

alive; how could you think of such a thing?"

But Jamie stood his ground, answering—"My mither says you once made a big man alive after he had been dead four days—Rab is only a wee pony, and he's been dead but a wee bit while; so it's no a hard job for you. Dinna say you will na do it."

"What can the child mean, Mrs. Gray?" asked his lordship.

"I dinna ken, my lord," she replied, "unless, Heaven forgive us! he takes you for the Lord Jesus. I didna think the bairn was so heathenish and so daft (foolish). You maun forgie the poor child."

His lordship dismounted, and taking the little fellow by the hand, by a few simple questions, soon found that this was indeed Jamie's strange delusion.

"My little laddie," he said, "you are wofully mistaken. I cannot bring your old pony back to life. You can never play with him, or feed him, or ride him among the heather or along the burn-side again. Rab's work is done, and it is time he should rest. But, Jamie, I can give you another pony in his place—one I hope that may serve your good mother as well as Rab, and that you and Effie must love for my sake. And now good bye. I hope Jamie will yet know well the Lord who is most great, and good and loving."

Taking kindly leave of Mrs. Gray, the young lord then rode on, but in the course of the day the groom at the castle came down to the widow's cottage leading the new pony—a handsome sturdy animal, and so gentle and docile that not only Jamie, but timid little Effie could ride on him with safety; and even the baby when set on his back, played with his mane, and answered his whinny with a triumphant crow.

So Jamie's faith, though mistaken, was rewarded, and his innocent, fervent little prayer was answered, not by a divine miracle, but by a generous human heart, which no doubt found its reward, in proving the truth of the Master's words—"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Marks of the Nails.

Did you ever hear the story of Amos and the nails? There was once a bad boy whose name was Amos. His father was a very good man, and was grieved and troubled at his son's wickedness. He tried in vain to convince him of his sin and induce him to do better. One day his father said to him:—

"Amos, here is a hammer and a keg of nails. I wish you, every time you do a wrong thing, to drive one of these nails in this post."

"Well, father, I will," said Amos.

After a while Amos came to his father and said:—

"I have used all the nails; the keg is empty, come and see."

His father went to the spot and found the post black with nails.

"Amos," said he, "have you done something wrong for each of these nails?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

"O Amos! how sad this is to think of! Why will you not try to turn about and be a good boy?"

Amos stood thoughtfully for a few minutes and said:—"Father I will try; I know I have been very bad; now I mean to pray to God to help me to do better."

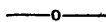
"Very well," said his father; "now take the hammer, and every time you do a good act, or resist a wrong one, draw out a nail, and put it in the keg again."

After a while the boy came to his father, and said:—

"Come, father, and see the nails in the keg again. I have pulled out a nail for every good act, and now the keg is full again."

"I am glad to see it, my son," said his father, "but see, *the marks of the nails remain!*"

So with every wicked deed; it leaves its mark as the wages of sin. Ah! how careful we should be to avoid sin.



Instrumental Music in Churches.

It has pleased me very much to notice that this question has been "ventilated" in the *Record*; and it is scarcely possible that any one can be displeased, whether he agrees with, or dissents from, the conclusions of "A. P." The question is agitating every denomination in Scotland, where, within the last twelve months, more than a score of congregations have introduced organs or harmoniums into their Churches. The Free Church Presbytery of St. John, N. B., has had some trouble with the same matter; so has our Synod in Canada had; and so, I believe, the United Presbyterian Presbytery of Pictou are about to have, unless Chatham congregation is quietly allowed equal liberty to that enjoyed by St. Stephens. In these circumstances, it would be folly for us not to discuss the question. Let us do so with Scripture arguments, and in Christian spirit, and nothing but good can result.

It is not my intention to enter on the general argument, at present. I have no strong feelings one way or the other, but I have thought that it would be well to clear the ground, by laying down emphatically one or two principles that are apt to be forgotten, but which no reasonable man should forget, if he undertakes to speak or to act in any way on a subject like this. These points are as follow:—

I. That, as the *Record* now is, any article in it expresses, not the authoritative mind of the Church, but merely the opinions of the writer, whose initials are attached. No one