

caused by the invasion of an army of locusts; and in 1650, they even entered Russia at three different places, passing over Poland and Lithuania, where the air was darkened by their numbers. In some places they were seen lying dead, heaped upon one another, to the depth of four feet; in others, they covered the surface like a black cloth, the trees bent with their weight, and the damage they did was beyond all computation.

To give some further idea of the immense numbers of these insects, we may mention, that a flight of locusts seen in India, not a great many years back, and supposed to have come from Arabia, was composed of a column extending over five hundred miles; and so compact was it when on the wing, that, like an eclipse, it completely hid the sun, so that no shadow was cast by any object, and some lofty tombs, not more than two hundred yards distant from the dwelling of the observer, were rendered quite invisible.

The Child Found Again by her Mother.

A poor German left this country a long time ago and went to America, and settled in Pennsylvania. He had a large family of children, and he wished for some house of God to send them to on the Sabbath. But there was none. There was no Sunday school. The Sabbath was not known in that dark part of the country where he lived. But this poor German had God's word in his house, and he loved it with all his heart. He was very anxious that his children should love it too, so he and his good wife taught them to read it, and to repeat hymns.

Whilst they were thus busily employed in earning their livelihood, and teaching their children, a dreadful war broke out, and it came and swept over their peaceful home. A party of Indians who were going about the country just to burn houses, and murder the people, and steal anything that they saw and wished to have, found their way to the

house of the poor German. They murdered him and one of his sons, and took away his two little girls. The wife and another son happened not to be at home at the time, or they would have lost their lives too. The names of the two little girls who were carried away, were Barbara and Regina. What became of Barbara no one knows; but Regina, with another little girl who had been carried away from her parents too, was given to an old Indian woman. This old woman was very poor and very cruel; sometimes she had not enough to eat for herself, and could not give anything to the two children; so she used to send them into the woods, to gather roots and herbs for themselves, and to bring her some, and if they could not find enough, she would beat them terribly.

But Regina had one great comfort, and I will tell you what it was. Her good father and mother had taught her hymns, and whenever she had time, she taught her little companion to repeat them to her, just as she used to repeat them herself, standing by her dear father's knee. There was one hymn which she especially loved. Her mother used to be fond of singing to her:

"Alone, yet not alone am I,
Tho' in this solitude so drear;
I feel my Saviour always nigh,
He comes the weary hour to cheer.
I am with Him, and He with me.
Even here alone, I cannot be."

Is it not a very sweet verse? And it is quite true. If you love Jesus, you are never alone, so you never need be afraid.

"I am with Him, and He with me,
Even here alone, I cannot be."

What would Regina have done if she had not been taught by her mother? And I don't know what she would have done without her little companion; for, in teaching her, she refreshed her own memory. Perhaps she would have forgotten her hymns, if she had not this little girl to teach them to. They used to say the hymns to one another, and to