

with hands, but is eternal ; not in this perishing world, but in the heavens. And the passage from this life to that, is not to *die* as the world speaks of death ; it is to fall asleep on earth, and awake with God—*The Mentor*.

THE CHILD'S REQUEST.

In the town of C——, in Germany, there was a little boy who lost his father when he was very young ; and as his mother was thus deprived of the chief means for their support, and was very poor, she was unable to continue giving her little boy the same schooling as before. But the little boy I am telling you of had lost his papa, and I dare say his poor mother was often at a loss how to give him all the food and clothing she thought desirable for him. He was particularly sorry not to be able to go on with his instruction, and wished very much indeed to be received into a school or institution he knew something about, which had been established by the Moravians, a society of pious people who have in many places instituted similar schools for educating little boys and girls, bringing them up in the fear of the Lord. His mother was also very desirous that he should go there ; but she had no money, and no friends who could help her in this. Happily, however, this little boy had heard of Jesus, who is the Friend of the friendless, and who has said, in his precious word,—“Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not,” (Matt. xix. 14,) and who also declares himself the Father of the fatherless. (Psalm lxxviii. 5.) He believed what Jesus said, and wished to go to him. “But how shall I go to Jesus ?” said he to himself ; “O, I know what I will do ; I will write

him a letter, in which I will tell him all.” This he did nearly in the following words :—

“MY DEAR SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST,—I have lost my father ; we are very poor ; but thou hast said in thy word, that all we ask of God, in thy name, he will do it for us. I believe what thou hast said, Lord Jesus. I pray, thee, then, O my God, in the name of Jesus, to supply my mother with the means of placing me in the Moravian Institution. I should like so much to continue to get instruction. I pray thee, very kind Jesus, do this. I love thee already, but I will love thee yet more. Give me also wisdom, and every good thing. Good bye,” &c.

The child then folded up the letter, and addressed it, “To our Lord Jesus Christ, in Heaven.” Then, quite in earnest, and his heart full of hope, he put it in the post.

You see, this writing a letter was only another way of praying to God. He had not been taught, poor little fellow ! that he might go and pray to Jesus for what was in his heart, and that if his Father who is in heaven saw it was good for him, he would give it him ; so he wrote to him, which was the only way he knew of to ask anything from some one he could not see and speak to.

But you will see what happened to this little boy and his letter. The post-master, when he was sorting the letters, on looking at the direction, concluded it came from a mad person, and threw it on one side ; but after having finished his work, he again took it up, and examined the writing, and, observing it was that of a child, opened it, and, being touched by the simplicity of the child-like prayer, showed it to a Moravian brother of his acquaint-