

prayed him to pity and to spare her, but it was all of no use. Though he was not angry with the girl, he had resolved to gratify his horrid appetite. He therefore seized her, tied her hands and legs, and then flung her alive into the heated oven!

But, as was said before, these things were. It cannot now be said they are. New Zealand is one of the dark places upon which the great light of the gospel has shined, and there, many of the habitations of cruelty have been changed into homes as peaceful and happy as our own. This, through God's blessing, has been the effect of Missionary labor. Should you not, then, should not all who wish their fellow creatures to be safe and happy, do what they can to send Bibles and teachers to every land?—*Jur. Missionary Magazine.*

Heart Seeds.

BY KATE CAROL.

Two spirits, a good and an evil, came together, to sow seed in the heart of a little child; and the seed that the good spirit brought was called "TRUTH," and the seed of the evil one "FALSEHOOD."

Many days after, the child went forth to gather flowers and chase butterflies in the fields: It was a summer's morning, and the still dreamy air was full of fragrance, while the summer birds, heaving out their hearts in song, and the sunshine that crowded through the branches, and lay so caressing around the feet of the child, filled his heart brimfull of still sinless happiness, and he walked slowly on until he reached the shadow of a large peach-tree, that spread out its great arms as if in blessing above him:

Then the good spirit, with its shining, silvery wings, and the evil spirit, with a fearful, malignant expression on its dark countenance, met again under the peach-tree to see if the seed they had sown had taken root in its heart soil, and promised them a harvest.

Now the child had promised his mother he would not touch the peaches that grew upon that tree, for they were not fully ripened;—but oh, how tempting they looked, as the breeze lifted the leaves from their smooth, downy cheeks, softly as the fingers of a mother remove the cov-

ering from the face of her sleeping babe; and the branches hung so low that he had only to reach, and the fruit would be within his grasp. And while the child stood there, with an earnest, longing gaze, fixed on the tree, he suddenly descried on the lowest branch a peach larger and riper than all the rest. He saw the rose-colored streaks that lay on the side nearest the sun, and the mellow golden colors, that flushed the almost transparent skin; and the desire for it grew very strong in the heart of the child. "Mamma, will never know it," he murmured very softly, and then he lifted his hand and drew down the branch, and the good angel looked sad, while a smile of demoniac triumph distorted the features of the other; but the small hand that was lifted to pluck the fruit, suddenly paused;—a shadow swept over the clear, open brow, and the child whispered—"it will be a lie,—it will be a lie." The next moment the branch swung slowly back to its right position, and a pair of blue eyes, flooded with a new, deep light, looked up, and a childish voice murmured—"beautiful peach, I cannot tell a lie for you."

Then the evil spirit passed away, and the good angel drew near, and saw the blossom of truth shooting up from the seed he had sown, and covering the heart of the child; and that day, there was a new wreath, woven of the flowers of truth, hung upon the life tree that stands by the "living waters" and there it will hang, fair and fadeless, until the angel shall weave it around the spirit brow of the child from whose heart it was gathered. For, though the flowers of Earth may grow dim and perish, get the flowers of Truth shall never decay, and the fingers of ages shall leave no autograph upon them, for their beauty lasts forever and for aye."

KIND WORDS DO NOT COST MUCH.—They never blister the tongue or lips. And we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. They do not cost much, yet they accomplish much:—1st. They help one's own good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze the more fiercely. 2nd. Kind words make other people good natured. Cold words freeze people, but hot words scorch them, and sarcastic words irritate them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful.