

A HEART RENDING REPROOF

A short time since, a lady who had been remarkable for her thoughtlessness, requested a professedly pious lady to accompany her that day to visit another lady who was also professedly pious. The afternoon passed away and the subject of religion was not mentioned—probably for fear of offending the gay friend who proposed the visit. As the two neighbours walked towards home, the first-mentioned remarked that she had lost the afternoon, for nothing would have induced her to leave home, but the expectation of hearing something about religion; but she added, “I came to the conclusion that there is nothing in religion, or that my neighbours do not possess it, for if they did they would speak to me about my soul.” She said she had been greatly alarmed about herself for several days, but had concluded that afternoon, that if religion was not worth talking about, it was not worth thinking of. “Never,” said that pious neighbour, “shall I forget that look of despair and reproach. I felt that I had murdered a soul by my neglect.”—*Am. Mess.*

SOWING A NAME.

We have seen a young child express the greatest surprise and delight on discovering in a flower bed its name written in the green of the young plants, the seed of which had been sown in that form by a fond father or mother.

But by and by, dear children, you will see your name or character, as it has been planted by yourself, springing up in the opinion people entertain concerning you, and it will be exactly as you have sown it. Be careful then how you sow. Do not spoil your own name by sowing foolishly or wrongly. Remember, every word and action is a seed put in, which will surely spring up and constitute your name in the world.

A GREAT LIE.

“A great lie,” says the poet Crabbe, “is like a great fish on dry land; it may fret and fling, and make a frightful bother, but it cannot hurt you.—You have only to keep still, and it will die of itself.”

A N E C D O T E S.

Fidelity of a Negro Boy.

During the American war, a gentleman with his lady were coming in a ship, under convoy, from the East Indies: his wife died whilst on their passage, and left two infant children, the charge of whom fell to a negro boy, seventeen years of age.

During the voyage, the gentleman, on some account, left the ship and went on board the commodore's vessel, which was then in company, intending, no doubt, to return to his children. During this interval they experienced a terrible storm, which reduced the

ship in which the children remained, to a sinking state. A boat was despatched from the commodore's to save as many of the passengers and crew as possible. Having almost filled the boat, there was but just room, as the sailor said, for the two infants, or for the negro boy, but not for the three. The boy did not hesitate a moment; but placing the two children in the boat, he said:—

“Tell massa that Cuffy has done his duty.”

The faithful negro was quickly lost in the storm, whilst the two infants, through his devoted and heroic con-