

one. The elder girls are particularly pleasing in their manners and appearance; many of these, when the school was established three years ago persisted in coming to it, though certain that harsh treatment daily awaited them on their return home. One whose nice expression made me ask about her, used to be severely beaten by her father; but grace was given her to hold fast that which was good, and to adorn the doctrine she had learnt to believe in as the truth of God. This little light shone mildly but clearly amid the gloom of her father's cabin; and, ere he died, she was permitted to rejoice in the belief that he had received the Light of Life. Two girls were pointed out to me, when the mother of a third was dying, went, for several nights, to be company to their companion during her night watches. Dreary must have been the hours thus spent, as far as outward circumstances were concerned. The cabin had been partly unroofed, a small portion of the thatch was propped up, and beneath its shelter lay the dying woman. In the dark chill night and drenching rain did these poor children seek to fulfil the law of love, and share the suffering they could not mitigate. I noticed two little boys in the school, and on enquiring how they came to be there, was told, that their cabin was near to the school; as the girls passed it, these little things used to stand at the door and curse them. There is something peculiarly awful in hearing such horrid language from the rosy lips of childhood. Every Sabbath after service, when the weather permitted, a number of the Fakeeragh girls went to a quiet nook on the hillside; there, with the everlasting mountains around them, the blue sky above, and the wide sea before them, they praised God who made the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and who loved them and washed them in his own blood: "and the Lord hearkened and heard, and a book of remembrance was kept before the Lord." By dint of gentle kindness, the little boys were coaxed to join the party, and learned to sing. Gradually the enmity which had been instilled into their hearts wore away. They learned texts, and listened to Bible stories, which so excited their desire to attend the once hated school, that they gave their parents no peace till they permitted them to go. Their father was very bigotted, and long refused; but as the children wept all day about it, he at last consented, though with such ill will, that, as he afterwards said "It was all I could do to restrain myself from running a knife through every Jumper I met." The Word of God from the lips of his children was eventually sent home with power to his heart; and this man is now one of the most intelligent and consistent of the converts. I must not forget one little hero in the Sellerna School, who, because he had been taunted with going to school merely to get the stirabout, had for months (I believe) come and gone without touching it, though really needing the additional food. Pride might make a determined child do this for a few days; but a higher principle

and a higher tone of character was needed to enable him to persevere in such a piece of self-denial. If the stirabout were to be discontinued, I am certain hardly any would leave the school as long as their strength stood out. They are very fond of singing; and when the teachers are good singers, they soon learn to sing very sweetly. Their parents delight in hearing them; and, by this means, much precious Gospel seed is wafted along the mountain-sides on the wings of sacred song. It was very sweet to hear some well known hymn-tune, such as the "Happy Land," or "O! that will be Joyful," coming from one knew not where, till among the rocks, or along the road, little hands might be seen cheerfully wending their homeward way. There could be no doubt as to the truthfulness of the ready answer always given when asked if they were happier since they had gone to school. They knew they were, and they knew why; for the entrance of God's Word giveth light. Blessed are the people who know the joyful sound.

My Little Girl.

I have a bonnie little girl
Who often climbs upon my knee,
And turns her blue and sparkling eye
In loving glances unto me.

She twines her arms around my neck,
And clasps me in her fond embrace;
And now her fingers catch the pen
With which these simple lines I trace.

Her pattering step I love to hear—
The tripping of those little feet—
They bid my heart with love awake,
And quicker with affection beat.

She talks, and laughs, and sits, and runs,
All other children do the same;
But then, of all the world, I know
I still love best her cherished name.

Her gentle heart is full of love,
Her voice is music to my ear—
Her ringing laugh, joy's golden sound,
More than fine gold to me is dear.

There never was her like I'm sure!
Whoever had so blue an eye?
No little girl has ever spoken
Such loving words—I scarce know why?

And oft I ask with earnest prayer
That grace may all her soul subdue;
May make her spirit pure and fair,
And all her inmost heart renew.

And then, when she and I have passed
Life's changing road with trusting heart,
May we unite in heaven above,
There never, never more to part!