

city with which it would be madness to trifle. For them she hunts the berries and dislodges the acorns. Her maternal cure is a beautiful

trait in her savage nature, and

"Shines like good deeds in a naughty world."

—Collins' *California*.

---

## A N E C D O T E S .

---

### LEARN WHILE YOU MAY.

A Romish priest in Ireland one day met a little boy coming across the field from the parish school with a Bible in his hand.

"Do you go to that place?" said the priest, pointing to the Protestant school?" "Yes, your reverence," said the boy. "I thought so," said the priest, "by the book that you have in your hand. It is a bad book; give it to me."

"That book is God's word," said the boy, "and it teaches us the way to love God, to be good, and to get to heaven when we die."

"Come home with me," said the priest. The boy did so; and on entering his study, the priest took the poor boy's Bible and threw it on the fire.

"You shall never read that book again," said the priest; "it is a bad book, and mind, I shall not suffer you to go to that school again."

The Bible was soon in flames, but the poor boy at first looked very sad; but as the priest grew more angry, and told him there was an end of it all now, the boy began to smile.

"Why do you laugh?" said the priest.

"I can't help it," said the boy.

"I insist upon your telling me why you laugh," said the priest.

"I can't help laughing," replied the boy, "for I was thinking your reverence could not burn those ten chapters I have got by heart."

Happy little boy, he could say with good King David, "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee." And though that word may now be as a grain of mustard seed in his young heart, yet shall it not return unto the Lord void; it shall accomplish that unto which God hath sent it; and in spite of wicked men's designs, it may spring up and bear fruit unto eternal life.

---

### PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

In a time of war in Germany, a captain of cavalry was ordered out in a foraging party. He put himself at the head of his troop, and marched to the quarter assigned him. It was a solitary valley, in which hardly anything but woods could be seen. In the midst of it stood a little cottage; on perceiving it, he went up and knocked at the door; out came an ancient Hernouten, (a name which designated a sect of Quakers in Germany,) with a beard silvered by age. "Father," says the officer, "show me a field where I can set my troopers a foraging." "Presently," replied the Hernouten. The good old man walked before, and conducted them out of the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march, they found a fine field of barley. "There is the very thing we want," said the captain. "Have patience for a few minutes," replied the guide, "you shall be satisfied."