

"I made him take the money, and then watched him to see what he would do. He went as fast as he could for the clothes; then bought a chicken to make broth of; then a stale loaf of bread for toast; and felt his way home, trembling all over with delight. I followed him without his knowing it. He went to a little, old-looking house, that seemed to have but one room! I saw that he put the bread and chicken under the clothes, and went—as I thought by the sound—close to his father's bed before he showed them; then dropping the clothes, he held up the loaf in one hand, and the fowl in the other, saying, "See, father; see what God has sent you!"

He then told about my meeting him and giving him the money, and then added, "I am sure, father, that God put it into the kind man's heart; for God sees how much you wanted something to nourish you."

I am afraid, children, that there were some tears in uncle Jesse's eyes as he turned away from the blind boy's home.

How beautiful to love God and to trust in him, as poor Robert did! Could you be so contented and happy if you were as poor as he was, and blind too? Think about it, dear children.—*Central Christian Herald.*

YOUTH AND PLEASURE.

I have sat on the shore, and waited for the gradual approach of the sea, and have seen its dancing waves and white surf, and admired that He who measured it with his hand had given to it such life and motion; and I have lingered till its gentle waters grew into mighty billows, and had well nigh swept me from my firmest footing.—So have I seen a heedless youth gazing with a too curious spirit upon the sweet motions and gentle approaches of an inviting pleasure, till it has de-

tained his eye, and imprisoned his feet, and swelled upon his soul, and swept him to a swift destruction.—*Montagu's Dedication.*



THE BRAZILIAN VESPER BELL.

In Brazil, all journeys are suspended at the Ave Maria, that is the vespers to the Virgin, which commence after sunset. Instead of a curfew, a very simple and pleasing circumstance announces this period in the country. A large beetle, with silver wings, just then issues forth, and, by the winding of its small but solemn and sonorous horn, proclaims the hour of prayer. A coincidence so striking, and so regular and frequent in its occurrence as this, was not likely to escape the honor of a religious superstition to account for it. Accordingly, the inhabitants of that country regard it as a sacred insect, supposing that it is a herald expressly commissioned by the Virgin to announce the time of her evening prayer. Hence it is called the "Ave Maria beetle." "On the hill of Santa Theresa," says a modern traveller, "I have heard it often in the evening, humming round the convent, and joining its harmonious bass to the sweet chant of the nuns within, at their evening service."

TIME, THOUGHT, AND MONEY are three talents given us for the service of God, and we have no more right to waste one than the other.