

under a tree writhing about in very great pain. After he had learned from the snake the cause of her misery, he put some balsam to her wounds, and went on his way. When on returning from his visit he reached the tree again, behold the old snake crept out of her hole, and with many bonds of her body, thanked my great-grandfather for his kindness, gave him her blessing, and also promised, that no bite of any serpent should ever harm him or any of his posterity. Filled with joy at having obtained so great a benefit, he invited the old serpent to a feast in his house; and she came very willingly, bringing with her a thousand of her companions, who were all well fed with eggs and milk. The blessing was then repeated; and it has held good to the present day." I told the fisherman, that it was the greatest folly in the world to believe such a silly story as this; for that there was only one who could heal the bite of the old serpent, and that was Jesus, the sinner's friend. He was the destroyer of that old serpent the devil, who had bitten all the human race. None but he could take away the poison of sin, either from soul or body; and this he did by his own death on the cross. Whosoever looked to him by faith, would be healed from the wounds of sin, and have the blessing of eternal life in the world to come. Alas! I was speaking to the wind; for the poor deceived fisherman made the following reply:—"It may be all very right what you say. With another world, however, I am not acquainted; and I am contented enough to have the blessing of the old serpent in this life!" He then went on his journey.

Are there not many contented to live in the like manner, among ourselves? Dear young friends, be not you deluded by such a snare. Look to Jesus, who is able to save you, as the wounded Israelites were saved by looking at the brazen serpent, which, at the command of God, made,

and lifted on a pole. Christ can cure your souls, as the sight of that brazen serpent cured the body.—*Selected.*

Irish Scripture Schools.

(Continued.)

Patsy's Uncle was a man of good character, sober and honest. His tenderness towards his orphan nephew had secured him constant employment from Mr. Poer, and his voluntary undertaking to protect the *cat brachs*, interested us still more. Nevertheless, he was almost the only one around, whom I never ventured to approach. There was a stolidness in his manner, which seemed to forbid me to hope. But out of the mouths of babes, God has ordained praise. The child whom he loved and protected, was not unmindful of his benefactor; and soon after the death of the elder brother, we were informed that the younger meant to be present at the class of the "*cat brachs*" the following Sunday. "The little fellow gave me an advice, and he knows what he is about," was the remark, as he seated himself, which seemed intended partly as a eulogy, and partly as an address to those present, to account for his appearance. "You can't read?" I said, when the worse came to his turn. "No, but I shall soon; the little fellow gave me an advice about it, and I am learning; I have my lesson in my pocket." He drew out the Sunday School Primer, and when the Scripture lesson was over, took up the book deliberately, and, before the whole class, spelt over a lesson of words of three letters.

Whoever knows the Irish character—the keen sense of, and dread of ridicule—will be able to appreciate this act of a man nearly 50 years of age. I suggested, that, if he wished, the Scripture Reader would teach him; and received for answer, that "the little fellow was his teacher, and that he did not think he could get a better." Every Sunday Patsy's benefactor and pupil appeared with his book. The lesson of three letters was soon succeeded by the lesson of five; and by this time, I am sure he can read God's Word. His mind was opening to the truth; he was beholding the dire effects of Popery in the characters of the priests, and he was witnessing the blessed effects of Scripture knowledge on his own beloved little nephew. While he was ministering to Patsy in carnal things, God, in His mercy, has made Patsy an instrument of spiritual blessing to him.

Before Christmas last, Downy appeared in church. His ragged clothes were no hindrance to him; and as my eye rested on him, the tattered clothing was an object of additional interest; for had he husbanded the money spent on his sickly brother and sister, and his other brother's widow and orphan, he might have retained the little holding of land, which