

New York.		Mrs Layton.....	5.00	Richard Wingood	10.00
Duncan Buchanan	25.00	Wm Dunsecomb...	5.00	R Dickinson.....	7.50
		Richard Kempe..	5.00	F Hughes.....	2.50
		Joseph H S Frith..	5.00	A friend.....	5.00
Bermuda.		Mrs Mary Wash-		Jos Kiefe.....	5.00
		ington.....	5.00		100.00
Mrs Frs White....	10 00	A J Frito.....	5 00		
Rev J Layton....	20.00	Rev K J Junor...	10.00		\$12435.89

For the Young.

MATT, THE IDIOT BOY.

A lady wandering along the sea-coast of an English watering-place, observed a boy intently gazing up at a small space between the clouds. Drawing close to him, she said, "What are you looking at, my boy?" The child made no answer. "Boy, boy," said she, shaking him gently by the sleeve, "what are you doing?" The boy sighed, rubbed his eyes, shaded them, looked up again, and said, with earnestness, "Matt was looking for God. Matt wants to see God. Matt shall see God some day."

At this time, a little girl ran out of a cottage, calling out, "Matt, come home; dinner is ready." The lady followed, and being asked to walk in, she learned that Matt was an orphan, about thirteen years of age, living with an aunt and grand-father.

After this she often called, and one day found the old man ill. The clergyman shortly afterwards came in, and read the 18th of Matthew. When he came to the parable of the "King that would take account of his servants," Matt's attention became riveted. When he had finished, Matt turned to him earnestly, saying, "Parson, read some more." Mr. Green began to relate the parable thus: "A great king said," (and in speaking, he pointed upwards,) "'Bring my servants to me, and I will make them pay me all the pounds that they owe me.' And they brought one servant that owed a thousand pence,—a great many, a great many! And he had no pence to pay; and the king said, 'He shall be put in prison, and never come out any more till all the money is paid.'" The tears trickled down the poor boy's cheeks; his countenance showed great alarm, and rushing to the beach, he threw himself down and wept piteously.

The next day the lady found him again in his usual attitude, looking up.

"What is Matt doing?" she asked.

"Matt was talking to God," he replied.

"What did poor Matt say?"

The boy, joining hands, looked up with a piteous expression of submission and fear, and said, "Good God, Matt has no money to pay!" And then, shaking his

head, he told her, with the deepest emotion, that he was going to be put in prison;—God was going to put Matt in prison.

The lady, taking both his hands, to fix his attention, said, cheerfully, "Jesus Christ has paid for poor Matt. God will not put Matt in prison now. Jesus Christ has paid all for Matt."

An expression of wonder overspread his countenance. He repeated over and over the comforting words, and sat down to hear them again and again. A long time did Matt sit in the shelter of a boat, *silent*,—then, lifting his arms and face to heaven, he cried out, in a loud, clear voice,—

"Man that paid—man that paid—Matt says, thank you, thank you!"

The grandfather died, and Matt was told that he went to God, and that God would soon send for him also. This took such possession of Matt's mind, that he would ask for his new cap, and have his hands washed, that he might be ready when God would send for him. "God would send for Matt some day," he repeated softly; "perhaps it would be to-day, and Matt must be ready; Matt must *always* be ready."

A time of trouble came: his aunt died; and poor Matt was found, one cold, snowy morning, nearly frozen to death in a cave, his dying voice uttering these words:—

"Matt shall see God some day. Matt will never be cold any more. God! God! and man that paid! oh take poor Matt."

The young person who found him, ran for assistance, but before Matt was removed the spirit had passed away.

Happy Matt! Yes, reader, the poor idiot boy was happy, for he had laid hold upon the Gospel message, that Jesus paid the debt of sin. Will you not, like poor Matt, receive this blessed, peace-giving truth? Will you not give Jesus the glory of being your Saviour?

"Did it ever strike you," said one "what grand men we ought to be, who have been praying so many years? If prayer to us has been a reality, if beside being petition it has been communion with God, how near Him we ought to be by this time, and how like Him we ought to have become. Communion with Christ should make us Christ-like."