

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 get it?"

"Oh, Massa," replied the delighted African, "me will! indeed me will!" and, having received the precious volume, he set off on his way homeward.

I do not know how long Sambo was in travelling the fifty miles, but it was in the evening that he came in sight of home, just as his companions were leaving their work, who, as soon as they saw him, shouted out, "Sambo! Sambo!"

Sambo held up his book, while he shouted back, "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 will you give, Betty?" and thus he went on until he had obtained from them enough in subscriptions to complete the payment of his Bible. 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 and pay for a Bible to read to his companions. Was not God's Word precious to him?—*Parish Visitor*.

THE BRIDLE.

"DON'T go without a bridle, boys," was my grandfather's favourite bit of advice.

Do you suppose we were all teamsters or horse jockeys? No such thing. If he heard one cursing and swearing, or given to much vain and foolish talk, "That man has lost his bridle," he would say.

Without a bridle, the tongue, though a little member, "boasteth great things." It is "an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." Put a bridle on, and it is one of the best servants the body and soul have. "I will keep my mouth with a bridle," said King David. And who can do better than follow his example?

When my grandfather saw a man drinking and carousing, or a boy spending all his money for cakes and candy, "Poor fellow," he would say, "he's let

off his bridle." The appetite needs a reining. Let it loose, and it will run you to gluttony, drunkenness, and all sorts of disorder. Be sure to keep a bridle on your appetite; do not let it be master. And don't neglect to have one on your passions. They go mad if they get unmanageable, driving you down a blind and headlong course to ruin. Keep the check-rein tight, don't let it slip; hold it steady. Never go without your bridle.

That was the bridle my grandfather meant—the bridle of self-government. Parents try to restrain and check their children, and you can generally tell by their behavior what children have such wise and faithful parents. But parents cannot do everything. And some children have no parents to care for them. Every boy must have his own bridle, and every girl must have hers. They must learn to check and govern themselves. Self-government is the most difficult and most important government in the world. It becomes easier every day, if you practise it with steady and resolute will. It is the foundation of excellence. It is the cutting and pruning which makes the noble and vigorous tree of character.—*Evan-gelist*.

USE OF BEREAVEMENT.

"SEE, father," said the lad who was walking with his father, "They are knocking away the props from under the bridge: what are they doing that for? Won't the bridge fall?"

"They are knocking them away," said the father, "that the timbers may rest more firmly upon the stone piers, which are now finished."

God only takes away our earthly props that we rest firmly upon Him.—*Kind Words*.

KIND words produce their own image in men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.—*Pascal*.

We owe allegiance to the state, but deeper, truer, more, To the sympathies that God hath set within our spirit's core—

Our country claims our fealty: we grant it so, but then Before man made us citizens, great nature made us men.

—James Russell Lowell.

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