

kneel down side by side under a tree, and offer up their prayer to the Lord Jesus.

Nine years had passed away, and Regina, who was ten when she was first carried off, grew to be nineteen, and the little girl was eleven years old. An English colonel came and conquered the Indians, and ordered all the white prisoners whom they had taken, to be brought to him. More than four hundred were brought to him, and amongst them were Regina and her little friend. They were carried to a town in Pennsylvania, and it was printed in the newspapers that they were there; that all who had lost children, or brothers, or sisters, or friends, by the Indians, might come and claim them. You may be sure that Regina's poor mother came, but how was she to know her daughter? Regina was grown tall, and as she had been living among the Indians so long, she looked more like an Indian than anything else. Nor could she tell which was her mother; she had forgotten her face; and, besides, her mother was altered; the loss of her husband and her children had made her cheek pale, and her hair grey.

The poor woman went up and down amongst the captives, trying to find, in some face, features that might remind her of her lost child, but she could find none. She was standing weeping, and ready to give up all hope, when the Colonel saw her, and said, "Do you remember *nothing* by which your child might be discovered?" All at once she thought of the hymn—

"Alone, yet not alone am I."

"Yes," she said, "I think my child would know that hymn again. "Sing it then," said the Colonel. So the poor woman dried her tears, and began to sing the hymn. The notes fell upon Regina's ear. She listened. She was sure it was her mother's voice. It was the same sweet voice that sang to her when she was a little girl, and which she had not heard for eleven years. She waited a moment. Two lines were already sung. She could wait no long-

er; but threw herself into her mother's arms.

The little girl who was standing by, had no parents; they had been murdered by the Indians. She begged not to be parted from Regina. Regina's mother was very poor, but God had shown mercy on her, in bringing her daughter back to her again, and she resolved to shew mercy to the poor little orphan girl. They all went home rejoicing together.

A SWEET SAYING.

Never shall I forget the thrill of pleasure which the last words of a dear child made in my mind. It came from his lips as he lay dying on my shoulder. He said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not! That is a sweet saying, is it not, uncle?" And then—that moment—he died to know its sweetness. He came from school in good health; he was gathering strawberries in the morning, and was dead in my arms at eleven the same night!

It is indeed a sweet saying; and, as it has been written in the Bible for the use of the young, every child should learn it by heart, and try to know what it means.

It is a call to children to go to Jesus. Why should they obey it? Because they are sinners; and because Jesus is a Saviour. It is his voice speaking to them, calling them to come to him, that they may be saved and be made happy. He thus speaks to them, for he loves children. If he had not loved them, he would never have laid in a manger as a poor little babe, or have died on the cross that their sins might be forgiven.

When Jesus was on the earth, he was once angry; it was not sinful anger—but he was displeased. It was not because the wicked people called him a glutton and a wine bibber. It was not when they charged him with having a devil. It was not when they cast him out of a city, and took up stones to kill him. Nor when they