

attend the means of grace with great punctuality, and their behaviour at worship is all that could be wished. I heard the other day a very nice anecdote of a little girl in India; but I fear I have not time to tell it to you.

Mary.—O, Mamma, do tell it; I am so fond of hearing anything about children.



Mamma.—Mrs. Griffith, the lady who told it to me, is the wife of a Missionary. When she was in India, she had a very nice girls' school. One day she noticed that one of the scholars, a child about five years old, had a string round her neck with a little brass image hanging from it. She said to the child, "What is that?" The little girl replied, "It is *swami*" (which meant, it is "God.") "What is it to do?" "O, it is to keep me from fever and from pain." "Now," said the lady, "think a little: a fortnight ago you had fever: did *swami* keep you from it, or from suffering pain?" The child considered, and then said, "No; it did not." The lady said, "Look at your thimble on your finger: that keeps your needle from running into your finger, and saves you from pain, does it not?" "Yes," said the child. "Well then, why is not your thimble *swami*." (or a "god?") The little girl looked up earnestly in her Teacher's face: she saw at once, she understood, how foolish it was to make a god of a piece of brass; though so young a child, she felt it had no power to help her. "Yes," said the child; and she broke the string which held the image round her neck, and gave her *swami*, her god into her Teacher's hand. It was feared that the parents of the child would be offended, and would not allow her to return to school; but the next morn-

ing she came as usual; and a few days after, her father came to the school, and said his little girl had been repeating to him what her governness had said to her about her *swami*, and that he wished to hear more about the Christian religion.

Mary.—How long ago did this happen, Mamma?

Mamma.—About a year ago. Mrs. Griffith was soon after obliged to leave India. She was very sorry to leave her interesting school of eighty girls, many of whom are quite as intelligent as the little girl I have told you about.

A PUZZLE.

2 N E 1. Cold winter is at .
Vegetation has D Kd, the beauties of the landscape have faded, and the earth now appears in sad R A. Old Boreas comes and sings a mournful L E G over the graves of the flowers, and the **** seem to glisten from the frosty firmament. The freezing blast pierces, as with a †, the half-clad bosom of want, while tears of P T are congealed at their respective fountains. All you who are in E Z circumstances, and are not afflicted with M T pockets ought now to X M N into the condition of those around U, and go forward with N R G 2 mitigate the distresses of the needy, without waiting for any certain X P D C, and thereby merit the honour which the X L N C of such an act B stows. The poor R 2 B found in every § of our C T, and for multitudes of miserable beggars who N V the scanty comforts of the hoveller, old Gotham is certainly without a ||. M ~ then the earliest opportunity of paying that debt of charity which U O to your fellow creatures in distress, B 4 the  of death puts an end to your existence.