



### THE SOLDIER RECLAIMED.

A boy belonging to a Sunday School in a country village, was so vicious and unteachable, that it was thought necessary to expel him from the school. As he grew up, evil propensities strengthened, and he became exceedingly dissipated. At length, he enlisted for a soldier, and went with his regiment into a foreign country, leaving behind him a widowed mother, to bewail the profligate habits of her only son. After a considerable time a pious man who resided in the same village, was about to join, as a sergeant, the regiment to which this youth belonged. Knowing both the mother and son, and supposing the parent might wish to transmit some message to her child, he waited upon her before he set out. He found her the subject of heavy affliction, and confined to her bed. On learning the object of his visit, the aged woman said she had only one boon to bestow, which she begged he would deliver to her son, accompanied by her only request. The boon was a Bible; the request, that, for the sake of his poor dying mother, he would read at least one verse a-day. The sergeant departed, and on reaching his destination, learned that the incorrigible boy had become a wicked and abandoned man. Without loss of time he visited him, and said to him, "I am the bearer of the last gift and the last wish of your mother." "What!" cried he, "is she dead?" "She was not," replied the sergeant, "when I left England; but I think she cannot have survived till now. Here," continued he, "is a Bible," (giving it to him,) "which your mother has sent you; and she had only one request to make of you, which was, that, for her sake, you would read one verse a-day." "O," replied the unfeeling man, "if it is only one verse, here goes." He opened the Bible,—he looked,—he paused. "Well," said he, "this is a remarkable circumstance,—the first verse that caught my eye was the only one that I ever learned while I was in the Sunday-school: it is, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'" He began to enquire who "me" was; and the pious sergeant, like Philip of old, "spoke to him of Jesus." From this period, his conduct changed. Not very long after this circumstance, the regiment to which he belonged was engaged in battle. When the conflict was over, the sergeant before-mentioned,

walking over the field of blood, discovered his late pupil lying dead under a tree. His Bible was opened at the passage quoted above, and his head reposed upon its sacred pages, which were soaked through with his blood.

### ANECDOTE OF HUME.

This philosopher was one day passing along a narrow footpath which formerly wended through a beggy piece of ground at the back of the Edinburgh Castle, when he had the misfortune to tumble in, and stuck fast in the mud. Observing a woman approaching, he civilly requested her to lend him a helping hand out of his disagreeable situation, but she, casting one hurried glance at his abortive figure, passed on without regarding his request. He shouted lustily after her; and she was at last prevailed upon by his cries to approach. "Are na ye Hume the Deist?" enquired she in a tone which implied that an answer in the affirmative would decide her against lending him her assistance. "Well, well," said Mr. Hume, "no matter; you know, good woman, Christian charity commands you to do good even to your enemies." "Christian charity here, Christian charity there," replied the woman, "I'll do naething for ye till ye turn a Christian yourself—ye maun first repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, or faith I'll let ye groffle there as I found ye." The sceptic was actually obliged to accede to the woman's terms, ere she would give him her help. He himself used to tell the story with great relish.



### A CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
Nicely covered in my bed,  
God alone can safely keep  
Harm and danger from my head.  
O how gracious he must be,  
Thus to mind a child like me!

Though my tender parents tire,  
God still watches through the night,  
Neither sickness, storm, nor fire,  
Break my slumbers with affright.  
O how gracious God must be,  
Thus to mind a child like me!

Soon my weary eyelids close;  
Soon my little limbs undressed,  
Quietly enjoy repose,  
"Till I rise again from rest.  
God is my preserver; he  
Cares for little ones like me!

By and by in sleep of death,  
I must lie down in the grave;  
But the Lord, who gave me breath,  
Then my trembling soul can save.  
Helpless, sinful, though I be,  
Jesus died for such as me.

### WHAT CHILDREN CAN DO.

A Sabbath-school in a little village called Minersville, near Pittsburgh, Pa., some time since, gave me \$27.12 mostly, in pennies, earned by the self-denial and efforts of the pupils, to be expended in the purchase of small books for destitute Sabbath-schools.

At the time of receiving this contribution, there was a great demand for small books in Western Virginia, where many new Sabbath-schools had sprung up, as a result of colporteur labours, and these books were sent to that field. Their circulation led to the procuring of \$80 worth more from the agent of the Sunday-school Union, with which were also circulated over \$300 worth of the books of the American Tract Society.

It thus appears that this little Sunday-school, by self-denying efforts, became an important party in the circulation of books to the value of over \$400. Besides, by this grant, the attention of some of the colporteurs was directed more particularly to the organization of Sabbath-schools. The colporteur to whom most of these books were sent, reported over four hundred children gathered into Sabbath-schools in one county. Some of these books were sold, and the money returned, which I have recently expended in the purchase of two hundred volumes more, and sent them to the same field, to be again distributed. Is not this casting bread upon the waters, to be found after many days?—*Am. Mes.*

### LEIGH RICHMOND'S FAMILY.

Mr. Richmond's first object was to make home the happiest place to his children; to render them independent of foreign alliances, in their pursuits and friendships; and so to interest them in domestic enjoyments, as to preclude the feeling, too common in young people, of restlessness and longing to leave their own firesides, and wander abroad in search of pleasure and employment. In this attempt to satisfy his family, and engage their compliance with his wishes, he so completely succeeded, that every member of it left home with regret, even on an occasional visit, and returned to Turvey with fond anticipation, as to the place of their treasures.

### A CHILD'S TEARS.

A Welsh clergyman asked a little girl for the text of the last sermon. The child gave no answer—she only wept. He found out that she had no Bible in which to look for the text; and this led him to enquire whether her parents or neighbors had a Bible; and this led him to begin a Bible Society for Wales. Some good people in London said, "Why should we not have a Bible Society for England, too?" And others said, "And for France, and the nations of Europe?" And then another said, "And why not have a Bible Society for the whole world?" The tears of that little girl led to the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society.