

on earth, He cured sick children just as He cured other people. Oh, that everybody, old and young, would trust the Saviour.

TIMOTHY AND HIS MOTHER.

IF there be one word more touching and musical than another in our language, I suppose it is that which is first on our lips in infancy, and often last in the hour of death, the word *mother*. For the roughest and the most hardened, as well as for the giddiest and most trifling, *this* word has a spell that belongs to no other, until we learn that there is One who loves us as even a mother never could, then her name yields to that of Jesus. Happy the child who learns to love and honour his Saviour from his mother, and his mother for his Saviour.

There was a Jewish mother, long years ago, who, blessed herself in the knowledge and love of her God, spared no pains to bring up her little son in the same teaching that she had received in her own childhood from her grandmother. She had married, indeed, one who was not formerly of her own religion, and perhaps her husband's early training having been in the follies of the idolatrous Greeks, made her the more anxious to establish her boy in the worship of the God of her forefathers, the Lord Jehovah. Day by day, while he stood at her knee, his dark eyes lifted up to hers with all the trustfulness of childhood, would she unroll before him the parchment records which told in words that could not err the histories of the past, and our wisdom as well as our hopes for the future. It seems that her labours were early crowned with a measure of success; he maintained a stainless character amidst the many temptations which beset the season of early youth; and though he was not yet a believer in Jesus of Nazareth, there was that about him which attracted the great Apostle of the Gentiles, when he passed through Timothy's native city. He seemed at once to take him to his heart as an adopted son; he sowed the good seed of the Gospel on the kindly soil which had been long since prepared by God's blessing on his mother's training; and when he had himself found the pearl of great price, the young Christian desired nothing better than to bring others to share his own joy. Faithfully he stood beside the beloved father of his adoption, amidst sore persecutions, perils by land and by sea and deaths oft, and he lived so far to reap the earthly reward of fidelity, that he received from the Apostle's own hand the important bishopric of Ephesus, and died himself the spiritual father of many souls.

THE LITTLE SWEARER.

ONE day, as I was passing by a school-house, my attention was attracted by a group of children playing together; and among them I noticed a little boy not more than six years old. He was a remarkably handsome little fellow; his hair curled all over

his head, and he had the brightest black eyes I ever saw. I stood a few minutes enjoying their frolics; for there is no sight more pleasant to me than a group of children playing in harmony together. The wind was blowing strong; and while I stood there one of the group caught off the little fellow's hat and threw it up into the air. The wind took it and carried it along, and the little fellow had a hard chase after it; he would come almost up to it, and put out his hand to catch it, and then away it would fly again, and he would start off again after it. At last he caught it, and, as he looked around and laughed, and the wind blew back his curls, I thought I had never seen a brighter and more handsome face. But, as he came running back towards the group of little boys, and with the dreadful words which I will not repeat, he cried, "Charley, you had better not try that again!" Oh, how I shuddered at the sound! The little boy was not in the least angry, for he was laughing when he said it; and, if he had been very angry, that would not have been any excuse for him. I sat down on a large stone near by, and called the children to come to me; and, being a great favourite among them, they all came in great haste and gathered around me, and among them the little boy, who was a stranger to me. I took him by the hand, and asked, "Who is this little boy?" "Robbie Brown," said one of the boys. "Well," said I, "I never saw Robbie before, and yet he has made me feel very badly indeed just now. He said something so very wicked to Charley, after he picked up his hat. Do you know what I mean, Robbie?" The little stranger looked up at me, and his eyes filled with tears. "Did you not know that it was wicked to say those words, Robbie?" "No ma'am," said he. "I knew you did not mean any harm to Charley when you said it, because you were playing very pleasantly together, and you did not look as if you were angry; but still you said the same as to wish God would send Charley's soul to that dreadful place that is called in the Bible a lake of fire and brimstone, where he would suffer forever! Now, my little friend, if you do not try now and break yourself off this dreadful habit, you will grow up to be a swearer. Never mention the name of the great and holy God lightly, or in play, but learn to pray to Him to forgive you your sins, and make you a good boy."

Oh, for a holy fear
Of every evil way!
That we might never venture near
The path that leads astray!

Wherever it begins,
It ends in death and woe;
And he who suffers little sins,
A sinner's doom shall know.

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

A NEW scholar arrived, after the beginning of the term, at ——— Academy—a well-dressed, fine-looking lad whose appearance all the boys liked. There was a set of gay fel-

lows, who surrounded and invited him to join their set. They used to spend their money in eating and drinking and amusements, and often ran up large bills, which their friends sometimes found it hard to pay.

They wanted every new scholar to join them; and they always contrived, by laughing at him, or approaching him, to get almost any boy into their meshes. The new boys were afraid not to yield to them. But this new scholar refused their invitations, and they called him mean and stingy—a charge boys are particularly sore at hearing.

"Mean!" he answered; "and where is the generosity of spending money which is not my own, and which, as soon as it is spent, is to be supplied again, with no sacrifice on my part? Stingy! Where is the stinginess of not choosing to beg money of my friends in order to spend it in a way which those friends would disapprove of? For, after all, our money must come from them, as we haven't it, nor can we earn it ourselves. No, boys, I do not mean to spend one penny in a way that I should be ashamed to account for to my father and mother, if they asked me."

"Eh, not out of your leading strings, then? Afraid of your father; afraid of his whipping you; afraid of your mother? Won't she give you a sugar plum? A precious chap, you!"

"And yet you are trying to make me afraid of you," said the new scholar, boldly. "You want me to be afraid of not doing as you say. But which, I should like to know, is the best sort of fear, the fear of some of my school fellows, which is likely to lead me into everything low, weak, and contemptible; or fear of my parents, which will inspire me to things manly, noble, and high-toned? Which fear is the best? It is a very poor service you are doing me, to try to set me against my parents, and teach me to be ashamed of them."

The boys felt there was no head-way to be made against such a scholar. All they said hurt themselves more than him, and they liked better to be out of his way than in it—all the bad boys, I mean. The others gathered around him; and never did they work or play with greater relish than while he was their leader and friend.

I VERY often think with sweetness, and longings and pantings of soul, of being a little child, taking hold of Christ, to be led by Him through the wilderness of this world.—*Jonathan Edwards*.

It is well to begin right; it is better to keep on doing right. You may not be able to learn the whole of your lessons by merely taking a glance at the book or reading for a few minutes, but keep at it, and by and by you will have it.

AS LITTLE thieves, being let in at the window, will set open gates for greater thieves to come in at, even so, if we accustom ourselves to commit little sins, and let them reign in us, they will make us the fitter for greater offences to get the advantage of us, and to take hold of us.