

"I AM HUNGRY."

AFTER visiting several stations, we arrived at Elmalu (in Turkey in Asia,) a village chiefly Armenian. There the villagers thronged round us till late in the evening. The teacher, a son of the priest, and another person, were with us till past midnight. At a late hour, when only these three remained with us, a gentle tap was heard below. Upon inquiring who was there, we found it was a poor, blind woman, begging, if it were possible, to be admitted to listen to the truth. She had but just heard of our arrival in the village. The teacher gives us an interesting account of this person. He said, "She often comes to me and says, 'I am hungry, and you know what is my food : ' "and she will give him no rest till he reads to her a portion of the Scriptures.—*Rev. Mr Parsons (American Mission).*

SOWING AND REAPING.

It is a fine, though cold morning, and the sower is busy at work in his well-prepared field. From the large bag which he carries, he is scattering the seed, which he expects will spring up by and by, and yield him at length a plentiful harvest. It is good seed which he is sowing in his ground. If it were not good seed, he would have no right to look for a good crop in the autumn. Will you remember this, dear young reader? It may be a useful hint for you.

"Why," you exclaim, in some surprise, "how can it help me? I have not any seed to sow!"

Yes, indeed you have; you are a sower, and so am I; we are all sowers. Everybody in the world is constantly engaged in planting different kinds of seed. What sort are you putting in?

"Who are sowing? who are sowing?"

Merry children now at play;
And the scattered seeds are growing
Night by night, and day by day.

"Some with fruitful grain are shooting,
Some will only weeds produce,
Which, alas! will need uprooting,
Ere the soil be fit for use.