

shame. Without stopping a moment, however, the child went in like manner to every one he saw reading, and put the same question, and from every one he received a similar reply. He was evidently disappointed, and I, struck with the singularity of the circumstance, and anxious to ascertain the boy's motive in asking the question, said, "Come here my child; do you want a Bible?" "Yes, sir."—"Well here is one for you;" and opening a box which contained some tracts I had carried for distribution, I gave my Bible to the child. The little creature eagerly seized it, and as the rain had now ceased, ran out of the cabin, and seating himself in the corner of the stairs outside, began to turn over the leaves with much earnestness. I had laid aside my frivolous volume, for I felt reproved by the child's question, which struck on my conscience as a voice from heaven. It seemed to say, "Have you this morning, ere you took your early journey, perused the word of God? You had no time, perhaps, to do more than offer up your morning prayer, for preserving you during your hour of sleep. You can read a trifling fiction: how much more profitable were it to search the oracles of truth! Are you ashamed to be seen reading your Bible?—Learn from this infant's example the value of your Bible." But, besides my conscience being awakened, my curiosity was excited; and I watched the little boy. After turning the leaves over a few moments, he seemed to be disappointed, and carried the book to his father, who was sitting without the cabin, and hid from my view by an intervening door. I rose and placed myself so as to observe the motion of the child. The father turning

round and observing me, politely thanked me for lending my Bible to his son. But, added he, he can hardly make use of it, for it is a kind of Bible neither he nor I ever saw. I at once saw the cause of the child's uneasiness; the Bible was not divided into chapters and verses, like the common version; and the boy could not readily find the passages he wished to refer to. I now learned that he was a Sabbath scholar, and was very fond of learning a voluntary task. I told his father that I was sorry that I had no other Bible with me at that time, but I said I would be there again in three weeks, when I hoped to see the little boy again, and I would bring him a Bible. C. L. G.

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PERSEVERANCE.

Let not the *failure of your first efforts* deter you. Alexander Bethune's first effort for print was a contribution to the "Amethyst;" but the lady at whose request he wrote it, advised him not to send it. He wrote an article for "Blackwood," and it was declined.—A host of others have tried, and they have failed; but where there has been a firm and settled purpose to succeed, they have tried, and tried and tried again, and in the end they have been successful.

Let not the *unfavourable opinion of others* deter you. Xenocrates was a disciple of Plato, and a fellow student with Aristotle. Plato used to call Xenocrates "a dull ass that needed the spur," and Aristotle "a mettlesome horse that needed the curb." When, after the death of Plato, the Chair of Instruction in the Academy was vacant, the choice of a successor lay between Aristotle and Xenocrates; the honour was conferred upon Xenocrates.

"If it should please God," said a