

our last look at the face where lingered the smile of peace, we did it in the hope that the spirit had gone to the same rest.

Dear children, when your last hour comes, may it be peaceful as hers. May you never fold your wings of prayer and faith, till you can say to the *waiting angels* :

“Lend, lend your wings—I mount, I fly!
Oh! Grave, where is thy victory?
Oh! Death, where is thy sting?”

Family Treasury.

SIN MAKES US AFRAID.

Why was Adam afraid of the voice of God in the garden? It was not a strange voice, it was a voice he had always before loved; but he now fled away at the sound, and hid himself among the garden trees. You can tell me why, I am sure. It was because he disobeyed God. Sin makes us afraid of God, who is holy; nothing but sin could make us fear one so good and so kind. Have you felt this kind of fear when Satan has tempted you to do wrong?

A child was one day playing alone in a drawing-room full of beautiful ornaments; he had often been told not to touch anything there, as they were of great value, and many of them were made of rare glass or china, and cost much money. He was usually an obedient boy, but on this particular day he was seized with a great desire to lift up the lid of a beautiful China jar, as he knew it was filled with sweetly scented rose-leaves. He left his toys, and went to the stand where the jar was placed. As he was too short to reach the lid, he climbed on a stool for that purpose; but just as his hand was on the lid of the jar, he heard a sound, and starting, he let it fall from his hand. It was not broken, but cracked, and he thought, most likely, no one would remark it; so, replacing it on the vase, he left the room. Day after day passed, but although no notice was taken of the injury, he lived in constant fear of a discovery. Every time his aunt called him he started, and when he was in bed at night, if he heard but the rustle of her dress in the passage or on the stairs, he was frightened. Yet it was not his loving aunt, but his sin that made him tremble. She was always kind and gentle, and had never spoken a harsh word to her little nephew, during his long visit at her house. At last the misery of concealment became so great that he told his aunt all, and the words she spoke to him then will never be forgotten. He learned from that week's remorse more of the nature of sin, than in his whole life before. And as they knelt down and prayed to God for forgiveness, the child felt humbled and penitent, and lifted up his soul very earnestly, that God would cleanse him from secret faults, and take away the love of sin from his heart.—*Mrs. Galdart.*

NO JESUS CHRIST.

But what concern to us, though the Chinese may find, among the forty thousand characters in their language, a term for every shade of thought in the affairs of life and the passions of men? Still we search in vain throughout their copious language, to convey the idea of the Christian's God, the Christian's heaven, or the Christian's hope, or peace, or penitence, or faith. The language has in it no Jesus Christ, no justification for the sinner, no word of pardon for the penitent. These things are all unknown to the people, and, of course, they have no language to express them. The Christian teacher has to take such words as he finds among them in common use, and consecrate them to a sacred use. For deity, he takes the term applied to every object of worship, and calls it God—so for faith, and repentance, and love, and humility, he must select terms that will bear such an explanation as will convey the Christian idea, but which idea the pagan, uninstructed, would never attach to his own language. But in relation to the depraved passions and gross thoughts of the human heart, their language abounds with truthful translations of all the Scripture formula. If you wish to say to the people that they are filled with unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness, full of envy, murder, debate, malignity, whisperers, backbiters, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, &c., you would find expressions in the language, and illustrations in their lives, to convey the precise idea.

As to their literature, they have books on poetry and painting, history and horticulture, geography and government, economy and ethics, romance and religion. With them, of making many books there is no end; as, for instance, a library may be so extensive, that its catalogue shall consist of more than a hundred volumes, and each volume con-