

be penned in this world, would be the history of families who have thus stifled the serious thoughts of children, and driven back by neglect or derision, the Son of God advancing to take possession of the human heart. For the wealth of the Indies, I would not come into the secret of such families; nor hazard the loss and ruin which might accrue to my children in days of seriousness, by the neglect of family prayer. There are times when the neglect of this plain and obvious duty, may seal the character of a child, and mark his course forever onward in the ways of sin and hell.

#### DEATH MADE SWEET.

James Renwick, the Covenanter, and the last of Scotland's great cloud of Christian martyrs, says, in a letter written on the morning of his execution, "Death to me is as a bed to the weary." A young woman whom the writer knew, and who was subject to fainting fits in the latter stages of a fatal disease, said, in a tone of disappointment as she opened her eyes after a swoon, and saw her mother still bending over the bed, "Am I here yet?" She had hoped when she felt the fainting coming over her heart, that this time the Lord would lead her out on the other side. A young mother, also to the writer well known, had so completely gained the victory during her life, that when death was evidently drawing near, she threw back with a playful smile the sympathizing expressions of her friends, saying, "I have the best of it,—I have the advantage of you all, in getting over first." In that particular case, the soul in departing left its joy so distinctly imprinted on the body, that the countenance of the dead, instead of being repulsive, attracted by its angel-like loveliness even a little child. "Mother," said an infant of six years, after gazing on the face of the dead, still radiant with joy,—"mother will there be room for a little girl in Aunt W——'s grave?" "Why do you ask, child?" "Because I would like to be laid beside her when I die."

#### A CAFFRE PRAYING IN THE WILDERNESS.

Mr. Gladwin, missionary in South Africa, was once on a journey with an attendant, a Christian Caffre. Night

approached, and they lay down to rest under the shelter of a bush; they had no waggon, no tent, nothing to cover them but the bush, nothing to protect and shelter them but the good providence of God in whom they trusted. The night was cold, as the nights sometimes are in South Africa. They slept soundly, and awaked in peace and safety. When they arose, Mr. Gladwin desired the Caffre to pray. They knelt down in the desert; the Caffre prayed, "O Lord, we thank thee we have had a very good night; slept very well, only rather cold. WE HAVE BORROWED THE NIGHT FROM THEE, O LORD, AND NOW WE WANT TO BORROW THE DAY." This was the beginning of his prayer, and we may learn a good lesson from it. We have nothing of our own, everything is lent us by God; our life, our health, our influence, our money, all are intrusted to us, lent us by our heavenly Father, to be used in his service, and for his glory. Let us pray for grace rightfully to use our mercies.—*Jur. Miss. Mag.*

THE DEATH OF A CHILD BLESSED TO HER FATHER.—A Hindoo came to a missionary, begging to be taught the "religion of Jesus Christ." "Why do you wish this?" said the missionary. "Because," he replied, "lately I became ill, and when I was so weak and sick that I did not think I could ever get well again, I remembered the peace, the patience, and even the joy, that shone from the face of my child before she died. Ah! said I to myself, that child believed in Jesus Christ. There must be something very good in this belief, since it can make people so happy and peaceful, even when they feel that they are dying. And so I have come, and I wish to be taught about your God, and the God of my child.—*Jur. Miss. Mag.*

INTERESTING CONTRIBUTION.—The following has lately been received by the Secretary of an English Missionary Society. "From two little deceased brothers, of the age of six and four years, the savings of their pocket-money, six shillings and three pence. The elder, a few days before his death, when asked to give the money for purchasing bread for the poor, replied, "O no, father! the Gospel is of much more value than food."