

down my life for the sheep.' Then I told how the Lord leadeth his flock like a shepherd. She listened to me with great attention. Then I prayed, during which she kept perfectly quiet. I afterwards learned that this woman died in the peace of the gospel. Let us take hold on the glorious truths contained in this Psalm; and let us be assured, and be able to say in that blessed assurance: 'Goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.'"

A gentleman said he had just come from the dying bed of a boy in the hospital, a lad about fifteen years old. The lad had gone to a better world. He died repeating the twenty-third Psalm. He went away with the voice of triumph and shouting. Oh! what a victory he gained! No more battles. No more forced marches. No more bivouacking in the midst of alarms. His feet are planted on the jasper sea.

### "That the Aged Men be Sober."

TRUS II 2.

The aged Christian should be sober-minded, habitually sedate and vigilant. Levity or excessive gayety of temper and talk is censurable in all; but it is far more blamable in the old than in the young. "Filthiness, foolish talking, and jesting are never convenient," but in aged people they are intolerably odious and detestable. When a great minister of the state, in former times, was observed by some of his friends at court to be more fond of retirement and more pensive than formerly, they rallied him upon it, fearing he was becoming melancholy; but that great man answered them thus, "Ah, my friends, while we laugh, all things about us are serious. God is serious, who exerciseth patience toward us; Christ is serious, who shed his blood for us; the Holy Ghost is serious, who striveth against the obstinacy of our hearts; all that are in heaven and all that are in hell are serious. Now, then, can a man that hath one foot in the grave jest or laugh?"

### What the South Africans once were.

When Mr Reed first went to South Africa, he travelled a long way in a wagon drawn by oxen, to the place in which it was intended to plant a missionary station. He had an interpreter with him, who knew the road, and who could speak the language of the people to whom they were going. At length the wagon stopped. "There," said the interpreter, "is your station." Mr Reed looked forth, but he could see neither village nor people, but only some things which looked like large mud bee hives. At length, from a hole in one of these, some-

thing came forth; but whether it were a man, or an animal, he could not tell. Another, and another of these strange beings crept out from these mud hives, and came near the wagon. "Those," said the interpreter, "are the people." "Those!" said Mr Reed; for, though he had indeed perceived, as they came nearer, that they partly resembled men, yet never before had he imagined that human beings could be in such a degraded condition. One had dressed himself in the skin of an ox; the part that had covered the head of the animal, was drawn over his own; and the holes where the eyes had been, were occupied by others scarcely less brutal; and the tail of the ox hung down behind. Another was similarly clothed in the skin of a lion, while some wore the skins of sheep, with their dirty fleeces still on. To make their appearance, if possible, more disgusting, they had been in the habit of daubing their bodies with grease; and on this had gathered coat after coat of dirt, which, mixing and melting in the heat of the sun, hung from some parts of their bodies like black icicles. "My friend," said Mr Reed through the interpreter, "when did you wash your face?" But the man could not be made to understand what was meant; he had never heard of such a thing. Well might the good missionary have been tempted to return back in despair from such a people as this. But no; he remembered who had said, that the heathen should be given to Christ for an inheritance. He began to instruct them; and the man who could not be made to comprehend what was meant by washing his face, was one of the first to feel that what the missionary told him about HIS BAD HEART, was true. At first he thought that the missionary could see into his heart, and determined to stand behind him when he was preaching; but finding that his secret sins were still brought to light as before, and that the servant of God could tell him of One who died for those whose hearts were as bad as his own, he joyfully received the glad tidings; and this savage became not only a civilized being, but a CHRISTIAN; and, moreover, so successful a preacher to his countrymen, that, whilst he was telling them of a Saviour, their hearts are said to have been moved by his message, as a field of corn bends before the breeze.—*Juv. Miss. Mag.*

### AN INDIAN CONVERT'S LOVE FOR HIS BIBLE.

Jack Spence, as he has been called, came from the Port Nelson river, and was admitted to the mission school in Prince Rupert's Land in 1824. He was a fine lad, and made great progress at the school, but on leaving it was lost sight of by the missionaries. Years passed, and nothing was heard of him. At