

and was so much pleased at seeing the *faith* and the generosity of the little girl, that he gave her a very beautiful book.

This was having faith in a father. But this is not the kind spoken of in the Bible. For a child might believe a father, and have a strong faith in him, and yet be, towards God, a very wicked child.

Mr. Cecil gives us a beautiful account of the manner in which he taught his little daughter what is meant by faith. "She was playing one day with a few beads, which seemed to delight her wonderfully. Her whole soul was absorbed in her beads. I said,

"My dear, you have some pretty beads there.' 'Yes, papa.'

"And you seem to be vastly pleased with them.' 'Yes, papa.'

"Well, now, throw them behind the fire.'

"The tears started into her eyes. She looked earnestly at me, as though she ought to have a reason for so cruel a sacrifice.

"Well, my dear, do as you please; but you know I never told you to do any thing which I did not think would be good for you.'

"She looked at me a few moments longer, and then—summoning up all her fortitude—her breast heaving with the effort, she dashed them into the fire.

"Well,' said I; 'there let them lie; you shall hear more about them another time; but say no more about them now.'

"Some days after, I bought her a box full of larger beads, and toys of the same kind. When I returned home, I opened the treasure, and set it before her; she burst into tears of ecstasy. 'Those, my child,' said I "are yours; because you believed me, when I told you it would be better for you to throw those two or three paltry beads behind the fire. Now, that has brought you this treasure. But now, my dear, remember, as long as you live, what FAITH is. You threw your beads away when I bid you, because you had faith in me, that I never advised you but for your good. Put the same confidence in God. Believe every thing he says in his word. Whether you understand it or not, have faith in him that he means your good.'"

This, too, was faith in a father; but the little girl might have had it, even if she had been a heathen child. It was not the faith required in the Bible, because it was not faith in God himself.

I will now tell you what is faith in the *care* of God. A lady and her husband were standing on the deck of a ship during an awful storm. The winds howled, and the ship was tossed like a feather over the great waves. The lady had to hold on with both hands to keep from falling. She was very much frightened, and asked her husband if he was not afraid. He said nothing, but, in a moment after, he held a naked sword with its point close to her breast, and asked her,

"Are you not afraid?" "No."

"Why not? Do you see this sword within an inch of your heart?"

"Yes, but I am not afraid, for it is my husband who holds it."

"Yes," said he, "and it is my heavenly Father who holds this storm in his hand, the winds and the waves, and why should I be afraid? No, I am not afraid!"

This was faith in the care of God. God was pleased with it. Now see. Was not the gentleman pleased to see that his wife had so much