

mamma." I sat and wondered, and then I asked the mother the question,—“Do you know anything about God?” On finding that she understood a great deal of the word of God, I said to the grand-mother, “I have not seen you at chapel,—I have seen this one, the mother, occasionally but I never saw you. Do you know anything about the love of God?” “Oh yes,” she said, “I know God.” I asked her what has God done for you? “God,”—she said, “has done great things for me,—he created me,—he preserved me,—and he sent his Son Jesus Christ to save me,”—and she wept. I wept too; and had you, my dear young friends, been there, you would have wept. I was utterly astonished to find the woman in that position,—a woman that I had never seen before,—at least, if I had seen her, it must have been by accident. I asked, “where did you learn these things,”—she pointed to her grand-daughter and said, “ever since she has learned to read, she has read to me every morning. I often said that I was afraid she would be too late for school, and I told her to tell you,—I don’t know whether she has told you, but she is always anxious to read to me,—she reads sometimes half the night, and I often have to tell her to go to bed, and then she gets up in the morning again, and she reads and reads, so that she forgets her very breakfast, and has to take it with her, to eat on the road.”—Think, dear children, of this little girl. After first learning to read, the first effort of her infant mind was to teach her grand-mother that there was a God, and that that God loved the world. I felt as if I could sit the livelong day to meditate on the condescension and mercy of God, in blessing those simple means to the conversion of that venerable grand-mother.

A LITTLE PHARISEE.

A little boy used to kneel at his bedside, morning and evening, and everybody thought it was to pray; but people did not see his heart, for all the while he