

The three boys talked together about it as they went along—"What will be the use of the idol when it is made?" said one. "How can the clay when it is made into an image, be any thing else than what it was before—a lump of clay?" "A fine thing to pray to, to be sure," said another boy. "I don't like even to go and fetch the clay," added the third. "Nor I,"—"Nor I,"—said the two others. "No," said the third boy, "it is wicked to have any thing to do with it; God will be angry with us. I dare not fetch the clay." The others agreed, and they resolved not to go. How was it that these lads knew that it was sinful to worship idols? They had been in the missionaries' school, and there they had been taught the word of God, and they had read in that word, "Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands. They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not; noses have they, but they smell not; they have hands, but they handle not; feet have they, but they walk not; neither speak they through their throat. They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them."

As the boys walked on, they encouraged each other more and more in their contempt for idols. "It is wrong to pretend to care for them at all," said one boy, "and I wont any longer wear the silver idol about my neck." They all three said they felt the same, and they unfastened from their necks the little silver boxes which they were accustomed to wear, and each containing an image of a heathen god, and broke them to pieces, and threw them into some water which was standing by the side of the road along which they were passing.

When they went to their homes, their relations asked them for the clay. "We have brought none," they replied; "we will not bring the clay to make useless idols with. The great God even will be angry with us if we make false gods." Their relations

were very angry, especially when they found out that they had thrown away their silver images. "We shall get you others," they said, "and we will make you wear them." So they brought others, and day after day they tried to make the boys wear them. They used all kinds of means, whipped them, made them go without food, and then flattered them, and made them promises of good things if they would but yield. At last two of them did yield. The third boy stood out. His father was quite in a rage with him, and threatened to punish him very severely. The neighbors would not speak to him. The boys in the streets hooted him as he walked along. Nevertheless, he stood firm. He went and told the missionaries of his trials, and they advised him to put his trust in God, and do right, even though the whole world were to take up arms against him.

This dear boy was only 13 years old. We do not know what has become of him now, as, in order to get him away from the missionaries, his father sent him to a village twenty miles off. But God, his heavenly Father is with him, and we trust that he will keep him faithful.

Dear children, how different is your lot from that of these Indian boys! What do ye more than they?—*Miss. Repos.*

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### Love.

The soul that is once truly touched with the magnetic force of Divine love, can never relish anything here so pleasantly as that entirely he can rest upon it. Though the pleasures, profits, and honors of this life may sometimes shuffle him out of his usual course, yet he wavers up and down in trouble, runs to and fro like quicksilver, and is never quiet within till he returns to his wonted joy and inward happiness. There it is his centre point, and there his circle is bounded, which, though unseen and unperceived by others, are such to him as nothing can buy from him.—*Feltham.*