

Hariet Jane.—"Jacob was cooking a pottage, and Esau was hunting, and he was very hungry, and he ask Jacob to give him some of the pottage, and Jacob said to him, give your birthright, and Esau said I don't care because I am going to die."

William Grant.—"Because Esau was very tired and hungry, and he sell his birthright for little porridge."

Question.—"What was Jacob's dream at Bethel?"

James Friday.—"When Jacob was at Bethel he dreamt a ladder reaching up to Heaven and Angels of God ascending and descending upon it."

Sadie Jack.—"Jacob dreamed that God hath made a promise to him, he was very frighten because he saw the new Jerusalem. He wake up in the morning and set up a pillow and anointed the pillow and he went on his journey."

A. Caldwell.—"And while Jacob travelling to a far country he came to a place called Bethel. Here he was weak and weary, so he slept, and while he was sleeping he dreamed a dream, he thought he saw a ladder reaching up to Heaven from the earth, and the angels going up and coming down the ladder and there he saw the Almighty God sitting on the throne. After he wake up he poured the oil on the stone that he had used for a pillow. He said this will be God's Temple."

Charles Coté.—"Jacob's dream was a long ladder reaching to Heaven, and Angels walking up and down. On top of ladder, God was standing there, say I will be with thee wherever you go and I will keep you."

Francis Favell.—"Jacob had been travelling 48 miles that day, and the sun was setting that he made a pillow of stone, and he saw in a dream, a ladder reaching up to Heaven, Angels descending and ascending on it, at the top he saw God standing."

Robert Coté.—"And Jacob pick stone and went asleep, and he dreamed and behold there was a ladder from Heaven, and he saw angels coming down and going up, and he hear God speaking from the top of the ladder."

These are some of the fruits of your mission work among the Indians of the North West. Pray that the truths they learn from the Bible, may be the means of leading them to the Saviour.

And while you send the Gospel to these Indian children, do not neglect it yourselves. How sad to find them saved at last, and you lost, because you did not give yourself to Christ.

NO DANGER THIS MORNING.

ONE beautiful morning, in the spring of 1863, I was on board a passenger train on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, crossing the green glades from the Alleghanies westward. At that time this railroad was held alternately by the Federal and Confederate armies, and travel was neither safe nor pleasant. On the occasion of which I write, the train was behind its time, and was running at a very high speed, and, as we were whirled around sharp curves, over fields and across bridges, nearly every one on board manifested some anxiety at each jerk and jar of the train. All eyes was turned to the windows, and many faces wore a look of anxiety.

I was thinking of the probabilities of the train being hurled over an embankment, and the fearful scenes that must follow, when I observe a bright little girl of four or five summers approaching me, and, as she extended her little hand and bade me "good-morning" in a sweet clear voice, I engaged her in conversation by asking her if she was not afraid to ride on the cars. To which she replied:

"Sometimes, but I am not afraid this morning."

"Why," I asked, "are you not afraid this morning? Everybody else seems to be afraid; and, besides, we are running very rapidly."

"Oh, there is no danger at all," she replied; "papa is running the engine."

Her father was the engineer, and she had such implicit confidence in his ability to protect her that she felt perfectly secure and happy.

A beautiful illustration of the perfect confidence the Christian feels, when he realizes that his Father's is the hand that guides.

I shall never forget, says the one spoken of, the lesson of faith and trust I learned from that dear child. When clouds and storms and darkness surround my pathway, and I almost feel that I must perish, I remember that it is my Father in heaven that watches over me, and if I will only take his proffered hand he will lead me in paths of peace, beside the still waters. Oh, bless his name forever!—*Selected.*