

Dont me rich!' Dont dat pride? 'Charge dem dat be rich, charge dem dat be rich, dat dem be not high mind.'"

Dear young friends, there is something for *you* to learn from this negro sermon. There are too many white children in Canada, who are as fond of fine clothes as the black people of Jamaica, and who suppose, because they think a great deal of themselves, that others think the same. But they are mistaken. The wise will laugh at their folly, and the good will be grieved at their sin. They will please none but the foolish and the wicked, while they will offend God. Dear young friends, do not love gay clothing for the body, but seek for your mind the robe of righteousness, and the garments of salvation. And value money, not because it will buy a new dress for yourselves, but because it will send the book of God and the Missionary of Christ to the heathen.

THE IRISH SCHOOLBOY.

The following is an account of one of the pupils of the London Hibernian Society. He commenced reading the Testament the winter before his death. For three months, so great was his dread of the priest, that he dared not bring his Testament home. He had been a wicked boy; but, as he advanced in acquaintance with the Testament, he seemed to be much changed for the better. Though he had often been threatened to be punished by the priest, if he should meddle with the Testament, he applied himself closely to commit it to memory, resolving to abide by it, let what would be the consequence. Some time afterwards he was seized with a violent fit of sickness: his master went to see him, and asked him if he was afraid to die. He said he was not. The master asked him, what banished the fear of death from his mind. He replied "Jesus—I hope to see Jesus," and being in an agony of pain, he added, "The sufferings of this life, are not worthy to be compared

with the glory which shall be revealed in us." Being asked where he had met that text of Scripture, he said it was part of his task in the 8th of the Romans. He continued, as he had strength, to repeat many other texts of Scripture which he had committed to memory.

The conversation was, however, soon stopped by the priest, who entered the house, and demanded seven shillings for anointing him. The parents replied, that they had not the money. He exclaimed, that if not paid, he would go off and leave the departing soul in purgatory, perhaps until the day of judgment. The poor parents, alarmed at this expression, offered to bind themselves by oath, that they would pay him the seven shillings on the next Sunday: and entreated that he would anoint their son. The master, in the hearing of the people, asked him, "Is your ointment, sir, an article of traffic? You say it is a gift of God: how then is it to be purchased with money?" The priest was much enraged, and after much altercation went off, declaring that he would neither answer the question, nor remain in the house.

Next day the master again visited the boy, and perceived that his end was fast approaching. His Testament lay near him, and his parents said that, until prevented by increase of pain, he was constantly reading in it. He said he wished not to be separated from it till death. He then asked the master to read the first Epistle of St. John, in Irish, which his parents best understood. When it was finished, looking up, he cried with great earnestness, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." His mother said, "Do you wish to part with your mother?" He replied, "Jesus has a better right to me than my mother has; he suffered more to redeem me than she did; he suffered much for me, and for all who believe in his name;" and then, with great emphasis, added, "Ho that believeth, entereth into life;