

"Well, stranger, if you wont go to bed, I will ; but it is my habit to read a chapter of the Holy Scriptures before I go to bed."

What a change did these words produce ! Alarm was at once removed from the sceptic's mind. Though calling himself an infidel, he after all believed in the Bible ! He felt safe. He felt that a man who kept an old Bible in his house, and read it, and bent his knee in prayer, was no robber or murderer. He listened to the simple prayer of the good man, at once dismissed all his fears, and lay down in that rude cabin, and slept as calmly as he did under his father's roof.

From that time he ceased to revile the good old Bible. He became a sincere Christian, and often related the story of his eventful journey, to prove the folly of infidelity.

THE THREE CHERRY-STONES.

MORE than fifty years ago—when I was a school-boy—I remember to have read a story which may have been a fiction, but which made a deep impression upon me then. I will endeavour to draw it forth from the locker of my memory, and relate it as nearly as I can recollect.

Three young gentlemen, who had finished the substantial part of their dinner, were lingering over their fruit and wine, at a tavern in London, when a man of middle age and middle stature entered the public room where they were sitting, seated himself at one end of a small unoccupied table, and calling the waiter, he ordered a simple mutton-chop and a glass of ale. His appearance, at first view, was not likely to arrest the attention of any one. His hair was beginning to be thin and grey ; the expression of his countenance was sedate, with a slight touch, perhaps, of melancholy ; and he wore a grey surtout with a standing collar, which manifestly had