

agitated with strong emotion, and her voice faltered as she spoke, 'And you are for my bairns to come to your school?' 'Yes, if you are willing.'—'Three of them are sleepin' in the kirkyard, Sir; but God has left me twa o' them yet, and ye'll get them,' and her tears flowed freely. I spoke to her soothingly for a little, until she recovered herself, when she said very earnestly and seriously, 'O! will ye teach them weel?' 'I hope to do so, as well as I am able.' 'I am not a member of any kirk, Sir, for I am not worthy; but I would like to have my children brought up in the knowledge of Jesus, that they may be with Him when they gang awa' like the lave; and, O! dinna be ill pleased when I say that you are a young man, and may be apt to forget your duty when you are dealing with young immortals, and not be so anxious as ye should be. I give them to your care, to watch over them and lead them to the Saviour, when they are out of my sight on the Sabbath-day. And, O! will ye speak to them? will ye visit them? will ye be anxious about them? The others were once at a Sabbath-school, and all turned ill about the same time; but though the Teacher kenned, he ne'er looked near, and when they were a' gane I thought I would just send word to the school that they could na' come back ony mair.'"

A LETTER IN SHORT WORDS.

FROM A MINISTER TO SUNDAY SCHOLARS

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I think much of you, and would go a great way to see you, if by that means I might know that you each love the Lord, and strive to do his will in the best way you can. O, let me tell you once more that this is the best way for the young and old, the rich and the poor, the weak and the strong—for those who are sick and those who are well—to spend the few years we have to

live in this world! If we spend them in this way, we shall be shure to have a life of peace and joy at the right hand of God. What a thought! live a few years here, and serve the Lord, and then live with HIM who reigns on high? Yes, so it is; and so may it be with us all, through the grace of God! And now let me ask, Do you not wish to live so that you may "be with the Lord"—with all the good, where no pain is felt, but where there is joy and peace while the throne of God shall stand? I know you do, or, at least, some of you; and I hope that you will *all* choose the fear of the Lord, that you may *live*, and not be like those who *die*, and "have no hope."

The days of youth will soon pass by; age will soon come on; and it will not be long ere death will push us to the verge of life, and we must fall; our flesh must be laid in the grave, and our soul go to God who gave it, and there wait the time which will fix the doom of all the world. How will we wish, when that day shall come, to share with those who love, serve, and fear the Lord! O, what pain it will give us then to think that all our life was spent in the way of sin and death—that our doom was one of woe, where no rest is found, no hope can come to bring us joy, lift up our head, or cheer our heart? I pray the Lord to keep you, through both youth and age, in the way that leads to joys at his right hand.

You may not feel or know the worth of what you now *do* learn, yet the time may come when it will be of more use to you than all the gold found in the mines of the earth, if you go on to know the Lord, and walk in all his ways.

I may not meet you in this life, but hope we may meet in yon bright world where good men dwell, where we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known. To do this, we must "watch