

school; and that often the arrow of conviction had reached her heart, as the simple words of the child opened the fountains of memory, and recalled the recollection of better days, when, ere she had been hurried into the downward paths of sin and shame, she had been a teacher of others. I was led to interest myself in her, and made efforts to get her relations again to receive her. Her aged mother would have welcomed her return; but her younger sisters, who, felt that she had brought disgrace on her family, objected to receive her. However, she was induced to abandon her course of sin, and to enter on a course of well-doing. Whether her reformation was permanent, or only temporary, I cannot say, as soon after I entirely lost sight of her. Perhaps mercy employed the humble instrumentality of this child to bring a sinner to repentance. I can only say, that no circumstance that occurred during my career as a teacher ever produced a more powerful effect on my teaching; and from being remiss in visiting, I became diligent and systematic in the performance of the duty; and in the increased efficiency of my teaching, the cordial reception of the parents, and the abounding love of my Sabbath scholars, I received a most abundant reward. I trust that his simple narrative may induce some careless teachers to begin the regular performance of a duty that will bring its own reward.—*Glasgow S. S. Union Magazine.*

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE ON,  
LITTLE CHILDREN,

One cold winter morning, I looked into a milliner's shop, and there I saw a hale, hearty, and well-browned young fellow from the country, with his long cart-whip, and a lion shag-coat, holding up some little matter, and turning it about in his great fist. And what

do you suppose it was? A baby's bonnet! A little, soft, blue satin hood, with a swan's-down border, white as the frill of rich blond around the edge. By his side stood a very pretty woman, holding, with no small pride, the baby; for evidently it was *the* baby. And one could read the fact in every glance, as they looked at each other, and at the little hood, and then at the large, blue, unconscious eye, and fat, dimpled cheeks of the little one. It was evident that neither of them had ever seen a baby like that before. "But, really, Mary," said the young man, "is not three dollars very high?" Mary very prudently said nothing, but, taking the hood, tied it on the little head, and held up the baby. The man looked and grinned, and, without another word, down went the three dollars, (all the week's butter came to,) and as they walked out of the shop, it is hard to say which looked the most delighted with the bargain. "Ah!" thought I, "a little child shall lead them." Ah, these children! little witches! pretty even in all their thoughts and absurdities! winning even in their sins and iniquities! See, for example, yonder little fellow in a naughty fit! He has shaken his long curls over his deep blue eyes, the fair brow is bent in a frown, the rose-leaf is pushed up in infinite defiance, and the white shoulder thrust naughtily forward. Can any but a child look so pretty, even in its naughtiness? Then comes the instant change; flashing smiles and tears, as the good comes back all in a rush, and you are overwhelmed with protestations, promises, and kisses. They are irresistible, too, these little ones. They pull away the scholar's pen; tumble about his papers; make somersets over his books; and what can he do? They tear up newspapers; litter the carpets; break, pull, and upset, and then jabber their unintelligible English in self-defence; and