

to sing, and his pilgrim staff, and started on his way.

As he bade his fellow-missionaries farewell they said, "We shall never see you again. It is madness for you to go." But he said, "I must preach Jesus to them."

For two days he travelled without meeting hardly a human being, until at last he found himself in the mountains, surrounded by a crowd of savages. Every spear was instantly pointed at his heart. He expected that every moment would be his last. Not knowing what else to do, he drew forth his violin and began with closed eyes to sing and play:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

Being afraid to open his eyes he sang on till the third verse, and while singing—

"Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all."

he opened his eyes to see what they were going to do, when lo! the spears had dropped from their hands, and the big tears were falling from their eyes.

They invited him to their homes. He spent two and a half years among them. His labours were so richly rewarded that when he was compelled to leave them, because of failing health, and return to this country, they followed him for thirty miles.

"O missionary," they said, "come back to us again! There are tribes beyond that never heard the Gospel."

He could not resist their entreaties. After visiting America, he went back again to continue his labour till he sank in the grave among them—*Selected.*

WISER THAN GOD.

HOW grand and beautiful are these oak trees!" said a passer-by as he looked up into their branches; "but how singular that so large a tree should bear a fruit so small as the acorn!" Still wondering, he cast his eye upon a gourd running along the hedgerow, with its stem so tender that the slightest pressure would have severed it, and yet yielding a fruit weighing one hundred pounds. "How singular," said the man, "that so small a plant should grow so large a fruit! If I had been God," said he, "I would have managed creation better than this. I would have put the small fruit on the small plant, and I would have placed the large gourd on this noble oak." And then, wearied with the heat of the day, he laid himself beneath the shade of its spreading branches, and fell asleep.

A gentle zephyr rustled amid the leaves, and an acorn, already ripe, fell on the face of the sleeper. Awakened by the falling of the little fruit, the thought flashed upon his mind, "Had that been the gourd of one hundred pounds weight, I should probably, by this time, have been a corpse."

Depend upon it, God knows better than man how to make and manage the world.

A TRUE LENT.

After Lenten days of sadness—fast and vigil, gloom and pain—

Comes the glorious Easter radiance, like the sunshine after rain—

Comes with healing to sad spirit, comes to gladden, to make bright,

If, when means of grace were given, we have used them all aright.

If the prayer, the fast, the penance, shall have shown us all our need—

Shown us all our sin and weakness, made us penitent indeed;

If the heart was bowed in sorrow when the knee in prayer was bent—

If, discarding selfish follies, we have kept a holy Lent;

If the fruits of self-denial went to help the sick and poor,

If new victories o'er the temper taught us all things to endure;

If, in prayer, we have remembered all God's children—high and low—

Not alone our friends and kindred, but the stranger and the foe;

If we've craved God's choicest blessings on the country of our birth;

If we've prayed His holy Gospel may illumine all the earth—

If in thoughts and deeds like these we've passed the solemn Lenten hours,

Bright will glow the Easter sunshine, fragrant bloom the Easter flowers.

—*"Zaraila," in Church Chronicle, Cincinnati.*

ONE day a visitor to the school found Sydney Smith during play hours absorbed in the study of Virgil, gave the lad a shilling, and with it a few kind words of sympathy and praise. "Clever boy, clever boy," exclaimed the stranger. "that is the way to conquer the world." Such unlooked for encouragement broke like a gleam of sunshine across the dreary and troubled life of the neglected boy, and roused within a capable heart the laudable ambition for distinction. Sydney Smith never forgot that man, and to the end of his life praised his deed. The stranger went his way little dreaming of the good his pleasant words had accomplished, while the lad he had cheered soon afterwards rose to the proud position of prefect of the school.