionary said to him, "Your heart is as hard as a pillar of stone." So it must be with you, dear children, too, till the Holy Spirit softens your hard hearts. Your thoughts are about your play, and many foolish things,

when you ought to be praying and listening to God's holy word. You do not attend, and do not understand, because you do not *like* it.

All this while Devadasan was quite satisfied with himself. His mind was dark and his heart hard. One day he was talking to another Brahmin, a friend of his. This Brahmin was an idolator, but he had found out that it was very foolish to repeat the names of his idols so often, and at last he made Devadasan think so too. When Devadasan was convinced that he had made one mistake, he was more ready to listen to reason. He read several Christian books and tracts. He began to understand the scripture lessons which he read to his boys, and the explanations of the missionary. He gave up his sinful and useless heathen prayers, and began to pray to the true God.

Devadasan was still half a heathen. He used to bathe himself as he came back from the weekly lessons, and go home in his wet clothes, for fear he should be polluted by sitting with those of an inferior caste or rank. But often when he was bathing in the river, or kneeling down with his heathen friends, he would be praying to Jehovah. They thought that he was praying to Siva, or Rama, or some other false god.

About this time Devadasan's sister was married, and all the family went to the village where the wedding was to be. He made some excuse for not going. He was so glad to be alone, and to have time to pray, that he spent almost all the time in prayer. He resolved that he would be a Christian; but he had

not yet courage to give up all for Christ. In India they have to give up their dearest relatives when they become Christians.

One day Devadasan went as usual to the school. He was talking to his scholars about their Scripture lessons. His heart was full, and he let out what he had been thinking of for some time, which was to become a Christian. Some of the parents of his scholars were there. The boys cried, and their parents cried, to persuade him not to think of it. He knelt down to pray, and some of the children knelt with him. He prayed much, with many tears. He rose up full of courage. He took the Brahminical cord from his neck, and broke it in pieces. This is a sacred thread which the Brahmins wear. It is the sign of their rank, and of their devotion to their idols. Many would sooner die than part with it. One of his relations came up just at this time, and was very much displeased and grieved. He wept over him as if he had lost an only son, and begged him not to be a Christian. He took one of the threads of his own cord from his neck, and begged Devadasan to put it on. Devadasan did so just to quiet him, though he did not mean to keep it.

It was by this time two o'clock in the morning. Devadasan and his relative and some others lay down to sleep in the bright moonlight. The Hindoos will do anything to keep their relations from becoming Christians. They will carry them off to some distant place, or give them poison to make them mad, or even put them secretly to death, to prevent them from turning

Christians. Devadasan awoke before daylight, and found that his relation's hand was touching his as if to make sure of him. He afterwards found that a message had been sent to his family to take him. He was very much frightened when he felt the hand. He thought some mischief was intended, and he got up and ran as for his life to Mr. Mault, the missionary at Nagercoil. His relations thought that he had gone to bathe, and went the other way to look for him, and so he escaped.

When Devadasan reached Mr. Mault's house, his look was so wild and strange, that Mr. Mault thought he was out of his senses. But he told Mr. Mault all about it. Mr. Mault said, "You are hungry." By the Hindoo law, a Brahmin may not eat in the house of a Christian or an inferior, and perhaps Mr. Mault wanted to try whether he was sincere in wishing to be a Christian. "Whatever you give me I will eat," he said. Mr. Mault gave him some milk and rice, and he ate, and lost caste for ever. It was Sabbath morning, and he went with Mr. Mault to one of his country congregations. As they walked together, he told Mr. Mault all he thought and felt. It was the first time that he had freely talked with a Christian friend.

Next day Devadasan's friends came, and with a great deal of noise, demanded that he should be given up. "There he is," said Mr. Mault. "If he is willing to go with you, he may go, but you shall not take him by force." When they heard that he had eaten rice in that house, they gave him up as one dead, and went away. The next day, his mother and sisters came

crying, and wringing their hands and tearing their hair, but it was all in vain. Devadasan was steadfast.

A short time afterwards he was baptized as a Christian. Mr. Drew, the missionary who sends this account of him, says, that since his baptism, his diligence in studying the Scriptures has been great, and his progress very rapid. He has married a pleasing young person of the lowest caste, a thing which his proud and haughty heathen heart would have scorned to think of. He is now as zealous in serving God as he was in serving idols. He is full of feeling, and never weary of labouring for the gracious Master whom he has chosen.

Mr. Drew concludes his account of Devadasan with this prayer. "The Lord keep him by his own mighty power! The Lord shield him from every dart of Satan! The Lord make him his true and faithful witness in this land of idols!" Dear children, will you not all join in saying, "Amen?"

THE OLD CAP.

“Toss it in the air, sir,” said one; “Hurrah! there it goes!”
“Catch it, Tom, hoist it up again,” said a well dressed boy with a smart new cap.

There were so many boys that I could not for a minute or two distinguish with what they were amusing themselves. At last the wind blew towards me a little cloth cap, not made to be sure in the fashion of this winter, but very neatly repaired, and quite good enough to be worn by any respectable boy.

A little boy ran after the cap and tried to get it from the others. His head was bare, therefore I concluded it was his. “Oh Charles!” said he, “give me my cap—it will be all dirty.” But the reckless Charles answered by kicking it up in the air again, crying out—“Hurrah for the Dutchman’s cap.” This stroke of wit, as they all appeared to think it, caused a loud laugh, and one said he bought it from some Dutchman; “whom did you buy it of, eh?”

The little mortified owner of the cap was at last with difficulty kept from tears, and the *gentlemen* having had enough sport al-



Hurrah! for the Dutchman's Cap.

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lowed him to walk home with it, brushing it as well as he could, and trying to get it in shape again, the tears now and then starting to his eyes, and his face colouring at the recollection of the insulting, unkind treatment he had experienced from his school-fellows.

When this little boy came home I heard him say to his mother—"I cannot wear this cap again." "Why not?" said his mother. "Why the other boys have new caps, and they call mine a Dutchman's cap."

This little boy's mother was obliged to be very economical and saving in his clothing, that she might be enabled to give him a good education, and she said, "I cannot afford to get you a new cap like the other boys—you know we are not rich, like many of them are." "But the boys all laugh at me as I go along the street, and knock my cap off in the dirt, and that makes me feel so, I don't know what to do—Oh! mother, get me a new cap."

"I would if I could," said his mother, "but you know I am poor." She looked sorrowfully at him, and said, "Your school-fellows must be very *unkind* and *thoughtless* children. But though their behaviour discovers ignorance and very foolish pride, you must endeavour to bear it with patience and firmness, and show them by your conduct, that a boy's character is not determined by the shape or quality of his clothes. You need not be ashamed to own that your parents have not much money, and are unable to purchase for you smart and fashionable clothing.

Be ashamed of bad behaviour, and pray to the Lord to give you a new and clean heart, and if you get his favour, the laugh and insult of the world will not give you much uneasiness."

One word to children who behave to their school-fellows as these boys did. A noble, well-bred, especially a *Christian* child will know that dress does not make a gentleman or lady; that as far as this is concerned, they are most respectable who are not meanly ashamed to dress according to their circumstances. A wicked heart and a mean disposition are often found under fashionable clothes. Our Lord Jesus Christ was very poor in outward things, and did not take his rank among the gay and fashionable of the earth, but this did not take from him his real dignity. And sure I am that any child that would be like him, could not be guilty of the unkind behaviour of these children.

UNCLE JERRY'S SCAR.

BY AUNT KATE.

UNCLE Jerry is not an old man, though a few gray hairs have appeared among his once brown locks. He is tall and stout, with fine dark whiskers, and a black eye, that looks as if he might get angry if very much tempted. How he came to be called *Uncle Jerry* by all the children in the place, I do not know, unless it is that he is kind to every one, and has a temper as gentle as a child. He keeps the largest store in the village. In one corner there is a deep drawer which seems almost inexhaustible, so many "penny's worth of candy" come out of it, and what is better than all, the little ones say they "get it for nothing."

Though the children have given Uncle Jerry many a pelting with snow-balls in a winter morning; and sometimes enjoy a ride on his big farm wagon, as he goes to and from the mill, there is one thing they have never ventured to ask him; that is how he got that deep scar on his left cheek. Katy, the baby, sometimes touches it with her tiny finger, but she is too young to

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ask questions. Robert was on the point of asking about it on day, when his mother told him to "run away." As my young friends may be curious to know, I believe I will have to tell the story. When Uncle Jerry was a little boy, he had a *bad temper*. He got angry easily, and did not get over it as soon as he ought. He used to *strike back*, and sometimes pout his lips and say, "I'll pay you for that." His good father and mother were very much grieved, and tried many ways to break his stubborn will, but with little effect. He was a sweet pleasant looking boy, till something made him angry, and then his habit of pouting his lips made him appear quite ugly. He improved very much in this respect after being told by one of his brothers that his "face might freeze in that shape:" still he remained stubborn and passionate.

One Saturday afternoon, his brothers went off fishing, and he was too young to go, left him alone. He played about till he was tired, and then sat down on the back porch to rest. Just then the girl came up with a pail of water, and asked him to move, and let her wash the steps. He changed his seat to one under the kitchen window, and looking up he saw his mother placing some apple pies in the window to cool. "Mamma, please give me a pie," said he. "Not till they are cold, Jerry," she replied. "Please do, mamma, I want a pie now," said he impatiently. "They are just taken from the oven, and would burn you," said his mother, as she walked away, leaving the little boy pouting sulkily. Jerry felt very angry, and said to himself, "The boys have gone and left me, Bidy is cross, and

mamma won't give me anything. It is too bad." At last, finding no one took any notice of him, he started up, saying, "I'll pay them, I'll get the big carving knife, and cut down the corn in the garden." He entered the house, and took a large sharp knife, and ran toward the gate, but before he reached it he stumbled and fell. The knife went into his cheek, cutting it frightfully. The next thing he knew he lay upon his mother's bed, so weak and ill he could hardly speak, and heard his father's voice, saying to his eldest brother Stephen, "How did it happen?" "I don't know, father," said Stephen. "Just as we were getting over the fence in the meadow, we saw Jerry start out of the kitchen door, and when we came into the yard, we found the poor child lying by the garden-gate all bloody, with the large butcher's knife by his side." Jerry was never so frightened before. His face was all bound up with cloths, and the doctor stood by his side feeling his pulse. As soon as he recovered from his fainting fit, the doctor sewed up a long gash on his cheek, and the side of his neck, and told him to keep very still. After it was over, Jerry heard the doctor say to his father, "The poor boy has had a narrow escape, he came very near bleeding to death." How wretchedly he felt when he thought what would have become of him if he had died, and gone to meet his God just as he was, filled with malice and revenge. When his kind mother bent over him, and kissed him, and blessed God for saving her dear boy's life, how unworthy he felt of such tender love. He had to lie still on the bed for a number of days, before he was well enough to play. When he was quite well

again, his mother asked him, "Jerry, what were you doing with the knife the day you were cut?" He hung his head, and buried into tears, told his mother how wicked he had been. She took him on her lap, and told him he could not be thankful enough that he did not die in the midst of his rage. "Never forget the lesson, my dear boy, God has taught you in your young days. The evil spirit which made you start to cut down your father's corn, might in after years have prompted you in an angry moment to take the life of a fellow being, and branded as a murderer."

He needed not a mother's promptings to enforce the sole lesson. It was heeded well. He recovered with a shock scar upon his cheek, but with a reformed temper.

He was seldom again seen to pout his lips, or heard to say "I'll pay you." He is sometimes very much tempted to be angry, and many persons wonder at his Christian calmness under provocation. Some people say the habit he has of stroking his handsome whiskers acts like a charm in cooling his rising temper; but I think that as his hand passes over the scar, he recalls the solemn warning of his childhood, and concludes that "he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

I heard Uncle Jerry say one day, "This scar has been worth a fortune to me." He must mean a fortune of peace and happiness, in loving, and being loved; for Uncle Jerry is not a wealthy man, but one of the best and happiest men I know.
New York Observer.

EARLY LOVE FOR THE BIBLE.

ABOUT twenty years ago, the committee of the Bible Society, at the suggestion of the Rev. Hugh Stowell, unanimously resolved to present to every emancipated negro, capable of reading, a New Testament of a suitable size. A special fund was raised for this purpose, and public meetings were held in many parts of England and Wales in furtherance of this design. On the morning after one of these meetings, at a town where Dr. Steinkopff was the guest of a friend, one of his little daughters, accompanied by two or three of her younger sisters, presented him with a sealed packet, requesting it might not be opened until he should have left the house, saying, "We hope it may be accepted as a small contribution from four little girls, to assist in the supply of the Holy Scriptures to the poor negro children in the West Indies." Her parents had left the room, but there was a gentleman present, who had breakfasted with them—an intimate friend of the family—who listened to the words of the dear child with marked interest. That gentleman was Dr Steinkopff's only companion in a long journey during the rest of the day,

and shortly after taking seats in the coach, the seal of the lit packet was broken, and to his surprise, the doctor found it contained nearly twenty dollars. On his alluding to the scene that had just witnessed, his companion's eyes filled with tears as he said, "Yes, sir, she is indeed an interesting child; but she is much more, for she is a pious Christian." And after a pause he said, with evidently deep feelings, "To that child, sir, I am indebted for all my happiness upon earth, and all my hopes for eternity." He added, that he had been connected in business with her excellent father, but, unlike him, was not a believer in the truths of the Bible, and had made no secret of his unbelief. On one occasion, this dear child, then only nine years old, was present, when her father was endeavouring, but in vain, to convince this gentleman of his fatal error. When the painful conversation ended, and her father had left the room, she asked this gentleman to take a walk with her in the garden; and when no one could overhear them, she inquired whether she might ask him a question. "Certainly," he replied; "any question you please." "Then," said she, "have you ever read the New Testament through with a desire to understand it?" "No," he answered, "I never have." "I thought so," said she; "for I am sure you would not have spoken of it to my father, as you did just now, if you had." And in an earnest manner she added, "Oh! do read it, and do wish to understand." His concluding words were, "My dear sir, that child's entreaties and tears did far more than any argument had ever done; they led me to the Bible, and the Bible led me to my Saviour."

MIZPAH.

“And MIZPAH: for he said, The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.”—Genesis xxxi. 49.

“The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore.”—Psalm cxxi. 5—8.

WHEN far from the hearts where our fondest thoughts centre,
Denied for a time their loved presence to share,
In spirit we meet, when the closet we enter,
And hold sweet communion together in prayer!

Oh! fondly I think, as night's curtains surround them,
The Shepherd of Israel tenderly keeps,
The angels of light are encamping around them,
They are watched by the eye that ne'er slumbers nor sleeps.

When the voice of the morning once more shall awake them,
And summon them forth to the calls of the day,
I will think of that God who will never forsake them,
The Friend ever near, though all else be away.

(29)

Then why should one thought of anxiety seize us,
Though distance divide us from those whom we love ;
They rest in the covenant mercy of Jesus,
Their prayers meet with ours in the mansions above.

Oh, sweet bond of friendship ! whate'er may betide us,
Though on life's stormy billow our barks may be driven
Though distance, or trial, or death may divide us,
Eternal reunion awaits us in heaven !

BETHLEHEM.

BY THE REV. T. W. BROWN, ALVA.

BETHLEHEM is one of the most interesting places in the whole land of Palestine. It is situated about seven or eight miles to the south of Jerusalem. Messrs. Bonar and M'Cheyne, who visited Bethlehem, give the following description of it :—"Bethlehem stands on the top of a hill, on the south side steep and rocky. The white limestone rocks were like marble, and reflected the sun's rays, so as to be very painful to the eyes. They were also so slippery, that we found it safer to go up on foot." Let me tell you some of the events which make Bethlehem interesting.

About a mile and a half to the north is the place where Rachel died and was buried. Jacob and his family were travelling from Bethel, where he had renewed his vow to the Lord, when this sad trial overtook him. No doubt it was for the patriarch's good that God deprived him of his beloved Rachel. Perhaps he loved her too much. God is displeased with us, dear young friends, if we prefer any one else to him (Luke xiv. 26).

Long after this time—when Israel was ruled by judges—women were seen one day to enter Bethlehem. They had a long journey, and would be very tired. One of them was a good deal older than the other, and the people of the town looked as if they knew her. She had lived there before, when she was young and happy. It was Naomi; and her companion was Ruth the Moabitess, who was willing to leave her country and her friends, that she might be with the people of God. Do you admire her choice? Be assured that it is better even to “*suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasure of sin for a season.*” Naomi and Ruth found Bethlehem to be a “house of bread,” for, although Naomi had been compelled to leave it before on account of famine, God now provided for both. (Psa. xxxvii. 3.)

This is the birth-place of David, of whom we are told that God took him from the sheepfolds, and brought him to Jacob his people, and Israel his inheritance. Saul was a good king, and therefore Samuel the prophet was sent to Bethlehem, to anoint one of the sons of Jesse as king in his stead. Samuel did not at first know whom God had chosen. He thought it must be one of the eldest, who were strong and warlike. But they were all passed by. They had not grace in their hearts, and therefore Samuel was directed to anoint David the youngest, who loved the Lord. Remember that God looks into the heart, and is pleased with young people who try to serve him from love. “I love them that love me.” This was a great

for David. He did not long continue to feed sheep on the plains of Bethlehem. He was called away to more stirring and difficult work. Dear children, get your soul safe in Jesus, and then you will be ready to do whatever work the Lord may appoint.

There is one other fact connected with Bethlehem, the most touching of all. Here "the Word was made flesh." The Son of God became the babe of Bethlehem. This was the fulfilment of prophecy (Micah v. 2); and without this, sinners could not have been saved. How ignorant the world was of this great event! The Roman emperor little thought what would follow from his edict; but God was in that decree. "He doeth according to his will among the inhabitants of the earth." Think of the love of Jesus: "he was rich (for he is God), but for our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich;" he came to suffer pain, trouble, death, and the wrath of God, that we might be saved. Well might the angels sing that sweet song in the hearing of the shepherds—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Would you not like to have seen the "child Jesus" in Bethlehem? The shepherds looked on him, as he lay in his rude cradle; and the wise men from the east presented their gifts as if he were a king. Dear children, Christ is a king. He has passed through all his suffering, and is now in glory. You will not see him on earth till he come again, but you may behold him by faith. Oh, if you do not yet know Jesus as a Saviour from sin, do not rest till you can say, "My beloved is mine." In giving your heart

to Christ, you give that which Christ values more than the most costly offerings.

How sad the wailings of the broken-hearted mothers of Bethlehem, as their dear infants were torn from their grasp, and cruelly slain at the command of wicked Herod! But may not indulge the hope, that while their blood was shed (in a sense for Jesus, his blood was shed for them, and they went from a world of sin to a world of glory?)



THE DRUNKARD'S CHILDREN.

WHEN I was a boy and went to school, I used to see, very frequently, a large family of children, whose father was a drunkard. He lived in the house next to the village school-house, and in consequence, the children, though they did not go to school, were often on the play-ground. They commonly formed a group by themselves, and looked on while the boys and girls were at play. They were what are called bright children, but as they were always very ragged, and not always very clean, we did not like to have them play with us. I pitied them, and used to persuade the boys to let them play with us. I could generally succeed when none of the larger school-boys were present. They would seldom give their consent. They were fond of showing their authority over the poor children. I remember one large boy who was always unkind to them. He used always to speak of them as "that old drunkard's children," and would never allow them to join in our amusements. "Why may I not play?" said one of the poor boys to him, with tears in his eyes. "Because your father is a drunkard," was the cruel reply.

"That is not my fault."

"You get out of the way." The poor boy retired to avoid blow.

Shall I tell you what became of this unfeeling tyrant? He became a drunkard himself, and a vagabond. He finally enlisted as a marine, on board a man-of-war.

There was another drunkard who lived near my father's house. His wife was a fine woman, and kept her children neat and clean. I often played with them. Alice, a little girl of about my age, was a beautiful, black-eyed, light-hearted little girl. As she grew older, a shade of sadness stole over her bright countenance. It was in consequence of the unkindness she received at the hand of her father.

Her father was naturally a very kind man. He was possessed of more than ordinary intelligence. His habits when he was married, were good.

A man set up a distillery in the vicinity, and engaged him to make some portions of the machinery which required a good degree of ingenuity. In consequence of his success, his employer authorized him to draw from the whiskey barrel whenever he pleased. He continued to work at the distillery, and in length became a drunkard. When he was sober, he was very kind to his family; when he was drunk, he was very cruel.

When it was about time for him to come home at evening, his children would go and conceal themselves in a little grove by the side of the road, along which he was to pass. Their object was

to "see if father had been drinking." If he was sober, a fact which they could determine as soon as he came near, they would rush out from their hiding-places, and gather round him with expressions of great joy. He would seem very glad to see them, and they would attend him home, rejoicing in the hope of a happy evening.

When they saw he was drunk, they would remain in their hiding-places till he was out of sight, and then, with sad countenances and sadder hearts, would steal home, and avoid his presence—otherwise harsh language and cruel blows would be their portion.

The reader has had no such unhappy experiences. God's providence has spared you from the misery of being a drunkard's son, or a drunkard's daughter. You have, it is probable, never thanked him for it. The poor children I have been telling you about, did not make their fathers drunkards: you did not make your father temperate. So far as you are concerned, it is God who has made you to differ from those children. Be sure and thank him for it. And be sure also to pity the drunkard's children. They need pity. Pity them, and try to make them happy.

CAN'T YOU STOP THE CLOCK?

"FATHER," said a little boy of four years old, "may I go with you to-day in the cars?"

"Yes, Eddy, if you will be at the depot just at three o'clock."

The boy went again to his play. So busy was he in some little work he had on hand for his amusement, and so engrossed in it were his thoughts, that he had quite forgotten his arrangement to meet his father, till the appointed time had almost arrived. As it flashed upon his mind, he instantly left his play, and ran with the greatest haste to his mother, and begged her to put on his apron quick. While making his preparations, the shrill whistle of the approaching engine pierced his ear, and in a moment more the train of cars came rushing by.

The poor child looked disconsolate enough. He walked about a few moments in sadness, then returning to his mother, he anxiously inquired: "Mother, what do folks do when the time has all gone away? How do they get it back? Can't they keep it from going away, mother?"

"No, my son, there is no way to stop it, or to get it back when it is all gone."

"Can't you stop the *clock*, mother?" still more earnestly he inquired.

Now, children, are there any lessons of wisdom we can learn from the troubles of this little boy?

Should we not learn to be *prompt* and *punctual* in meeting all our engagements? When the appointed time is past, it can never be brought back again—it may then be too late to meet the engagement at all. And we may not be the only ones that will have to suffer for our tardiness. All concerned in the engagement may be injured by our fault. Always, then, be prompt in the performance of every duty. Be punctual at the house of God, at the Sabbath and week-day school, and in all your engagements of pleasure or business with others, however trivial they may be.

But there is a more important lesson than this to be learned from this scene in the life of this little child. We, young friends, "cannot keep the time" God has given us, in which to prepare for death and for heaven, from going away. We may stop the clock, but our minutes and hours will continue to fly. And when all our time has gone away, we can never get it back again. No; if it is misspent or neglected, it can never be redeemed. All the duties towards ourselves and others, and towards our Maker, that we have failed to perform, must remain unperformed for ever. If our "time has all gone away," and

we have not repented of sin and become the children of God, it will then be *too late*. The precious opportunity can never be recalled.

Our time will all be gone whenever we are called to die. At death, *time* closes, and eternity begins. And our time may close at any hour or moment. O, then, "remember *now* your Creator." Secure the friendship of God *now*, and become his children. If you neglect this important duty *now*, you may, like that little boy, forget your duty till it is *too late*, and you will then mourn at the last, "O that I had been wise! O, that I had not neglected the things that belonged to my peace! Now the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved!"

MAN'S CHIEF END.

You have learned the catechism through by this time, I suppose; and if I were to ask you the first question, "What is the chief end of man?" you could readily answer, "Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy him for ever." But do you know what is meant by "man's chief end?" Let me tell you.

When I ask, What is man's chief end? I mean what did God make him for? Man was made to do a great many things; but there is one chief or principal thing that he was made for. Suppose you were to go to the railroad, and see standing on the track a great machine on wheels. Suppose you do not know what it is for, and you ask. Some one tells you it is to burn wood in, and to boil water; and he shows you the place where the wood is put in, and where the water goes. You see men loading on the wood, and putting in the water. Yet you are not satisfied. You have found out one end for which the machine was made, but you do not think that can be the chief end. Why so many wheels and cylinders and rods, if it is only to burn

and boil with? You are now told that the machine was made to move back and forth on the track. That is plain; you see the track, and how the wheels fit it. But, by-and-by, you ask again: "Can this be the chief end; why did the maker wish it to go back and forth?" "It was to draw the cars," is the answer. "Do you not see how swiftly it whirls them along?" "But why draw cars?" "That is to carry goods and people travelling to see their friends or to do business." Ah, now you know the real end for which this costly machine was built. It answered several ends; it burned wood and boiled water; it moved on the track; it drew cars along; but, above these, its *chief* end was to carry passengers and goods.

Now, let me ask what you were made for. You have a mouth, tongue, and teeth, all fitted for eating and drinking with—is eating and drinking the end for which you were made? That is one end. But if this were all, why should you be made able to walk, run, talk, and think? Would you say, "I was made also to amuse myself? I eat and drink so as to have strength to play." But do you not think that such a wonderful machine as you are, was made for some higher end than this? The animals can amuse themselves as well as you. A dog, or cat, or monkey, can play and romp with quite as much glee as you can. Perhaps you say, "it was to learn lessons." That is another end; but yet not the highest. Your parents wish you to learn, that you may be the better able to do something else.

But you can do more than learn—you can love. You love

your father, mother, brothers, and sisters, and you can love other people. Why was this power of love given you?

Another question—for whose sake did God decree or determine to create you? Was it for your own sake? That could not be, for then you were not. Was it for your parents' sake? No! neither they nor anybody else had begun to be. It must have been for his own sake—to please himself in some way. Now then, if you can please God in any way, that is what you were made for. That is the chief thing you have to do. That is the highest, noblest, best thing you can do.

Perhaps you say, "How can I do anything for God? I am a little child; and if I were a woman grown, I could do nothing that would be of use to God. He could do everything he wanted without me." Suppose you think of giving your mother a present beautiful and useful. But to get the present you must first get from her the money to buy it with, for you have none of your own. Shall we say—that is no present at all; you make her no richer, and so she might as well buy it herself? Not so. It pleases her more than anything she would buy; for it tells how much her little daughter loves her. It is the love that pleases her. Now, our heavenly Father made us, in order that we might honour and glorify him. We cannot really make him any richer or more glorious than he is; yet, though he would be perfectly happy without our love—though he could easily create other nobler creatures to love him, he is pleased to have us love him and show our love.

If you were to go away from home to live for a while among strangers, would you not gratify your parents by behaving so well as to show that you had been well taught and trained at home? If you behaved so as to be a discredit to them, would they not be displeased? Would it not gratify them to have you speak of them often to your friends with respect and love? And would they not feel hurt, if you should forget all about them, or seem ashamed of them, or speak of them disrespectfully? Our heavenly Father has made us capable of honouring him by doing as he tells us, or dishonouring him by our disobedience. He has given us not only hearts to reverence and love him, but also tongues to speak of him, and tell others how great, and good, and holy he is. "Man's chief end," the end for which God made us, and originally fitted us, "is to glorify God." The Bible says: "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

If you were to make a little clay image, and it did not suit your purpose, you might throw it away, or break it up; but you would not feel offended at it, because it had no soul to know what it was made for. But it is different with us, God's workmanship. God made man able to love, and serve, and honour him, and gave him a soul to know that he *ought* to do this. And so, when, instead of trying to glorify God, we sin against him, he is offended and punishes. We all deserve punishment, because we do not serve the end for which we were made—we do not all the time glorify God. And we should all be punished, but that

Christ is sent to die for us, and the Holy Spirit is sent to change our hearts. Would you not like to have Christ for *your* Saviour? Ask him, then, to save you from the punishment due for not glorifying God, and from the sin of not glorifying him hereafter. Try to glorify him while you live, and when you die he will enable you to glorify him perfectly and always. If you glorify him, you will also enjoy him.

JERUSALEM.

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!"
—Luke xiii. 34.

"Thou shalt no more be termed forsaken."—Isaiah lxii. 4.

"Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem."—
Isaiah lii. 9.

TELL me, O thou captive daughter,
Why this sackcloth on thy brow?
Why thy children given to slaughter,
Made in servitude to bow?
Heaven proclaims the awful story,
"She has slain the Lord of Glory!"

She who once in peerless splendour,
'Mid the kingdoms sat enthroned;
Alien now, without defender,
Scorned, rejected, and disowned!
Nations! read the thrilling story—
Lest ye scorn the Lord of Glory!



JERUSALEM.

See p. 46.

Zion ! shall there then be spoken
 “Glorious things of thee” no more ?
Does thy God—thy ramparts broken
 Still forbid thee to restore ?
 Go, and wail with tears the story,
 How ye slew the Lord of Glory !

Lord ! make bare thine arm to save her,
 Let her exiles cease to roam,
Let the promised time to favour,
 Yea, the set time, let it come !
 Heralds ! spread the joyful story,
 Judah *owns* the Lord of Glory !

Rise ! ye prostrate sons of Salem !
 God once more is on your side ;
Weeping aliens ! come, and hail him
 Whom your fathers crucified.
 Teach a wondering world the story,
 How ye *love* the Lord of Glory !

WHO LIT THE LAMPS?

UPON the rocky coast of Cornwall, there stood some years ago, and may be standing yet, an old-fashioned light-house. It was placed amid some very dangerous rocks, and was found a great blessing to the mariners frequenting that coast, in directing them in dark and stormy nights. Many were the shipwrecks it prevented, and many the blessings that were breathed forth to heaven by the sailors for its guiding and cheering light.

You would have thought that everybody would have been glad that that light-house stood upon these rocks, and rejoiced in the good it did. But they did not.

There was a set of wicked men who looked upon that light-house with very angry eyes, and often wished some storm would come and sweep it quite away. They longed to see the vessels wrecked, that they might gather some of the spoil that came from their destruction; and they therefore hated the light-house that thus deprived them of their treasures. These wicked men were called "wreckers;" and when stormy nights came on, they might be seen looking out for their prey, and even kindling large

lights upon the shore to deceive the ships, lead them out of the way, and get them dashed to pieces on the rocks.

Still the light-house stood, watched over and kept by the merciful eye and arm of a kind protecting God.

It was inhabited, at the time I am writing about, by a good man and his little girl; and it is about this little girl my story must be told. She had had a very pious mother, who, as she died, had given her holy counsels, and left her a large favourite Bible as her property. You may be sure the last words of her dear mother were not soon forgotten; while the Bible she had left was looked upon with no little reverence and love.

The light-house was so placed upon the rocks that, at low water, when the tide was out, you could walk from it to the shore; but at high water nobody could get to it, as no boat could ride in safety among the breakers and the rocks. All the food the inmates needed and other things they used, were thus brought to them, or fetched by them at low water, and the good man of the light-house had often to go on shore for them. One day he had gone as usual, leaving his little girl alone in the light-house, when some of the "wreckers" seized him, and determined to prevent his going back to light his lamps, in the hope that some ship would thus be wrecked. The poor man was in great distress when he found he was the prisoner of these wicked men, and begged hard to be allowed to return. But in vain; there they kept him till long after the tide came in, and the dark night had gathered, and it became impossible for him to return.

At last they let him go, and he stood upon the shore in great distress. The night was gradually becoming a very stormy one. The wild winds roared furiously. The rain fell in torrents. The lightning flashed. The thunder rolled terrifically. The sea dashed furiously around the light-house, sometimes covering it entirely with its waves. What was he to do? The lantern at the top of his house was yet all dark. He could see some ships in the distance, and he trembled lest they should be wrecked for want of his lamps being lighted. He knew his little girl was all alone, and too little to do anything to help the difficulty, so there he stood in deep distress, while around him were the savage wreckers, glorying in the success of their wicked scheme, and looking for a large booty by the morning, when, all of a sudden, the lantern of the light-house was lighted up, and its bright and glowing rays shot far across the dark and troubled sea. The wreckers were filled with astonishment and anger as they saw it. The sailors, far off in the ships, were delighted as they caught its beams; and the good man himself was overcome with surprise and joy, while he exclaimed, "Who has lit the lamps?"

* * * * *

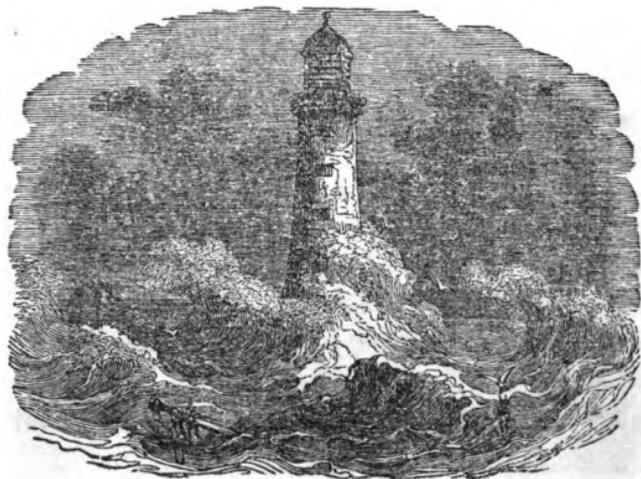
Very distressed indeed was the little girl when she found her father did not return as she had expected. She watched the tide come rolling up and covering the rocks, so cutting off all the way to shore. She heard the wind get up, and trembled as she felt it rock the light-house. She noticed the dark night

setting in, and saw the storm beginning to rise. She looked out, and there she caught a glimpse of the ships in the distance, and knew if the lamps were not lighted they would probably be wrecked, and in her distress she began to think what she could do. At last a text of Scripture, one of her mother's last words, came into her mind; "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." So down she knelt, and prayed earnestly to God to help her in her trouble, and, rising, walked up into the lantern at the top of the tower to see if she could light the lamps herself. She saw the long stick with which her father lit them, but she was far too little to reach them. Down stairs accordingly she went, and, with great labour, dragged up a table, and climbed on to it, and tried again, but still she could not reach the lamps. Down again she went to seek for something more to stand on, when her eye fell on her mother's large Bible, which she carried up with great labour into the lantern, and laid it on the table. But now she thought perhaps it would be wrong to stand upon the Bible she so much revered, and she paused a little before she did it, and to pray for God to help her to light the lamps. Then climbing up, she stood tiptoe on the book, and to her joy found she could just reach the lamps. In a minute all the lamps were lighted, and the lantern blazed out, to the joy of the sailors in the ships, the surprise and gladness of her father, and the shame and disappointment of the wicked wreckers on the shore.

Such is my little story. It is quite true; and as I have told

it to you, I have been thinking of other mariners and other wreckers than those on the coast of Cornwall. I have been thinking of a world of people all in danger of missing their way, and being for ever ruined by the results of folly and of sin. I have thought of wreckers in the shape of wicked men and youths, who would fain blight and destroy those by whom they are surrounded. And I have thought of the Church of God, with the light of truth, and the means of presenting the way of peace and safety in her possession, as a light-house for the world, in which even a child may help to kindle the lamps, and save some poor voyager for eternity from destruction and from woe.

Look round you, dear child, and see if you cannot light some lamp of truth and love, which shall help to save and bless your fellow-men.



THE HONEY-BIRD.

How pleasant it is to stand in a garden and watch a hive of bees! See how they come home laden with golden treasure, to make the golden honey! And how busy they are—in and out, in and out, all day long. Ah! many lessons are to be learned from a hive of bees. Perhaps industry and order are the chief.

But, besides the garden bees, there are wild bees, which also make beautiful honey. In some countries there are many more than in others. The land of Canaan was said to be “a land flowing with milk and honey.” It was so called, not only because there was abundance of all good things in it, but because there was really much honey. You may often see it referred to in the Bible. Among the good things that the Lord gave the children of Israel, you find it said, Deut. xxxii. 13, that “he made them to suck honey out of the rock.” So in Psalm lxxxii. 13, 16—“Oh that my people had hearkened unto me . . . with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee.” And in Jer. xli. 8—“We have treasures in the field, of . . . honey.” Besides, you know that a swarm of bees made their nest in the carcass of the lion that Samson slew. And the meat of John the Baptist was “locusts and wild honey.”

● “But what about the honey-bird?” you say. We are coming to that now. In Africa wild bees are very plentiful, and as

much as twenty pounds of honey is sometimes taken from one of their nests. And besides the bees, there is a little bird that is very fond of the honey they make. But he cannot get at it, for the bees would most likely sting him to death. So, what does he do? When he has found a nest, he flies away to the first man he can find, and makes a twittering noise to attract his attention. The man knows very well what it means, and away he goes after the bird. Twitter, twitter, on it flies, looking back every now and then to see if the man is following. When it arrives at the nest, which is perhaps in some bank or rock, it pecks about it to show the man exactly where it is, and then quietly perches somewhere near, waiting for a share of the honey when dug out by the man. Sometimes it will take him to another nest at once, or even a third.

But truth compels us to say that the little African honey-bird is sometimes a great cheat. He does not always lead his follower to a nest of nice honey. Sometimes he entices him to the den of a lion, or the cave of a panther. A gentleman who was hunting in Africa, was brought by a honey-bird to an enormous crocodile—so big, that the monster was on the look-out for some buffaloes that were coming to drink. "Better be without honey," thought he, "than be made meat for a crocodile."

Do you know that there are honey-birds in our country? There are—both good and useful honey-birds, and often bad and cheating honey-birds. For instance—has a schoolfellow ever on a Sabbath said to you, "Come, let's have a good game in the fields, instead of going to school?" Perhaps you like the play

better than the school, and are half inclined to go. Ah! he's only a cheating honey-bird. He promises pleasure, but it will turn to pain.

Or has a companion wanted you to lie, or steal, promising that you shall gain some good by it? He's a cheating honey-bird. He promises good but evil *must* follow. "Lying lips are abomination to the Lord: but they that deal truly are his delight." "Be sure your sin will find you out," if you take that which does not belong to you; and Jeremiah says, "The thief is ashamed when he is found."

But we have good and useful honey-birds also. They, too, like the little birds in Africa, try to guide the poor Africans to the honey in the rock—not to the honey which we take into our mouths and eat, but to that which is far sweeter, and upon which every soul must feed, by faith, if they would be happy, and live for ever. We trust that all our young readers know what we mean when we speak in this way. They surely know that Christ is the true honey—"sweeter than honey and the honey-comb"—and that he also is the true "Rock," where alone this honey is to be found

In order to know how *very* sweet it is, we must taste it ourselves: we mean by that, that we must so trust in Jesus to save our souls, as to love him for so doing, and to find our happiness in serving him; and then we shall be anxious that others should taste its sweetness also. Then we shall be honey-birds indeed—good and useful ones—guiding poor lost souls to Christ, the Rock, that they may be happy in him for ever!

SO HARD TO BE GOOD.

TOMMY WILSON came home one day with tears in his eyes; he ran and laid his head in his mother's lap and sobbed aloud. She pushed the curls back from his forehead, kissed him, and said, "What is the matter, my son?"

"O ma," he answered, "it's so hard to be good."

"What makes you think so, Tommy?"

"Why, you know, mamma, yesterday was Sabbath, and you talked to me in the evening about having a new heart, and told me that I must pray to God, and he would give me one, and that then I would love every body, and always feel happy, and not be afraid to die. And I thought that I would like to have such a heart; and I prayed when I went to bed, and kept thinking about it until I fell asleep, and as soon as I woke in the morning, I remembered about it, and prayed again; and it seemed to me as if I had a new heart—I felt so happy; and when I went to school I tried to be kind to all the boys, and learn my lessons well, and to be good. But this noon George Johnston snatched my ball, and I got angry and called him a

thief. And when we were playing, Charley Smith struck me, and before I thought, I struck him back again. And coming home this afternoon, James Lewis called me a coward, and I called him a liar. And so, ma, I keep forgetting and doing wrong, and no matter how hard I try, I can't be good. It is so easy to get angry, and bad words come out so quick. What's the reason, ma, that we can't be good when we want to be?"

Mrs. Wilson thought a minute, and then said: "Do you remember, Tommy, riding down hill on your sled, last winter?"

"O yes, mamma, the hill was covered with snow, and it was beat down until it was almost as smooth as ice; and we went down so fast that it almost took away my breath!"

"Well, my son, but did you go up as fast?"

"O no, ma! It was slow, hard work getting up. We would slip at almost every step, and we could'nt go up at all in the place where we slid down, but had to go around to the other side, where the snow was not worn so smooth and slippery!"

"Then it was easier to go down than to go up, was it?"

"O yes, it's always so with hills."

"And the oftener you went down on your sled, the smoother the snow got, and the faster you could go?" "Yes, mamma."

"Well, Tommy, when God made Adam and Eve, and put them in the garden, it was as easy for them to do right as to do wrong. It was like walking on level ground; they could go one way as well as the other. But they chose to do wrong, and ever since then the world has been like the side of a mountain.

It is up-hill toward heaven, and it is down-hill toward hell. I cannot tell you, my son, why it is so, any more than I can tell you why God made a hill out there instead of a level plain; but everybody finds it so. And then by doing wrong, we make the down-hill more and more slippery all the time. Our evil habits are like your sleds; they smooth the way so that we go faster and faster. It's hard work even to stop doing wrong, just as hard as for you to stop your sled when half way down, and going like a race horse. And it is still harder to go up. We are all the time slipping back. We find our old habits tripping us up at every step!"

"Then, ma, we might as well give up trying," said Tommy, in a sad and bitter tone.

"Did my little boy say so last winter, when he was climbing up the hill to ride down on his sled? He slipped a great many times, and once or twice fell quite down in the snow; but he scrambled up again, and kept on trying because he wanted to have the pleasure of riding down so swiftly over the smooth snow. Will Tommy care more for a few minutes' sport than for being good and going to heaven?"

Tommy felt ashamed of what he had said. He laid his head in his mother's lap, and what his thoughts were I cannot tell. But after awhile he looked up, as earnest as a hero, and said:

"Ma, I've been a foolish boy. I thought I could be good right off, and with hardly any trouble. But I see now that it is not so, and I mean to try with all my might; and I know,

ma, that I shall be happier even while I am trying; and God will help me, won't he, ma?"

"Yes, my son, if you are humble and don't think that you can be good of yourself without his help. You have learned to-day how weak your own strength is; and I hope that you will pray every day, and often every day, for God to watch over you and keep you from falling, and raise you up when you fall. And that you will watch yourself, my dear boy, and try to overcome all your wicked habits, and remember what a downhill, slippery world this is, and that we must expect hard work in getting through it to heaven; but that heaven will be worth all the efforts of a thousand such lives as this!"

And Tommy followed his mother's advice, and he is now a good man. He says he often remembers that Monday, when he thought it was so hard to be good, and the hill, and the snow, and the sled; and he hopes that the story will lead some little boy who reads it, to quit slipping down, and try to climb up, and persevere, and pray to God.

G E N N E S A R E T .

“ And, behold, there arose a great tempest in the sea, insomuch that the ship was covered with the waves : but he was asleep. And the disciples came to him and awoke him, saying, Lord, save us : we perish. Then he arose, and rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm.”—Matthew viii. 24—26.

ON the lone bosom of a lake
Contending surges fiercely met ;
“ Be still ”—’twas thus the Saviour spake,
And thou wast calm—Gennesaret !

Whene’er with sad forebodings filled,
When guilty fears my bosom fret,
I’ll turn to Him who gently stilled
Thy raging waves—Gennesaret !

I’ll think of that more fearful storm,
When wrathful thunders fiercely met
Around the cross of Him whose form
Moved ’mid thy waves—Gennesaret !!

(60)

When quivering lip, and eye-ball dim,
Proclaim life's sun about to set,
I'll lean upon the arm of Him
Who stilled thy waves—Gennesaret !

Safe landed on that heavenly shore,
My heart shall have but one regret,
That here I did not love Him more,
Who walked thy waves—Gennesaret !

Lord ! let thy love my bosom fill,
While tossed on life's rough surges yet ;
Speak thine own mandate—" Peace, be still !"
Which calmed of old Gennesaret.

TEMPTATION.



JAMES was slowly walking to school, one fine summer morning, when looking over the fence of old Mr. L.'s orchard, he saw a fine plum tree, loaded with bright red fruit. He laid down his book, looked first one way and then another, to see if anybody was coming, and then placing his feet on a high rock began to make preparations for climbing the fence. "I'll just go and see if there is any on the ground," thought he: "that will not be stealing. I know it would be wrong to take them off the tree. But I only want a taste, they look so red and ripe. Now if James thought he was doing nothing wrong, why was he afraid of being seen?"

After scratching his hand, and soiling his clean clothes, James found himself on the other side of the fence, safe in the orchard. Once more he looked to see if anybody was coming, and then ran off as fast as possible towards the plum tree, which stood at some distance. But while running with all possible speed, it being past school-time, he hit his foot against a stone, and fell headlong. James was now on the point of crying aloud, the pain in his foot was so great; but then he remembered that

somebody might hear him, and come to his assistance, and perhaps ask him how he came there. After recovering in some measure from his fall, he began to think of his good mother, who had dressed him that morning, so neat and clean; who twice had heard him say over all his geography lessons, in order that he might be fully prepared at his class, and had charged him not to stop on the way and be late at school. Now he was a miserable dirty boy, afraid to see his mother, and ashamed to go to school. He however resolved, notwithstanding the pain in his foot, to go now immediately to school, and never be guilty of taking even a red plum that did not belong to him. But just now glancing at the sleeve of his jacket, he perceived a large rent in it, so that he was not fit to be seen at school. "Oh! that fence!" thought he, "if I had never got over that fence, I should not have got my clean clothes all torn and dirty. What shall I do? What shall I tell my mother?" James hesitated a moment, and then, like a wise boy, concluded to go immediately home, and confess the whole. So he took up his book, and with a heavy heart, slowly retraced his steps.

On his way he met Mr. L——, the owner of the orchard, who was a kind old gentleman, and had often patted James on the head, and called him a good boy. The moment James saw him, he crossed over to the other side of the road, and quickly passed him without raising his head.

On arriving at home, he told his mother the whole story. She felt very sorry to hear such an account from her son, in whom she had always placed so much confidence.

“James,” said she, as she was preparing to mend the rent in his sleeve, “how often do you think you have repeated the words, ‘Lead us not into temptation?’”

“Oh! mother,” exclaimed James, “a great many times, ever since I was a little boy.”

“Did you ever exactly understand the words?”

“I understand now that those bright red plums tempted me to steal. I never will be tempted by them again. I’ll go to school on the other side of the road.”

“Ah, my child, you will be often led into temptation, unless you sincerely ask to be delivered. Have you kept that paper safe that I gave you the other day?”

“Yes, here it is,” said James, drawing it from his pocket. “You see that I spoke cross to George three times yesterday, and once to-day. I know I have kept a right account.”

“You are making a gradual improvement, I hope, in the government of your temper.”

“O, but I wanted to speak cross to him a good many times this morning, when he tore my map. I was really angry. I think I should have struck him, but just then I remembered the paper.”

“Then it seems that once to-day you have successfully resisted temptation. You refrained from speaking cross when you felt cross. Now you will have to go on resisting temptation as long as you live; therefore, I want you to begin while you are young. You must resist the temptation to strike your brother

when he does wrong, and resist the temptation to taste red plums that do not belong to you.

“You cannot always fly from temptation, but you must learn to resist it. I do not wish you to go on the other side of the road to school. I wish you to be able to see red plums without feeling any inclination to taste them.”

5

THE AYAH.

A YOUNG girl, some years ago, playing near her father's house, in the village of Nepal, was by some heartless persons seized, brought to Calcutta, and sold for a slave. The providence of God so ordered it, that she came into the possession of a kind mistress, who brought her up as her Ayah, or nurse, and who afterwards granted her her liberty. In the capacity of an Ayah, she has since attended several ladies, but none ever took the trouble to teach her the way of salvation; consequently, she grew up in ignorance, adopted the Mussulman habits, and altogether lived as a Mahommedan. But at length her conscience began to trouble her; she felt exceedingly uneasy in her mind, but was unconscious of the cause. She then entered the service of the lady with whom she is now living, and made known to her the state of her mind. This lady taught the poor woman the Lord's prayer in English; and, knowing no better, without understanding a word of what she said, she endeavoured to satisfy her mind with constantly repeating this form of prayer.

She now, however, began to feel herself a lost sinner in the sight of God, and in want of a Saviour. The poor woman knew not where to go for advice. But God had provided means for accomplishing his purpose of mercy towards this lost sheep.

One day a beggar went to the door of her mistress's house, to solicit alms; the Ayah entered into conversation with him, not about the trifles which generally form the subject of their conversation, but about the salvation of the soul. "Oh," said the man, "I have heard about that before." "Where?" said the woman. "At a house in Durrumtella, where the beggars receive a weekly supply of rice, and a man comes and preaches to us about our souls, and about salvation by Jesus Christ. "About Jesus Christ, did you say?" the Ayah replied; "where is that man to be found? I will go to him at once; if salvation is to be obtained by Jesus Christ, it is just what I want. I will go, and perhaps he will tell me how to find Jesus Christ." The man told her where he lived, and that he was one of the native Catechists, Narapot Christian. The poor girl went immediately in search of the man who could direct her to Jesus. She came to his house, told him her history, her hopes and fears, and begged advice. He directed her to the "Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world;" explained the mysteries of redemption, that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them."

Her mind now became easy; she found she had laid hold of a hope which was an anchor of the soul, both sure and stead-

fast, and which entereth into that within the veil. She felt, although she was a great sinner, she could rejoice in God her Saviour. From this time she eagerly attended divine service on the Sabbath afternoon, and occasionally received private instruction from some kind friends. She was desirous of being baptized immediately, but the missionary, anxious to know more of her character, delayed it a considerable time. She was at length baptized one Sabbath afternoon, by the name of Mary

WHAT IS RAIN?

THE Rev. Dr. Duff has established a large school in Calcutta, where the Hindoo youth are taught the English language and science, on Christian principles. The following is a specimen of the mode of instruction, showing how true science is made a means of convincing the heathen of the falsity of their religious system, and leading them to a knowledge of the true God.

What is rain? "Water from the sky." Has it been produced by the sky itself? "No!" How has it been formed? "Oh!" says one, with the characteristic smartness of the Hindoo youth, "Do you not know yourself?" I think I do; but my present object is to find out whether you know it. "Well," replies another, with an air of manifest satisfaction, "I'll tell you—it is squirted from the trunk of Indra's elephant!" Indeed: that is a new theory of the origin of rain, which I did not know before, and I should now like to know on what evidence it is founded. "All I can say about it is, my Guru* told me so." But your Guru must have some reason for telling you so. Did he ever see the elephant himself? "Oh, no! the

* *Guru* or *Gooroo* is a Hindoo religious teacher.

elephant is wrapped up in the cloud, as in a covering, and no one can see it with his own eyes." How, then, came the Guru to know that the elephant was there at all? "To be sure, because the Shastra says so." Now I understand the matter. You say the rain comes from the trunk of an elephant, simply because the Guru has told you that this account is contained in the Shastra. "Certainly; for though I have never seen it with my own eyes, yet I believe it is there, because the Guru has told me that the Shastra says so; and what the Shastra says must be true." Your Guru has taught you a very different theory from that which my Guru taught me in Scotland. Would you like to hear it, and compare the two together? "Nothing would delight us more," reply several voices. In boiling your rice, what rises from the vessel? "Smoke—vapor." When a dry lid is held over it, what effect is produced? "It gets wet." What makes it wet? "The smoke or vapor." True: and when it gets very, very wet, does all the vapor continue to stick to it? "No; it falls in drops." Very good. What, then, would you say of the vapor itself? Is it dry or wet? "Wet, sure enough." Whence, then, does the wet vapor proceed? "It can only be from the water in the vessel." Is the vapor a different kind of substance from the water? "No." Why do you think so? "Because, when it gathers on the lid, it turns to water again." So you conclude that the vapor is just a part of the water in the vessel? "Yes." What drives it off, then, from the rest, and makes it fly into the air? "It is nature to do so." Think a moment: when you hold a

cup of cold water in your hand, do you see the vapor arising from it? "No." What, then, makes the difference between the drinking water in your cup, and the water that boils the rice? "The one is cold and the other is warm." What makes it warm? "The fire." So it is from water warmed by the fire that you see the vapor ascend, and not from the cold. What must you infer from this? "That it is the fire which, in making the water warm, makes it go into vapor." After a heavy fall of rain on the heated ground, when the sun shines out strongly in the morning, what do you see? "Great vapors or mists." Where do they come from? "From the wet ground." Where do they go to? "Up to the sky." Is it warm or cold up in the sky? "Very cold, high up, so that the fakirs say the water grows hard in the Himaylay at the source of Ganga." When the vapors from the wet ground rise up to this cold place in the sky, what will become of them? "Perhaps they will form into drops, as the vapors from the boiling rice do upon the lid of the vessel." When a great many drops gather together, will they stay up in the sky always? "No; they will fall down." And when a great many drops of water fall down from the sky, what is it? "Rain, to be sure." Well, that is the theory of the origin of rain which I once learned from my Guru in Scotland. "How natural!"—"How like the truth!" "Surely it is true." "Ah! Ah! what have I been thinking? If your account be the true one, what becomes of our Shastra? *Then our Shastra must be false. Our Shastra must either be not from God, or God must have written lies.*"

POOR ZEKE; OR, LET HIM PRAY.

IN a wild, sequestered place, quite away from the bounds of my congregation, there lived a very wicked family—a father, mother, two brothers, and three sisters. None of them attended any place of worship. One of the brothers was wanting in common sense. His name was Ezekiel. As he was not supposed to have mind enough to be put to any work, he used to stroll away, and be gone sometimes several days.

One day as I was preaching on the pity Jesus has for poor sinners, I observed “poor Zeke” looking me in the face; and every time I said Jesus pitied poor sinners, the tears would start from his eyes. As there was more than usual attention to religion, we had meetings often; and whether it was a lecture or a prayer meeting “poor Zeke” was sure to be there. At length I asked him if he loved Jesus, and he answered, “Yes.” “Why do you love Jesus?” said I. “Oh, ’cause he love poor, wicked Zeke so.” “Have you been wicked?” “Yes, I *full, full* of wicked.” “Do you pray?” said I. “Oh, yes.” “What do

you say when you pray?" "I say, *Oh, my Jesus, pity poor Zeke. Oh, take all my wicked away.*"

After a while he went home. His appearance was changed. He had lost his seeming vacancy of look and thought. But he dare not pray in the house, for all were full of fun and noise. So he went to the barn, and there he fell on his knees and uttered his broken prayer to Him who "hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the mighty." His brother, going to the barn, heard him crying to God so fervently that it alarmed him. He went in and told his father, with an oath, that Zeke was in the barn, praying. At this, his father ran to the barn, and listened, and found the boy indeed at prayer. He went in and spoke to him; but he "cried so much the more a great deal." "Stop your noise, Zeke!" cried his angry father, but he kept on. So they took hold of him and got him into the house, in hopes of quieting him.

They asked him where he had been, and how he came to feel so. He told them a very rational story about it. But the more he talked, the more his father scolded. His father tried to silence him; but his mother loved her poor boy, and begged them to let him pray.

When he had arisen from prayer, his mother said, "It is high time we all prayed. Ezekiel, will you pray for your mother?" "Oh, yes," he said; and down again he went on his knees, and his mother with him. Not many days after, she too was full of joy at the thought of Jesus' dying pity. By this time, the

brother who had first heard him pray was sobbing out, "What shall I do?" Poor Zeke said, "Go to Jesus." Then Zeke and his mother prayed for him, and he too found his distress giving way to unspeakable joy. Then there were three to pray for a hardened husband and an unfeeling father. He fought and ridiculed until their three daughters were added unto the Lord. This made five who had now joined Ezekiel and embraced his religion.

At last his father saw himself alone. His heart broke; he wept like a child. He went to his son and confessed his sin in opposing him and got him to pray for him. His burden was removed; he rejoiced in God. He erected the family altar; and it was a solemn sight to see seven persons who had a few weeks before been profane and careless, now all brought over from the service of Satan to the service of the Lord. And it was a joyful day when poor Zeke, with his father, and mother, brothers, and sisters, united with God's people, and came together to the communion.

Reflect, that if a poor, ignorant, and foolish child, under God, can do so much good, what a solemn account must they have to render at last, who, having talent, yet often shrink at the cross, and let sinners perish.

THE CHILD MISSIONARY.

“ANNIE, dear,” said Mrs. H—— to her little daughter, “Would you like to be a missionary?” “Mamma, to the heathen? O no, I should not like that at all.” “Why not, Annie?” “O, mamma, I never could make up my mind to go far away over the wide, deep sea, and leave you and my brothers. I often wonder how people ever got to be good enough to go and be missionaries to the heathen.” “Where are the heathen, Annie?” “O, they are in India and China and Africa, and the islands of the sea,” she answered. “Who are the heathen, my daughter?” “They are the people who have no knowledge of the true God, mamma.”

“Annie, did you see the little beggar girl who came here this morning?” “Yes, mamma.” “When I went down to speak to her,” said Mrs. H——, “I asked her if she had ever been to Sabbath-school; she said, ‘No.’ I asked her who made her, and she said she did not know; and when I asked her if she had ever heard of God, she answered, ‘No.’ Now here is a

little heathen at our door, and I propose that you shall be a little missionary to her." "How, mamma?" "I have proposed to this poor, ignorant child to come here to-morrow morning, and every morning, to be instructed in the knowledge of God, besides which she has promised me that she will regularly attend Sabbath-school. She seems a bright, intelligent child, and was pleased with the idea of gaining instruction; and you shall read to her every morning from the Bible, if you please." "O mamma, I should like to be such a missionary as that," exclaimed Annie.

It was a beautiful sight to see that little missionary seated on her low chair, with the large Bible open across her knee, and the little learner on another low chair near her; her eager, bright eyes gazing into the face of her young teacher, who read slowly, and in her sweet voice, the story of the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem, of the life of the Man of sorrows, and of the death of a crucified Saviour. These stories are so familiar to us that we do not always feel their beauty; but to this poor little ignorant one, they came with all the freshness of a first hearing.

Annie is thus sowing seed which may spring up into everlasting life. And even if the poor child to whom she reads is not made better by her instructions, a blessing may return into the heart of the little missionary, for no effort is made to do good from a pure and right motive, which does not bring its own reward.

Those are to be pitied who hurry on through the pathway of

life without pausing a moment to aid and bless their fellow travellers; they pass by many a bright flower, which, if gathered, would shed a sweet and refreshing fragrance into their own bosoms, and we fear they are only gathering for themselves an inheritance of thorns.

SAMBO'S LOVE FOR THE BIBLE.

THE story I am going to tell you is about a negro's love for the blessed book that tells us the way of salvation. The African's name was Sambo, and he lived with his mother on an estate in Jamaica. The planter on whose estate they worked was a kind master; and his slaves, therefore, were much happier than the slaves of many other planters.

Sambo's mother had a small part of the New Testament, which she highly valued; and, as Sambo could read, when his mother, who was an old woman, came to lie on her death-bed, she bade her dear boy farewell, and with her last breath told him to read his book; by which she meant the little portion of the sacred volume of which I have just spoken. Sambo loved his mother, and did not forget her dying words; but read his book every day, so that he could, in time, repeat a great deal of it by heart, and used to say it to his companions, while they were at work together.

But with constant use, poor Sambo's book, as he called it, became less and less, until it was nearly all worn away; and al-

though he could remember what had once been in it, his comrades would laugh when he repeated it to them, and say, "Ah! it may be all very true, Sambo; but show us in de book, show us in de book."

Now Sambo could not do this; but he heard that in Kingston, the chief town in Jamaica, there lived a missionary, who kept a store of Bibles, to sell to any one who wished to purchase them. I should have told you before, that when Sambo got old, his kind master gave him his freedom; but allowed him still to live in a cottage on the planter's estate, and to cultivate the little garden attached to it. Kingston, where the good missionary lived, was fifty miles from Sambo's home, and the negro was now an old man; yet he determined to go all that way on foot to buy a Bible; and he actually did so. He went to the missionary's house; and when he saw the nice-looking Bibles, contrasting them in his mind with the "book" he had thought so much of, he was delighted and surprised, and eagerly exclaimed, "Oh, Massa! how large! how fine! how great! how good!" "Yes, my friend," answered the missionary, "that is very true; they are large, and fine, and great, and good." Sambo then expressed his wish to purchase one, and inquired the price: "A dollar and a-half," replied the missionary. The negro's countenance fell instantly. "What is the matter, my friend?" asked the missionary, observing the sudden change. "Oh, Massa!" said poor Sambo, "dis all me hab," showing a dollar. The missionary then represented to him, that even at the price the book

was offered at, it was considerably under the expense the Bible Society had been at in publishing it; but the poor negro could only say, "Massa, me berry sorry, me hab no more dan dis." The missionary then inquired of Sambo what his name was, and from whence he came; and greatly astonished this good man was, when he found how far his dark-featured brother had travelled on foot in that hot climate, in his eagerness to obtain the book of God; and, knowing the negro's master, after a little consideration he said, "Well, Sambo, you have come a long way, and I do not like to send you home empty; will you promise, if I let you have a Bible, to pay me the half-dollar as soon as you can obtain it?" "Oh! Massa," replied the delighted African, "me will, indeed me will!" and having received the precious volume, he set off on his way homewards.

I do not know how long Sambo was in travelling the fifty miles; but it was on an evening that he came in sight of home, just as his companions were leaving their work, who, as soon as they saw him, accosted him by name—"Sambo! well Sambo!" Sambo held up his book, while he shouted, "Joy! Joy!" They soon gathered round him; and, "Read, Sambo, read," was the general cry. The old negro, weary as he was, sat down and read a chapter; he then closed the book. "Go on, go on!" they said. "No," answered Sambo, "me no go on, it no paid for; how much you, Jack? how much you, Tom? how much you, Betty?" and thus he went on until he had obtained from them in subscriptions enough to complete the payment of his Bible; and

after the lapse of only one day, Sambo again set out for Kingston; so that by the time he returned home, the poor old negro had journeyed on foot two hundred miles to obtain a Bible to read to his companions.

The story of Sambo's love for the Bible, and his self-denying exertions to get one, was told at a meeting of the Bible Society, by one of its agents. How should it stir up all who may have the Bible at their doors, without taking a long journey to get one, to strive to possess and to value the precious treasure, which is able to make them "wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus." (2 Tim. iii. 15.)

A YOUNG GIDEON.

A BOY belonging to one of the schools established by the missionaries in the South Seas, had heard so much of the sin and folly of idolatry, that his confidence in idols was shaken, and he longed to know for a certainty whether the images he had been accustomed to worship were really possessed of power or not. One day his father and mother went out, and left him at home alone. He had spent some time in reading his task, and thinking over what he had been taught at the school the day before. At last the idea came into his mind that it would be a good thing to burn the idols. He was, however, afraid, partly on account of his parents, and partly from the dread he had of offending the gods, and bringing down upon himself swift destruction. In this difficulty he knelt down and entreated the God of Christians to take care of him and help him. He then rose, and taking up one of the smallest idols, he put it on the fire; the flames kindled about it, and in a short time not a vestige of it remained. The terrified child looked on with astonishment; but no sooner was the first consumed than he threw on

another, and another, and another, till, like Gideon of old, he had thoroughly cleansed his father's house. When, however, the flames had subsided, and all was over, the boy became alarmed at his own temerity. He had no more fear of the gods of wood and of stone, but he trembled at the thought of what his father might say, and he was half inclined to repent of his rashness. In this extremity he shut up the dwelling and went into the woods; and the best way he could, devoted himself to God, promising that if God would befriend him and be his God, he would serve him all the days of his life. While he was there his father and mother returned, and missing at once the idols and the boy, they feared some spirit had come and taken them away together. As soon as they could recover themselves a little, they went to the missionary and asked him if he knew anything about their son. He said he did not; but suspecting what had been done, he offered to accompany them and find him out. After going in various directions, they bent their steps to the wood, and there at some distance, under the shadow of a large tree, they saw the lad kneeling before God. The parents were so thankful to see him again, and to find that not a hair of his head had been hurt, that they forgot their rebukes, were persuaded to renounce their heathenish customs, and henceforth gave themselves up to the study of the Holy Scriptures. The boy, encouraged by the Divine goodness, was confirmed in his resolution to be the Lord's, and he afterwards became a zealous teacher in schools, and a preacher of the Gospel among his brethren.

THE MORNING WALK.

“COME, come, George!” said Mrs. Hope to her sleeping boy, one bright morning in June, laying her hand upon him, and endeavouring to wake him.

George roused up for a moment, and then fell off again to sleep. He felt heavy and dull.

“Come, George!” urged his mother, again disturbing him. “Emily is up and dressed for a walk. And the sun is up too.”

This time the little boy opened his eyes, rubbed them, stretched himself, half arose from his pillow, and then sunk down again and went to sleep.

“A little more sleep and a little more slumber,” said Mrs. Hope smiling. “Ah, George! I am afraid you will be a sad sluggard. Come, come! this will never do!” and she shook him harder than before.

“Don’t you see, George, that your sister is all dressed; and that the sun is streaming in at the window?” she continued, as her boy started up quickly. “Be alive now, or every bright dew-drop will be gone from the leaves and blossoms before we can get into the fields.”

"I don't care about going, mother," replied George, sinking back upon his pillow. "You and Emily can go this time. I will go with you to-morrow morning."

"And to-morrow morning you will feel just as dull and sluggish as you do now. No, no, George; now is the time. So come, rouse yourself up, and don't keep us waiting for you any longer. Think of the lines your sister has been learning:—

"What! lie still in bed, and waste time away!
No! jump up direct, not a moment's delay,
There! off with the clothes; now the whole thing is done,
You're up and quite happy—the victory's won!"

As the mother repeated this, she lifted her little boy from his bed; and, seating him on her lap, first of all washed his face in a basin of cold, clean water. This made him as bright as sunshine. In a little while he was all ready for the walk; and then Mrs. Hope, George, and Emily, accompanied with gay little Fido, who went barking before them, started off for their morning walk.

"You are glad now, that you got up to go with us, George?" asked Emily, as they tripped along, and drank in the pure morning air.

"O, yes, I would not be in that warm bed, feeling as dull as I did, for anything. I am so glad that mother made me get up."

"It was because I knew what was best for you, my son, that I made you get up. I knew that the fresh morning air puts glad-

ness in the heart and brightness in the eyes ; and that when you once breathed it, and exercised in it, you would feel like a new person."

"O, see that beautiful butterfly !" exclaimed Emily, stopping near a sweet-brier bush, upon one of the blossoms of which reposed a large butterfly, with its beautiful outstretched wings glowing in the sun.

"Shall I catch it, mother ?" eagerly asked George, taking off his cap, and beginning to move stealthily towards the bush.

"No, my child," said Mrs. Hope, laying her hand gently on the boy's arm, and detaining him.

"But, mother, it is such a beautiful one ; I should like to take it home and show it to father."

"And what do you think your father would say, if you were to take him that gay insect?"

"He would call it very pretty, I am sure ; and say I was a good boy for bringing it to him."

"No, George," replied his mother. "He would more probably say,—'George, my dear boy, I am grieved that you have crushed and soiled and hurt this pretty creature. See, how the beautiful feathers have already dropped from its wings ! See, how it droops in my hand, unable to fly, as it did a little while ago, from flower to flower—a gay and happy thing. You were wrong, my dear boy, to have touched so delicate a creature, born only for the sunshine and the flowers, and too fragile to be handled by anything ruder than a summer breeze.'"

"But I would not hurt it, mother."

“You could not possibly touch it, my dear, without hurting the delicate thing. Your little fingers, that to my hands are soft and smooth, would be so rough to the wings of a butterfly, as to rasp off the rich down that adorns them, and even to crush their delicate frame-work. And I am sure my boy would not wish to hurt any of God’s creatures.”

“Oh, no, mother! I would not hurt that butterfly for the world. But see, it has risen up from the flower; and now away it goes, floating along like a pretty blossom with wings. And there goes Fido, barking after it. Foolish dog! you can’t catch the pretty butterfly.

“See here, too, is a bee, right in the middle of this large flower!” continued George, looking up into his mother’s face. “He is getting honey now, is he not!”

“Yes, dear. The bee is a very industrious little creature, and when the blossoms are out he is up with the sun, and works all through the day, busily engaged in procuring honey for his winter’s store. You never find him asleep after the sun is risen, as my little boy was this morning.

“How doth the little busy bee,
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!”

“But then, mother,” said George, as all walked on, “I don’t have to gather honey as the bee does. I am a little boy, and have not to work to lay up bread for the winter.”

“You can teach your brother a better lesson than that, Emily!” said Mrs. Hope, turning to her little girl. “Do not you remember the talk we had yesterday about the use of learning; and how necessary it was for us, like the bee in spring and summer, to store up knowledge in our minds, if we would glorify God and benefit our neighbour?”

“O yes, mother; I remember that I said, as George did just now, that it was not necessary for me to work as the bee, for I had kind parents who provided everything for me. And then you told me that I had been made very different from the bee: that the bee had not a mind as I have; and, therefore, that it only required food to supply the natural wants of its body, which food it gathered and stored up in the season when it could be found. You then told me that I had a soul as well as a body, and that my soul required food as well as my body; that to learn to love Jesus Christ, who died on the cross for us, and to obey my parents and teachers in all things, was the way to store up food for this soul, which will live for ever, when the body is laid in the grave. And you bade me learn the verse, ‘Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.’ Eccl. xii. 1.

By this time they had extended their morning walk as far as was intended, and now turned their steps towards home. In passing the sweet-brier bush, the bee and the butterfly were recalled to the minds of the children; and George said that when-

ever he passed that bush, he should remember that his fingers were too rough for a butterfly's wings; and that, like the bee, he must diligently store up food for the mind, in early years, that he might grow up to be useful and happy.

At the breakfast table they met their father, and George told him all they had seen, and what their mother had said to them; and how determined he was to rise early, and be like the diligent bee.

“The early lark, that spreads its wings
And mounts the summer air,
Obeys its Maker while it sings
Its morning carols there.

“The skilful bee, from flower to flower
Pursues its nectared store,
Nor has it instinct, skill, or power,
To please its Maker more.

“But children, born with nobler power,
In paths of vice may stray;
Or rise to virtue's fragrant bower
In realms of endless day.

“Then let me shun those wicked ways
Which lead to sin and shame,
So shall my heart be taught to praise
My Lord and Saviour's name.”

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DEATH PREFERRED TO FALSEHOOD.

I WONDER if any of our dear little readers ever heard of people getting into trouble, or losing the love and respect of their fellow men, because they would not condescend to tell a falsehood, or to forget their heavenly Father's command—"Lie not one to another?" I think I hear them all crying out "No! but we have heard of a great many persons getting into difficulties, because they would not tell the truth." Yes! that is the true state of the case, dear young readers; and now I am going to show you how possible it is, for good, pious people, to possess such a love of truth, as to prefer death to the violation of its righteous laws. Many years ago, there lived upon the outskirts of an Indian settlement, a poor pious family by the name of Tacy—consisting of the husband, wife, and several children. They had contrived by their kind attentions, and hospitable entertainment, to secure the friendship of an old Indian, whose name I forget; but as it is an historical fact, perhaps some of our young readers will remember it. This old Indian, whom we will call Namodi, was very gentle and peaceable in his disposition, and

very soon began to love his white friends very much. He delighted in the quiet of their little humble home; and was always pleased to hear them talk of the Great Spirit, who watches over men, and rules in their affairs. One day, when Namodi came to pay his usual visit to the house of Mr. Tacy, he looked very sad, and refused to eat of the fine fruit and pleasant things which were set before him. This alarmed Mrs. Tacy very much, for she suspected that the Indians intended them harm; and that it was the knowledge of this, that made Namodi so sad. She begged him earnestly and with tears, to explain to her the cause of his grief; but for a long while, could elicit nothing from him but a shake of the head and mournful sigh. At last he said, that if he thought a *pale face* could keep a secret, he would tell; but that his own life would be the forfeit, if his tribe ever found out that he had revealed the secret. Poor, frightened Mrs. Tacy promised solemnly never to divulge the name of her kind informant; and what was her horror, to hear that Namodi's tribe had determined to murder all the white people in the neighbourhood, and herself and family in the number? "Now," said Namodi, "promise me again, in the presence of the Great Spirit, that you will suffer death, or the death of all your family, before you will break your vow." "I do promise," said the woman—"here before God, that I will never violate my sacred promise." "Run, then," said Namodi, "and escape as fast as you can, or you will be overtaken." Mrs. Tacy gathered her children together, and ran in

search of her husband—relating to him the awful tidings; but scarcely had they entered their canoe, before the dark forms of the cruel Indians were seen springing and leaping among the trees on the bank, and presently were in the water, making after the fugitives as fast as possible.

To make our story short, they were almost immediately overtaken, and carried back with yells of triumph, to their settlement. A council of the Indians was now called to decide upon the fate of the captives; but their principal desire now was, to find out which one of their tribe had disclosed their long kept secret. So they told Mrs. Tacy that if she would tell the name of her informant, they would save herself and family; but that if she would not, they should all be murdered immediately. She refused to tell; and one of the Indians then took her youngest child in his arms, and told her that he would count three, and if in that time she was not ready to speak, he would kill it. Poor woman! what could she do? She looked around upon the cruel faces of the tribe, and there in the midst of them, she beheld Namodi, but he did not return her glance, or seem to know any more about it than the rest. She hoped he would confess, and thus save herself and children; but the time passed, and unwilling to break her promise or endanger the life of him, who had at least *tried* to save her, she closed her eyes, and turned from the awful sight. Just as the tomahawk was raised over the child's head, Namodi cried out, "Hold! I am the one who told the pale face of her danger. Woman! you have kept

your word, even unto death ; but," continued he, turning to the savage faces now gazing upon him—"cut me down, I am but a withered, leafless trunk !"

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when he was struck to the earth by a chief who stood near—and a savage yell raised, which echoed fearfully through the dark ravine. Thus you see, dear young readers, how deeply the power and love of truth was engraven in the hearts of both the Christian and the Indian.

The noble Namodi only wanted to try the woman, and when he found she would not break her word, was ready to suffer death for her ; while the woman preferred instant destruction to the violation of her sacred promise. Will you not, dear little friends, take example from this, and always speak the truth, remembering the awful denunciation, "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with brimstone and fire?" Never make a promise unless you are able, and intend to fulfil it, and then let no fear of punishment or other sinful motive deter you from the proper performance of its duties.

LAVINIA.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S HEART.

"PA," said Maria suddenly, one day after she had been thinking for some time, "Pa, what does *heart* mean? When you talk about my heart, I can't think of anything but those gingerbread hearts that we eat."

"You know, dear, that your heart is not anything which you can see."

"O, yes, pa, I know that; I know my heart is not like those, but I want to know what it is like."

"You know there is something within you, which loves and hates; this something is your heart. So when God says, 'Give me thy heart,' he means, 'Love me.'"

"Pa, it seems as if I wanted to love God, but I don't know how."

"You know how to love me, don't you?"

"O, yes, papa."

"But I never told you how to love me."

"O, but that is very different."

"Different—how?"

"Why, papa, I see you and know all about you, and you love me."

"Do you love nobody that you have never seen, Maria?"

"I don't know, papa; yes, to be sure, I love grandpapa, and uncle George, and aunt Caroline. But then I have heard you talk about them, papa, and I know that you love them, and they have sent me presents."

"So I have talked to you about God, and you know that I love him, and he has made you more presents than everybody else in the world. Besides, you love people sometimes who have never given you anything, and whom none of us have ever seen. Don't you remember little Henry and his Bearer?"

"Yes, papa, I love Henry, I am sure."

"You see then it is possible to love the characters of people whom you have never seen. Now, the character of God is infinitely lovely; he deserves to be loved more than all other beings together; and if you love those who have been kind to you, only think what God has done for you. He gave you parents to take care of you, when you could not take care of yourself; he has given you food, and clothing, and health, and friends; he has watched over you by night and by day, and when you were sick he has made you well; and now, when he comes to you, after all this, and says, 'My daughter, give me thine heart,' you say, 'No, I can't, I don't know how; I can love my father and mother, and brothers and sisters, but I cannot love God, who gave them all to me.'"

"O, papa, I will, I do love him," replied Maria with fervour.

"Perhaps you think so now, Maria."

"O, I shall always love him, I know I shall."

Her father smiled.

"Papa, you cannot see into my heart—how do you know that I do not love God?"

"Suppose you should come to me every day, and say, 'Dear papa, how I love you!' and then go right away and disobey me—could I believe you?"

"No, papa."

"Well dear, how can I believe that you love God, when I see you every day doing those things which he forbids?"

Maria could not reply to this, and so the conversation closed. She was obliged to confess to herself that her father had spoken the truth, but still she thought it no evidence that she did not love God. "I never thought," said she to herself, "that when I was cross to George, or anything like that, I was sinning against God; at least, it never seemed as if he minded anything about it; and I did not think about his being so good either; but now I remember it, I shall never do so again, and then pa will see that I love God."

CONVERSION OF COPAUL.

POOR little Copaul was born blind. He lived in a kind of pit, which some one had dug for him in the earth, the roof of which was made of branches and twigs of trees, and was almost level with the ground. He shared this miserable place with two companions—his grandmother and his faithful dog. The old woman used to sit at the entrance of the pit with her wheel, spinning cotton; but, alas! she was an ignorant worshipper of idols. The dog was very useful in leading about his master from one door to another, where he begged bread for himself and his grandmother.

One day the dog led him to a house that stood in the midst of a garden. The poor animal saw there what the boy could not see, a gentleman with a white face sitting under the verandah. He therefore drew his master by the string through the open gate. When he came up to the house the dog stood still, and Copaul, supposing that some one was near, bowed himself till his face nearly touched the ground, though he did not yet know before whom he stood. But it was a servant of God, whom his

divine Master had sent to bring this poor little blind boy to Christ.

The good missionary had pity on the boy. He saw that he was nearly naked; for the little covering he had on was merely rags. He therefore said, "Where do you come from, child? and what do you want here?" Poor Copaul laid his hand on his breast, and said, "I am hungry, sir." The missionary resolved to inquire about him, and in the meantime, put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a piece of money, which he threw to the hungry boy, to prove whether he was blind or not, and whether he would pick it up. But the money fell to the ground without the boy's looking at it. The faithful dog, however, who was accustomed to collect the money for the boy, sprang to the spot, picked it up with his mouth, and put it into his master's hand.

The missionary was not long before he found out that all the blind boy had told him was true. He then had him clothed, and sent to a Christian school, which was held in a house near his garden. Day after day his good dog led him to school, and waited for him till evening, when Copaul returned home. He soon learned many verses of the Bible, and, like all blind people, he never forgot what he learned.

Soon after, the missionary had to take a journey and was away two months. When he returned, the first thing he did was to visit the school; but on looking round for Copaul, the boy was nowhere to be seen. He was then told that his grand-

mother had kept him away by force, for the poor woman was a confirmed heathen ; and she was made to believe that the New Testament was a bad book. She would rather, therefore, lose her bread than let her grandson remain in a Christian school.

The missionary hastened the same evening to the miserable dwelling of Copaul. He crept through the entrance, and found the poor blind boy lying on a wretched bed of bamboos, with a pillow of rags to support his head. His faithful dog lay by his side, but the moment he saw the friend of his master enter, he sprang up and greeted him in the most joyful manner. "Copaul, my poor child," said the missionary, "why do you lie here?" At first, he received no answer ; but stooping down to feel the boy's pulse, Copaul became aware that some one was near him, though he knew not who it was. At first, he thought it was his grandmother, and said with a weak voice, "Oh, mother, mother, let me die ! I do not like to stay in this dark place ; I will go where there is light. I know the words are true, that God sent his Son to die for the sins of the world." Hereupon the poor boy began to repeat one verse after another which he had learnt at school. One text especially pleased him above all others, for it seemed to suit his blind and dark condition. It was, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and in my flesh I shall *see* God, whom I shall *see* for myself, and *my eyes* shall behold, and not another." Several times he repeated these words ; but at last he could get no further than the first two

words, "I *know*." He was too weak to go on, and he sank back quite overcome, on his miserable pillow.

When the poor child gave over speaking, the missionary went down on his knees at the bed-side, and praised God for this unexpected jewel, that, through his grace, he had gathered from the dust of India to set in the crown of the Redeemer. Four-and-twenty hours afterwards, the weak voice of this converted boy was silent for ever on earth, to commence its singing in heaven. Would you like to hear some of the last words he uttered? They were these: "I see!—Now I have light!—I see him in his beauty!—Tell the missionary that the blind sees!—I glory in Christ!—I glory!" As he said this, he slept in Jesus, and angels bore his happy spirit to that place where he should behold what no eye has seen, nor ear heard.

THREE JEWISH CHILDREN.

MORE than a century ago—it was about the year 1717—there lived at Berlin a Jew whose name was Isaac Veits. He had three daughters, who, as they played about the doors, got acquainted with the children of a Christian that lived in a garret above them. This Christian was a soldier, who, with his wife, feared the Lord; and when the little Jewish girls used to come up stairs and listen to their family prayer and their hymns of praise, they were made very welcome. At this time, the age of the eldest girl was twelve, and her name was Sprintz. Her two sisters were named Gattel and Esther, the one ten years of age, the other only eight.

One day they told the soldier's wife that they wished to be Christians. The Holy Ghost, who teaches savingly, had been opening their souls and showing them Jesus. Nothing would satisfy them but that she should take them to speak with Mr. Kahman, the Lutheran minister of St. Mary's Church. She did so, and left them to talk with the minister. And now the fire which God had kindled began to burst forth.

The eldest girl, Sprintz, told Mr. K. how she and her two little sisters had come to be protected by him, "because they had a great desire to have part with Jesus of Nazareth, the true God who died for them." She said also, that it was sincere love to that crucified One that constrained them to leave their parents' roof. The minister, however, surprised at this extraordinary sight—three little girls of their own accord leaving all for Christ—began to think that they had been ill-used by their parents. He, therefore, advised them to go home again, and to be very obedient. Upon this, all three flung themselves at his feet, begging him to receive them "in the name of Jesus, whom they loved and adored." They said again, that nothing in the world had led them to leave home but their desire to be Christ's children. They all declared, "We are resolved rather to die than to leave our Jesus."

The minister now agreed to take them into his house, and then sat down and wrote an account of the matter to the King of Prussia, who was in the city, asking if the parents should be allowed to interfere with their children. He had scarcely done this when the parents, missing their children, began a search for them all over the town. After some time, they were directed to Mr. Kahman's house. No sooner did they enter than they demanded their children. But he calmly told them what had happened, and what he had done; and while the parents were still with him, there arrived from the king four ministers, whom he had sent to inquire into the whole matter.

It was now arranged that the children should be examined by these four Commissioners, but that the parents should be so near as to overhear every word, without being seen. The three little girls were then brought in, and again expressed their wish not to go home, but to "become Christians, and children of eternal salvation." But what did they know of this salvation? They could not read; they never had been at any such school as our young people are privileged to attend; how could they know about salvation? They were asked, and in reply repeated very solemnly the Lord's Prayer, many hymns, and many passages out of the New Testament. The youngest of them, little Esther, repeated the chief articles of the Christian faith. They said they had learned most of these things when at play with the children of Christians. Yes, he who shall teach savingly "the boys and girls that shall play in the streets" of Jerusalem (Zech. viii. 5), had taught them in the midst of their recreations.

They were then told that they would meet with very much to try them if they became Christians; nay, that even Christians might despise and forsake them, and they would have to work very hard to procure a livelihood. Upon this, they all said that they would work till the very blood spurted out of their nails, if only they might be made children of eternal salvation; and if they were not happy in this world, they would be so in the world to come. They were asked, "But would you not rather live comfortably? Your father and mother will take you home, and they have fine clothes got ready for each of you." They

replied—"The clothes must remain in the world; but we wish to be children of salvation."

Thus far they had stood unmoved. But their parents were now brought in, and they spoke to their girls with tears, and kissed them tenderly, and asked them to come back. The children were amazed, and wept much; but still they were steadfast. Especially Gattel, whom her mother pressed very much to go home with her, answered, "No; but rather you, mother, ought to become a Christian too." They then sought to hide themselves behind the ministers; but the ministers, in order to try them more, pushed them back, saying, they did very ill to be unkind to their parents, who felt such love for them. Still they were not moved, though they showed great bashfulness before their parents. In order to move them yet more, their mother told how she had nursed them in their infancy, and implored them to remember the duty they owed to her and their father. The father, too, began to sigh, and weep, and lift up his hands to heaven, upbraiding them for their conduct. But the Lord, who commands us to "obey our parents in the Lord," but not beyond that limit (Ephes. vi. 1), and who tells us, that if we love even father or mother more than him, we are not his disciples (Matt. x. 37), that same Lord, by his Holy Spirit, was keeping the hearts of these little ones. The mother, who was a talkative woman, seeing them unmoved, at length burst out into threatenings on them for obstinacy and disobedience, and ended by pouring out her curse upon them in terrible language.

All this was very terrible to these three helpless children. They said that they still loved their parents, and were sensible of their duty to them ; but only they could not give up Christ by returning with them. Oh, blessed children of faithful Abraham ! “They endured as seeing him who is invisible” (Heb. xi. 27), and have their names put on the roll with “elders who obtained a good report through faith.”

All this took place in the presence of witnesses. But now the parents being removed, the question was put to the children—“If your father and mother would turn Christians, would you be content to go back with them ?” At this question their countenances all of a sudden changed, not unlike the sun shining out when a veil of clouds is withdrawn. They replied, with uncommon satisfaction, that “then they would go home with all their hearts, and suffer any tribulation.” But they added, “that they would not otherwise go home, for they loved Jesus above all other things, and would follow him.” They said too—“You may put us into a workhouse; we will be quite willing to labour there;” and the child Esther added—“And if you will give me nothing, let me die of hunger, or cut off my very head. I would rather lose my life than be separated from my dearest Jesus, who died for me. If you refuse me, he is ready to take me into his arms; I will die and live with him.”

Dr. Jablonski, one of the ministers, relates, that none present could now refrain from weeping; all was spoken with so much artlessness, and so amazing did the grace of God appear. “Out

of the mouth of babes and sucklings he was perfecting praise." Yes, were not these true successors of the blessed crowd of little ones that followed Jesus in the temple, and cried, "Hosanna to the Son of David?" However, once more the parents were allowed, for some hours, to deal with the children alone. But no sooner did these three witnesses for Christ come back to the room where the ministers were, than they ran to them again, threw themselves at their feet, and entreated to be allowed to remain. The parents then went away, forsaking their children and casting them off. And might not Sprintz, Gattel, and Esther, now have sung—

" O God of my salvation,
Leave me not, nor forsake,
Though me my parents both should leave,
The Lord will me uptake."—*Psalm xxvii. 9.*

When the king of Prussia had heard the whole matter, he gave orders that the children should be protected, and instructed as they desired. Accordingly, the kind pastor, Mr. Kahman, kept them in his house, and began to show them the way of God more perfectly. At this time none of them could read; but they knew the word "Jesus" when they saw it in a book, and often they would turn over a whole book in order to come upon that name. To them "his name was as ointment poured forth" (Song i. 2), for they were true daughters of Jerusalem.

They one day told Mr. Kahman that they knew of some

other Jewish children who felt as they did, but who could not escape from their friends. Were not these really like David's lambs in the lion's mouth? Lord, take the prey from the mighty!

Their parents were allowed to come and see them whenever they pleased; but we do not know that there was ever any change in the parents. Alas! some children shall in vain look for their fathers and mothers, at the right hand of Christ. Oh that parents would be warned! Young Abijah goes to heaven; his father, Jeroboam, is a castaway!

Some years after this, a letter from Berlin mentioned that these three sisters were to be very soon baptized. Baptism had been longed delayed, in order that all might see both how genuine and how intelligent was their faith in Jesus. From this date we have no farther accounts of them. No doubt, the Lord thought it best, after preserving the record of their faith and love, to hide them in obscurity, that they might not grow proud. But let us be followers of their faith and patience, even as they followed their father Abraham's faith, when he left Ur of the Chaldees. And so we shall inherit the promises.

If any one who reads this narrative shall in like manner give up, "for Christ's sake and the gospel, house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands" (Mark ix. 29), that person shall be a hundred times happier *in this world*, even if persecuted, and shall get eternal life in the world to come, when the Lord Jesus causes "the meek to inherit the earth."

Does not this story speak to you, dear young friends? Does it not tell you to seek, like the little Jewish maids, to become "children of salvation?" Jesus desires this, for he says, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." (Proverbs viii. 17.)



The Garret-Home.

See p. 109.

THE GARRET HOME.

A GENTLEMAN was one day visiting some destitute families in one of the poorest parts of London. After climbing a number of stairs, which conducted to the top of one of the houses, he observed a ladder leading to a door close upon the slates. He thought it most unlikely that any living being would be found dwelling there; but in order to satisfy himself he resolved upon ascending the ladder. On reaching the door, he found it so low that he was obliged to stoop before he could enter. "Is there any one there?" he inquired.

"Come in," answered a feeble voice.

He entered, and found a little boy, the solitary tenant of this wretched home. There was no bed—no furniture of any kind. Some straw and shavings in one corner formed the poor little fellow's seat by day, and his couch by night.

"Why are you here?" inquired the kind visitor. "Have you a father?" "Yes, sir."

"Have you a mother?" "No, sir; mother is in the grave."

"Where is your father? You must surely weary very much for his coming home in this dark and solitary place?"

"No, sir," replied the boy, sorrowfully. "My father gets drunk. He used to send me out to steal, and whatever I stole he spent in drinking."

"Does he not make you do so still?"

"I went," replied the boy, "to the Ragged School, and I was there taught the words, 'Thou shalt not steal.' I was told about heaven and hell—that Jesus Christ came to save sinners—that God punishes the bad and loves the good; and I resolved, from that time, I would steal no more. Now," continued the little sufferer, "my father himself steals, and then gets tipsy; and then he gets angry at me, and is cruel to me, and whips me, because I will no longer steal."

"Poor little boy!" said the gentleman, deeply interested in the sad history. "I am sorry, indeed, for you. You must feel very lonely here."

"No," said the other, with a smile on his face; "I am not alone. God is with me; Christ is with me. I am not alone!"

The gentleman took out his purse, and gave him a small trifle, promising that he would come back again and see him on the morrow.

"Stop!" said the little fellow, as his kind visitor was preparing to go down the ladder, "I can sing." And so saying, he commenced, in simple strains, the beautiful hymn with which he loved to cheer his solitude:—

“Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.

“Fain would I to thee be brought,
Gracious God! forbid it not,
In the kingdom of thy grace,
Give a little child a place!”

The gentleman was touched with the tale of distress, and the character of the desolate child; and next day he told the case to a lady he knew would feel interested in him. The lady requested that he would kindly accompany her to the boy's dwelling, to which he readily consented. Taking along with her a bundle of clothes, which might be useful to him, they made their way together up the dark stairs of the house, till they reached the ladder. On ascending the steps, and coming to the door, they knocked; but there was no reply. They knocked again, still no reply. Again; but still no voice, as before, calling, “Come in.” The gentleman opened the door. The bed, the straw, the shavings, were just as he had left them. The boy was there too; but he was DEAD! The body lay on the bed of straw; but the spirit had fled away to the God who gave it!

Dear children, learn from this affecting story these three things:—

- I. The poorest may serve God.
- II. The loneliest need not feel solitary.

III. The youngest may die.

I. The poorest may serve God.

I know many think, that if they were not so poor as they are, they might serve God better, or if they had friends who loved God more, they would serve him better. This little boy tells us how wrong it is to think so. Whatever our situation in life may be, we may (if we will) love and serve the Lord Jesus. This boy was poor—the poorest of the poor. He had every temptation to be bad. His father was a wicked man. His example might have made his child wicked too. In order to get his daily bread, he was strongly tempted to tell lies, and steal, and do sinful things. He had no mother to teach him to love God, and say his prayers, and read his Bible. He had even no clothes to go to church, and yet he feared God, and would rather be beaten than do what was sinful. He praised the name of Jesus, and died happy. Angels carried him up to heaven.

Children, remember wherever you are now, or wherever you go in after-life, you never can say, "I cannot serve God. I have no time or opportunity to be religious." Think of this poor outcast, with his tattered clothes, and straw bed, and wicked father, and many temptations, and yet *he was a Christian*.

II. The loneliest need not feel solitary.

This little boy was left alone by himself in that miserable garret. No kindly voice was there to speak to him. The angry tones of his drunken father's voice were all he ever heard, and they made him tremble. But he was not alone. The great God,

the best Friend, was with him. He could say in his solitary hours, "My father and my mother have forsaken me, but the Lord has taken me up!" He had heard the gentle voice of his Saviour, saying, "*I will not leave you an orphan—I will come to you.*" Oh! how was that dark and desolate chamber made bright with the face of Jesus! When the little boy came to die, there was no earthly hand to smooth his pillow. He died *alone*; and yet he was not alone. In walking through "the valley of the shadow of death," he could say, "I will fear no evil, for *Thou art with me!*"

Reader, how blessed to think that if you are a child of God you never can be alone! In the dark night—in the lonely way—in the far-off land—in the raging ocean—on the bed of sickness—on the couch of death—Jesus is with you. He will make the darkest place bright, and the saddest place happy. What a glorious assurance! How it should drive away all our fears, to think, "*Jesus is my Friend!*"

III. The youngest may die.

The little beggar boy was cheerful and happy in his garret one day—the next he was *in eternity!* One forenoon an earthly friend came with a bundle of clothes to cover his body; but they were not needed. He was already clothed in better garments. He was wearing the white robe of the redeemed saints before the throne.

Happy exchange! From singing *about* Jesus in a miserable

dwelling on earth, to be carried up to be *with* Jesus for ever in heaven!

Reader, would you be ready for such a call? To-day you are in health, perhaps you may never see to-morrow's sun. "*This* night thy soul may be required of thee." "Prepare to meet thy God!"

THE FRUITS OF SABBATH-BREAKING.

DEAR CHILDREN.—We wish to write a few words to you on the importance of obedience to parents. The Bible, you know, enjoins upon children to obey their parents. It forbids disobedience. If you disobey your parents, you disobey God; and he will surely punish those who are disobedient, either in this life, or in that which is to come.

I once lived in a town where there was a widow, who had an only son. Like all other mothers, she loved her little boy very dearly, and was always ready to satisfy his desires whenever she considered them proper. He was a very cheerful boy, about ten or eleven years of age. His mother kept a dairy, and her son used to drive a milk wagon about the town, and serve her customers with milk. This business afforded them a decent support. The mother looked to her son for assistance when old age should come upon her. Many were her hopes, and many her prayers in behalf of her only son. Often did she give him good advice, and direct his mind to that Saviour, who invites little children to come unto him.

One Saturday afternoon, in the month of July, a steamboat, for the first time, came up the creek, and harboured not far from where the mother and her son lived. Of course, all the little boys and girls in the town desired to see this surprising object.

Little Johnny asked his mother if he could go and see the new steamboat. She readily consented, telling him to return very soon. He did so, and told her what a great boat he had seen. After he had described the machinery to her, she said to him, "Tomorrow will be the Sabbath, and no doubt a great many little boys would go down to the landing and see the boat; but, my son, you must not go there on the Sabbath, for it is God's holy day, and he commands you to remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." Johnny retired that night, and thought little of what his mother had told him, until the next Sabbath afternoon, when some of his playmates came, and invited him to go with them to see the new boat. He told them that it was the Sabbath, and that his mother had charged him not to visit the landing on God's holy day. They replied that his mother would know nothing about his going, for they would soon be back. At last he yielded to their entreaties, and accompanied them.

When he reached the boat he saw that it did not come up to the landing; but a plank was laid with one end on the boat and the other upon the landing, so that any one might go on board.

Johnny trembled as he placed his foot upon the plank. He felt that conscience was at work within; but he stepped forward until he had reached nearly the middle of the plank, when a sud-

den motion of the boat threw him into the water, and he was drowned. A crowd of men soon gathered around, and in a few hours succeeded in finding his body; but it was cold and lifeless. The spirit had taken its flight to God, who gave it. Little did Johnny's mother think that he was there, as she saw the gathered crowd.

The men carried the lifeless body to his mother, and who can describe her feelings, when the body of her only son was laid at her feet, in the cold embrace of death! She stood amazed—she could not weep—her fount of tears was dry. She could not speak; for all that had made earthly happiness for her had fled beyond her reach. She was alone.

The next day Johnny was buried, and nearly all the children in the village followed him to the grave. For many days a cloud of sorrow hung over the little village, and not until their dying day will Johnny's playmates forget the Sabbath afternoon they went to see the steamboat.

If any of the little boys or girls who read this account of little Johnny are in the habit of disobeying their parents, let them remember that the way of transgressors is hard. If Johnny had stayed at home and read his Bible that Sabbath afternoon, he might have been alive at this day, a comfort to his mother, and a blessing to his country.

A DEATH SONG.

OF all the cottages in the neighbourhood, one near the Clachan was the most uninteresting. Had I not known that its inmates were far removed from want, compassion might have induced me to enter; as it was, the filth of its exterior was such, that whenever I approached the door, I hastened forward, and felt no inclination to make acquaintance with its inmates.

Sometimes, however, the mistress appeared at the gate; and, notwithstanding her slatternly appearance, her good nature was such, that we soon became excellent friends. I had, however, but little inclination to enter the house; and it required no small ingenuity to evade her pressing entreaties to do so. After some interviews, however, I began to fear she would be hurt by my repeated refusals, and I followed her in.

The interior was as disgusting as I had anticipated—fowls, pigs, and people, were all crowded together in a manner not unfamiliar to those who have travelled in the Highlands of Scotland. By the fire sat an old woman, whose withered, smoke-dried features told that more than fourscore years had passed

over her head, and that she had found them labour and sorrow. A little peevish wail when anything crossed her was the only indication of displeasure or suffering, and silence only told that she was in want of nothing. The poor old creature had quite outlived her mind, and her existence was little more than vegetation. "You need not speak to her," said the mistress of the house, "she's quite doited, she seldom answers, or if she does, she only says, Ay."

I was deeply interested; I felt as if her day of grace was past, and I longed to know if she had found the Saviour ere the evil days had come upon her.

I asked many questions to ascertain how she was treated, and soon found she was the good man's mother, and not only treated with kindness, but regarded with veneration; for she had been "a most uncommon good liver."

I hoped that this was the case; but the power of ascertaining on what she had trusted for salvation was denied me. There was, however, much comfort in knowing, that the Lord himself had her mind in his hands, and that even at the eleventh hour he could reveal himself to her benighted understanding. Benighted, however, her mind had evidently not always been. High and very marked features yet remained, to tell that strength had once marked the character now so utterly imbecile; and from many anecdotes told me concerning her, I had reason to hope that wisdom from above had guided her actions, and that she had found Him, whom "to know is life eternal."

Some time afterwards, I again called at the cottage, and asked

for my old friend, but alas! I had arrived too late—she was gone to her rest. She had joined the glorious throng who cease not day or night to cry, “Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever.”

In reply to my inquiries, I was told that a few days after I had been at the cottage, her son took the Bible, as was his custom every evening, and seating himself close beside his mother, commenced family worship. His reason for placing himself by her was, that this had been a service which in former days afforded her great delight, and when her hearing became dull, his seat was ever by her side, where the words of life could reach her ear; and still, though the total loss of mind rendered her unable, as he thought, to derive either pleasure or benefit from the exercise, he felt the custom too sacred to be relinquished. On the evening in question, he gave out and read the twenty-third psalm, without any more marks of attention on the part of his mother than usual; but no sooner had he raised the tune, than to the surprise of all present the old woman joined with the rest of the family, and in a loud, clear tone commenced to sing. Soon all were silent, even her son ceased to lead, and a mysterious awe fell upon each one, as alone, with clasped hands, and eyes raised to heaven, she sang:

“Yea, though I walk in death’s dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill,
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.”

She continued to sing to the end of the psalm, and then falling back in her chair instantly expired. "The Lord knoweth them that are his;" and though cut off from all communication with the outer world, the soul of his servant was open to the still small voice of his love; and He without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy, was able, without the aid of external means, to supply the immortal spirit with that water of life, of which they who drink shall live for ever. "My sheep shall never perish," says the Redeemer, "and none is able to pluck them out of my hand." Powerless as the helpless infant to provide for his own safety, the child of God is yet cradled in his Saviour's arms—that Saviour who has given himself for him, and is able and willing to keep unto the uttermost all who come unto God through him

THE RICH MERCHANT OF LYONS.

THE rich merchant of Lyons lived about seven hundred years ago. His name was Peter Waldo. He had become a man of wealth by his industry, but his money and his merchandise could not satisfy his mind as to the great question, "How shall a man be just with God?" He knew he was a sinner, his conscience told him so; he knew he was not fit to die; and when he asked, "What must I do to be saved?" he was not satisfied with all the answers the Romish priests gave him. The Bible would have told him; but Waldo had not the holy book. Rich as he was, he had not that best of all treasures; the few copies which then existed were shut up in the houses of the priests. Besides, they were all written in Latin, so that a person had to be learned in order to read a Bible, provided he could by any means get sight of one. Some good books soon afterwards fell into the hands of Peter Waldo, written by the "early fathers," as they are called—pious men, who lived just after the apostles, before the Christian religion was so corrupted as in following years.

In these books he found many passages from the New Testament, and much that brought light and comfort to his soul. These parts only made him more anxious to secure the whole of the Bible. At length, Peter Waldo was so happy as to own a copy of God's word. Perhaps he gave a very large sum of money for it; yet what a treasure it proved to him! He did not grudge the money or time spent in buying and studying it. These were nothing, in comparison with the blessed truths which it made known to him. It taught him the "new and living way" of approaching God, through Jesus Christ, the only Saviour and Mediator; it told him that a contrite and believing heart is what God requires; it was *heart service* that was the "reasonable service." Before, he was perplexed and troubled; now, he was peaceful and glad. Peter Waldo felt like a new man; the burden was gone from his soul; light was there, and comfort, for he had found mercy through faith in Christ Jesus.

And now, because he was so happy in God, he wanted others to be so too. The Bible had told him how he might be saved, and he wanted to tell others the good news. He looked around, and beheld everybody groaning, as it were, under the heavy loads which the priests put upon them. He wept over their condition, and went out among the cottages of the poor, the sick, and the dying. He taught them about the great and precious work of Christ Jesus. He told them that God required only repentance, faith in his Son, and holy lives. He begged them to come to Jesus, and have their sins washed away in his

blood. He held many meetings in the cottages of the poor; he taught them; he prayed with them; he relieved their distresses, and fed them. Soon all the people began to love him, because he was concerned to feed both their bodies and souls. There was one thing which he now desired more than anything else; that was, to get the Scriptures translated into the language of the people. "The people *must* have it in their own tongue," said Waldo; and he set about the work of translation himself, and got able persons to come and help him. It was a very great labour; but having read the Bible himself, he spared neither time nor pains to put it into the hands of others. At length it was completed, and this was the *first translation* of the whole Bible into a *modern language*. It was done by, or at the expense of a rich merchant:—did ever a rich merchant do a better work? Having been translated, it could not be printed and immediately circulated, because this was before the art of printing was known: written copies had to be made with the pen, demanding long and patient labour; and, when finished, a complete copy was worth a large sum of money. How different it is with us, who can have a beautiful Bible for fifty cents! At length, however, Waldo finished his work, and many had the privilege of reading the word of God themselves in their own language.

But this great service was not enough for Peter Waldo. He was not only the founder of a *Bible Society*, he began to form also a *Missionary Society*. Great numbers had learned to love

the Saviour in his neighbourhood, and these he sent out, two by two, into all the region around; they even carried the gospel into other lands, and multitudes came to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, through the humble efforts of these "poor men of Lyons," as they were called.

It is not to be supposed the popish priests looked quietly on all this time. The archbishop of Lyons became very angry. "If you teach any more," he said to the merchant, "I will have you taken up for a heretic and burned." "How can I be silent in a matter which concerns the salvation of men?" he boldly answered. The archbishop sent officers to apprehend him, but they feared the people, who loved Peter Waldo very much. At length the merchant could stay at Lyons no longer in safety. He fled from the city, going from place to place, everywhere explaining and teaching Bible truth; and God blessed his labours.

Waldo and his missionaries were treated very badly by their enemies; they were called "sorcerers," "cut-purses," "turlupins;" the last meaning people living with wolves. It may be, they often had nowhere to lay their heads, and so were forced to find refuge among the wild beasts of the forest. "Poor men of Lyons" became a very reproachful term. It could be said of them, as of the good men in Bible times, "They wandered in deserts and mountains, in dens and caves of the earth, being destitute, afflicted, tormented." Many suffered death for the truth's sake: while burning at the stake, they praised God

for the privilege of labouring and suffering for him who had suffered on the cross for them.

God's blessed truth, however, cannot be burned out, or rooted out, or put out, by any way of men's devising. God himself will take care of it. In spite of the anger of their enemies, in all the countries whither Peter Waldo and his missionaries went, the truth made its way, converting and comforting many souls. Thus were planted the seeds, the little seeds of true *Bible* religion, which three or four hundred years afterwards sprang up and aided in promoting the great Protestant Reformation—that Reformation which established Bible religion again on the earth, and gave a great blow to the power of the pope.

But what became of Peter Waldo? After doing much good, and presenting a noble example as a Christian, he went into Bohemia, where he peacefully died, in the year 1179. From that time to this present day his name is held in great respect—not because he was a great merchant or a rich man, but because he gave up himself and his all to the service of our Lord Jesus Christ, and because he was the first to give the whole word of God to the common people in their own language.

Let us be thankful for the sacred Scriptures, which in our favoured land we may read in our own homes and schools, and need not go to the shelter of a deep forest for fear of a dungeon and a cruel death. And yet there are countries, at the present day, where, if a person is found reading the Bible, he is cast into prison, there to work in chains, and to spend years among

the worst of criminals. This we know is the case in Italy, where a pious man and his wife have been lately sent to the galleys, or prison ships, because they loved the truth as it is in Jesus better than their liberty or their lives.* In other countries the priests even dare to burn the blessed Bible, or tear it in pieces. But, in spite of all their rage and malice, the time will come when God's most holy word shall be known, and read, and loved in every land.

* See two interesting books published by the Board of Publication, one entitled "History of the Waldenses," the other, "Letters of the Madiai and Visits to their Prisons."

THE END.