

When Mr. Jackson, the master of the Stockport Ragged Industrial School, told his pupils about Dr. Livingstone's journeys and adventures and the motives which caused him to undertake them, one of the lads said, "Let's give him some money," and with one consent they began a subscription. Some gave all their money, others who had no penny sold their marbles to obtain it.

The money thus collected was sent to Dr. Livingstone who wrote a kind letter of thanks, saying, "that nothing had delighted him more, since his return to England, than the honest spontaneous deed" of these boys. He wished he could have seen them, but he was obliged to return immediately to Africa. His letter to the gentleman who transmitted him the money ends thus:—

"Were it not for this (his return to Africa) I should try and visit the boys and speak with them; but as this can scarcely be, I would just commend them all to the care of our blessed Lord Jesus, and ask them to try him as their friend and guide through life. They may make him their confidant, for he listens to every prayer wafted to him from the lowliest bosom. In him we live, and move, and have our being, and he is as tender and compassionate to every one of them, and knows all their cases and cares, as if they were the only persons in the world. And then, if they are like him, they will all show love to every one about them, to everything beautiful, and good, and true.

" ' He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things, both great and small;  
For the dear Lord to whom we pray,  
He made and loveth all.'

Thanking you and them again for your most friendly feelings, and hoping that they may not again deprive themselves of any comfort,—I am, dear Sir, yours most truly. DAVID LIVINGSTONE."

---

#### THE SABBATH.

Sidney Smith pronounces the following sonnet one of the most beautiful in the English language:—

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,  
Which slowly wakes while all the fields are still—  
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne;  
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,  
An echo answers softer from the hill.  
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn—  
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.  
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!  
The rooks float silent in their airy droves!  
The sun a placid yellow lustre shows;  
The gales that lately sighed along the grove  
Have hushed their drowsy wings in sweet repose;  
The hovering rack of clouds forget to move;  
So smiled the day when the first morn arose.