

seeing her eldest sister with her Bible in her hand, requested her to read respecting Christ blessing little children. The passage having been read, and the book closed, the child said, "How kind! I shall soon go to Jesus—he will soon take me up in his arms, and bless me too—no disciple shall keep me away."

Her sister kissed her, and said,—
"Do you love me?"

"Yes, dear sister," she replied, "but do not be angry—I love Jesus better."

"It was right. She ought to love Jesus better than any earthly thing or human being. Others had loved her, but Jesus had done more—he had loved and died for her. Young reader, love your father, love your mother, love all around you, but, O! love Jesus more than all the rest!"

"SAID" AND "DONE."

Once upon a time, on a Sunday afternoon, a lad was so lazy in his motions that he did not get to the church door till the congregation was coming out; and he said to the first man he met—

"What! is it all done?"

"No," said the man; "it's all *said*, but I'm thinking it will be a long time before it will be all *done*.
—*Dayspring*.

The Victorious Little Boy.

I had the following anecdote from a gentleman of veracity. A little boy in Connecticut of remarkably serious mind and habits, was ordinarily employed about a mechanic's shop, where nearly all the hands were addicted to the common use of intoxicating liquors. The lad had unbibed temperance principles, and though often invited could never be induced to partake with any of the shop's crew. At length, his teacher in the Sunday school, in conversation on certain non-resistant texts

of Scripture, had awakened his mind to that subject, and he very conscientiously avowed his determination to try to live in accordance with this great Christian doctrine. Three or four of the harder drinkers in the shop, somewhat piqued at such precious piety and scrupulousness of conscience, resolved to humble the lad, or at least put his new notions to the test. They resolved to force a dram of rum down his throat by some means. Seizing an opportunity when he was left alone in the shop with themselves, they invited him to drink. He refused. They then told him they should compel him. He remained calm and unmoved. They threatened him with violence. Still he neither seemed angry nor attempted to escape, nor evinced the least disposition to yield; but insisted that it was wicked, and he could not do it. They then laid hold of him, a man at each arm, while the third held the bottle ready to force it into his mouth. Still their victim remained meek and firm, declaring that he had never injured them, and never should, but that God would be his friend and protector, however they might abuse him. The man who held the fatal bottle, up to that moment resolute in his evil purpose, was so struck by the non-resisting dignity and innocence of the lad, that, as he afterwards confessed all with tears, he actually felt unable to raise his hand.—Twice he assayed to lift the bottle, as he placed the nose of it in the child's mouth, but his arm refused to serve him. Not the least resistance was made in this stage of the proceeding otherwise than by a meek protesting look; yet the ringleader himself was overcome in his feelings and gave over the attempt, declaring that he could not, nor would not, injure such an innocent, conscientious, good-heart-