



and from that moment, he was as anxious for the departure of the Englishman as before he had been for the detention of himself and his property. On his departure, he was accompanied by a host of the inhabitants, whose curiosity, although he had been seven weeks among them, had not undergone the east abatement.—*Juv. Miss. Mag.*

A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE STORY.

A CHILD OF PRAYER.

A few weeks since, in coming down the North River, I was seated in the cabin of the magnificent steamer Isaac Newton, in conversation with some friends. It was becoming late in the evening, and one after another, seeking repose from the cares and the toils of the day, made preparations to retire to their berths. Some, pulling off their boots and coat lay themselves down to rest; others, in the attempt to make it seem as much like home as possible, threw off more of their clothing—each one as his comfort or apprehension of danger dictated.

I had noticed on the deck a fine looking little boy of about six years old, following round a man, evidently his father, whose appearance indicated him to be a foreigner, probably a German—a man of medium height, and respectable dress. The child was unusually

fair and fine looking, handsomely featured, with an intelligent, and affectionate expression of countenance; and from under his little German cap fell his chestnut hair, in thick and beautiful curls.

After walking about the cabin for a time, the father and son stopped within a few feet of where we were seated, and began preparations for going to bed. I watched them. The father adjusted and arranged the bed the child was to occupy, which was an upper berth, while the little fellow was undressing himself. Having finished this, his father tied a handkerchief around his head, to protect his curls, which looked as if the sunlight from his young happy heart always rested there. This done, I looked for him to see his resting place; but instead of this, he quietly kneeled down on the floor, put up his little hands together, so beautifully childlike and simple, and resting his arms on the lower berth, against which he knelt, he began his vesper prayers.

The father sat down by his side, and waited the conclusion. It was a long prayer for a child, but well understood. I could hear the murmuring of his sweet voice, but could not distinguish the words he spoke. But what a scene! There were men around him—Christian men—retiring to rest without prayer; or, if praying at all, a kind of