

"Pa, you cannot see it in my heart ; but I do wish to love God who is so good to me. I will try, pa, and love him as long as I live."

JAMES BUDGE JONES.

James Jones was a pious little boy, who feared and loved God when he was very young. God is so good to us that we ought to love him. He gives us all that we have; he takes care of us night and day; he keeps us from being sick; he sent his Son Jesus Christ to save us from hell; and we cannot love him too much. The thought of these things made little James, when he was about four years old, throw his arms round his father's neck, and kiss him, and say, "I love you, futher, and I love God; and when I go to heaven, I will kiss him too." A little child cannot kiss God, because God is a Spirit, who has not a body as we have; and little James knew this when he was older. But though he did not at this time know everything about God, still he could love him for his goodness. As he loved God, so he loved to think of heaven, where pious children see the Saviour face to face. One day, when he saw a sea-gull rise out of the sea, spread out its wings, and soar up to the sky, "Look, look," he said, "brother William, when I die, I shall fly up to heav'n like that bird." But children cannot go to heaven unless they are first fit to go there. Little James could never fly up to heaven, as that sea-gull flew up to the sky, unless he learned to be sorry for his sin, to trust in Christ, to do the will of God, and to pray often for his grace. But all this he learned. When he once forgot to pray in the morning, he could not be quite happy all through the day; and when he was ill, he often begged his father to pray

with him, and said he could not be comfortable without it.

His fear of God made him love to do right. If his father told him to do anything, he did it. If he was not told to speak of anything which he heard, he never spoke of it. If he was sent with any message, he took care to say nothing but what he was told to say; and he was never known by his father to tell one lie. The longer he lived, the more he loved God: and at last he had such joy in God as very few older Christians have; which made him say to his parents, "I am so happy, I know not what to do; God has done so much for me: the day of my death will be happier than the day of my birth: God loves me and has pardoned all my sins: who would have thought that God would have been so kind to such a little boy as I am! I am happy, I am very happy!" And so he passed away into glory to be with Jesus Christ, in whom he trusted, when he was only nine years and nine days old.—*Noel's Infant Piety.*

THE CONNECTICUT SAILOR BOY.

The Cornelia was a good ship, said one of the West India chaplains of the American Seamen's Friend Society, but at one time we feared she was on her last voyage. We were but a few days out from New York, when a severe storm of five days' continuance overtook us. Like a noble charger between two contending armies, did the ship quiver in all her joints and struggle to escape from the fury of the winds and the waves. At the height of the storm I must tell you of a feat of a Connecticut sailor boy.

He was literally a boy, and far better for thumbing Webster's Spelling Book, than furling a sail in a