

cheeks,) "I'll starve first." He then said, "There are plenty of books to be bought beside this; why do you love this Bible so much?" He replied, "No book has stood my friend as much as my Bible." "Why, what has your Bible done for you?" said he. He answered, "When I was a little boy about seven years of age, I became a Sunday School scholar in London; through the kind attention of my master, I soon learned to read my Bible—this Bible, young as I was, showed me that I was a sinner, and a great one too; it also pointed me to a Saviour. And I thank God that I have found mercy at the hands of Christ, and I am not ashamed to confess him before the world."

To try still farther, six shillings was then offered him for the Bible. "No," said he, "for it has been my support all the way from London; hungry and weary, often have I sat down by the way side to read my Bible, and found refreshment from it." Thus did he experience the consolation of the Psalmist, when he said, "Thy comforts have refreshed my soul." He was then asked, "What will you do when you get to Liverpool, should your uncle refuse to take you in?" The reply may excite a blush in many Christians. "My Bible tells me, said he, "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." The man could go no farther, for tears checked his utterance, and they both wept together. They had in their pockets, tickets, as rewards for their good conduct, from the school to which they belonged, and thankfulness and humility were visible in all their deportment.

At night these two orphans, bending their knees by the side of their bed, committed themselves to the care of their heavenly Father—to Him whose ears are open to the prayers of the poor and destitute; and to Him who has said, "Call upon me in the

day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

The next morning, these refreshed little wanderers arose early, dressed themselves for their journey, and set out for the town of Liverpool; and may he who hears the ravens when they cry, hear and answer their petitions, guide them through time and bless them in eternity.—*English paper.*

QUERY.

When, where, and by whom, was infant baptism first performed?

ENQUIRER.

Poetry.

THE BAPTISM.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

'Twas near the close of that blest day,
When, with melodious swell,
To crowded mart and lonely shade,
Had spoke the Sabbath bell:
And on a broad unruffled stream,
With bordering verdure bright,
The westerling sunbeam richly shed
A tinge of crimson light,—

When lo! a solemn train appear'd,
By their loved pastor led,
And sweetly rose the holy hymn,
As toward that stream they sped,
And he its cleaving, crystal breast,
With graceful movement trod,
His steadfast eye upraised, to seek
Communion with his God.

Then, bending o'er his staff, approach'd
The willow-fringed shore,
A man of many weary years,
With furrowed temples hoar:
And faintly breathed his trembling lip,
' Behold! I fain would be
Buried in baptism with my Lord,
Ere death shall summon me.'

With brow benign, like Him whose hand
Did wavering Peter guide,
The pastor bore his tottering frame
Through that translucent tide,
And plung'd him 'neath the shrouding wave,
And spake the Trine name,
And joy upon that withered face
In wondering radiance came.

And then advanced a lordly form,
In manhood's towering pride,
Who from the gilded snares of earth
Had wisely turned aside;
And following in his steps who bow'd
To Jordan's startled wave,
In deep humility of soul,
This faithful witness gave.

Who next? A fair and fragile form
In snowy robes doth move,