

NOBLE REVENGE.

When I was a small boy, there was a black boy in the neighborhood, by the name of "Jim Dick." Myself and a number of my play-fellows were one evening collected together at our usual sports, and began tormenting the poor colored boy, by calling him "blackamoor," "nigger," and other degrading epithets; the poor fellow appeared excessively grieved at our conduct, and soon left us. We soon after made an appointment to go a-skating in the neighborhood, and on the day of the appointment I had the misfortune to break my skates, and I could not go without borrowing a pair of Jim Dick. I went to him and asked him for them. "O yes, John, you may have them and welcome," was his answer. When I went to return them, I found Jim sitting by the fire in the kitchen, reading the Bible. I told him I had returned his skates, and was under great obligations to him for his kindness. He looked at me as he took the skates, and with tears in his eyes said to me, "John, don't never call me blackamoor again," and immediately left the room. Those words pierced my heart, and I burst into tears, and from that time resolved not to abuse a poor black in future.—*Soutley.*

THE SECRET.

'Mother,' said a girl of ten years of age, 'I want to know the secret of your going away alone every night and morning.' 'Why my dear?' 'Because it must be to see some one you love very much.' 'And what leads you to think so?' 'Because I have always noticed that, when you come back, you appear to be more happy than usual.' 'Well, suppose I go to see a friend I love very much, and that after seeing him and conversing with him I am more happy than before, why should you wish to know anything about it?' 'Because I wish to do as you do, that I may be happy also.' 'Well my child, when I leave you in the morning and evening, it is to commune with the Saviour. I go to pray to him—I ask him for his grace to make me happy and holy—I ask him to assist me in all the duties of the day, and especially to keep me from committing any sin against him—and above all, I ask him to have mercy on you and save you from the misery of those who sin against him.' 'O, that is the secret,' said the child, 'then I must go with you.'—*Watchtower.*

BRAVE AND GENEROUS.

The last Charlestown (Kanawha) *Republican* records the following:—"An interesting little boy, who could not swim, while skating on our river, on New Year's day, ran into a large air-hole; he kept himself for some time above the water; the little boys all gathered around the opening, tried to hand him poles, but the ice continued breaking and he was still floating out of reach; despair at length seized his heart and was visible in every face around. At this critical moment when, exhausted, the poor little fellow was about to sink, a brave and generous-hearted boy exclaimed, 'I cannot stand it, boys'—he wheeled round, made a run and dashed in at the risk of his own life, seized the little boy and swam to the edge of the ice, and breaking his way to the more solid ice, he handed him out to his companions, who then assisted him out. In Rome this act of heroism would have insured this brave youth a civic crown. His name is Albert Hershberger."

THE SAVIOUR'S NAME.

When the pious Bishop Beveridge was on his death-bed, he did not know any of his friends or connections. A minister with whom he had been well acquainted, visited him, and when conducted into his room, he said: "Bishop Beveridge, do you know me?" "Who are you?" said the Bishop. Being told who the minister was, he said he did not know him. Another friend came, who had been equally well known, and accosted him in a similar manner, "Do you know me, Bishop Beveridge?" "Who are you?" said he. Being told it was one of his intimate friends, he said he did not know him. His wife then came to his bed-side, and asked if he knew her? "Who are you?" said he. Being told that it was his wife, he said that he did not know her. "Well," said one of them, "Bishop Beveridge, do you know the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Jesus Christ," said he, reviving, as if the name had produced in him the influence of a charm, "Oh, yes, I have known him these forty years, precious Saviour, he is my only hope."

THE CROWN OF THORNS.

There still exists a plant in Palestine, known among Botanists by the name of the "Thorn of Christ," supposed to be the shrub which afforded the crown worn by the Saviour at his crucifixion. It has many sharp prickles well adapted to give pain; and as the leaves greatly resemble those of ivy, it is not improbable that the enemies of the Messiah chose it from its similarity to a plant with which emperors and generals were accustomed to be crowned; and thence, that there might be calumny, insult, and derision meditated in the very act of punishment.—*Dr. Russell.*

INFLUENCE OF CHILDREN.

Of the few instances in which men become pious in advanced life very many of them are effected through the direct or indirect influence of their children, who have found the Pearl of Price abroad, and brought it home to their parents.

A little daughter, whose parents were unfriendly to religion, providentially attended a religious meeting, and became interested. The father was displeased. She was desirous of attending the meeting again, but he forbade her. She waited anxiously for the next, and renewed her request. Again she was forbidden. She begged with tears. Excited by that hostility to religion which sometimes overcomes parental love, and renders the parent "without natural affection," the father said to her, "If ever you go to that meeting again, I will turn you out of doors." The daughter, moved with that peculiar emotion in which the soul is at once overwhelmed and aroused to unwonted energy, lifted a meek, glistening eye to her parent, and replied, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." It went to the father's heart—it was irresistible. Parental affection was awakened, a conviction of his unnatural conduct rushed upon him, and with a full and bursting heart he replied, "Go, my daughter; I will never throw another straw in the way of your religion." The consequence was, that the parents soon followed their daughter. Thus did this child become an angel of light and salvation to her parents.—*S. S. Advocate.*