

Jewish history, does such a little instance of Christ's nearness and grace as this not remind you of what Peter said in the streets of Jerusalem (Acts ii. 39)? Read the passage, and ask your teacher and parents, what is the meaning of *God's promise*.

INDIA—FARTHER SUCCESS.

Last month we told you of Mr. Hunter having received a convert, named Mahomet, at Bombay. Mr. Hunter has now gone to an immense territory in the north-west of India, called the Punjaub, and Mahomet travels with him as his companion. So the early disciples and their converts often journeyed by twos, and threes, and fours, over the great heathen wastes, sowing the little seed, where no man ever thought a harvest would be reaped. Read the whole of 35th chapter of Isaiah. You cannot doubt but that, by and by God will fulfil the beautiful picture drawn there. Mr. Sheriff, another missionary at Bombay, reports the baptism of two other converts—one a Parsee, another a Mussulman. Both are very young men, and they have embraced the cross in face of the greatest peril, arising from the persecution of their own families, and old heathen friends. How little we know, in our happy country, of being tried in this way? You remember what Paul says about not being ashamed of Christ (1 Tim. i, 12.)

NOVA SCOTIA—HOW THE GOSPEL LIVES.

Two ministers from Canada visited Nova Scotia lately, and they tell how, in some places, for periods of as many as ten years, whole districts and congregations have been without a pastor. Yet the gospel, that was learned and loved by many in those regions in the parish schools and parish churches of the old land, lives in their hearts strong and deep-rooted. At one place, as the travellers went on, they reached a deep retired grove on a still Sabbath afternoon. It was found out far away, by long broken roads, among the hills. In this spot about 2000 people were gathered, having the table of the Lord spread in the midst of them, and in the hush of great attention they were listening to the addresses of several old white-haired patriarchs, who, since they had no ordained ministers, kept alive amongst them the simple glad tidings that used to be preached on the hill sides and in the glens of Scotland two hundred years ago. What a solemn temple was that deep old wood—the green earth its floor—the shadowy trees its pillars and the open heavens its roof! Then when the lonely voice of prayer broke the forest stillness, or the psalm swelled up in