

most patriotic of Carolinian women. The baby whom she saved was afterwards the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Fenwick.—*Woman's Journal*.

THE STORY OF LITTLE GUISEPPE.

ONE day, in a well-furnished and comfortable room, a little girl was seated in her father's armchair reading a book. It had been given to her by a lady she had met at church, and for the last hour the eyes and heart of little Miss Ethel were engrossed with the pleasant pages of her gift. It was really a missionary book, although in the form of a story, and told of the spiritual darkness and misery of the poor Italian peasantry. When Ethel had finished, she looked up and said earnestly, "Oh, mamma, I do wish I could help these little Italian girls and boys."

"Well, darling, you are not likely, of course, to go to Italy to do it, but you must remember we have plenty of these strangers in London."

Just then the familiar sound of a hurdy-gurdy was heard in the street, and after waiting till it ceased, Ethel peeped through the window and saw a charming little nut-brown fellow, with dark eyes and curly hair, and a pleasant, honest look on his chubby face.

A grateful smile soon spread over these features as Ethel called him to the door and gave him some pence, asking him his name. He knew a little English, and told her it was Guiseppe, and that he lived with his mother, who played an organ near Saffron Hill. The next day he came again, and Ethel felt that if she wanted to do something for Italy she had better begin with Guiseppe. Her father bought her some Italian tracts, and these she gave him, with many kind words and smiles, the latter he would evidently understand.

Then, after many months, Guiseppe came for the last time, he was going to America, he said, and wanted to say good-bye.

"I have learnt to love the Lord Jesus."

These parting words of the little Italian boy went straight to Ethel's heart and made her very glad. She never saw him again, but she felt her words and little books had not been in vain, and that some day, when she goes to Heaven, she will find her little Guiseppe there too.

HIS BIBLE SAVED HIS LIFE.

Samuel Proctor was a soldier in the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards, and took part in the terrible scenes of Waterloo. He had received religious impressions in early life, and these were deepened in after years, so that he became identified with the few pious men of the regiment who met for devotional purposes. He always carried his Bible in his trousers pocket on one side, and his hymn book on the other. In the evening of the 16th of June, his regiment was ordered to dislodge the French from a certain wood, from which they

greatly annoyed the Allies. While so engaged he was struck on one hip with such force that he was thrown some four or five yards. As he was not wounded he was at a loss to explain the cause. But when he came to examine his Bible, he found that a musket ball had struck him just where the Bible rested in his pocket, penetrating nearly half through the sacred Book. All who saw the ball say that it must have killed him but for the Bible, which thus literally served as a shield. He was filled with gratitude to his Preserver, and ever kept the Bible in his house, as David laid up the sword of Goliath as a memorial. He used to say: "The Bible has twice saved me instrumentally: first from death in battle, and second from death eternal."—*Selected*.

TRUTH.

Truth is beautiful as well as safe and mighty. In the incident related below a boy twelve years old, with only truth as a weapon, conquered a smart and shrewd lawyer who was fighting for a bad cause.

Walter was the important witness in a lawsuit. One of the lawyers, after cross questioning him severely, said:

"Your father has been talking to you and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify."

"Well," said the boy, modestly, "father told me that the lawyers would try and tangle me in my testimony; but if I would just be careful and tell the truth, I could tell the same thing every time."

The lawyer didn't try to tangle up that boy any more.

A GOOD AND BRAVE SON.

A midshipman on board the *Britannia*, off Sabastopol during the Crimean War, was severely wounded in three places. He was not noticed until many hours after the action, and he lay all night in extreme pain. When reproved for not having applied to the surgeon, he acknowledged "that he had waited patiently that he might not be reported *wounded*, for it would have made his mother so unhappy." With this affectionate tenderness of heart it was an error in judgment; for had his wounds become more dangerous by the delay, his good mother might have had greater sorrow to endure. The young midshipman, however, recovered, and returned to gladden the heart of his poor mother.—*Selected*.

It seemed to me that holiness brought an inexpressible purity; brightness, peacefulness and ravishment to the soul; that it made the soul like a field or garden of God with all manner of pleasant flowers.—*Jonathan Edwards*.