

tered the village, and the few children present that morning at school gathered around the teacher and said, "O, what shall we do? Do you think we shall be sick and die too?"

She gently touched the bell as a signal for silence, and observed, "Children, you are all afraid of this terrible disease. You mourn the death of our dear little friends, and you fear that you may be taken also. I know of only one way of escape, and that is to *hide*."

The children were bewildered, and the teacher went on:—"I will read to you about this hiding-place," and read Psalm xci. 1-10: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling."

All were hushed and composed by the sweet words of the Psalmist, and the morning lessons went on as usual.

At noon a dear little girl sidled up to the desk and said, "Teacher, are you not afraid of the diphtheria?"

"No, my child," she answered.

"Well, wouldn't you be if you thought you would be sick and die?"

"No, my dear, I trust not."

Looking at the teacher for a moment with wondering eyes, her face lighted up as she said, "O, I know! you are hidden under God's wings. What a nice place to hide!"

Yes, this is the only true hiding-place for old, for young, for rich, for poor—all. Do any of you know of a safer or a better?—*Old and Young*.

Swearing.

A little shoeblack was standing patiently at a quiet corner of the street waiting for a job, when two young men dressed in extreme fashion and puffing away at cigars, stopped before him.

"Here, Boots," said one of them in a tone of lofty superiority; "let me see if you are master of your trade!" placing his foot on the boy's box as he spoke.

The shoeblack plied his brush with skill, and the boot soon brightened under his ready touch. While he was busy, the young men amused themselves by swearing at him, to make more haste.

The little fellow stood it as long as he could, when, having finished one boot, he suddenly put his brushes in his box.

"What now?" asked the dandy.

"I would rather not black that boot, sir," answered the boy.

"Not black it!" exclaimed the swell with an oath; "then you don't see the color of my money."

"I don't want your money," said the boy, "and I will not stay hear and listen to your swearing."

"Let the boy alone," said the other young man, "and let him finish his job."

"It's a rare joke that a shoeblack should be afraid of swearing," said the first speaker.

The shoeblack, as he bent down to pick up his box, quietly observed, "I can't afford to swear," giving a significant glance upward to the dandy.

"Can't afford! Do you mean that it would cost you anything to swear?" asked the young man in astonishment.

"Yes," replied the shoeblack, earnestly, "it will cost me my soul.—*Children's Messenger*.

The Cingalese Boy and the Idol.

A Cingalese boy, living at Baddegamma, in Ceylon, went one day into a Buddhist temple to offer his evening flower. When he had done so, he looked into the idol's face, expecting to see a smile of approval; but, as the great eyes stared on without any expression of pleasure in them, he thought that so great a god would not condescend to accept a child's offering. Soon after, a man came in, laid down his flower, turned his back, and walked carelessly away. The boy again looked in the idol's face, and thought he should see an angry frown at this disrespect; but the eyes stared on as before. He then began to realize the fact that the image had no life in it, and was alike powerless to punish or reward.

As soon as a mission-school was opened in 1818, in the neighborhood of his home, he became one of the pupils, and was converted to God, together with several of the pupils, and was converted to God, together with several of his family. He afterwards became a zealous and devoted minister, working in connection with the Church Missionary Society. His name was Abraham Gunasekara. He died in 1862. His son, Henry Gunasekara, is now laboring in Kandy as the minister of a congregation of Cingalese Christians.—*Gospel in all Lands*.

Giving the Heart.

"Mother," said a little boy who had numbered only three summers, "what