

KINDNESS.

Did you ever read the fable of the "Sun and the Wind," both of which undertook to make the traveller part with his cloak; how the wind mustered all its forces of hail and rain, howling, screeching, and tearing up trees by the roots, until it came down upon the traveller in a hurricane, demanding his cloak? But the cloak was not thus to be obtained. The poor man wrapped it more closely around him, and bravely withstood the blast.—Next came the sun, shining softly at first upon field and woodland, and glancing at the traveller who held his cloak more loosely, and smilingly looked up. Warmer and warmer waxed the sun, and the traveller unfastened his cloak, and laid it back upon his shoulders. Higher rose the sun, and sent forth its most fervid rays; than the traveller threw off his cloak and sat down, completely conquered.

The sun here is a beautiful illustration of kindness. Did you ever notice with what facility some gentle, good-natured people lead everybody captive? They neither rave, nor scold, nor say what they will *make* people do. There is no need of that; for it is easily shown what they *can* make people do.

A pale faced small young man once went into a wild-looking settlement, and offered to teach the winter school. The agent surveyed him from head to foot, and shook his head. "It will never do," said he; "the boys here would be too much for you. Why, sir, last winter we had a giant who carried a long, stout birch into the school, with a ruler, two feet long, both of which he broke over the boys the first day. On the next they carried him from the school-house, and put him into a snow drift. Thus ended our winter school."

In nowise discouraged by this account, the young man insisted upon trying it: promising to give up peaceably if order could not be maintained. Inasmuch as he produced the most unqualified recommendations, the agent at last consented. It was known throughout the settlement that he entered school on the first day *unarmed*. This was by some considered presumptuous, for they did not understand the potency of a secret weapon which he always carried about him. Was it a sword in a sheath? a pistol in his vest pocket; a bowie-knife or stiletto in his bosom? No, guess again. Some little reader, who remembers the fable of the Sun and the Wind, answers, "It was *kindness*." That is right. I have heard of "killing people with kindness," and have always thought it would be an easy way to die. You must understand me now. You know I cannot joke with my little friends about death—that is too serious a subject. When we talk of killing people with kindness, we do not mean laying there bodies in the cold grave, and sending there souls into eternity. Oh, no! that would be dreadful. We only mean that it is possible to destroy the manifestations of enmity, ill-will, anger, and other bad passions which may be against us, by simply feeling and acting kindly.

Some of my little readers may say, "Oh, but I *cannot* feel kindly towards those who are unkind and unjust towards me." Then, my dear, your heart is not right. Of course, you cannot use the powerful weapon of kindness, if it is not in your possession. Try to get it my little friends. Think of him who has been so very kind to an unjust, unthankful child like you. Ask him to help you.—Turn up Luke xxiii. 34; Acts vii. 60; Luke vi. 28; Ephes. iv. 32; 1 Peter iii. 9.

THE MOTHER'S REWARD.

I saw a little cloud rising in the western horizon. In a few moments it spread over the expanse of heaven, and watered the earth with a genial shower. I saw a little rivulet start from a mountain, winding its way through the valley and the meadow, receiving each tributary rill which it met in its course, till it became a mighty stream, bearing on its bosom the merchandise of many nations, and the various productions of the adjacent country. I saw a little seed dropped into the earth. The dews descended, and the sun rose upon it; it started into life. In a little time it spread its branches and became a shelter from the heat, "and the fowls of heaven lodged in its branches."

I saw a little smiling boy stand by the side of his mother, and heard him repeat from her lips one of the sweet songs of Zion. I saw him kneel at her feet, and pray that Jesus would bless his dear parents—the world of mankind, and keep him from temptation. In a little time I saw him with the books of the classics under his arm, walking alone, busied in deep thought. I went into a Sabbath school, and heard him saying to a little group that surrounded him, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Long after, I went into the sanctuary, and heard him reasoning of "righteousness, and temperance, and judgment to come." I looked, and saw that same mother, at whose feet he had knelt, and from whose lips he had learned to lip the name Immanuel. Her