

the gold :—A stranger came to my shop three days ago, and gave me that loaf, and told me to sell it cheaply or give it to the honestest poor man I knew in the city. I told David to send thee to me, as a customer, this morning; and as thou wouldst not take the loaf for nothing, I sold it to thee, as thou knowest, for the last penny in thy purse; and the loaf with all 's treasures—and certainly it is not small!—is thine; and God grant thee a blessing with it!”

The poor father bent his head to the ground, while the tears fell from his eyes. His boy ran and put his hands about his neck, and said, “I shall always like you, my father, trust God and do what is right, for I am sure it will never put us to shame.”

#### Sabbath School Fruit.

A few months after I began to take an interest in the Sabbath school at —, a little girl one morning made her appearance, who was unknown to me. She was about nine years of age, and so very ignorant, that there was no hesitation in at once placing her in the junior class of the school. I inquired her name and place of residence, and was told her parents lived in a secluded and distant part of the parish. They were very poor, and almost constantly out at day labour.

I was, however, determined to try and gain admittance to their dwelling, and it was not long before I prepared myself for the undertaking; and an undertaking truly it was, for my path lay along a lonely seashore, bounded on one side by high cliffs, on the other by the Solway, whose rapid tides completely covered the sands except for a short time of each day,

It was a stormy November day, but I succeeded in reaching the cottage, which I found to be a rude, ill-built hovel, its gray walls in perfect keeping with the scene around. One blasted thorn bush, the only mark of vegetation in the neighbourhood, grew by its side. I had recently returned from

England, and the remembrance of its rose-clad cottages forced itself on my mind, in vivid contrast with the scene before me. I stood for a few minutes before entering the house, and looked back on the way I had come. The wild waves were now dashing up against the rocks I had passed, and sending their white spray even to the spot where I stood.

I entered the cottage, and there stood before me a woman stern in form and feature. I entered into conversation with her, but her heart seemed cold and hard as the rocks which surrounded her, and her ignorance and self-righteousness were even greater than usual in that benighted corner.

When I left her house, I felt sad and dispirited. In such a visit there was indeed no pleasure, but I resolved to persevere in what I felt was duty, and hoped my next call might prove more welcome than this one appeared.

During the course of the winter, her little boy became ill, and it was soon evident that he could not long survive. I often went to see him, and the little fellow listened with interest to all I said, although he seldom spoke or expressed his feelings. His mother appeared, however, pleased with my attention to the child, and now always received me with civility.

After the boy's death, I went less frequently to the cottage, and I soon removed from the neighbourhood for some months.

On my return home the following summer, I was told Mrs. K—— was ill, and took an early opportunity of visiting her. Very different now was the scene from what it had been when I last looked upon it. A bright summer sun bathed the whole landscape in light, and the rising tide was undisturbed by a single ripple.

I entered the cottage, and was at once struck by its changed aspect. An air of order and quiet pervaded it, and cleanliness had taken the place of the dirt and confusion that had formerly existed.