

years has been unable to work, and his four clever children. These, and several others, had stood firm for the school; and for so doing, lost the public relief. The invalid is a most interesting person. He knew his letters, but nothing more. Hearing his children repeat the weekly texts, interested him. He procured one of our school cards, containing ten texts on the leading doctrines of the Gospel. To use his own expression, he "studied on, and studied on, and the children helped him;" and he ceased not to study on, till one morning, to my great surprise, a message was brought, "that Denny White was come to say his card." The idea of the old man having learnt, or attempted to learn to read, never occurred to me; however, he was ordered into the school-room, (a room in which the school was held before the school-house was built, and which was appropriated to Roman Catholics who came for instruction.) This sickly old man repeated the verses on the card, without missing a word. By the continual spelling over these verses, he had so improved himself, that, with a little study, he can now read his chapter in the Testament, and he seems to have been taught of God. The Word has been to him a savour of life. Hour after hour he strained his poor inflamed eyes to "study on the chapter;" while his ghastly countenance beams with joy when he speaks of his Saviour's love. He cannot live long, and we hope to be enabled to keep him out of the poor-house.

To the utmost of our ability, we have tried to give work, and stimulate both parents and children to help themselves. One family of eight, were assisted to begin a little shop; another of four, to get a donkey and cart, for selling turf. If the converts are driven to the poor-house, others are deterred from reading and inquiring. No one can tell the wear and tear of mind it is, to work with any measure of success in Ireland, unless there are some public funds.

Another object we aimed at, was allowing intelligent men to pass a few days at Ballybrood, for the purpose of giving them farther instruction in the Scriptures. Many of these are now quietly working among their neighbors, unknown save to God's all-seeing eye; others have become schoolmasters and Scripture readers. They come from various places; some ten miles off, others thirty.

To the credit of our school children, I must mention, that we had them for four years and a-half in our own house. At one time, there were more than 80; and for some months, I had to act as master and mistress. The elder pupils assisted in teaching the younger ones for the first two hours. We had the study full, an outer and inner hall; and in warm weather, the classes were arranged under the trees in the lawn. They were ragged, and half-starved; still, though daily in the house, not the smallest thing was ever pilfered; they

had to come through the garden, but neither shrub nor flowers were ever injured. Sometimes a few gooseberries and currants enlivened their studies; later in the season, a wind-fall from the apple trees made many an eye gladden; and in these little pleasures, poverty and misery were forgotten.

But to return to Patsy,—the same desire of spreading the knowledge of God's Word animated him in sickness as in health. A stranger called one day, and said, "I would like to know something about, and be like that little boy in the school." "How do you know him?" I asked. "I went into a cabin to light my pipe, and heard a weak voice saying, 'Can you read?' I said, 'I can.' 'But can you read Irish?'—'No,' I answered, and went over to the bed. The little boy said, 'Sit down, and I'll teach you.' That boy is a wonder. He understands every word in the Primer, and the meaning of all the parables in it; but he says you understand more than he does."

This man had come to visit a friend who is a great opposer of the Gospel; but he continued to study under his friend's roof, until he became a fair Irish scholar, a Protestant, and, we trust, a child of God.

Lately, a pedlar has been visiting Patsy to read and argue. I hear "the little fellow" has always the best of the argument; still the pedlar, as he goes his rounds, returns again and again. With the uncle who died, Patsy tried, and tried in vain. He induced him to read a little, and brought him to me for instruction; but as illness increased, superstitious fears led him to send for the priest. When the poor child was safe at school, and the whole family out, he called a boy off the road, and dispatched him for the priest. Before he came, the females had returned home; he turned them out of the room, saying, they belonged to the little heretic. Great was the triumph of the Romanists, and great the depression of Patsy. For a day or two, he rose not from his bed; and when I saw him, he barely alluded to the subject, his eyes filled with tears, and he ceased speaking. As his uncle had never given the least proof of a change of mind, I was not surprised; but the less experienced child sorrowed over one he loved. His other uncle sorrowed too; for he was indignant that the man who cursed Patsy should have been sent for;—then, and not till then, did we perceive that he had some desire to inquire.

**HYPOCRISY.**—It is a sure mark of a hypocrite to have his devotion come by fits and starts, and, like a drift of snow, to be thick in one place and none in another; to seem zealous as angels for a time, and to live like atheists for many days or weeks after. Surely grace acts more evenly, and never is so unlike itself.—*Day-Star.*