

vites in their robes, that passed and repast; they had but one thought, one object, one desire, to find the holy child Jesus.

See, they go into that square court, where many a greybeard enters; they stand amid a company of wise and learned men, old men, old by age, and old in their great wisdom. Notice how solemn, and yet how curious, is every face; with what deep interest each one stoops forward, and one bends down, and whispers to an aged brother—these men are the doctors of the law. What are they doing? They are not talking with some learned Egyptian, nor with some wise philosopher, poet, nor great orator, but with a child—a child but twelve years old—a child who, though he sits humbly at their feet, and hears them, and asks them questions, astonishes each one with his wisdom and his answers. The lost child is found in the temple. And as Mary and Joseph recognise Jesus, they are amazed.

“And his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou dealt with us? Behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing! And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?” And he went down with them and came to Nazareth.”

The actors in that scene are all gone: the temple is destroyed—not one stone remains upon another; but the story will never be forgotten. It has a voice for us, and as we think of that young child among the doctors in His Father’s house, it seems to say—Be like Jesus—be like him in his early piety—be like him in his purpose of doing God’s work in the world—be like him, thoughtful, earnest, loving, meek, obedient; and let each morning find you wiser and better than the last, that, like him, you may increase in wisdom, and in favor with God and man.

To God who reigns above the sky,
Our Father and our friend,
To him let all our vows be paid,
And all our prayers ascend.

’Tis he who claims our youthful hearts
He loves to hear us pray;
By night we’ll think upon his love,
And praise him every day.

B. K. C.

Elizabeth Lindup.

ELIZABETH LINDUP, the subject of the following narrative, was born February 17th, 1841.

Whilst she was a little child she was remarkably thoughtful, and liked to listen to serious conversation, and to sit on a little stool by her mother, when she read the Bible. Sometimes she would creep up quite close to her, and kiss her hand, and ask a great many questions about Joseph, and David, and Jesus Christ. She was, however, cheerful, and loved a game of play as much as other little ones around her, and often, in the fine weather, she went out in the fields to gather wild flowers or wandered by the shore to collect the weed and the curious shells she found there. But though Elizabeth had a better character than most little girls of her age, still she was hasty, and her parents were sometimes obliged to correct her. When she was punished, she soon owned her fault, and was never happy till she had prayed to God to forgive her. Often would she keep awake when she had done wrong, because it caused her so much sorrow. She was fond of going to the house of God and of being with good people, but her chief delight was in the Sunday School. If she could not attend, she learnt double lessons ready to repeat the next time, and was never absent when it could be helped. Her teacher says it was a real pleasure to instruct her—she was so sweet-tempered and diligent. Her hymns and scripture lessons were always repeated perfectly, and with seriousness; she generally stayed to the teachers’ prayer-meeting, and never appeared weary. After the school was over, she used to go quietly home, and tell her mother what she had been doing, and tried to remember what her teacher had said.