

last, in 1836, Mr Jones was told he had returned to the neighborhood, and was very ill. Mr Jones went immediately to see him, found him dying of consumption, and in great poverty and destitution. He was with two old Indians in a small birch-bark hut. His only bed was some dry fern leaves, and his only covering an old blanket in a state of shocking filth. Mr Jones was greatly distressed at seeing him in such a state, and told him how happy he would have been to have relieved his wants before, had he known about them. "It is very little I want now," said Jack, "and these poor people get it for me; but I should like something softer to lie upon, as my bones are very sore." Mr Jones asked about his state of mind, and found him delightfully resting upon Christ, and waiting with great composure his summons home.

The missionary noticed a small Bible peeping out from under the blanket. "Jack," he said, "you have a friend there; I hope you find good from it." "This, sir," answered the dying boy "is my dear friend. You gave it to me, when we all went down to live at Mr Cochran's. For a long time I have read it much, and often thought of what it told me. Last year I went to see my sister across Lake Winnipeg," (about 200 miles off,) "where I remained two months. When I was half way back through the lake, I remembered that I had left my Bible behind me. I directly turned round, and was nine days by myself tossing in the canoe before I could reach the place; but I found my friend, and determined that I would not part with it again; and ever since that it has been near my breast, and I should have it buried with me, but I have thought since, that I had better give it to you when I am gone, and it may do some one else good."

This touching account was given with great difficulty, as the cough often interrupted him; and when it was finished, he sunk back quite exhausted. Mr Jones read and prayed with him. It was an affecting scene. The hut was so low, the missionary could not stand upright in it; and full of clinks and holes, through which the setting sun cast his beams and lighted up the countenance of the dying boy. A few days saw the end of his earthly pilgrimage, and angels bore to its rest his pardoned, ransomed soul, another glorious proof of the power of the gospel in that heathen land, and another precious fruit of the self-denying labors of God's servants.—*Chil. Miss Newspaper.*

CHILDREN WHO LOVE THEIR SCHOOL.

One Sabbath evening a missionary was walking up and down in the porch before his house, in one of the South Sea Islands. The sun was setting behind the waves of

the ocean, and the labors of the day were over. In that cool, quiet hour, the missionary was lifting up his heart to God, and asking a blessing on his people, his schools, and himself. All was peaceful and still, except a little rustling in the leaves of a tree called a mimosa tree. He thought a breeze was springing up, and continued his walk. Again he heard the rustling of the leaves, and then again. He now felt sure that it could not be the wind; so he pushed aside the long leafy branches of the tree, and passed beneath. And what did he find there? Three little boys! Two were fast asleep in each other's arms, but the third was awake. "What are you doing here, my children?" asked the missionary. "We have come to sleep here, teacher," said the boy. "And why do you sleep here; have you no home?" "Oh yes; but if we sleep here we are sure to be quite ready when the first school bell rings in the morning." "Do your parents know about it?" "Mine do; but these little boys have no parents, they are orphans."

Now the nights in the South Sea Islands are not cold and damp like ours, but as the kind missionary thought a heavy rain would fall in the night, he roused the sleeping orphans, and led the three little ones into the large porch of his house, where they might rest in safety. His heart was now full of joy to find that there were some of his scholars who loved their teacher and their school. Suppose these little islanders could look from their distant homes into some of our Sabbath schools, what would they think of the many late comers who walk carelessly into their places an hour or more after the school has begun? Let us show by our conduct that we know how to take a hint even from the children of the heathen.—*Miss Advocate.*

O THAT FATAL RESOLUTION.

Some years ago there was a powerful revival in progress at a college in Scotland. In the senior class all but one young man yielded to the divine power. He was the best scholar, and was intent on winning the highest honor of the year. His professor and fellow students besought him to relax his studies and seek his soul's salvation. But he would not heed them, so resolved was he to win the prize. He did win it. But mark the result. Seventeen years after he died without hope, exclaiming with his last breath, "O that fatal resolution!"

Beyond all doubt that student bartered his soul for a college honor. What was he profited by that bad bargain? Let the agonizing exclamation—"O that fatal resolution!"—which was wrung from his terrified soul as it was forced into eternity answer.