

obtain admission after repeated knocks, we tried the latch, which yielded to our touch, and we entered a small room, the window of which only admitted so much light as to show us that it bore marks of poverty and wretchedness. At first it seemed as if its inmates had deserted it: but a woman who was in bed, and seemingly under illness, gave a faint reply to our inquiries, when we went to pursue our visitations in the neighborhood. We afterwards obtained some information respecting the family we had just visited. The father, who, although earning respectable wages, spent these at the public house, and not only when intoxicated, but when sober, was the terror of the neighborhood; he was a man of violence; and report laid to his charge the darkest crimes. The woman who took charge of his family was not his lawful wife; she was the child of respectable parents; she had enjoyed the benefit of a good and religious education, and had been a Sunday School teacher herself; but all had been ineffectual barriers in the way of self-will and headstrong passion. In an agony of self-reproach, she had made an attempt upon her life; and it was from the effects of the opium with which she had sought to perpetrate the rash act that she was now suffering.

Some months after this, I had again occasion to visit the same house, in consequence of the absence of the boy, who was one of my Sunday scholars. He was a meek, quiet little boy, of about six years old, perhaps, and, in the midst of a crowd of other children, scarcely noticed. The plants of God's planting are too lowly to rear their heads among the tares, whose ranker growth often overshadows and conceals them. The child had been absent for some Sabbaths; and on calling to enquire the cause of his absence, I found him dying from the effects of measles.

Too weak to sit up, he received me with a faint smile of welcome and recognition as he lay in bed. The woman in attendance gave me some particulars regarding him. Shortly before his illness, he had come home in much concern one Sabbath from the school; the subject of the lesson had been the nature and necessity of regeneration, and the words of the teacher had gone home to his heart; he returned anxiously putting the question, "What shall I do to be saved?" He attended with new interest to the instructions he received at the Sunday School, ere sickness removed him from it; and there is reason to believe that these were not in vain. When I saw him he was too weak for conversation; but the faint and broken replies he gave to my enquiries satisfied me that a work of grace had been done in his soul. I prayed with him; and as he had been accustomed to do in the Sunday School, I heard his lips murmuring the prayer after me. When I called next day, I learned that he had died during the night. Shortly before he breathed his last, he enquired earnestly whether Jesus would receive him; and being assured that he would on no account cast away any that came to him, he expressed his desire to go to him; and on being asked whether he was not sorry to leave his father and friends, he, in his own artless language, replied, "A wee hue." A very little after he expired. I could not help reflecting on the mercy that had snatched this child from the brink of perdition, and removed him from scenes of wickedness that could scarce have failed to contaminate and destroy him. He was indeed a brand plucked out of the fire. The woman who attended him, and who gave me some particulars of his history, said that the boy had been in the habit of telling her, on his return, the substance of what he had heard at the Sunday