


The fear of the Lord longeth days : but the years of the wicked shall be shortened.—Prov. x. 27.

NOTE OF PRAISE.

IT is with grateful hearts we report a growing religious interest in our Boy's meeting. The Spirit of God is applying the truths taught from week to week, and fruit is now being gathered. At a recent meeting, five of the lads professed faith in the Lord Jesus. We ask that Christian parents and others will remember this work.

A TRUSTY BOY.

ICHARD CECIL, who lived to be a greatly useful minister, was born in London, in 1748. When a boy he was strong willed, but brave, straightforward, and thoroughly trustworthy, hating all that was mean, shuffling or deceitful. One day his father, who had business in the city, took little Dick with him and left him at the door of the East India House, telling him to wait there till he should finish his business and return to him. Taken up with other matters, his father forgot all about him, and left the house by another door. Richard, in the evening, was missed by his mother. His father now remembering where they had parted, said: "Depend upon it, he is still waiting for me where I left him." Immediately returning to the spot, there, to be sure, he found poor Dick faithfully waiting, as he had been for hours, and as he had been ordered to do!

The wicked flee when no man pursueth : but the righteous are bold as a lion.

Prov. xxviii. 1.

THE STOLEN NAILS.

"HEY call me honest, and I think I am honest; I mean to be," said the old man whom we all know as honest John Russel; "but everybody does not know what made me so."

"What did?" was asked.

"I early found out that 'the way of transgressors is hard.' When I was a boy I wanted to have a little cart. My father was poor, and I had to work. Almost the only time I had for play was in the evenings, but then I wanted to have a cart, like the other boys. I managed to get some pieces of board, and by a great deal of patient sawing and shaving brought them into shape. But I had not enough nails to put them together, and not a penny had I with which to buy more. My father would not give me money for anything short of an absolute necessity. My cart, therefore, lay unfinished, and I kept on the look-out for nails. One day, when I was at the mill, I saw a box of fine new nails. I took some, and put them in my pocket. Now I could finish my cart. But the feeling of meanness that I had from the time I put the nails into my pocket, made me feel ashamed to work at it before any one. I also was afraid that I might be asked where I got the nails. I found opportunities to work at the cart unseen, and at last it was done. It was a rough-looking affair, but I should have had great delight in it if it had not been for the stolen nails. They spoiled it entirely. 'The best cart in the place,' said Will Minor. 'But it has stolen nails in it,' was the quick reply of my conscience. 'The fastest cart I ever saw!' said Ned Winslow. 'But it has got stolen nails in it,' I said to myself. 'The best!' shouted all the boys; but the echo rang round me like 'Stolen nails! stolen nails!' I tried to offset my theft by kindness and generosity. I lent my cart cheerfully to every boy who had none, and gave

The hope of the righteous shall be gladness : but the expectation of the wicked shall perish.—Prov. x. 28.