

BREAKING THE STICK.

A good man, the superintendent of a Sabbath-school in the East, was one day annoyed by a scholar. It was said, "There is a lad striking us with a stick." He looked around, and could see no stick. Again there was a cry, "There is a lad striking us with a stick." He slowly turned around, and saw that an overgrown lad had a stick, and that after he had done with it he pushed it up his coat sleeve. My friend stopped till the lad pulled it out again, and the instant he did so, the superintendent put his foot upon it, and broke it. This wicked fellow came to my friend, and said, "I shall catch you some night, as you are going home, and I will break your head, for breaking that stick." "What!" said the superintendent, "what do you say?" "I will break your head some night as you are going home. You had no right to break my stick." The teacher went up to the lad, and said, "John, give me your hand; I have prayed for you many a time, but I will pray for you more than ever." The lad wept, and the teacher also.

The lad left the school about a fortnight afterwards; and when, some two or three years subsequently, my friend was at a watering place, at a little distance off, he saw a tall young man making his way toward him. He soon came up and said, "How do you do?" "I do not know you." "Have you forgotten me?" "O no, I recollect the stick;" and he started. "Ah! you need not run away; but what are you doing now?" "I am a member of the Wesleyan Society. After I had left, when I was wandering at a distance, I began to think of what had passed, and that led me to Christ. The first impression I had of a saving character, I received when you broke my stick and afterwards took me by the hand and said you would pray for me."

Go on, then, you who are sowing immortal truth in these young minds; you cannot tell what may be the result.—*London Reporter.*

THE GREENLANDERS.

Greenland is a cold and desolate region; its waters are nearly all the year covered with ice and its land with snow, yet the Greenlanders are extremely fond of their country, and would not, on any account, exchange their barren rocks and mountains of snow for the spicy groves and flowery fields of warmer climates. Two of its inhabitants were brought to Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, a few years since, and they pined for want till they met with some train oil, which they drank with the same relish that we do chocolate or coffee; and they danced for joy when they found that they were to be sent back to Greenland.

Habit renders every situation in life easy; and it is natural to become attached to our native country. Custom has

taught the Greenlanders to struggle with the severity of the most piercing winter, and suffer the hard-hips of a poor and scanty subsistence. They scarcely know, even in idea, what enjoyment we derive from our woods, and groves, and fields, while gentle zephyrs breathe around, and the little birds seem to vie with each other in their evening notes of gratitude and praise: they are more unacquainted with the delight we experience in watching the earliest buds of spring, and in admiring the rich hues of summer flowers, or the ever-varying tints of autumn. They cannot regret the loss of pleasures unknown to them. Their year consists only of one night and one day; the sun never rises during winter, nor sets while their short summer lasts.



THE CITY CRIER.

While spending a Sabbath in Buffalo, during the Conference session of 1845, the following incident occurred:

While sitting in the family with whom we lodged, we heard, about five o'clock in the afternoon, a loud hallooing in the streets, accompanied, or rather alternated by the ringing of a hand bell. On going to the door, we found it was the city crier. He would walk on a few rods, ringing his bell, and then stop and exclaim, in these words: "Heigh ho! I have lost a little boy, about two years old. He had on a blue cloth cap, with a tassel; a blueish frock, and white pantalets. If any one will put me on track he shall be well rewarded." Thus he would go on from one street to another, and over the common, always repeating the same words whenever he stopped, and in a tone of voice loud, and so mournful as to produce quite a solemn impression on the mind of the listeners. After an hour or so, we saw him returning from a distant part of the city, bearing the lost child in his arms. He appeared happy at his success. And as he approached the home of the child, it was affecting to see the joy of the parents. The father hastened forth and meeting his recovered child, took him from the arms of the finder, and pressed him to his bosom. The mother and other friends had come out of the door as the

little fellow was brought up to them. Their joy was manifested by embraces and kisses, the sight of which was enough to melt your heart.

The circumstance, that in the New Testament the original word for crier (*Keryx*) is also the word for preacher, and the additional circumstance that there were then in the city more than two hundred preachers, suggested to us several interesting thoughts, which have come into our mind repeatedly since that time. This child was *lost*. So are sinners. Lost to themselves, lost to community, lost to God, lost for this world, lost for eternity. The crier made the loss his own; he said "I have lost a little boy," &c., and you would suppose from his word and his manner, that he was really in search of his own lost child. So ought the preacher of the Gospel to do. When speaking to persons in private, or addressing them from the pulpit, on the great dangers to which they are exposed, the momentous interests they have at stake; he should address them, and feel toward them, as he would if they were *his* children, *his* parents, *his* brothers and sisters.

This child was *saved*. And so by the grace of God upon our labors, the preacher can save the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Yes, stupendous thought, if we follow promptly and perseveringly the wanderer from God, the alien from Israel, the candidate for hell, him that was to be wrecked and ruined forever, we shall recover him, shall rescue him from the snare of the fowler, from the paw of the lion, shall save a soul worth more than a world, a soul for whom Christ died, a soul that shall shine forever as a star in His crown.

What a pleasant work is preaching the gospel! Why, look at this crier; how much satisfaction he took in that moment when he restored the lost boy to the arms of his half-distracted parents. It was far more to him than his pecuniary reward; yet how small his joy to that of the faithful minister, who restores a wandering transgressor to himself, to his pious parents, to the church, to God. There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repents. Of this high, holy, heavenly joy, that minister feels his full share; he feeds on angels' food. And then, to meet that redeemed spirits in heaven! to embrace scores, hundreds of them there! This is an ambition worthy of an Apostle.—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

SHUN A TATTLER.

If you do not wish to speak ill of any, do not delight to hear ill of them. Give no countenance to busy-bodies, and those that love to talk of other men's faults; or if you cannot decently reprove them on account of their quality, then direct the discourse some other way; or if you cannot do that, by seeming not to mind it, you may sufficiently signify that you do not like it.