

his wet eyes glistened. "I said it right—any little boy that never was home-sick. For if he never has been home-sick like me, he cannot know how good home is."

THE TWO PAIRS OF FETTERS.

Eighty years ago, a fierce war waged in India between the English and Tip-poo Sahib. On one occasion, several English officers were taken prisoners; among them was one named Baird. One day, a native officer brought in fetters to be put upon each of the prisoners, the wounded not excepted. Baird had been severely wounded, and was suffering from pain and weakness. A gray-haired officer said to the native official:—

"You will not think of putting chains upon that wounded man?"

"There are just as many pairs of fetters as there are captives," was the answer, "and every pair must be worn."

"Then," said the noble officer, "*put two pairs on me*; I will wear his as well as my own."

This was done. Strange to say, Baird lived to regain his freedom—lived to take the city; but his noble friend died in prison.

This was indeed a noble act; to bear a heavy burden for another which that other could not bear for himself. That was the way in which our Saviour showed His love for the world. If we only think of it as we ought, we shall soon see what reason we have to love God.

The apostle John tells us that "we love Him because He first loved us."

THE BOTTLED PEBBLES.

An old coloured brother, who had toiled away his energies, and was left with a stiffened frame, crowned with snow-white hair, was asked by a mission-teacher at the South, how old he was. Brightening up at being noticed and questioned by a "white gemman,"

he replied,— "Well, sah, I doesn't know how old I is. Dat is, I can't tell ye how many years I have lived as a child. But, bless de Lord, I kin tell yo how old I is as de Lord's chile." Hurrying away into his cabin, he soon came out with a bottle, joyfully rattling something in it, and resumed his happy tone: "Now, sah, if ye'll jest take and count dem pebbles, ye'll see how old I is as de Lord's chile. I was born again jest afore Christmas a long time ago. When de next Christmas comes around, I jest tho't I would keep account of de years I was a-gwine to spend in de service ob de Lord. I couldn't write none, so I tho't I'd put a pebble in a bottle and put it away, and I tole 'em all in my cabin what dat bottle for, and nobody never tech him! So every Christmas since I was borned agin, I's put a pebble in dat bottle. And if ye'll jest count 'em, ye'll see how old I is as a Christian. I can't count none, and I disremember how many there is!" The pebbles were counted, and fifty-one of them told of his long life as "de Lord's chile."

How blessed is that service in which for so many, many years the child of God could continue steadfast, without repining and without regret. And the end is not yet; for in the world of glory and delight, where rewards and crowns and joys are given before the throne of God, still "His servants shall serve Him: and they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads." (Rev. xxii. 3, 4). Here, service is at a distance; here, within an enemy's land; there, before the Father's face; for Christ has said,— "Where I am there shall also my servant be." Fifty years' service seems long, in a fleeting world like this; but how will it seem compared with those "years that have no end?"

- "There, we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
• Drink endless pleasures in."