

and, pulling out the tract from his pocket, he said, as the tears gushed from his eyes, "This is the book which has made your mother so uneasy. She says" (and evidently feeling the same thing himself) "it has set all her sins before her face." From that time they both gave themselves up unto the Lord, and, after a life of faith and obedience, they died rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. And if departed spirits are permitted to know the transactions of earth, they are privileged in seeing their children, and their children's children, walking in the fear and ordinances of God, and actively engaged in distributing those messengers of mercy which had been made so useful to them. The little tract, still exhibiting marks of a diligent perusal, and of many a fallen tear, is carefully preserved as a sacred relic in the family, and doubtless will be transmitted to posterity, to proclaim the victory of Almighty grace.—*Jubilee Memorial of the religious Tract Society.*

Anecdote of a Kaffir Young Woman.

While conversing one day with Mr. Birt, he related to me a very pleasing instance of the firm, but gentle and forgiving, temper of a Kaffir young woman. She had renounced her Kaffir dress and heathen customs, put on European clothing as a sign of the change, and attended instruction. Her brother, still a heathen, wanted her to accompany him to a heathen dance. She refused. He fetched a stick, and threatened he would compel her to accompany him. He beat her, tore off her clothes, and again beat her till the stick broke. She never uttered a cry, or a word of reproach. He went to procure another stick: native women interposed and rescued her; they thought she had suffered enough. He then covered her with some heathen dress; and then she wept and sobbed bitterly, as though she had returned back to Heathenism. "Why didn't

you cry before?" said her brother: "when I beat you, you were silent; now I dress you, you weep!" Some time rolled by, and the brother came again to visit her. He would not enter the hut: he was, perhaps, ashamed of his conduct; he might have met with reproach. No, he mistook her; he had not yet learned Christianity. She could forgive: she went out, and met him at the entrance, gave him her hand, and with it a sister's kiss. That subdued him. Woman's tenderness conquered this untamed Kaffir; and she continued her attendance on the instruction of the Missionary. I called on her, in company with Mr. Birt. I admired her for her patient and amiable spirit. I wished her many blessings, and was delighted to leave with her a trifling present as a token of esteem.—*Rev. J. J. Freeman.*

Friendly Cautions.

Never tell an untruth. Remember the eye of God is always upon you; your thoughts, words, and actions (past, present, and future) are all known to him. God has said, "He that speaketh lies shall not escape." Prov. xix. 5. And, as he is the God of truth, whatever he has threatened he will perform. O, my dear young friends, whenever you are tempted to commit this sin, say within yourselves, "However I may deceive others, I cannot deceive God. No; I will not be guilty of falsehood; lying is an abomination unto thee, O Lord. Prov. xii. 22. If I indulge in it, thou wilt surely punish me, perhaps with shame and disgrace in this world; and, unless I obtain forgiveness of it through the merits of my Saviour, eternal misery in the world to come."

Let it be your constant prayer, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." Ps. cxli. 3.

"From lying and deceitful ways

Do thou protect me, Lord;

And let me learn, in youthful days,
Obedience to thy word."

—*Youth's Friend.*