

placed them before a large box, or calabash, and a sealed paper. He gave the black men the privilege of choosing first: and they took the box, expecting it contained everything. On opening it they found it full of gold and iron, and other metals, of which they did not know the use. The white men opened the paper, and it told them everything. This happened in Africa, and so God left the black men in the bush; but the white men were conducted to the water-side, and were taught to build ships, and go from one country to another, and then come back and trade with the black men. Such are but specimens of the superstitions of that vast land.

#### TAKE THE OTHER HAND.

It was one of the first days of spring, when a lady, who had been watching by the sick bed of her mother for some weeks, went out to take a little exercise and enjoy the fresh air. After walking some distance, she came to a rope-walk. She was familiar with the place, and entered. At one end of the building she saw a little boy turning a large wheel: she thought it seemed labourious for such a child, and as she came near she spoke to him.

"Who sent you to this place?" she asked.

"Nobody, ma'am—I came myself."

"Does your father know you are here?"

"I have no father."

"Are you paid for your labour?"

"Yes; I get fourpence a-day."

"Do you like this work?"

"Oh, well enough; but even if I did not, I should do it, that I might get the money for my mother."

"How long do you work every day?"

"From nine till eleven in the morning, and from two till five in the afternoon."

"How old are you?"

"Almost nine."

"Do you ever get tired turning this great wheel?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"And what do you do then?"

"I take the other hand."

The lady gave him a piece of money.

"Is this for my mother?" he asked, looking pleased.

"No; it is for yourself."

"Thank you, ma'am," the boy said, and the lady bade him farewell.

She went home strengthened in her devotion to duty, and instructed in true practical philosophy by the words of a little child. "The next time," she said to herself, "that duty seems too hard to me, I will remember the child, and take the other hand."

My young reader, do you require to labour thus early for your own or your mother's daily bread? If so, are you as thankful as this little fellow was for strength and opportunity? If not—if you have a comfortable home, and parents able to provide all you need—are you duly thankful for this also!

#### "GOD HEARD THAT."

A little boy, not six years old, who had been with his father and mother to the country, after returning home in the evening, said to his mother,

"Mother, Willie B—— swore!"

He was asked:

"And what did you say?"

He replied:

"I said, God heard that."

What a reproof in these words! Will not all the little boys and girls think of that when they are tempted to use ugly vulgar words or to swear? Remember, although your father and mother may not hear you, *God hears you.*