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CHRISTIANS SHOULD BE LIKE A LIGHT.—
Oh that Christians were more like the
light, which abides pure, though the air
be corrupted in which it dwells! Men
may defile themselves in the light, but
they cannot defile the light itself. The
sun shines throughout an impure world,
yet knows no impurity.—*Secker.*

In these days of hurry and bustle, we
find ourselves face to face with a terri-
ble danger; and it is this—no time to be
alone with God. The world, in these
last days is running fast; we live in what
is called "the age of progress," and "you
know we must keep pace with the times."
So the world says. But this spirit of the
world has not confined itself to the world.
It is, alas, to be found among the saints
of God. And what is the result? The re-
sult is—no time to be alone with God.
And this is immediately followed by no
inclination to be alone with God. And
what next? Surely the question does
not need an answer. Can there be any
condition more deplorable than the con-
dition of a child of God who has no in-
clination to be alone with his Father?

Children's Department.

A BIRD'S GRIEF.

Dogs have been known to die of grief
at the grave of their master; and it was
supposed that such affection was pos-
sible only to this faithful companion of
man. It would seem, however, that
birds are capable of a similar attach-
ment. A little child in Jacksonville,
Fla., formed a friendship with a mock-
ing-bird. The bird had built a nest in
an orange-grove near the piazza where
the child was accustomed to play. The
child had discovered the nest, and be-
gan to throw crumbs on the piazza for
the bird, which would come to her feet
to pick up the crumbs.

At length the child died. The bird
missed his benefactor, and soon after he
was found dead on the piazza, whether
from grief, or from loss of his accus-
tomed food, no one could say.

PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

"Do you see this lock of hair?" said
an old man to me.

"Yes; but what of it? It is, I sup-
pose, the curl from the head of a dear
child long since gone to God."

"It is not. It is a lock of my own
hair; and it is now nearly seventy
years since it was cut from this head."

"But why do you prize a lock of
your own hair so much?"

"It has a story belonging to it, and
a strange one. I keep it thus with
care because it speaks to me more of
God, and of His special care, than
anything else I possess.

"I was a little child of four years
old, with long curly locks which, in
sun, or rain, or wind, hung down my
cheeks uncovered. One day my father
went into the wood to cut up a log,
and I went with him. I was standing
a little way behind him, or rather at
his side, watching with interest the
strokes of the heavy axe as it went up
and came down upon the wood, send-
ing off splinters with every stroke, in
all directions. Some of the splinters
fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to
pick them up. In doing so I stum-
bled forward, and in a moment
my curly head lay upon the log. I
had fallen just at the moment when
the axe was coming down with all its
force. It was too late to stop the
blow. Down came the axe. I scream-
ed, and my father fell to the ground
in terror. He could not stay the
stroke, and in the blindness which the
sudden horror caused, he thought he

had killed his boy. We soon recover-
ed—I from my fright and he from his
terror. He caught me in his arms, and
looked at me from head to foot, to find
out the deadly wound which he was
sure he had inflicted. Not a drop of
blood nor a scar was to be seen. He
knelt upon the grass, and gave thanks
to a gracious God. Having done so,
he took up his ax and found a few
hairs upon its edge. He turned to the
log he had been splitting, and there
was a single curl of his boy's hair,
sharply cut through and laid upon the
wood. How great the escape! It was
as if an angel had turned aside the
edge at the moment it was descending
on my head. With renewed thanks
upon his lips he took up the curl, and
went home with me in his arms.

"The lock he kept all his days, as a
memorial of God's care and love. That
lock he left to me on his death-bed. I
kept it with care. It tells me of my
father's God and mine. It rebukes un-
belief and alarm. It bids me trust
Him forever. I have had many tokens
of fatherly love in my threescore years
and ten, but somehow this speaks
most of my heart. It is the oldest and
perhaps the most striking. It used to
speak to my father's heart; it now
speaks to mine."

THE WONDERFUL MOTHER.

The winter of the year 1709 was
one of extreme cold. Never was
a colder winter known in Europe. In
France many people froze to death in
their beds, not only among the moun-
tains, but even in the villages and
cities. The hottest fire was not suffi-
cient to keep a room warm.

Sparrows, and crows, and jackdaws
sometimes fell down dead while fly-
ing in the air. Large flocks of sheep
and cattle froze in the barnyards.

During this winter a poor little
Savoyard boy was wandering the
streets of Luneville, in Lothringen.
He was an orphan. His older brother,
who had taken care of him, was frozen
to death.

The little Savoyard boy wandered
about from house to house, to get a
little employment or a piece of
bread. He was glad to blacken boots
or shoes, dust clothes, clean dishes in
the kitchen, or do anything that would
give him a sou. But when night came
on, his suffering became intense. He
had slept with his brother in a car-
penter's shop. The wife or a hostler
took compassion on him. She shewed
him a little sleeping place in one of
the stalls, in the stable where the
horses of a certain prince were kept.
In this stall there stood an iron cage,
in which a large brown bear was con-
fined, for the beast was very wild and
angry. The boy lay down upon some
straw, and stretched out his hand to
pull more. As he stretched out his
hand, he put it in between the wires
of the cage in which the bear was, and
found that a large pile was there.
Thinking it was better to get in where
the straw was, he crawled up to the
bars. The boy offered a prayer which
his mother taught him, and then com-
mitted himself to the keeping of his
heavenly Father.

The bear took the little stranger
between her paws and pressed him
near her warm breast, and against her
thick skin, so softly and so comforta-
bly, that he who had not slept for
many nights with any comfort, now
forgot all fear, and soon fell into a
sweet, deep sleep.

In the morning the boy waked up
with renewed strength, and crept out
of the cage. At night he returned to
his strange mother. Beside the bear
there lay a great many pieces of bread
which had been brought from the table
of the prince, but the bear had eaten
all she wanted and these were left. So
the little Savoyard helped himself to
all he needed. He then lay quietly
down between the paws of his thick-
clad mother, who pressed him to her
as she had done before, and he slept
there as in the warmest feather-bed.

In this way he slept five nights
without anybody knowing it. On the
morning of the sixth night he over-
slept himself, so that when the host-
lers went around with lanterns in
early morning to attend the many
horses in the stable, they saw the boy
lying between the paws of the great
bear. The old bear grunted a little,
as if she was very much offended at
any one seeing her taking care of her
little favourite. The boy sprang up and
squeezed through the cage, to the great
astonishment of the bystanders.

This strange affair became widely
known, and created much wonder
throughout the city. Although the
modest Savoyard was very much
ashamed that anybody should know
that he had slept in the arms of a

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DEATH.

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uary, 1881, LUCRETIA BURRITT, wife of Col.
S. HURD, aged 73 years.

1881.

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bear, he was ordered to appear in the
presence of the prince, to whom he
told his recent experience. The prince
appointed a day for him to come again.
The boy came, and in the presence of
the prince and princess, and many
people of rank, he was requested to
enter the cage where the great bear
was. She received him as kindly as
ever, and pressed him to her breast.

The good prince now understood
that the bear, or rather God, working
providentially through the bear, had
been the means of saving the poor
little orphan boy from death. No
person had taken care of him, none
had shewn any sympathy for him,
and yet, in the very coldest night of
that remarkable winter, this rough
bear was the means of saving his life,
the providence of God preserving him.

This circumstance led the prince,
and it should lead us, to remember
that God sometimes uses the most un-
expected means as the instruments for
the consummation of his purpose. The
little Savoyard afterward led an hon-
ourable life, nor did he ever forget how
God had saved him in his great need.

"The Lord that delivered me out
of the paw of the lion, and out of the
paw of the bear."—1 Sam. xvii. 37.

"I laid me down and slept; I
awaked, for the Lord sustained me."

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