

God had sent them, and that He could soften these hard natures. The hope that cheered and gladdened their hearts was this, that, as the ruffled lake, when it becomes calm and smooth, reflects the soft blue sky, so God could change and sanctify the hearts of these heathen, so as to make them love Christ and resemble him. And in this they were not disappointed.

One day, a thoughtful boy of about fifteen years of age, who lived nearly a hundred miles away from the Missionaries, heard that there was a school kept by the white-faced English, where Buriat children were taught to read and write, and were made wise; and he longed to be among them. But how he was to get there? It was so far off! and he only had a mother, whom he loved dearly; for his father was dead, and he had no brothers or sisters. He could not tell how to leave his mother, or who would help her with the cattle, and bring back the horse, if he went away. Still he thought of it every day, and wished more and more to learn and become wise. At last, he told his mother his thoughts; but she could not bear to part with him, and she made many objections to his plans. One morning, however, he heard the quick trampling of a horse on the crisp white snow, and, on looking out of the tent, he saw uncle coming to his home on horseback. Oh, how glad he felt! It was the uncle who had told him of the English school, and he did not live far from it. The boy soon let his uncle know how much he wished to learn; and, when his uncle said he would take him, if his mother would let him go, his joy was very great. A few days after this, Bardu was seen on horseback, travelling towards the house of the Missionary. He was, of course, received into the school, and he at once began his difficult lessons with great diligence. Soon he could read, write, and cipher. Many other boys, indeed, could do that; but he did

something more, which many children do not care for,—he *thought* about what he had learned, and most of all about the new truths he had heard there. Every morning at nine o'clock, when the piece of iron was struck to let the people know that it was the time for prayer, Bardu was seen in his place, with his Testament on his knee, and with a very thoughtful face, hearkening to all he heard. And God blessed the attention he thus gave. He felt that he was a sinner,—that he wanted a Saviour,—that Jesus seemed just such a Saviour as he wanted; so holy, and lovely, and just, and yet so tender to the failings of men; so great, yet so freely meeting and talking with the ignorant and the poor, the old and the young. By such thoughts Bardu's heart was touched, and drawn to Christ in love. He often wept as he read of what Jesus had said and suffered. Dear children, do you not feel how great that love is? Do you not wish that you were like the Saviour? Do you not wish to be better than you are? Oh, do not let that desire pass away like a cloud, and leave nothing behind! Ask God to help you to ripen that wish into a *resolution*,—into a *real attempt to be His*. Bardu did so, and God helped him. The other boys could not understand him. He often went up into a loft quite alone, and remained there some time. It was there *he used to pray*; and when the others were at play, he loved reading about Christ. Ah! this showed *where* his heart was. Christ said, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

In the summer, he went to his uncle's to spend his holidays. But English children would think a Siberian holiday very strange; for, instead of playing and doing what pleases them, the Buriat children were obliged to work very hard. This was the time when hay was cut for the winter, and the children thought it a great treat to help their parents to make hay, and collect it into stacks. Bardu's uncle liv-