

say for boys to fight?" Then she thought of our Saviour's harmless deportment, and His command, "If they smite thee on one cheek, turn to them the other also;" and fervently she prayed that she might lead her son aright.

That night she went to her boy's room, and heard the whole occurrence that so excited him. She could not but admit that James B—— had been very provoking; but she felt glad that George had been enabled to keep from striking him.

"My son," she asked, "if you were to die to-night, would it give you most pleasure to feel that you had revenged your injuries, or forgiven them?"

"I don't know, mother; I don't think it sinful to defend myself from insult——"

"Suppose you had given James the 'dressing' you think he deserved, and that when you go to school to-morrow morning, you should be told that he had died in the night, would you feel happy to think that you had beat him—the last day of his life?"

"People do not die so suddenly as that, mother."

"Often. Life is so uncertain that we should try to regulate our conduct towards our associates in such a way that, should they be taken out of the world suddenly, we may have no bitter remembrance to reproach ourselves with."

And again did the mother hold up before her boy our Saviour's blameless life, and urge him to strive to imitate that perfect One.

"When you talk to me, mother," said the softened boy, "I feel that you are right, and it seems easy for me to do as you wish; but when I am with boys, they talk so differently, that they make me think you are too particular. How shall I help being influenced by them, mother?"

"I will keep praying for you, my dear son, while you are with young companions, that you may have strength given you to resist temptation."

For several days the attacks against George were renewed, with a view of forcing him to fight; but, with his mother's words fresh in his mind, and strengthened by his mother's prayers, he displayed his courage by refusing to do what she disapproved of.

"Coward! he is afraid to fight!" was heard on all sides.

"Afraid? yes. I am afraid of doing wrong," was his answer, as he went on to school.

Though he so nobly persevered in doing his duty, his heart was heavy, for he felt that his schoolmates thought him mean and spiritless; and older persons than George know how hard to bear the sneers of their associates, even when it is called forth by doing what is right.

George's teacher had seen enough of what was going on to sympathize fully in his trials, and to admire the moral heroism he displayed.

He felt glad that he had one brave lad in his school, who was brave enough to refuse to fight! Being accustomed to talk freely with the boys about anything he happened to hear, he took occasion one day, when George was not present, to say to them:

"Boys, do any of you know George Taylor?"

"Yes, sir, I do;" "And so do I;" "And I," was the reply of one and all; while some one exclaimed:

"Of course, sir, we all know him."

"Do you? I don't think you know him very well," said the teacher, "for I have often heard you say that he would not fight; now, if you knew him as well as I do, you would know that he does fight!"

"With whom did he fight?"

"Himself!"

"Fight with himself! How could he do that?"

"In this way—you have repeatedly provoked him—he forgave you, because he is trying to follow Him who 'brought peace on earth.' Then you taunted him, and called him 'coward!' He knew that he was not a coward, and longed to show you he was not one. He felt that by a slight exertion of his strength, he could stop your taunts: but he would not displease his mother; he would not do what she had taught him was wrong. And so he struggled with his inclination; and, though the battle was a hard one, he came off conqueror. He is the bravest boy in all the school, because he conquered himself! For the Bible says, 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.'"

DEATH-BED OF NICHOLAS FERRAR.—Being demanded 'if the ministers should be called,' who not long before were gone out of the chamber, all supposing he had been asleep, he said, 'Entreat them to come in and pray together.' Which being done, he desired them to say that prayer for a dying man; which ended, he being by them demanded 'how he did,' said, 'Pretty well, I thank my God and you, and I shall be better.' And then he lay very still above half an hour, all standing by him; supposing him to be in a fine slumber. But afterwards he, on a sudden, casting his hands out of the bed with great strength, and looking up and about, with a strong voice and cheerful, said, 'Oh, what a blessed change is here! What do I see? Oh, let us come and sing unto the Lord, sing praises to the Lord, and magnify His holy name together. I have been at a great feast! Oh, magnify the Lord with me." One of his nieces said presently: 'At a feast, dear uncle?' 'Aye,' replied he, 'at a great feast—the Great King's feast.' And this he uttered with as sound and perfect voice as in time of his health.