

every child he met, who did not belong to the Sabbath school to attend. He one day found a little boy who was so lame that he could not walk, and asked him if he would not be glad to attend a Sabbath-school.—The boy replied, ‘Yes; I am so lame that I cannot walk: my father is dead, and my brother is gone to sea, and I have no-body to carry me.’ ‘Oh I will carry you!’ said Samuel: ‘I will come for you every Sabbath, and bring you home again. I should like to do it.’ I’ll carry you on my back; you are not very heavy, and I had a good deal rather do it than not.’ And every Sabbath morning, Samuel was seen carrying the lame boy on his back to the school. Now, if all Sabbath school children had the same disposition as little Samuel, how few idle children should we see in the streets on the Sabbath.”

THE DYING GIRL.

A child of nine years old, in St. Giles’s, London, had gone for a long time to school, in which the children of Roman Catholics are taught, by Protestants, to read the Bible. The little girl was taken very ill, and when there seemed no hope of her getting better, her parents sent for a popish priest. When he came, he thus spoke to her: “Child you are in an awful state; you are just going to die. I beg you, before you depart, to make your dying request to your father and mother, that they will not send your brothers and sisters to the school that you went to.” The little girl raised herself up in bed, and said, “My dear father and mother, I make it my dying request, that you WILL send my brothers and sisters to that school; for there I was first taught that I was a sinner, and that I must depend alone upon

Jesus Christ for salvation.” She then laid her head back, and expired.—*Child’s Companion.*”

“DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY.”

“I never will play with Charley Mason again, mother. He’s a naughty boy, and I don’t love him.”

“What is the matter now, my son? I thought you and Charley were very good friends.”

“Why, mother, he’s got my new India-rubber ball, which sister Anne gave me, and he says he will keep it all the time. But I say he shan’t—shall he?”

And saying this little George Hammond burst into a sad fit of tears. His mother spoke gently to him and said:—

“How come Charley to run away with your ball?”

“Why, mother, he wanted to play with it, and so did I. I let him look at it, and then took it again, because it was my ball, you know; and by and by, when I was playing bounce, it rolled away. I ran after it, and so did he; and he got it before I could, and carried it home.”

“Well, George, it was wrong for him to carry it away in such a manner; but let me ask you, my son, if Charley had a nice ball, and you had none, don’t you think you should like to have played with it?”

“O, yes, indeed.”

“And do you think Charley would have let you?”

“O, I guess he would, for he’s a real nice boy, sometimes.”

“Well, Georgy, do you remember what pappa told Fanny yesterday—‘to do as you would be done by?’ You would like very much to play with Charley’s ball, and yet were not willing to let him play with yours. This was not right. You did not do as you would be done by. You did wrong, and so