

the doctrine of justification by faith. I was much pleased, and I trust profited, while reading, a short time since, a book entitled Faith and its Effects. The author is Mrs. Palmer, of New York, and to any one who has read her writings, the name of the author will be a sufficient recommendation for this new work. It is calculated to interest and instruct every believer, and it seems to me to be particularly adapted to Sabbath School teachers. It will greatly assist them in explaining the way of faith to their scholars, and, if read with prayerful attention, will hardly fail to increase in their own hearts "the work of faith with power."—*Sunday School Advocate.*

THE SIXPENCE.

We transfer the following interesting narrative to our columns, as an illustration of what the faithful Sabbath School Teacher may and ought to look for as the result of his labors. And oh what a delightful change would soon be produced in our land, if but a tithe of even our meagre Sabbath School efforts would bear such fruit. But why expect only a tithe? why should not the whole seed sown, spring up and bear fruit? We leave our Sabbath School Teachers to answer the question, each one for himself, in his own retirement.

Some time in the latter part of the last century, says Rev. Mr. Grinnell, a missionary from one of the New England Societies was laboring in the interior of the State of New York, where the settlements were very few and far between. This missionary was much devoted to his work, meek and affable, and possessed of a remarkable faculty for introducing the subject of religion to every individual with whom he came in contact. On a hot summer's day, while his horse was drinking from a small brook through which he rode, there came along a poor-dressed bare-headed bare-footed boy, about seven years old, and stood looking at the missionary from the bridge just above him.

"My son," said the missionary, "have you any parents?"

"Yes, sir; they live in that house," pointing to a cabin near by.

"Do your parents pray?"

"No, sir."

"Why do they not pray?"

"I do not know sir."

"Do you pray?"

"No, sir."

"Why do you not pray?"

"I do not know how to pray."

"Can you read?"

"Yes, sir; my mother has taught me to read the New Testament."

"If I will give you this sixpence, will you go home and read the third chapter of John,

and read the third verse over three times?" The little boy said he would; and the missionary gave him the sixpence and rode on.

Some twenty years had elapsed, and the same missionary, advanced in years, was laboring in a sparsely peopled region, in another part of the same state. While on his way to a little village one day, late in the afternoon, he called at a small house, and inquired the distance.—"Six miles," was the reply. He then stated that himself and horse were very weary, and inquired if he could not stay all night. The woman of the house objected on account of their poverty, but the husband said, "Sir, you shall be welcome to such as we have."

The missionary dismounted and went in. The wife began to prepare his supper, while her husband proceeded to take care of the horse. As he came in, the missionary addressed him: "Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" "That," said the man, "is a great question." "True," said the missionary, "but I cannot eat till you tell me." "Sir," said the man, "about twenty years ago, I lived in the interior of this state, and was then about seven years old. While playing in the road one day, a gentleman in black, rode into the brook near by me, to water his horse.—As I stood on the bridge above, looking at him, he began to converse with me about praying, and reading the Bible; and told me he would give me a sixpence if I would read the third chapter of John and the third verse three times.—And Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." I gave him my promise, took the money, and felt wealthy indeed. I went home, and read as I had promised. That verse produced an uneasiness in my mind, which followed me for days, and finally I was led by its influence, as I trust, to love Jesus as my Saviour!" "Glory to God!" said the missionary, rising from his seat; "here is one of my spiritual children; the bread cast on the waters is found after many days!"

They took their supper, and talked, and sang, and prayed, and rejoiced together all night long, neither of them having any disposition to sleep. The missionary found him to be poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom. Early in the morning they parted, and the missionary went his way inspired with fresh zeal for the prosecution of his pious labors.—*Cyclopaedia of Moral and Religious Anecdotes.*

WEST OF ROXBURGH SABBATH SCHOOL.

We have been favored with a Report for the past year of the West of Roxburgh Sabbath School, which, although laboring under many disadvantages, yet by diligence and perseverance on the part of those entrusted