

that he told his physician he might cut him in pieces, if the operation would preserve his life. But the care and exertions of his friends, and his own anxiety and fear, were in vain. Nature gave way in the struggle, and he passed to the eternal world.

Many remember Edwin S——, his elastic form and blooming cheek, his high hopes, and the sudden visitation which took him from his home and the world of the living. In a little inclosure, now fast filling, the earth was opened for the first time to deposit him in her bosom. May those who look upon, or think of his early grave, be warned to prepare for a sudden call, and particularly to "remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."

M. H. C.

KINDNESS.

"Now, let us run off to the meadow," said George to his brother Arthur; "let us make the most of our holiday, this fine morning. A good game at bat and ball will be just the thing."

"Agreed," said Arthur, and away went the little boys, very happy to have got leave to enjoy the fine autumn weather.

As they went along they saw many village children going to a nut grove not far off. Arthur and George hoped that they would find plenty of nuts; for they knew the poor people sometimes made a good profit by selling what their children brought home.

Presently they met a little girl, whom they knew to be the child of a poor widow; for they had often seen her and her brother driving birds from the corn, and in other ways earning a penny to help their mother. Their mamma also had told them that poor as they were, those two children set an example to many above them. They

never were known to quarrel; they were dutiful, and loving, and the Sunday school teachers said none could be fonder of learning out of the Holy Bible about God and the Lord Jesus Christ than Mary and James Booth.—But now Mary looked very sad, and she walked slower than usual; so George called out to her, and asked if her brother was gone to the nutting without her. Mary said, "Please, sir, brother is ill, very ill indeed; and I am going by myself, to try to get a few nuts to sell, that mother may buy him something to do him good."

"Poor little girl," said George, when they had passed her; "if I had any money I would give her some to help her sick brother."

"She will not get many nuts," said Arthur, "for there is a great scramble, and she, all alone, poor thing, will be pushed away by the big and strong ones." Then George said, "I will tell you what; though we have no money, we might help the little girl as well as if we had a shilling or more."

"How, George?"

"Why, do you not remember papa showed us a fine nut-tree down the lane? and he said we might go some fine day and gather the nuts for ourselves; and, you know, we were going to keep them till our cousins come."

"Yes," said Arthur; "and we shall get them next week."

"But I was thinking, if we were to gather them now, and give them to little Mary; to be sure we should lose our own nutting."

"And our game of bat and ball this fine day," said Arthur. And then the two little boys looked at each other, as if it was too hard to give up so much for a stranger.

But the thought of poor James on his sick bed, and Mary's sorrowful face among the merry shouting nutters, and the small handful that she would