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The Miserable Boy.

There is a wicked creature called Satan, or the devil; he is not a man, neither is he a beast; he is a spirit; he has not a body, as you have, but he can think—he thinks of doing wickedness; he hates God, and he hates every body; he hates you, my little boy, and my little girl—he would like to make you unhappy: he is very unhappy himself, and he tries to make us unhappy too. One day God will shut him up in a dark prison, but now he lets him walk about this world; yet hell is the devil's home. There are a great many devils, and they help one another to do harm. Satan is the prince of the devils, and tells the rest what to do.

I am now going to tell you of a poor little boy who was made very wretched by one of the devils. It seemed as if this boy was mad. A wicked spirit was in him, and tormented him. This spirit was deaf and dumb. Sometimes it would tear the boy, and make him cry out with pain, and foam at the mouth, and gnash his teeth, and fall on the ground. Sometimes this poor child would rush into the water to drown himself, and sometimes into the fire to burn himself. His father

loved him, and could not bear to see him in this dreadful state. But his father could not cure him, nor could any doctor.

At last this poor father heard there was a man who had cured a great many people as wretched as his son. This man was called Jesus Christ. He was the Son of God, and had come down from heaven to save us from Satan and all the devils. The father of the boy thought, "I will take my dear son to Jesus, and ask him to cure him."

The Lord Jesus had some friends who walked about with him, and these men were called his disciples. The poor father saw them first. Jesus was not with them: he was gone away for a little while to pray to God his Father in heaven, upon the top of a hill. What could the poor man do now? Could the disciples help his boy? He begged them to try. Jesus had once told them that they should be able to cast out devils; so they tried to cast the devil out of this boy, but they could not. A great crowd of people gathered round the boy and the disciples, and some wise men were there, called scribes; those scribes did not love Jesus, and they were always glad