

er cried her lamb was lost. A few moments soothing pacified her, and a man dispatched for the straggler, who soon returned, carrying the little lover in his arms. After Annie's transports had subsided, Mrs. Lee drew her aside, and in simple but beautifully touching language, told her of the Saviour calling little children, His lost lambs to come to Him, to leave the thorny path of the world, and rest in the sheltering care of the good shepherd. Annie lost not a word, like an unsullied mirror, her fair young face portrayed the deep workings of her little heart, and forgetting her lamb, her grief at its loss, her joy at its recovery, she sobbed, 'Mama, I do love that good Saviour.'

That night we were hurriedly aroused from slumber. Annie had been seized with the croup, that disease which causes many a mother's heart to quiver with agonizing fear. The efforts of friends, medical skill, the earnest prayers that the hand of the destroyer might be stayed, were alike powerless, and as the bright sun dawned, it was sadly evident its setting rays would not see our Annie with us. Her mother clung to her, pouring the bitter tears which none but a mother who has watched over a fading flower, feeling that in her heart flowed a spring of love powerful enough to quench the fever fires of death—can know, when Annie summoned her failing strength, and clasping her arms about her mother's neck, murmured, 'Mama dear, the Good Shepherd calls his little lamb, may not I go?' The faint words were like a message from heaven to that stricken mother, she relaxed her agonizing grasp, and an angelic smile rested on the lip, and a holy light on the brow of the cherished one, as her gentle spirit passed to

the fold of Him whose gracious utterance was, "suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." R.

A SAD CONTRAST.

A painter once met with a beautiful child. So enraptured was he with its countenance and its expression of loveliness that he resolved to paint it. He did so; and hung his favorite picture in his study. He made it his guardian angel. In sorrow and passion, he sought relief and tranquillity in gazing upon that charming countenance. He purposed, if he ever saw its contrast, to paint that also. But years passed away before he found a face so infernally ugly as to satisfy his idea of a perfect contrast to his darling picture. It was that of a wretch, lying in despair, upon the floor of his cell. He painted that terrible countenance. But what must have been his emotion, when he learned that it was the very same person he had painted before? The first was the face of the innocent child; the last that of the reckless ruined youth. The best things perverted become the worst. The sweetest juices changed produce the sharpest acids. That little angel likeness had been metamorphosed into the reality of a fiend.

A NOBLE BOY.

"A boy came to me last winter," says a Michigan colporter, "for temperance tracts. Of this noble spirited boy I afterwards learned the following fact: A relative of his in a grocery had poured out a dram of liquor to drink. The boy stepped forward, and put a temperance tract over the mouth of the tumbler. The man took it up, and looked at it, and the first words he cast his eyes upon were, 'No