

right hand scarcely knows the service of the left. It is performed in God's sight alone; and as the love of God and of souls can be the only adequate motive, so must his approbation be the sole reward. For be it remembered, last, though far from least, as evidence of the great moral dignity of the Sunday School Teacher's office, it is, in its tenure, both voluntary and gratuitous. It is the offering of a free heart. It is the willing surrender of ease, of advantage, of enjoyment. It is the actual sacrifice of self—self-indulgence, and often of self-improvement—to the benefit and comfort of others. The labourer upon six days, in the field or in the shop, labours on the seventh in the Sunday School. The student, upon that day, foregoes the relaxation of his mind; that he may be a "teacher of righteousness." The fair young girl turns cheerfully aside from the gay throng of her companions, to devote herself meekly and faithfully to the instruction and improvement of the little nurslings of her pious love. If these be not generous services—if these be not disinterested sacrifices—if there be not true honour and essential dignity in such duties, so performed—then are the words unmeaning, and their use on earth impossible. What can there be so excellent in human nature—what so elevated in her condition—that an office, held on such conditions, involving such considerations, occupied in such labours, shall not worthily claim its exertion—shall not irresistibly demand of Christian men, and Christian women, as they love God and human souls, its unhesitating, its entire devotion?—*Bp. Doane.*

GOOD FOR EVIL.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

In the following anecdote we have an exemplification of the Apostolical injunction, "Overcome evil with good." If we possess teachable minds, I doubt whether a logical and learned essay would do more to enforce upon us a prayerful consideration of these words. From the unsophisticated juvenile heart, truth, in new and forcible light, often gushes out. Blessed are they who, laying aside all love of dominion, are ready to sit with Mary at the foot of the cross, there to listen to the praise of God, perfected by "babes and sucklings."

A very little girl was fond of reading the Bible, and it was there she learned how to treat those who injured her. One day she came to her mother, very much delighted, to show her some plays that a friend had given her. The mother said, "She is very kind: she has given you a great many." "Yes," said the little girl, "she is very kind indeed, and she gave me more than these, but I have given some away." "Aye, my child—to whom did you give them?" "I gave them to a girl that pushed me off the path, and makes faces at me." "But why did you give them to such a naughty girl?" "Because I thought that would make her know that I wished to be kind to her, and she will not perhaps be unkind and rude to me again."

Here is heavenly wisdom flowing from the infant mind. Here is eloquent preaching with sublime practice. Speak on, young heralds of the Cross, in words of truth, in actions of purity. The world, the church, the ministry, need your labours. Let man, woman, and child, go out with heaven's credentials, and speak as the good heart is ever wont to speak.—*Practical Christianity.*

GENERAL LITERATURE.

A TRUE SKETCH.

A short winter day was just drawing to a close, as a young and poorly clad girl reached the door of a splendid mansion in B—street. The servant ushered her into a large and elegant apartment, where sat Mrs. M—, the mistress of so much wealth and grandeur, in conversation with a friend. The young girl stood a moment, and then courtied, and presented to Mrs. M— a small bundle, saying, "I hope the work suits you, ma'am."

"The work is well enough," said Mrs. M—, examining it carefully, "but why did you not bring it before? It is at least a week past the time it was promised. Unless you are more

punctual, and keep your word better, I cannot let you have any more work."

It was growing dark, and the room was not yet lighted: so that the tears that gathered in the girl's eyes could not be seen, but her voice was very tremulous, as she answered:

"I did not mean to break my word, ma'am; but my mother has been much worse, and my little brother, in chopping wood, cut his foot; so I have had"—here her voice became inarticulate, and she hastened out of the room.

"That is always the way with these people," said Mrs. M—, "a sick mother, or a cut foot—any thing for an excuse."

Meantime, Mary reached the little dwelling she called home. Whether her feelings were labouring under the wound so thoughtlessly inflicted on her mother's illness distressed her, or her heart sickened at the thought of helpless poverty, or it might have been the contrast between the room she had left and the one she had just entered, which forced itself upon her; whatever was the cause, contrary to her usual serenity and care to appear as cheerful as possible before her mother, she covered her face with her hands, and leaning upon the rude table before her, burst into a passion of tears. It was but for a moment, for a faint voice from the bed called, "Mary." She started from her posture of grief, and went to her mother's bed side. "Mary, dear, wipe your eyes, and sit down by me here, and read the thirty-fourth Psalm; it will do us both good." Mary reached for the shelf the well worn Bible, and seated at the foot of her mother's bed, in a subdued voice, read aloud. She had just finished reading the verse, "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth them out of them all," when a gentle tap was heard at the door. A little girl, some years younger than Mary, opened it, and a lady entered.

"Is this where Mary Morris lives?"

Mary started from the bed: "That is my name, ma'am."

"Ah yes, you are the one I just saw at Mrs. M—'s. I inquired you out, and have come to see if I can be of any service to you; how is your mother?"

The last tallow candle was dimly burning beside the bed where Mary had been reading. The lady went towards it, and took the hand of the emaciated sufferer.

"Have you any physician?"

"No, ma'am. My poor husband's sickness cost me so much, that I have nothing left to pay one. I hope I shall get better in a few days, and then all will go on well; but now it is very hard for poor Mary."

"But you have a high fever, and should be attended to; my husband is a physician, he will call and prescribe for you, and here are some provisions for the children; and Mary, just open the door, my servant has brought you a wheel-barrow load of wood ready split; give all your attention to your mother, and you shall be well provided for."

Their hearts were too full for expression of thanks, but the lady needed them not to convince her that there was no luxury like that of doing good. There were tears shed in that humble room that night, not of bitterness; and there were thanksgivings that would put to shame the feeble gratitude of thousands that are "increased with good, and have need of nothing."

N.B. Mrs. M— went that night to witness the performance of a popular tragedy, and was so overcome by the distresses of the hero and heroine, as to be unable to attend to anything else for several days.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

The angel of slumber and the angel of death, fraternally locked in each other's arms, wandered over the earth.

It was evening. They reclined upon a hill side, and the habitations of men were not far off. A sad stillness pervaded the air, and the evening bell was hushed. Still and silent as was their manner, the two beneficent Genii of mankind reposed in a mournful embrace, and night came rapidly on.

Then the angel of slumber arose from his mossy couch, and softly scattered from his hand the invisible slumber seeds. The wind of night wafted them to the quiet dwellings of the wearied hus-

bandmen, and forthwith sweet sleep descended upon the inhabitants of the cottages, from the grey-haired sire to the cradled infant. The sick man forgot his pains, the unhappy man his sorrows, the poor man his cares—every eye was closed.

And now, his benign labours being ended, the kind angel of slumber again lay down by the side of his thoughtful brother, and said cheerfully,—"When the red morning awakes, then will mankind bless me as their friend and benefactor. Oh! how sweet it is to do good unseen, and in secret! How delightful is our duty!"

Thus spake the friendly angel of slumber. The angel of death looked upon him with a silent sorrow, and a tear, such as mortals shed, gathered in his large dark eyes.

"Alas!" said he, "that I cannot, like thyself, rejoice in their gratitude. The earth calls me her enemy, and the disturber of her peace."

"My brother," replied the angel of slumber, "will not the good, when they awaken, own thee as their friend and benefactor, and will they not bless thee? Are we not brothers, and messengers of our Father?"

Thus they spake. The eye of the death angel sparkled, and he clasped his brother more firmly in his embrace.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

GUSTAVUS III., King of Sweden, passing one morning on horseback through a village in the neighbourhood of his capital, observed a peasant girl of interesting appearance, drawing water at a fountain by the way-side. He went up to her, and asked her for a draught. Without delay she lifted her pitcher, and with artless simplicity, put it to the lips of the monarch. Having satisfied his thirst, and courteously thanked his benefactress, he said:—

"My girl, if you will accompany me to Stockholm, I would endeavour to fix you in a more agreeable situation."

"Ah, Sir," replied she, "I cannot accept your proposal. I am not anxious to rise above the state of life in which the providence of God has placed me; but even if I were, I could not for an instant hesitate."

"And why?" rejoined the King, somewhat surprised.

"Because," answered the girl, colouring, "my mother is poor and sickly, and has no one but me to assist or comfort her under her many afflictions; and no earthly bribe could induce me to leave her, or to neglect to discharge the duties affection requires of me."

"Where is your mother?" inquired the monarch.

"In that little cabin," replied the girl, pointing to a wretched hovel beside her.

The King, whose feelings were interested in favour of his companion, went in, and beheld, stretched on a bedstead, whose only covering was a little straw, an aged female, weighed down with years, and sinking under infirmities. Moved at the sight, the monarch addressed her: "I am sorry, my poor woman, to find you in so destitute a condition."

"Alas, Sir!" answered the venerable sufferer, "I should need to be pitied, had I not that kind and attentive girl, who labours to support me, and omits nothing that she thinks can afford me relief. May a gracious God remember it to her for good," she added, wiping away her tears.

Never, perhaps, was Gustavus more sensible than at that moment of the pleasure of possessing an exalted station. The consciousness of having it in his power to assist a suffering fellow-creature almost overpowered him; and putting a purse into the hand of the young villager, he could only say, "Continue to take care of your mother; I shall soon enable you to do so more effectually. Good bye, my amiable girl; you may depend on the promise of your King."

On his return to Stockholm, Gustavus settled a pension for life on the mother, with the reversion to the daughter after her death.—*London Weekly Visitor.*

SLANDER.—Woe to the slanderer! To use the language of the wise man, "Her end is bitter as wormwood, and sharp as a two-edged sword. Her feet go down to death, her steps take hold on hell."