

tree, and used to carry in their hands, or flourish over their heads its "branches" at a victory, or any such joyous time. Yes; and in the glimpse of Heaven which the beloved disciple got, he saw a "great multitude standing before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."—Rev. vii. 9.

Different palms yield different sorts of fruit; but the palm of the Holy Land yields dates. This fruit is the size of a plum, and, like the plum, it has a stone in its heart. It grows in bunches like grapes. It is sweet, and very nourishing. The old trees are most productive. A patriarchal palm of threescore and ten will yield three or four hundred weight of dates—enough to feed a hungry Arab family for many a day.

Try to find out—

1. Where in the Bible the palm is first mentioned?
2. Which was the City of Palms?
3. How is it that a righteous man resembles this tree?

AN OLD NEGRO'S RELIGION.

A Preacher of the Gospel relates the following conversation which he had with an old negro, while travelling in Virginia. He says,—I was travelling from Stanton to Bean Station in Tennessee, and on the road I overtook a Virginian planter, with his family and effects, moving to Missouri. Soon after I came up with two old coloured persons, a man and a woman, and judging that they belonged to the family I had just passed, I addressed the old man thus;

"Well, old man, had you not rather be in heaven, than travel this long road on foot?"

He looked at me, and said, "Yes, massa, I had."

"Do you expect ever to get to heaven?"

"Yes, massa, I do."

"Why, do you think God would

ever have such an old nigger in heaven as you are?"

"Yes, massa, I believe I shall get to heaven when I die, if I is black."

"Why, what makes you believe so? Can you read the Bible?"

"No, massa, I can't read, but I can feel."

"Well, what do you feel?"

"Why, massa, I long since felt that I was a sinner; I felt very sorry for my sins, and then I felt that God, for Christ's sake, would forgive them all."

"What! you say that you cannot read, and yet you know that your sins are forgiven? Are you not mistaken? Why, there are many white persons who are very learned, and do not know that God has forgiven their sins; you must be mistaken, ain't you?"

At this time we were close to a very large black oak, which was at least three feet in diameter, and a hundred feet high. The old man pointed his finger toward the tree, and said:

"Massa, do you see that tree dar?"

"Yes, but what of it?"

"Well, massa, if you had that dar tree on your shoulder, and was to carry it two hundred yards, and then lay it down, don't you think you would know when you laid it down?"

"Yes old man, I think I should."

"Well, massa, just as sure as you would know when you laid down that tree after carrying it two hundred yards, just so sure I know when God Almighty took that heavy burden of sin off me; and now I do believe I shall get to heaven when I die: *I love God, and have tried to serve him many years.*" The old man looked at me, with a smile on his face, his eyes beaming with a lively hope of eternal life, and said, "Massa, don't you profess religion?"

"What makes you think I profess religion?"

"Why massa, I think if you did not profess religion, you would not have asked me those questions."

I replied: "Yes, old man, I do profess religion, and hope to meet you in heaven."