

A NOBLE BOY.

A crippled beggar was striving to pick up some old clothes that had been thrown from the window, when a crowd of rude boys gathered about him, mimicking his awkward movements, and hooting at his helplessness and rags. Presently a noble little fellow came up, and pushing his way through the crowd, he helped the crippled man to pick up his gifts, and placed them in a bundle. Then slipping a piece of silver in his hand, he was running away, when a voice far above him said, "Little boy with a straw hat, look up." A lady leaning from an upper window, said earnestly, "God bless you, my little fellow. God bless you for that!" As he walked along he thought how glad he had made his own heart by doing good. He thought of the poor beggar's look; of the lady's smile; and her approval; and last, and better than all, he could almost hear his heavenly Father whispering: "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy." Little reader! when you have an opportunity of doing good, and feel tempted to neglect it, remember the "little boy with the straw hat."

A CHILD PREACHER.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God has ordained praise. And, as a little Jewish maid could tell Naaman how he might be healed of his leprosy, when the monarch of Israel had no knowledge of the prophet who was able to effect the cure, so many little ones can point unbelievers to the Saviour, who is able to save all who come to Him. Here is an instance of the power of such child preachers:

A minister in one of our large cities had prepared and preached, as he supposed, a most convincing sermon for the benefit of an influential member of his congregation, who was known to be of an infidel turn of mind. The sinner listened unmoved to the well turned sentences and the earnest appeals; his heart was unaffected. On his return from church, he saw a tear trembling in the eye of his little daughter, whom he tenderly loved; and he inquired the cause. The child informed him that she was

thinking of what her Sunday School teacher had told her of Jesus Christ.

"And what did she tell you of Jesus Christ, my child?" he asked.

"Why, she said, 'He came down from heaven and died for poor me,' and in a moment the tears gushed from eyes which had looked upon the beauties of only seven summers, as, in the simplicity of childhood, she added, 'Father, should I not love One who has so loved me?'"

The proud heart of the infidel was touched. What the eloquent plea of his minister could not accomplish, the tender sentence of his child had done, and he retired to give vent to his own feelings in a silent but penitent prayer. That evening found him at the praying circle, where, with brokenness of spirit, he asked the prayers of God's people. In giving an account of his Christian experience, he remarked—"Under God I owe my conversion to a little child, who first convinced me by her artless simplicity that I ought to love One who had so loved me."

The minister, on returning from this meeting, took his sermon and read it over carefully, and said to his family and to himself; "There is not enough of Jesus Christ in this discourse."—*American.*

"IT KEEPS IT IN MY MIND."

It would be hard for most people to give a better reason than this for attending on the social means of grace. A clergyman, writing for the *American Messenger*, says: "Several little girls were in my study, seeking counsel to aid them in becoming Christians. One of them, a dear child, not much more than eleven years old, said:

"I haven't been to two or three of the meetings lately."

"Desiring to test her I answered:

"It don't make us Christians to attend meetings, Lizzie."

"I know that," she replied at once; "but it keeps it in my mind!"—*Methodist*

THERE cannot be a secret Christian. Grace is like ointment hid in the hand; it betrayeth itself.—*Anon.*