

your might. Above all, keep much in the presence of God. Never see the face of man till you have seen His face who is our life, our all. Pray for others; pray for your teachers, fellow-students," &c.

To another he wrote: "Beware of the atmosphere of the classics. It is pernicious indeed; and you need much of the south wind breathing over the Scripture to counteract it. True, we ought to know them; but only as chemists handle poisons—to discover their qualities, not to infect their blood with them." And, "Pray that the Holy Spirit would not only make you a believing and holy lad, but make you wise in your studies also. A ray of divine light to the soul sometimes clears up a mathematical problem wonderfully. The smile of God calms the spirit, and the hand of Jesus holds up the fainting head, and his Holy Spirit quickens the affections, so that even natural studies go on a million times more easily and comfortably."



ALPHABETICAL AMUSEMENTS.

HENRY HOBDAY AND THE HIGHWAYMAN

*An exercise on the letter h.**

A hoary headed honest husbandman, named Henry Hobday, who had hurt his hand in harvest with a hatchet, soon exhausted his,

hard earned hoard of money in providing for his household; and complaints of hunger were heard around his hitherto happy hearth,—how hard for the heart of a husband and father to hear! Hannah, his "better half," hemmed handkerchiefs for a haberdasher, at Harlow-Hill, and wound banks of worsted for a hosier in the hamlet; but Hannah gained only a few half pence, and she began to look haggard and unhealthy, which made her husband heave many a sigh. In the hope of obtaining help, Hobday hating to incur debt, applied to the honourable Miss Harriet Howe, a handsome heiress, inhabiting Hildan House, at Hutton, having heard she was not haughty, but very humane to the poor. The housekeeper at Hildan House gave him a plate of hashed hare and a glass of hock in the servants' hall; and Miss Howe, highly pleased with his honest principles and general behaviour, gave him eight shillings; and as his hand being hurt hindered him from carrying heavy weights, the heiress desired an ostler to take, on horse-back, a hamper containing a whole Hampshire ham, a piece of hung beef, a hundred herrings, and a hen, for Henry Hobday's hungry household; some hose and several homely habiliments were also in the hamper. How happy did he feel while hastening to his habitation!

He was half-way home, and the sun had set, when a highwayman hurried out of a hut behind the high hedge, where he had been hiding an hour, and harshly hallooed to him to stop and deliver all he had. Hobday answered, "I hurt my hand in harvest and it is not yet healed, I cannot handle the hatchet, and I have no food at home for my hungry little ones.—The honourable Miss Howe, at Hildan House, has most humanely helped me. She has just given me eight shillings, which is all I have in the world.—

*All the *h's* in Italics are mute.