

ciple, this principle above all others, which will enable us to exercise right feelings, and make us "rejoice with them that rejoice," as well as "weep with them that weep."—*Child's Paper*.

"THE BOY THAT WOULDN'T GET MAD."

I once heard an interesting story about two little brothers. One of them was ten years old, and the other eight.

The oldest boy had, within a few months past, indulged the hope that God had given him a new heart. He thought he was a Christian, that he loved the Lord Jesus Christ.

But his little brother did not believe that his heart had been changed. He thought his brother was no more a Christian than he had always been. He said he could not see any difference. Yet he meant to try and see; for as his brother appeared more sober than usual and was more willing to go to meeting than before, he did not feel certain that he was not a Christian.

Now, how do you think this little boy, eight years old, undertook to find out whether his brother was really a Christian? Why, every time he could get a chance, he would tread on his brother's toes, kick his heels, or pinch his arms, to see if he wouldn't get mad, as he used to do. But his brother bore it all with meekness and good nature, without an angry word or look. This was very different from what he used to do. He had before always been ready to take revenge on the spot for such an abuse. The youngest brother was sure that he could not do so; for he knew he would get mad if any body should treat him so unkindly. He soon became convinced that his brother was a Christian and that he was not. He became very anxious about salvation of his soul, and in a short time he too indulged the hope that God had pardoned his sins and given him a new heart.

PRAYING BOY AND THE WHIP.

A boy attending a Sunday School was brought to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and began to pray in his father's house. His father, being a wicked man, was quite enraged when he heard of his little boy's praying. He took a whip and lashed him severely. The poor boy, not daring to continue his practice, resorted to an adjoining plantation. There he knelt among the trees, and prayed to his father who seeth in secret. The father hearing of this new haunt, took his whip and followed him. When he came within sound of the little boy's voice, he thought that before he whipped him, he would listen to hear what he was saying. The boy, at this moment, was earnestly praying on behalf of his wicked father. The father's conscience smote him—he wept. The boy having concluded his supplications, rose from his knees, and turning round, saw his father weeping. The trembling father, addressing his astonished son, said:—"I came to whip you, but you have whipped me."

AN APPEAL TO THE YOUNG.

A young man has lately been convicted in Virginia of robbing the mail, and has been sentenced to the penitentiary. "There is an affecting and melancholy incident connected with this young man's criminal history, which goes to exhibit the strength of parental affection. When the father heard that his son had been arrested on charge of robbing the mail, he exclaimed—"Have my grey hairs been brought to see this?" and then fell. He was taken to his bed, and died in a few days of a broken heart." If the young would not bring the grey hairs of their parents to the grave in sorrow, let them avoid the first enticements of sin. Once in the downward path, they know not where they stop.