

condition, he was unable to walk steadily, but staggered about from side to side. The children saw him, and wondered not a little at so strange a sight. Many were the opinions they formed to account for such conduct. Some supposed that he was ill, and pitied him; others thought that he must be blind, because he could not walk in the proper path, and therefore, they went to him, and very kindly held out their little hands, and offered to lead him in the right way; but the rest considered him mad, and they were so frightened at his wild looks, and odd conduct, that they wisely got out of his way. Unhappily, in our country, "Christian" though it be called, the young would have been at no loss to understand such conduct, and the cause of it.

Still, though the Christian Hottentots had become sober, wicked white people in the colony, who did not know what a great blessing the gospel makes in the heart and life of him who believes it, constantly said, and perhaps supposed that the Hottentot loved brandy as much as ever, and was sober only because he was afraid of the missionary. Believing this, and fancying that, if the intoxicating liquors were again put within their reach, in some secret place where they could get them without being seen, they would greedily pay for the gratification, a wicked Dutchman went to Hankey, and built a public house in a situation across the Gamtoos river, which the people might secretly visit, and where they might drink until they were drunken, without being seen by the missionary. In this way, he thought to get rich; but he found the truth of the proverb, "Surely, in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird;" for the Hottentot saw his intention, and shunned his house, which, after a little while, he was forced to leave, for want of customers; and there it still stands, a forsaken ruin, but a striking proof of the greatness of the change which the gospel had produced in the people—*Juv. Mis. Magazine.*

### A Sailor Boy's Faith.

Not long ago a vessel was overtaken with a terrific hurricane in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. After the most astonishing efforts to weather the storm, the awful intelligence from the captain broke on the ears of the passengers:—"The vessel is on her beam ends, and will never right again; death is certain."

"Not at all, sir," exclaimed a little sailor boy, "God will save us yet."

"Why do you think so?" said the captain, with strong feeling and astonishment.

"Because, sir, at this moment they are praying under the Bethel Flag in the city of Glasgow for all sailors in distress, and us among the rest, and God will hear their prayers; now, see if he don't."

The captain, an old weather-beaten tar, exclaimed, with the tears running down his cheeks, "God grant that their prayers may be heard in our behalf, my little preacher."

At that moment a great wave struck the ship and righted her. A simultaneous shout of exultation, gratitude and praise, louder than the storm, went up to God. A few days after, the noble ship rode safely into New York harbor.

### The Blind Boy and his Bible.

A little blind boy, about twelve years of age, wished to learn to read the Bible with *raised letters*, prepared for the use of the blind. In a very short space of time he learned to run his fingers along the page, and to read it with ease. The highest object of his wishes was now to possess a complete copy of the Bible for the blind, which consists of several large volumes. His parents were unable to buy one, but his minister obtained one from a benevolent society. It was in several volumes.

Not long after the little boy received the books, his pious mother saw him retire to the room where they were kept, and she stepped softly to the door to see what he would do. And why do you think the dear little boy went alone to his room? His mother saw him kneeling by the side of these pre-