

The Consoler.

"It was a dark and stormy night. The missionary's horse was tired, and he was wet and weary. For some time he had looked in vain for cheering light in the lonely woods. At length he saw a faint glimmer through the trees. It came from a small log cottage. When he had fastened his horse and gone into the cabin, he thought he had never seen so wretched a place. It was cold and dirty, and almost without furniture of any sort. In a corner of the room was a ragged bed, on which lay a pale little girl. The missionary pitied her, and drew near to the bed. He saw that the little girl's face was pale, and her hands thin. She was very ill, and a great sufferer; yet the poor little thing was not impatient. She smiled with a smile that showed peace was in her heart, while her body was suffering with disease. From under her pillow peeped a little book. It was the New Testament. Some agent from the Bible Society had dropped it in that desolate place. The missionary asked the little girl—

'Can you read this book?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Can you understand it?'

'A great deal of it, sir; I see there how Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. He said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." And when I think of that, I am happy. And in the dark night, when I lie here and cannot sleep for pain, I think of my Saviour and heaven, and he seems to be saying, "Suffer that little child to come unto me, and forbid her not." I am soon going to be with him forever.'

Thus that gift brought peace to the heart of the poor little sick girl—that peace which Jesus promised to his disciples when he said.

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you."—John 14: 27.

Read Your Bible.

"Between thirty and forty years ago, there was a lad who had a sister, and this sister was a missionary's wife. She was ready to leave England and go to Africa, and was on her way to London. She passed through the town where her brother was at school. It was early in the morning, before the boys were up; but she was going to set sail, and she could not think of passing through without seeing her brother. She knocked at the door of the house, and awoke the servants. They called out.

'Robert, Robert!'

Up he sat in the bed. His sister went to him, and wished him good-bye, and gave him a kiss, and said,

'Robert, read your Bible.'

And again, as she parted from him, she said, very earnestly,

'Now, Robert read your Bible.'

She sailed for Africa; and in six months more she was in heaven, for God took her. But these words of hers, 'Robert, read your Bible,' sunk into her brother's heart. He could not shake them out. At last he did read his Bible; and the great change was wrought in him also. And he is now, and has been for some time, a laborious and useful missionary in India.

Pay for Swearing.

"What does Satan pay you for swearing?" Said Deacon Todd to one whom he heard using profane language.

'He don't pay me anything,' was the reply.

'Well, you work cheap, to lay aside character of a gentleman; to inflict so much pain on your friends, and all civil people; to suffer such pains of conscience as you must suffer, and lastly, to risk losing your own precious soul, and, (gradually rising in emphasis,) and all for nothing! You certainly do work cheap—very cheap indeed!'