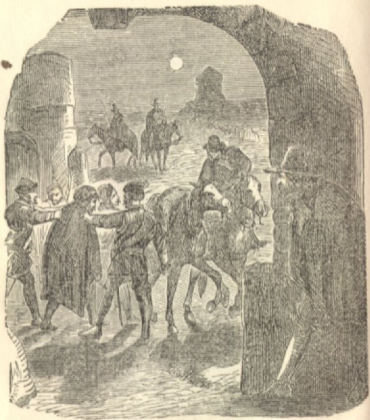


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Pa G. Weston.

7868.

From
Father.



THE VIGILANT FRIEND. 1809

THE

POLITE BOY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BY UNCLE MADISON.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY JAMES M. USHER,
37 Cornhill.

THE POLITE BOY.

The other day we were riding in the crowded cars. At one of the stations an old gentleman entered, and was looking around him for a seat, when a lad ten or twelve years of age rose up, and said, "Take my seat, sir." The offer was accepted, and the infirm old man sat down. "Why did you give me your seat?" he inquired of the boy. "Because you are old, sir, and I am a boy," was the quick reply. The passengers were very much pleased and gratified. For my part, I wanted to seize hold of the little fellow and press him to my bosom. It was a respect for age which is always praiseworthy.

When a boy or girl does not reverence the aged, it is a sure sign that they are evil in more respects than one. We once saw a lad run after a lame old man in the street, and hoot at him; but he was known as one of the worst lads in the village. He would swear, disobey his parents, rob orchards, and do other things equally bad. We feel quite sure that the polite boy in the cars never uses wicked or vulgar words. His parents probably can trust him.

One thing more. Doubtless every passenger in the cars felt that the little gentleman, for such he was, who gave the man his seat, was well instructed at home. They thought of his mother perhaps, and concluded that she must be good and watchful. Some of them might have envied her the possession of such a son.

A LEAP IN THE DARK.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF FAITH.

A father had gone into a cellar which in winter was quite dark, and entered by a trap-door. A little daughter, only three years old, was trying to find him, and came to the trap-door, but, on looking down, all was DARK, DARK, DARK! and she called out, "Are you down cellar, papa?"

"Yes. Would you like to come, Mary?"

"It is dark. I CAN'T come, papa."

"Well, my daughter, I am right below you, and I can see you, though you cannot see me; and if you will drop yourself, I will catch you."

"Oh, I should fall. I can't see you, papa."

"I know it," he answered, "but I am really here, and you shall not fall or hurt yourself. If you will jump, I will catch you safely."

Little Mary strained her eyes to the utmost, but she could catch no glimpse of her father. She hesitated, then advanced a little farther, then sum-

moning all her resolution, she threw herself forward, and was received safely in her father's arms.

A few days after she again discovered the same cellar-door open, and, supposing her father to be there, she called, "Shall I come again, papa?"

"Yes, dear, in a minute," he replied, and had just time to reach his arms towards her, when, in her childish glee she fell shouting into his arms, and, clasping his neck, said, "I KNEW, dear papa, I should not fall."

Young reader, would you not like to leap thus into Jesus' arms? THAT WOULD BE SAVING FAITH. The little girl could not SEE her father, for he was in the dark. Had she seen him while springing into his arms, it would have been walking by SIGHT, not by FAITH. FAITH takes hold on what we cannot see. We cannot see Jesus; he is now the unseen Saviour; but we can hear his voice in the Bible, and hear him telling us that he is near us, and is able to save us from sin and hell, and will do it, if we will but trust him, and thus throw ourselves into his arms.

Oh that we had all the simple confidence of this little one! Then would we walk along Faith's Pathway, reading on every flagstone thereof the precious promises of the word of God. We cannot tell what troubles and temptations and trials await us during this year; but in the path of Faith we shall certainly hear our Father's voice assuring us that he knows them all, and will overrule all for our good, and bidding us let ourselves down into the dark future without a fear, for underneath are the EVERLASTING ARMS.

BIBLE QUESTIONS FOR CHILDREN.

SCRIPTURE SEAS.

1. What sea was west of Judea?—*Mediterranean.*

As for the western border, ye shall even have the great sea for a border; this shall be your west border. Num. 34: 6.

2. Through what sea did the children of Israel pass?—*Red.*

By faith they passed through the Red sea as by dry land ; which the Egyptians assaying to do, were drowned. Heb. 11 : 29.

3. What sea occupies the place of Sodom? — *Dead.*

All these were joined together in the vale of Siddim, which is the salt sea. Gen. 14 : 3.

4. On what sea was Casiphia situated? — *Caspian.*
And I sent them with commandment unto Iddo, the chief at the place Casiphia, and I told them what they should say unto Iddo, and to his brethren the Nethinims, at the place Casiphia, that they should bring unto us ministers for the house of our God. Ezra 8 : 17.

5. What sea was near the head of Arnon? — *Jazer.*
O vine of Sibmah, I will weep for thee with the weeping of Jazer ; thy plants are gone over the sea, they reach even to the sea of Jazer. — Jer. 48 : 32.

6. Over what sea did Jesus pass? — *Tiberias.*
After these things Jesus went over the sea o Galilee, which is the sea of Tiberias. John 6 : 1.

7. What sea is north of Cyprus? — *Celicia.*

And when we had sailed over the sea of Celicia and Pamphylia, we came to Myra, a city of Lycia. Acts 27: 5.

8. Paul was driven about in what sea? — *Adria.*

But when the fourteenth night was come, as we were driven up and down in Adria, about midnight the shipmen deemed they drew near to some country. Acts 27: 27.

9. On the shores of what sea was Pontus? — *Euzine.*

Peter, an apostle of Jesus Christ, to the strangers scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia. 1 Peter 1: 1.

10. In what sea is the Isle of Samothracia? — *Ægean.*

Therefore loosing from Troas, we came with a strait course to Samothracia, and the next day to Neapolis. Acts 16, 11.

"A SOFT ANSWER."

I have a sweet, merry-hearted little friend of five summers, with a smile like the sunshine, and we call her by the pet name of Birdie. Her little heart loves all things bright and pure, and many are the questions she asks about God and heaven.

One day Birdie got vexed about something that didn't happen to suit her, and a young aunt of hers won her back to pleasantness by telling her how much better soft words sounded; and to make her remember this, she taught her the text, "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."

Little Birdie thought this a most beautiful text, and whenever she happens to get peevish, the words, "A soft answer," are sure to win back smiles. So you see, Birdie learned from the Bible, and it helped her to be good. She was governed by Bible rules.

But my little friend wanted to help others too. She was visiting a family who loved her very much,

and who would rather hear her prattling tones than the sweetest song-bird they ever listened to. When one with whom she is an especial favorite, spoke rather hastily, Birdie remembered her text. Clinging close to his side, in her simple, earnest way, she whispered, "A soft answer — a soft answer." The sweet little pleader's words could not be disregarded. Though a little one, her influence for good was powerful.

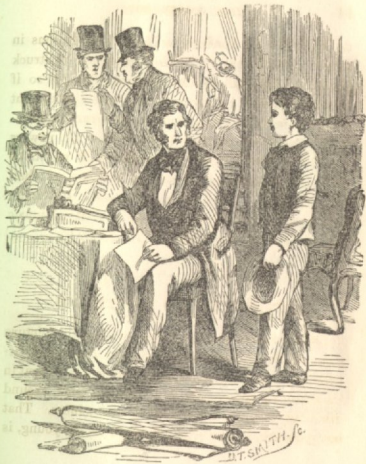
LEARNING TO DO WELL.

The Bible says: "Cease to do evil, learn to do well." Did the young reader ever hear a person trying to learn to play on a musical instrument? What strange noises were made at first by the learner! It seemed as though he could not possibly make a good player on the instrument. So it may be hard, sometimes to learn to do well—to put away wrong habits, and contract good ones. Learning to

do right in our conduct is like taking lessons in music. If the keys of the piano or organ are struck carelessly, they will produce discord; but not so if they are touched rightly and with care. The right attention must be given, and the most careful attention. We have musical notes within us, powers which the Almighty has placed there. If we strike these notes with carelessness and violence, we shall have harsh and often terrible discord. But if we give great care and attention to duty, what rich music may we make for ourselves and for others!

ANXIOUS TO DO SOMETHING.

Little reader; would you know what this picture means? Well, I will tell you. The gentleman sitting there with a paper in his hand, is a merchant in his counting-room. He has other persons around him, and they do a great deal of business. That boy you see, is one who, although he is young, is



very desirous of doing something — of making himself useful. He has been very diligent in his studies at school, and now wants to earn something, or prepare himself to earn something for himself, his widowed mother, and a sister, younger than he. He is making application to the merchant, who is much pleased with his earnestness, and good manners. He has promised to do what he can to find him employment. The boy will be likely to do well. Such boys are usually favored and prosperous. Some of the most useful men in our land and in the world, have begun life in this way. If young people want help, they must be ready to help themselves.

It is difficult to conceive of any thing more beautiful than the reply given by one in affliction, when he was asked how he bore it so well. "It lightens the stroke," said he, "to draw near to Him who handles the rod."

WHAT CHRISTMAS BROUGHT TO ADDIE AND FLORENCE.

"I wish we could have some of those nice things, don't you, Addie?" said little Florence Davis to her sister Addie, the day before Christmas, as they stood before the window of a large toy-shop, in which was displayed toys of every description.

"Yes, I'm sure I wish I had. Shall you hang up your stocking to-night, Flora?" asked Addie.

"I don't know; it might make mother feel bad if we should hang up our stockings and she had nothing to put into them."

"Well, let us hang them up, at any rate, we can *dream* there's something in them. Isn't that a beautiful doll, Flora?" exclaimed Addie, pointing to a large doll in one corner of the window.

"Yes, and what a splendid silk dress it has on."

"And its cape and hat! Oh, how I wish I had it," sighed Addie.

"Let's we pray to God to send us presents; you

know he says, 'ask and ye shall receive.' " said Flora.

"What are your names, little girls?" asked a richly dressed lady coming out of the toy-shop.

"My name is Florence, and her's Addie Davis, if you please," answered Florence.

"Where do you live, Florence?" inquired the lady.

"No. 7 Cook's Court, Orange Street," replied the child.

"Is your father very poor?"

"We haven't got any father, but mother is poor. Father used to be rich, but he failed and then he died. Now mother has to sew to get us food to eat and clothes to wear."

"I'm very sorry for you, dear, but good-bye," said the lady, as she turned and walked away.

"Wasn't she pleasant? but let us go home now, it is getting cold." And Addie and Florence wrapped their shawls around them and started for their home. And where was their home? In a small, dark room,

lighted by one window and warmed by a few smouldering sticks, and containing a bed, four chairs, a foot stool and table, sat a pale woman busily sewing. Tears are in her eyes as she looks on the carpetless floor and paperless walls. "My poor little girls, to-morrow is Christmas, and what a change for you. Last year you had plenty and to spare; now I've nothing for you. I will see if I cannot spare you something," she sighs as she takes out her half worn purse from her pocket, and, taking out a small coin, puts it back. And such was the home and mother of Addie and Florence Davis.

After the little girls reached home, Mrs. Davis put on her bonnet and shawl and went out. When she returned, Addie and Florence were in bed.

"We were so cold, and we knew you had only wood enough for to-morrow, that we went to bed," said Addie, as her mother entered.

"And we hung up our stockings, mother, so we could dream there was something in them, you know," whispered Florence.

The next morning the two girls were awake bright and early, and Addie peeping out of bed exclaimed, "Oh! Flora, I do believe God heard us and put something in our stockings. Come, you're on the front side, you jump out and get our stockings." No sooner said than done; Flora was out of bed and in again with the stockings in her hand, in less time than it takes me to write it. And what, my little readers, do you think they found? Why simply a small apple, and, way down in the toe, a bright three cent piece. But they were satisfied with this, because it was more than they expected or hoped for. Better satisfied, perhaps, than the children of opulent parents, who often spend the whole day in fretting and fussing if they have not exactly what they wished.

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon, a knock was heard at the door, and Florence, opening it, saw the lady who had spoken to them the day before.

"Good morning, Florence; is your mother here?" asked the lady.

"Yes, ma'am, here she is; take a seat," replied Florence, handing her a chair.

"Thank you, my dear," replied Mrs. Vaughn, for that was the name of the lady, sitting down beside Mrs. Davis.

After talking awhile with Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Vaughn called Addie and Florence to her, and, opening a bundle she had with her, gave them a pair of shoes, a shawl and hood, and lastly, candy, nuts and oranges.

"I do believe God heard us, don't you?" asked Addie, after Mrs. Vaughn had gone.

"Yes!" replied Florence.

Mrs. Davis was a very well educated woman, and Mrs. Vaughn was trying to find a governess for her little daughter Clara, so on New Year's day Mrs. Davis became the teacher of little Clara Vaughn, and Addie and Florence her companions. Mrs. Vaughn had heard the words of Florence, and wondering at the faith of the child, made inquiries which resulted in a good home for Addie, Florence and their mother.

BIBLICAL CANTO.

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|-----|-----------------------------|--------------------|
| 103 | Cling to the Mighty One, | Ps. lxxxix. 19. |
| | Cling in thy grief ; | Heb. xii. 11. |
| 061 | Cling to the Holy One, | Heb. vii. 25. |
| | He gives relief ; | Ps. lxiv. 9. |
| 171 | Cling to the Gracious One, | Ps. cxvi. 5. |
| | Cling in thy pain ; | Ps. lv. 4. |
| 181 | Cling to the Faithful One, | 1 Thes. v. 24. |
| | He will sustain. | Ps. xxviii. 8. |
| | | |
| | Cling to the Living One, | Heb. vii. 25. |
| | Cling in thy woe ; | Ps. lxxxvi. 7. |
| 191 | Cling to the Loving One, | 1 John iv. 16. |
| | Through all below ; | Rom. viii. 38, 39. |
| | Cling to the pardoning One, | Isa. lv. 7. |
| | He speaketh Peace ; | John xiv. 27. |
| 101 | Cling to the Healing One, | Exod. xv. 26. |
| | Anguish shall cease. | Ps. cxlvii. 3 |
| | | |
| 111 | Cling to the Bleeding One, | 1 John i. 7. |
| | Cling to his side ; | John xx. 27. |
| 121 | Cling to the Risen One, | Rom. vi. 9. |
| | In him abide, | John xv. 4. |
| 131 | Cling to the Coming One, | Rev. xxii. 20. |
| | Hope shall arise ; | Titus ii. 13. |
| 141 | Cling to the Reigning One, | Ps. xcvi. 1. |
| | Joy lights thine eyes. | Ps. xvi. 11. |

THE VIGILANT FRIEND.

[See Frontispiece.]

Palissy, "the Huguenot Potter," had to endure much trial on account of his religious opinions, at a time when the Protestants in France and other countries in Europe were great sufferers at the hands of the Catholics. Palissy was unjustly imprisoned, and might have suffered death, but for the constant watchfulness of a true friend, who discovered the enemies of Palissy attempting to take him away secretly, that they might fulfil their wicked designs with him. The accompanying cut represents this friend making the discovery of these movements in season to baffle the evil intentions, by plans which he was enabled to carry out, and so save the innocent victim of persecution from destruction. A friend in need is the true one.

"PERHAPS I CAN HELP FATHER"

"Perhaps I can help father," says little John, as he looks up into his mother's face. He has seen her sad, anxious look. He has watched his father coming home from his daily toil with a care-worn brow, and casting a troubled glance towards the cradle where the twin babes are lying. He is sure that something is wrong; and looking up with pleading earnestness as he stands by his mother's knee, he begs to know the truth, for perhaps *he* "can help father."

John is too young to give his father much assistance. The strength and wisdom of a seven-year old boy will not be able to combat vigorously with the world. But the mother's pleased, tender look, as she returns his glance, shows that, young as he is, his affection, his sympathy has already been of use.

The youngest child may help his parents. Harry, Mary, when *your* father comes home tired from his daily work, *your* kiss of love or sympathy may be as

refreshing to his spirit as the dew to the flowers. You may not be able to bring a day's earnings in your hand and add them to the family store; and yet your father's heart will bless you for your help. You may lighten your mother's cares. You may spring quickly to do her bidding. You may hold Willie — the babe — in your arms, and still his fretful crying, while your mother is getting ready the noonday meal. You may come gently to your mother's side as she is tired with the toil of the day and may whisper in her ear, "Mother, I love you." Again, like the dew upon the flowers, shall your word or deed of kindness bring refreshment to your mother's heart."

"Honor thy father and thy mother," is the commandment to which God has annexed his especial promise. The child who is obedient and reverent in youth shall have God's blessing in his maturer years. The child who is a grief to his parent's heart may yet live to know a child's ingratitude to himself, and, more than all, shall bring down upon himself the displeasure of the Lord.



Do what you can to help your earthly parents. They deserve from you all kindness and love. Do what you can to help on the work of your Heavenly Parent. He has a work to be done in the world. Begin in your early days to love his service. There is a place for you. Find it. There is work for you. Do it.

THE GYMNASIUM.

The word gymnasium signified originally, a space measured out and covered with sand for the exercise of athletic games. In modern days it signifies a school or place where various exercises of the muscular powers are practised. Running, jumping, lifting, swinging, throwing the quoit, and playing at ball, are among these exercises. It might be well if they were connected with all our public schools. The body and mind both need exercise of the right kind, and the right amount of it. One of the chief blessings of life is, a sound mind in a healthy body. To preserve health, we must have exercise.

THE LITTLE STRINGS.

Did you ever see a gutta-percha face, children? And did you ever amuse yourself with pinching it one way, and pulling it another, and seeing what different expressions it will put on? When you cease pulling and pinching it, it returns to the same face it was before.

Now your little faces are softer than gutta-percha, and they are full of the little strings called muscles; and the little muscles pull them one way, and pull them another, just according to your feelings. Sometimes you feel grieved or sad, and the little muscles pull your face into a very doleful expression, and we know by looking at you just how you feel. Sometimes you feel pleased and merry, and the little muscles pull your face into smiles and dimples.

But often there are wicked passions at work at the strings. Anger pulls, and oh, what a disagreeable look the face puts on in a minute. Pride pulls the strings, or vanity, or envy, or discontent, or de-

ceit; and each brings its own expression over the face. The worst of it is, that, when these passions pull very often, the face does not return to what it was before, but the muscles harden and retain that ugly expression. By indulging in evil passions people may work their faces up into such awful faces, that sometimes, when you meet a man in the street, you can tell, just by looking at his face, what his character is.

A face that was very lovely when it was that of a child, has had the passion of anger pulling at it so often that it always wears a sullen, cross, dissatisfied look. Or, if a man has learned to hoard up money for its own sake, his face gets a mean, grasping look, and we say, when we pass him, "There goes a miser." Or, if he has learned to lie and steal, he can not make his face that of a truthful, honest man.

Now, dear children, do you want to have pleasant faces, that every body will love to look at? *Then don't let the ugly passions get hold of the strings.*

Put them into the hands of love and charity and good-will and truth and honesty; and then they will be beautiful faces.

I have seen faces without a single handsome feature, that were sweeter to look at than the most perfect features that ever were formed. And why? It was the expression. And what makes the expression? Oh, it all depends upon whether the bad passions or the lovely virtues get hold of the little strings.

CRUELTY KILLED BY KINDNESS.

A young woman in Vermont married a poor, but worthy man against her father's wish. He drove them from his house and closed his door and heart against them. They came into the vicinity of Boston, went to work, and prospered. After many years the father had occasion to come to Boston. He concluded to go and see his daughter, expecting a cold reception. His daughter and her husband

received him most kindly and lovingly. After staying with them awhile, he went back to Vermont. One of his neighbors, hearing where he had been, asked him how his daughter and her husband had treated him.

"I never was so treated before in my life," said the weeping and broken-hearted father. "They have broken my heart—they have killed me—I don't feel as though I could live under it." "What did they do to you?" asked the neighbor. "Did they abuse you?" "*They loved me to death,* and killed me with kindness," said he. "I can never forgive myself for treating so cruelly my own darling daughter, who loved me so affectionately. I feel as if I should die when I think how I grieved my precious child, when I spurned her from my door. Heaven bless them, and forgive my cruelty and injustice to them."

Who does not see in this an infallible cure for difficulties between man and man! There is not a child or a man upon earth who would not say that

the daughter, though so deeply wronged and outraged by her angry father, did right in treating him as she did. That father was her enemy, but she was not his. He hated her, but she loved him.

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me:
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me;
Keep me safe till morning light.

All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed me, fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer !

May my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take us, when we die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.



THE CAPTIVE TEXAN BOY.

My little friends, I will tell you a story of a little boy who was stolen by, and lived with the Indians, for nearly a year.

Away off on the frontier of Texas, there lived a wild and savage tribe of Indians, known as the Camanches. Sometimes small parties of them slip down to the settlements for the purpose of stealing horses and mules, and sometimes they murder entire families, or perchance they may not kill some of the younger ones, but carry them away off to their wild homes and rear them as servants.

In the summer of 1859, two Camanches came to the house of a Mr. H., residing in Mason Co., Texas, and after stealing his horses, discovered his bright-eyed little boy, only ten years old, playing at some distance from the house. They approached him slyly, and having secured him he was tied on a horse. The little fellow cried for help, but no one heard him, and away went the Indians at full speed, carrying

the little boy with them. Towards night he was missed. Search was made, but little Willie could not be found. As soon as it was discovered that the horses were also missing, it at once became apparent that the Indians had stolen the animals, and carried them off, into captivity, and with them, the dear little boy.

Although the savages were warmly pursued, they could not be overtaken, and the kind-hearted people who had followed them, were compelled to return. The first day the Indians travelled seventy miles, and at night tied their little prisoner hand and foot, to prevent his escape — but after that night he was permitted to run loose, although carefully watched. He was then so far from habitations that he could not make his escape and reach the settlement, without running great risk of starving to death, or being devoured by some wild beast.

At night he would think of saying his prayers and his fond mother, who taught him to say, "Now I lay me down to sleep," was thought of. His eyes

would fill with tears, his little heart would almost break, to think that he would never again behold her. Then he would cry aloud and keep it up until his nature was exhausted, when he would fall asleep. When he was hungry he was fed on raw horseflesh, without bread, and when he was sleepy, instead of having a nice bed upon which to sleep, the cold ground was his bed and the starry heavens his covering.

Weeks and months passed, and poor Willie had not been heard from, though morning, noon and night, prayers were offered up by his distressed parents for his safe return ; yet it did seem as if little hope could be entertained that he would ever be seen again. But God, who watches over, and cares for every living creature, was the friend of Willie, and so directed his feet as to keep him from harm until some way would be given him to escape.

One Sabbath in April, after he had been given up as dead, or lost forever, he suddenly appeared at home, and throwing himself in his mother's arms, exclaimed :

"Mother, God has sent me to you."

Had he risen from the dead, he could not have surprised or pleased his fond parents more. I saw the father of this little boy a day or two since, and as he related the hardships of his little son while he was with the Indians, the tears moistened his cheek, but when he told me how surprised and delighted he was when he first saw him after his return, the old man could no longer control himself, but cried like a child for joy.

Willie's escape was effected in this way. He was sold to some Mexicans for \$100, and bought from them by Kit Carson, who kept him in his own family, clothed him and fed him, until an opportunity offered to send him home. Great credit is due Mr. Carson for the kindness shown Willie, and I wish to place on record this acknowledgement of his goodness.

LIFE SAVED BY A TESTAMENT.

We have heard a story like this as related by a person in Providence, R. I., who knew the Lieut. Jackson of whom he was speaking :

In the late war with Mexico, on the 14th of September, 1847, the Americans, after capturing Chapultepec, had descended from the heights, and approaching the city gates, were met by a heavy fire of cannon and musketry, which swept through their ranks, cutting down officers and men rapidly. At length, Lt. Jackson, of Company H, of 9th Infantry, (the New England Regiment,) was severely hit in the side by a musket ball, and supposed to be mortally wounded ; he was conveyed to the rear, where it was discovered that the ball had struck against the leather cover of a small Testament presented to him by his sister before leaving New Hampshire, and which he was in the habit of reading. The ball had thus glanced off instead of passing through his

heart, and he was saved unharmed; but the Testament cover was sadly torn by the Mexican bullet.

I am happy to add that Lt. J. was a gentleman of quiet and moral habits, withstanding manfully those temptations before which officers of the army too often fall. He was promoted to the ranks of Captain, for bravery and good conduct, and is yet in New Hampshire, alive and well.

Well, this is an interesting account; and it makes us think of the way in which the Testament will save others from destruction. It will teach us all to be such good soldiers of the cross that no weapons of the adversary of souls can harm us. It will teach us how to arm ourselves, and how to use the shield of faith so that we may arrest all the bullets and "quench all the fiery darts of the wicked" that are aimed against us. Read the 6th Chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, and see what kind of soldiers the New Testament will make us. But in order to be thus secure, we must not depend upon a New Testament outside of our heart. We must have

the New Testament *in our heart*, — its spirit, its holy teaching, its truth and its love. It is not the leather covers of the Testament that will save us. It is the blessed spirit of the word that is in the book — “the Word of God that liveth and abideth forever.”

A GOOD REPLY.

The benevolent Dr. Wilson once discovered a clergyman at Bath, who, he was informed, was sick, poor, and had a numerous family. In the evening he gave a friend fifty pounds, requesting he would deliver it in the most delicate manner, and from an unknown person. The friend replied —

“I will wait upon him early in the morning.”

“You will oblige me by calling directly. Think, sir, what importance a good night’s sleep may be to that poor man.”

THE FLOWER GIRL.

My gentle-voiced mother ! The tear-drops fall fast,
At the thought of the days and the scenes that are past;
And she starts as she looks round our cottage so drear,
And feels that the loved and the dead may be near.
O, pale grows her cheek as she toils sadly on !
I know that my mother, too, soon may be gone.
To lighten her labor, to bless her I try,
Who'll buy my spring blossoms, who'll buy, oh ! who'll
buy ?

BE TRUTHFUL, ALWAYS.

When an old Grecian philosopher was asked what a person could gain by telling a lie, his reply was, "not to be credited when he speaks the truth." Nobody likes falsehood ; and the truth is always best to deal in. Truthful people always get along in the world better than deceivers. Here is a good story about truthfulness. Read it, boys, and take its lessons well to heart : —



"Two country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and vegetables of the boy's own raising, and the other supplied with clams and fish. The market hours passed along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his store steadily decreasing, and an equivalent in silver bits shining in his little money cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it, said: "What a fine large melon; I think I must have this for my dinner. What do you ask for it, my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir; and though it looks very fair there is an unsound spot on the other side," said the boy, turning it over.

"So there is," said the man; "I think I will not take it. But," he added looking into the boy's fine countenance, "is it very business-like to point out the defects in your fruits to customers?"

"It is better than being dishonest, sir," said the boy, modestly.

"You are right, my little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will find favor with God, and man also. You have nothing else I wish for this morning, but I shall remember your little stand in future. Are those clams fresh?" he continued, turning to Ben Wilson's stand.

"Yes, sir; fresh this morning. I caught them myself," was the reply," and a purchase being made the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool y^e u was to show the gentleman that spot in the melon. Now you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about these clams I caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would not tell a lie or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."

And so it proved, for the next day the gentleman bought nearly all his fruit and vegetables of Harry,

but never invested another penny at the stand of his neighbor. Thus the season passed; the gentleman finding he could always get a good article of Harry, continually patronized him, and sometimes talked with him a few moments about his future hopes and prospects. To become a merchant was his great ambition, and when the winter came on, the gentleman wanting a trusty boy for his store, decided on giving the place to Harry. Steadily and surely he advanced in the confidence of his employer, until, having passed through various gradations of clerkship, he became at length an honored partner in the firm.

A TENDER REPRICOF.

A little boy had one day done wrong, and was sent, after maternal correction, to ask in secret the forgiveness of his heavenly father. His offence had been passion. Anxious to hear what he would say, his mother followed to the door of

his room. In lisping accents she heard him ask to be made better, never to be angry again, and then with child-like simplicity, he added, "*Lord make ma's temper better too.*"

AFFLICTION AND BLESSING.

How kind and merciful is our heavenly Father! When he afflicts, he blesses. Here is the older brother of Charlotte and Jane, unable to walk, and obliged to wheel himself about his room in a carriage made for this purpose; and yet, with this misfortune upon him, he is the happiest of persons. His study is one of the most cheerful and attractive places in the village where they live. The sisters delight to go there and listen to the profitable talk of their brother, and read his books, and share his smiles. They are all kindness to him, and he repays this kindness in his cheerful disposition, and readiness to communicate knowledge to them. Surely misfortunes may be blessings to us, if we only know how to use them.



THE LITTLE GRAVE.

"It's only a little grave," they said,
"Only a child that's dead ;"
And so they carelessly turned away
From the mound the spade had made that day.
Ah ! they did not know how deep a shade
That little grave in our home had made.

I know that the coffin was narrow and small,
One yard would have served for an ample pall ;
And one man in his arms could have borne away
The rose-wood and its freight of clay.
But I know that darling hopes were hid
Beneath that little coffin-lid.

I know that a mother stood that day
With folded hands by that form of clay ;
I know that burning tears were hid
" ' Neath the drooping lash and aching lid ;"
And I know her lip and cheek and brow
Were almost as white as her baby's now.

I know that some things were hid away,
The crimson frock, and wrappings gay ;
The little sock, and the half-worn shoe,
The cap with its plumes and tassels blue ;
And an empty crib, with its covers spread,
As white as the face of the sinless dead.

'Tis a little grave; but oh, have care !
For world-wide hopes are buried there;
And ye, perhaps in coming years,
May see, like her, through blinding tears,
How much of light, how much of joy,
Is buried up with an only boy.

ALL MEN ONE FAMILY.

All men belong to one family; the good and the bad, the wise and the ignorant, the strong and the weak. One God created them all. He "made of one blood all the nations." They are related to each other, and for this reason are directed to love one another always. The God who made them, loves them, and they ought, for this reason, to love one another. This is Christianity in practice. "Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." Should we not have a happy world if all would really exercise this love?

WILLIE'S FIRST OATH.

A little boy came in from play the other day, looking very unhappy. Was he hurt? No. Had the boys plagued him? No. Had he been in mischief? No. What was the matter with Willie? He hardly spoke at supper, and ate very little. His mother went up to bed with him, and asked again, "Willie, what ails you, dear!" "Mother," said he — "mother — I *swore*. The minute I spoke it, I was afraid of God, and I ran home. Mother, if I could only wipe those wicked words out of my mouth — if I only could. Mother, will God forgive me, ever forgive me for taking his holy name in vain? Pray for me mother; and Willie sunk upon his knees and hid his face. His mother *did* pray for him, and Willie prayed for himself — prayed to be forgiven — prayed that he might never, never profane the name of God again. "I'd rather be dumb all my life long," said Willie, "than be a swearer."

The next day he asked his mother to write down all the Bible said about profane swearing; "he wanted the word of God on the matter," he said, "and he wanted to study it, and stick it on his mind, and carry it about with him everywhere;" so she found and copied these texts.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain." Ex. 20: 8. This is the third commandment.

"Ye shall not swear by my name falsely, neither shalt thou profane the name of thy God: I am the Lord. Lev. 19: 12.

"Because of swearing the land mourneth; the pleasant places of the wilderness are dried up." Jer. 23: 10.

"I say unto you, swear not at all: neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King: neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair

white or black. But let your communication be Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." These are the Lord Jesus' words in Matthew 5: 34-37.

"*Above all things*, my brethren," says James, "*swear not*, neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by *any other oath*: but let your yea be yea; and your nay, nay; lest ye fall into condemnation." James 5: 12.

"Oh, mother," said Willie on reading them over, "how clear God speaks. How can a man or a boy dare to swear after this?"

He learned these Scriptures; and I have written them down for every boy who pleases to learn them also.

God expects that we should be his remembrancers, and that we should pray over his promises. Gracious promises are God's bonds, and he loves to see his people put them in suit.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

It was a favorite opinion of the Christian fathers, that every individual is under the care of a particular angel, who is assigned to him as his guardian. The Jews (except the Sadducees) entertained this belief. The heathen held it in a modified form — the Greeks having their tutelary *demon*, and the Romans their *genius*. This does not seem, however, to be a notion supported by the Bible. How God guides and guards his children by invisible agencies, we know not. There is one guardian angel, though, in whom we may all rely. It is God's Word. We thus read of it:

How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rule imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.



Thy word is everlasting truth:
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

A GOOD PLAN.

Some years since a little boy kissed his mother good-night, and went to his room. After some time, she heard him up, and fearing that he might be sick, she went to see. There she found little Harry sitting up. "Why, my son, are you not in bed?" said Mrs. Lane. "Oh, mamma, I have got such a nice way of finding out whether I keep the commandments. Every night I say them, and try and think of all I have said and done during the day, which has broken them. Is it not a nice way, mamma?" "Yes, my dear, if you are only faithful to yourself. We sin not only in what we say and do, but in what we think and feel. God will call us to account for every secret thought and intent of the heart."

"I am afraid, mamma, I broke the sixth commandment to-day, when Charley Hunt tripped me up at school; I was very angry, and would have knocked him down and hurt him if our teacher had not come out; and I thought of what you had taught me; I did not say a word, but it has troubled me that I felt so hateful towards him, and I have been asking God to forgive me."

I will not repeat any more of the conversation Harry Lane had with his mother, but tell my young readers that he kept on in his good way, which he began when he was eight years old, and is now one of the most consistent Christians in the land, and his mother hopes to see him one of the most useful ministers of the gospel.

He who casts off prayer, casts off the authority of God.

"ISN'T IT WORSE FOR A MAN, PATHER?"

It is two years since I left off the use of tobacco. I only chewed a little, but I did enjoy my cigar. I prided myself on my fine Havanas, and might have been seen almost any morning with a cigar in my mouth, walking down Broadway in a most comfortable manner.

The way it happened that I left off is this: I had a little son about six years of age. He almost always hurried to be ready to walk down with me as far as the school. His bright face and extended hand were always welcome, and he bounded along beside me, chatting, as such dear little fellows only can.

The city has in it many dirty, uncared-for boys, whose chief delight seems to be to pick up pieces of discarded cigars and broken pipes and with their hands in their pockets, puff away in a very inelegant manner.

One morning it seemed as if little Edgar and I

met a great many of these juvenile smokers. I became very much disgusted, and pointed them out to little Edgar as awful warnings of youthful delinquency, talked quite largely, and said the city authorities ought to interfere and break it up.

A little voice, soft and musical, came up to me as I gave an extra puff from my superb Havana. His bright little face was upturned, and the words,

"Isn't it worse for a man, father?" came to my ears.

I looked down at the little fellow at my side, when his timid eye fell, and the color mounted on his boyish cheek, as if he had said something bold and unfitting.

"Do you think it worse for a man, Edgar?" I asked.

"Please, father, boys would not want to smoke and chew tobacco, if men did not do it."

Here was the answer. I threw away my cigar, and have never touched tobacco since in any form.

THE FIRST LESSON IN GAMBLING.

Wherever there are great collections of people there are always bad and foolish people among them. It was so in Bridgeport, where the State fair was held recently. Outside the grounds, behind or within tents or booths, were many who gambled and led others to do so. Now it is a very simple thing to gamble; so simple and it often appears so fair, that many a boy is led to take the first step before he knows it.

There was behind one of the oyster-stands a circle of men and boys; on the ground sat a poor degraded, dissipated man, poorly clothed and looking sick and weak. He held in his hand several iron rings, and before him was a board with large nails driven in it which stood upright. A clear-faced, and bright eyed, handsome little fellow stepped up to him. He was just such a boy as is prompt at day school, and always has his lesson at Sunday school. He showed this in his face as he stepped up to the man and said:

"What's that for?"

"Give me a cent and you may pitch one of these rings, and if it catches over a nail, I'll give you six cents."

That seemed fair enough; so the boy handed him a cent and took the ring. He stepped back to a stake, tossed the ring, and it caught on one of the nails.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again, or six cents?"

"Six cents," was the answer; and two three-cent pieces were put into his hand, and he stepped off well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong.

A gentleman standing near watched him and now, before he had time to look about and re-join his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"My lad, that is your first lesson in gambling."

"Gambling, sir!"

"You staked your penny and won six, did you not?"

"Yes, I did."

"You did not earn them, and they were not given you; you *won* them just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path; that man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now I advise you to go and give him the six cents back, and ask him for your penny, and then stand square with the world an honest boy again."

He had hung his head down, but raised it quickly and his bright, open look as he said, "I'll do it," will not be forgotten. He ran back and soon emerged from the ring, looking happier than ever. He touched his cap and bowed pleasantly as he ran away to join his comrades.

That was an honest boy.

THE CRIPPLED CHILD.

Sad and sorrowful is the fond mother as she thinks of her darling girl, whose lameness will not permit her to share in the sports of her young companions. But God is good, and in his merciful kindness, often

turns what may seem to be calamities into blessings. This loved child in her affliction, is learning a great lesson of patience and resignation, and her disposition and character in after life render her one of the most admired and useful of persons. Although the mother is sorrowful now, she will bless God in many a day to come for the gift of this pure-hearted and excellent child.

It is hard, indeed, to be crippled in body; but it is worse to be crippled in mind, — to have a soul that is not sound and strong in truth and goodness.

THE RED BINDING.

When I was a little girl, I attended a Sabbath School in which it was the custom to reward good lessons by a little blue ticket bearing a verse of Scripture. Five blue tickets entitled the scholar to a red one, and a certain number of red ones might be exchanged for a book. Once when the time for giving out the rewards had arrived, my teacher brought to our class a pile of new volumes, bidding



us to choose for ourselves. My fancy, as I remember, was attracted by a gaily bound book, with gilt edges, and profusely illustrated. I resolved to take that book, and looked most disdainfully on a plainer one, habited in sober black, which was pressed upon my notice.

Reaching my home, I sat down in a favorite corner, to make the acquaintance of my prize. Little friend, imagine my chagrin when I discovered that my treasure was suited only to the most infantile comprehension, and had no charms for me! I had been cheated by a fanciful binding, and for days and weeks the sight of the little book was a mortifying souvenir of my weakness.

Older children than I was have been imposed upon by bright outsides. Many a rosy apple is rotten at the core. Many a bright cherry hides a little worm. The tiger is a very beautiful animal, with a glossy fur, most elegantly striped and mottled; but he is cruel and blood-thirsty, and often springs from the deep jungle gloom upon an innocent victim.

The most poisonous plants have deep green leaves and crimson berries. So, some of the worst men and women who have ever lived have been famed for their beauty and grace. Cleopatra, who in ancient times was famed for her attractive appearance, perpetrated the most shocking crimes, and finally killed herself. Queen Mary of England, during whose reign thousands of Protestants died at the stake or on the scaffold, was possessed of much personal beauty. Aaron Burr, who was at one time prominent in our political history, was mean, selfish, and treacherous, earning his worst laurels in a duel.

Never judge of things by their binding. The little white clover blossom throws a sweet fragrance on the air, while a whole regiment of flaunting dahlia does not shed the faintest perfume. A kindly heart often throbs under a ragged vest, while beautiful garments and handsome features conceal evil and ungenerous motives. Man judgeth by the outward appearance but God looketh on the heart.—

GOOD SAYINGS.

There is much wisdom often contained in very short sayings. The Book of Proverbs, you remember, is filled with such sayings, some of them the best that have ever been written. Here are a few brief hints and directions which we commend to the attention of all.

Be not afraid to work with your own hands, and diligently, too. "A cat in gloves catches no mice."

"He who remains in the mill, grinds; not he who goes and comes."

"Save the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves,"

Be abstemious. "Who dainties love shall beggars prove."

Rise early. "The sleeping fox catches no poultry."
"Plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you will have corn to sell and keep."

Treat every one with respect and civility. "Every thing is gained, and nothing lost, by courtesy."
"Good manners insure success."

THE OLD CHURCH YARD.

Here is a picture of one of the very old country Churches in England. Near it is the ancient church yard, where generation after generation have been laid away in their graves, and where the new generations come to look upon these quiet resting places. The poet Gray, in his beautiful "Elegy in a Country Church Yard," speaks of those who rest there:—

“ Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.”

Blessed be the rest of quiet dead! Let us praise God for his blessed Word which says, "We shall not all sleep. The dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed."

THE LIGHT OF THE LIGHT KEEPER.

The father of Benny a light-keeper was
On a rock in the deep heaving sea;
And Benny the light of the light-keeper's heart,
For a dear little fellow was he.



The light-keeper's light warned all voyagers away,
In the dark and tempestuous night;
But the light of the light-keeper's heart at all times,
Attracted all hearts to its light.

The breakers came scampering up on the rocks,
With such a soft, white, fleecy look,
They might well be mistaken for sheep just returned
From the washing their wool in the brook.

Yet very unlike to the bleating of sheep,
Was the rude, angry voice of the waves,
As, howling like wolves on the track of their prey,
They rushed to their homes in the caves.

But Benny feared not the mad bellowing waves,
That came up from the deep heaving sea;
He had made them his playmates, and loved the wild spot
For a brave little fellow was he.

On a boisterous day Benny's father went out,
In a boat, leaving Benny behind,
But the storm raged so fierce that in spite of his skill,
The boat was capsized by the wind.

Through hard striving the light-keeper got on the keel,
And essayed to return to the shore,
When, losing his hold, he cried, " Benny, farewell,
I shall see your sweet smile nevermore."

" I will save you, dear father," the loving boy cried,
As he fearlessly dashed into the serf,
And flinging a cable made fast to a rock,
Was Benny's last act upon earth.

The light-keeper caught by the rope and was saved,
But the light of the light-keeper fled.
Thrown back by the serf on the sharp flinty rocks,
Little Benny lay mangled and dead !

Little Benny was young in years of earth-life,
When he fell like unripened grain ;
But his spirit was golden and sere with earth-love,
Then why should he longer remain ?

The light-keeper's light still burns steady and bright,
On the rock in the deep heaving sea ;
But the light of the light-keeper's heart has gone out,
And a desolate man now is he.

LOSING ALL: A FAMILY SCENE.

A few years ago a merchant failed in business. He went home one evening in great agitation.

"What is the matter?" asked his wife.

"I am beggared: I have lost my all!" he exclaimed, pressing his hand upon his forehead, as if his brain was in a whirl.

"All!" said his wife; "I am left." "All! papa," said his eldest boy; "here am I." "And I, too, papa," said his little girl, running up and putting her arms around his neck. "I's not lost, papa," repeated Eddie. "And you have your health left," said his wife. "And your two hands to work with, papa," said his eldest; "and I can help you." "And your two feet, papa, to carry you about." "And your two eyes to see with papa," said little Eddie. "And you have God's promises," said grandmother. "And a good God," said his wife. "And heaven to go to," said the

little girl. "And Jesus, who came to fetch us there," said the eldest.

"God forgive me," said the poor merchant, bursting into tears. "I have not lost all. What are the few thousands which I called my all, to these good things which God has left me?" — and he clasped his family to his bosom, and kissed his wife and children with a thankful heart.

Ah, no! there are a great many things more precious than gold and bank stocks, valuable as they may be in their place. When the Central America was foundering at sea, bags and purses of gold were strewn about the deck, as worthless as the mere rubbish. "Life, life!" was the prayer. To some of the wretched survivors, "Water, water!" was the prayer. "Bread, bread!" it was worth its weight in gold, if gold could have bought it.

Never be discouraged because you cannot do much. Do what you can. Angels can do no more.

LITTLE THINGS.

Look out for the little things in life that ought to be done. If we do the little duties well, we shall be pretty sure to be faithful in the great ones. Here is a good word on this subject:—

“Springs are little things, but they are the sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but mark how evenly it governs the course of the largest ship that ever floated the waters; pegs and nails are little things; but they hold together the large parts of the largest buildings; that memento is a little thing, and cost but little of this world’s wealth, for it is the simplest kind, and yet it expresses the universe, for it is a thought of love clothed in a form of beauty; an angry word, a jealous thought, a frown — all these are little things, but powerful for evil, and are helping to build penitentiaries and prisons and to fill them with those who merely have carried the same passions and feelings further than we have.”

BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Once to the trembling shepherds came
That sacred Gospel call, —
“Fear not! Behold glad tidings now
I bring to you — to all!”

A Christ was born; he labored, died,
And rose from death, that we
Might share with him one joy, one life,
One immortality!

A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER.

More than thirty years ago a godly minister illustrating the efficacy of prayer, related the case of a little boy with a sore hand, which had become so bad that the physicians decided it must be amputated to save the boy's life. The day was fixed for the operation.

On hearing this, the little boy went to a retired spot in the garden, fell on his knees, and begged God for Jesus' sake to save his poor hand.



The next day the physician came and examined the hand, when, to the astonishment of all, it was found to be so much better that an amputation was unnecessary.

The hand got quite well again, the little boy grew up to be a man, "and," continued the minister, holding up his hand, "this unworthy hand can now be shown to you as a monument of prayer answered through divine mercy."

MAXIMS OF BISHOP MIDDLETON.

Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride.

Persevere against discouragement.

Keep your temper,

Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate.

Preserve self-possession, and do not be talking out of conviction.

Never be in a hurry.

Rather set than follow example.

Rise early and be an economist of time.

Practice strict temperance.

Manner is something with every body, and every thing to some.

Be guarded in discourse, attentive and slow to speak.

Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions.

Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask them.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

A lady visiting New York city saw one day, on the sidewalk, a ragged, cold, and hungry little girl, gazing wistfully at some cake in a shop window. She stopped, and taking the little one by the hand, led her into the store, though she knew that bread might be better for the child than cake; yet desiring to gratify the shivering and forlorn one, she bought and gave her the cake she wanted. She then took her to another place, where she procured her a shawl

and other articles of comfort. The grateful little creature looked the benevolent lady up in the face, and with artless simplicity asked, "*Are you God's wife?*"

SOLOMON.

Solomon was the son of David. He came to the throne at the age of eighteen or twenty. The empire of his father which he inherited, extended from the river Euphrates to the Mediterranean sea; or as in 1 Kings 4: 24, from Tiphseh, a city on the Euphrates, to Azzah or Gaza, and from the mountains of Lebanon to Egypt and the Ailavitic Gulf; and comprised a population of more than five millions. At peace with all nations, he opened an extensive commerce with foreign countries, and made Jerusalem, where he dwelt, the seat of the refinements and arts of civilized life. He adorned it with palaces; he built his famous temple on Mount

Moriah, and dedicated it to the worship of God. But he indulged in too much luxury, and became weak, as did his people; idolatry and corruption came in from other nations; and thus the splendor of his reign was tarnished, and his old age was not honored as it might have been. His life is a lesson to all generations. It shows us who it is that can truthfully say of life,—“Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!” Not he who is walking in the way of obedience to the commands of the Lord.

THE “RED SEA” GREEN.

The general opinion respecting the color of this sea has been that it was of a red hue, but, like many other popular notions, this has been a popular fallacy. Horatius Bonar, D. D., in his work on the Holy Land, says:—

“Blue I have called the sea, yet not strictly so, save in the far distance. It is neither a red nor a

blue sea, but emphatically green — yes, green of the most brilliant kind I ever saw. This is produced by the immense tracts of shallow water, with yellow sand beneath, which always gives this green to the sea, even in the absence of verdure on the shore or sea-weeds beneath. The blue of the sky and the yellow of the sands meeting and intermingling in the water form the green of the sea, the water being the medium in which the mixing or fusing of the colors takes place."

EVENING HYMN.

Before I close my eyes to-night,
Let me myself these questions ask;
Have I endeavored to do right
Nor thought my duty was a task?

Have I been gentle, lowly, meek,
And the small voice of conscience heard?
When passion tempted me to speak,
Have I repressed the angry word?

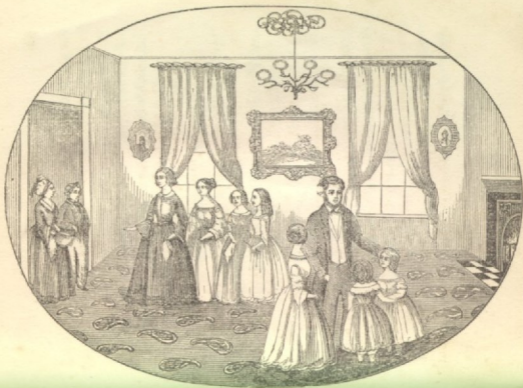
Have I with cheerful zeal obeyed
What my kind parents bid me do?
And not by word or action said
The thing that was not strictly true?

In hard temptation's troubled hour,
Then have I stopped to think and pray
That God would give my soul the power
To chase the sinful thought away?

O Thou! who seest all my heart!
Wilt Thou forgive, and love me still,
Wilt Thou to me new strength impart,
And make me love to do Thy will?

VISITING THE TEACHERS.

Sunday school scholars and their teachers ought to be well acquainted with each other. Then they will love each other the more. It is very pleasant for scholars to visit their teachers, when the teachers can conveniently invite them to their homes. Some teachers can do this, and some cannot. But



we do know that where it is done, the effect is good upon the teachers and scholars. We know of teachers who will have their pupils with them at their homes once or twice every year. The cut before the reader represents an enjoyment of this kind.

" I WISH I WERE RICH."

" I wish I were rich : I would buy everything," cried Charlie.

" The sun, moon, and stars ?" inquired William.

" No ; everything that can be had for money."

" *That's not happiness,*" said William.

" Get your hat, Charlie, and come with me to Mr. Morrison's," said his father.

" Oh ! please not, papa : he is such a disagreeable, miserable old man, with his cross looks and gouty foot, hobbling about and groaning."

" I think you would like to live with him !"

" I, papa ? I would rather live down a coal pit !"

" With him you would have *all that can be bought with money.*"

"I recant; I see it won't do," said Charlie.

"Health cannot be bought with money."

"Nor good temper, nor friendship, nor life," said William.

"Above all," added their father, "the favor of God cannot be bought with money. Be content with as much of it as God gives, and seek to use it aright."

"The fear of God and sweet content,
Yield riches that will ne'er be spent."

QUESTIONS FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL

Whose son was Jacob?

How many children had Jacob?

How was Joseph regarded by his brethren?

What did his brethren do to him?

How did they deceive their father as to his fate?

Where did Joseph go?

Can you relate his history after he went to Egypt?

Where did Joseph die?

Where was Joseph at last buried?

DON'T SHUT THE BIBLE.

" Mother, the icy hand of death
Doth chill my limbs and stop my breath;
Read me those sacred words again,
They sooth my spirit, ease my pain."

She took the precious Book, and read
How Jesus long ago had said,

" Let little children come to me,
For such shall heaven's household be."

She closed and laid aside the Book,
And in her arms the sufferer took;
His eyes grew dim, his utterance weak,
But still he struggled hard to speak.

He struggled long ! what would he say
Ere death had sealed his lips for aye ?

" Don't shut it up," at length he cried —
" Don't shut the Book ;" — then calmy died.

" Don't shut it up," his spirit sings,
While upward borne on angel wings;
" Don't shut the Bible," seemed to say
His cold and pallid lips of clay.

- “Don't shut the Bible,” still I hear
It sounding sweetly in mine ear;
From morn till noon, from noon till even,
It speaks to me — a voice from heaven.
- “Don't shut the Bible,” God on high
With threat proclaims, or man will die:
“Don't shut the book,” — a voice of love
Doth ever whisper from above.
- “Don't shut the Bible,” till its light
Dispels the gloom of Pagan night;
Till sin's dominion is no more,
And Jesus reigns from shore to shore.

