

Edinburgh, than I now find when sitting amidst all the elegancies and comforts of a parlour."

A GOOD LESSON FOR A LITTLE BOY, AND FOR A GREAT MAN.

One morning, upon entering the school a few minutes before the master made his appearance, some half-dozen beset me, and demanded whether I, with all my learning, could tell what the letters i. e. stood for. The question was proposed in the taunting tone of expected triumph, which I should well have liked to disappoint. But when I answered that I supposed it was for John the Evangelist, the unfucky guess taught me never again to be ashamed of acknowledging myself ignorant of what I really did not know. It was a useful lesson, especially as I was fortunate enough to perceive, early in life, that there were very many subjects of which I must of necessity be ignorant.—*Robt. Southey.*

LITTLE BELLA, THE HINDOO ORPHAN.

Among the lambs of Christ's flock many, we trust, will be found gathered from the Orphan Schools of Benares. The Rev. W. Smith, who has lately returned from that city, relates the following anecdote of one of them :—

Little Bella became seriously ill—so ill, that she was for a day or two insensible. While she was in this state her little school-fellows gathered beside her bed, and poured out their hearts in prayer to God that he would restore her, if it pleased him, to health, or take her to dwell with him. They had scarcely risen from prayer, when, to their surprise, she suddenly revived. Little Bella called for a Bible: and, on its being brought to her, selected a chapter, which she requested her school-fellows to read to her. They did so, and then taking the book herself, she in her turn beautifully read a few verses to them.—

Then bidding them kneel down, and putting herself in a praying posture, as well as she could in her weak state, she offered up a prayer with them in her own simple language. She concluded, and her school-fellows rose from their knees; but little Bella moved not; she remained just as she was in her praying position. They looked at her; but still she remained motionless. Her spirit was no longer there; it had fled to be forever, we trust, with her Saviour. Happy child, who didst breathe away thy soul in prayer to Heaven!

Mrs. Smith states that she has many times overheard these little orphan girls, when engaged in prayer together, putting up their petitions for the kind people who cared for their souls, and sent them out the Gospel. Thus do these dear children, out of the gratitude of their hearts, render the best return they can. And indeed what better return could they make? What richer reward could we obtain for any little offerings we may be enabled to give to God, than these poor orphans' prayers?

OF HOW MANY CAN IT BE SAID?

We have heard of a child of nine years old, who, it was said, never made her parents unhappy—who never did anything to grieve them. Of how many of our readers can this be said? She resolved, too, to do all she could to make everybody happy. Of how many can this be said? Her parents and friends all speak of her as being remarkably mild and obedient. Of how many who read this can their parents and friends bear a similar testimony?

Ought not all that is said of this child be true of every reader?—*Well-Spring.*

"I love Jesus better."

A little girl, between six and seven years of age, when on her death-bed,