

bodies burned. They are wrapped tightly in white or red cloth and then placed on a pile of wood to be burned. Many of the people are too poor to buy wood enough to burn the body, and hence it is only slightly scorched. Thus partially burned they are thrown into the river where the people bathe and drink the water.

TRIFLES.

Into a damp and dismal cell
A little sunbeam shone ;
Left warmth and brightness were it fell
Upon the cold, gray stone.

Into a dark and dreary life
A little friendship came :
Giving fresh courage for the strife
Of the world's work or blame.

Into a cold and cruel heart
A thought of kindness crept ;
Remained, and so fulfilled its part,
Evil before it swept.

A little sunbeam, thought, or deed,
Seems trifles light as air ;
But minister to those in need—
E'en angel forms they wear.

—*Christian Intelligence.*

THE BABY ON THE PRISON STEPS.

Over two hundred years ago, people passing by one of the prisons in England, might have seen, on any warm sunny day, a woman seated on the stone steps with a baby in her arms.

It was a poor, feeble little thing, and those who looked attentively at it used to think that it would never live to grow up to repay the care its mother bestowed upon it.

Her heart was very sad, as she sat there rocking her baby in her arms, trying to still its feeble cry, for her husband was shut up in those gloomy walls, and it was but seldom that the keeper of the prison would allow her to see him.

But you must not think that he was a wicked man, because he was a prisoner ; for in those days people were put in prison as often for loving the truth as for com-

mitting crimes.

The king of England and his Parliament had passed a law that persons must not meet together to worship God in any other place than the churches which they established ; and that no one preach unless they give him permission.

Many of the people thought this law unjust, and would not obey it ; so they had meetings of their own, where they could hear the word of God truly explained by godly men. These meetings made the government very angry, and the people who were attending them were put in prison. This baby's father was one of those who had been found at these meetings, and so he was in prison with many others.

After months of imprisonment, during which time the baby and his mother were constant in their visits to the prison, the father was released, but he was obliged to leave the country, and for many years was separated from his family.

Still the little puny baby lived and grew, though very slowly. Almost as soon as he could speak, he would go to his mother, with any money which had been given him, and say, "A book ! buy me a book !"

His mother taught him from the Bible, and he early learned to love the Saviour. When he was only seven years old, he commenced to write verses. His mother had some doubts whether some verses which she found in his handwriting were really his ; so to prove that he could write them, he composed an acrostic on his name. I will give you the last verse, that you may know of whom you have been reading ; for if you take the first letter of each line, you can form his name :

"Wasi: me in Thy blood, O, Christ !
And grace divine impart ;
Thensearch and try the corners of my heart,
That I, in all things, may be fit to do
Service to Thee, and sing Thy praises too."

Not very good poetry, you will say, but now you know his name. It is the same Isaac Watts who has written so many of the hymns you love to sing.—*Phil Pres.*