

## A LETTER TO THE HEATHEN.

Some of you have heard of a great and good minister in the United States, called Archibald Alexander Hodge. He had been for many years before his death, which took place a few months since, a professor in Princeton College. When he was a little boy ten years old he and his sister wrote a letter to the heathen, and sent it away to a missionary to have it read to them. The letter was found recently among the papers of the missionary to whom it had been sent. It is as follows:

"DEAR HEATHEN: The Lord Jesus Christ hath promised that the time shall come when all the ends of the earth shall be His kingdom. And God is not a man that He should lie nor the son of man that He should repent. And if this was promised by a Being who cannot lie, why do you not help it to come sooner by reading the Bible, and attending to the words of your teachers, and loving God, and, renouncing your idols, take Christianity into your temples? And soon there will be not a nation, no, not a space of ground as large as a footstep, that will want a missionary. My sister and myself have, by small self-denials, procured two dollars which are enclosed in this letter, to buy tracts and Bibles to teach you.

"ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER HODGE,

"MARY ELIZ. HODGE,

"Friends of the Heathen."

## DO IT NOW.

This is for you, boys and girls. It is a bad habit, the habit of putting off. If you have something that you are to do, do it now; then it will be done. That is one advantage. If you put it off, very likely you will forget it and not do it at all; or else — what for you is almost as bad — you will not forget, but keep thinking of it and dreading it, and so, as it were, be doing it all the time. "The valiant never taste death but once;" never but once do the alert and active have their work to do.

I once read of a boy who drooped so in health that his mother thought she must have the doctor to see him. The doctor could find nothing the matter with him. There the fact was; he was pining away, losing his appetite, creeping about languidly, and his mother was distressed.

The doctor was nonplused. "What does your son do? Has he any work?"

"No; he has only to bring a pail of water every day from the spring; but that he dreads all day long, and does not bring it until just before dark."

"Have him bring it the first thing in the morning," was the doctor's prescription.

The mother tried it, and the boy got well. Putting it off made his task prey on the boy's mind. "Do it now," relieved him.

Boys and girls, "do it now."

## A LONELY DWELLING PLACE.

North of Scotland there is a little island called Kilda, where there are only six families, composed of seventy-three persons. They have communication with the mainland only once a year, when the agent of the owner visits the island to collect rents, and carries with him a package of letters and newspapers. The families' provision consists of barley bread, eggs and sea-birds. Fish abound in the waters, but the islanders do not like them as food, and catch them only to sell when the agent comes over.

To pay their rent they weave rough clothing and blankets to sell. In the summer they cultivate gardens, collect birds and eggs for winter stores, and fish for trade. But these poor people, while fighting a hard battle for life, are contented with their lot. Crime and intemperance are unknown among them, and courts are never held. All the adults are members of the Church of Scotland, and know a large part of the Bible by heart. A minister resides among them, and holds regular services on Sunday and during the week. This little world is in strange contrast to the busy world of the nineteenth century. — *Youth's Companion*.