

Sally, and held out "The Psalmist," and "Gems of Sacred Poetry." The last was bought, but the youth soon came back—"I say, you've sold me a methodist book, and not a song book." "A methodist book, sir; oh! that be a great mistake; it be a song book, for it is full of the blessed songs of Zion." The kind manner of the old woman and her clever replies so pleased the youth that he kept the book; and who can tell but he too might find it a blessing to his soul.

In this way Old Sally scattered abroad the seeds of the Kingdom.—Every day on setting out she prayed to God for his blessing, and she got it.

With much labour she learned to read; and then her books were not only a blessing to others, but a great comfort to herself. At last she went to London; and, when calling on the minister who first helped her in her work, she was asked what sights she wished to see. "Sights, sir! Oh, I only wish to see your chapel, and the place where they make all the good books that I do sell!" These wishes were soon satisfied; and as she looked around on the pile of books filling the shelves of the Tract Society's Depository she was filled with wonder. "And," now she said, "I want to see the gentlemen who wrote these books." But that could not be; and Sally returned to her home, to wait the day when she shall see them all, we hope, before God's throne in heaven. There, young reader, may you met them and her to talk over what you have done for Christ on earth. Be sure of this, in that great day the joys and glory of each will be, not that they conquered kingdoms, gathered wealth, or won high honours here, but that they did something to put bright jewels in the Saviour's crown and stock heaven with glorious saints. That something poor Sally did, and if she in her poverty, her ignorance, and her meanness could do it, cannot you? Oh, yes! Each can do something!

Young reader, do it—do it now. Do it with all your might. And who can tell but that, with Sally and the holy men who wrote her books, you too at last may shine in the brightness of heaven for ever.

### The Praying Mother.

Can we pray too much? No, we cannot. God likes to hear us pray; he is never tired of listening to us. Is he not kind? Men are soon tired of hearing beggars ask for money, but men are not like God.

When Jesus the Son of God was in this world, he cured a great many people who were sick; he just spoke, and they were made well. Sometimes he wished to be alone, for Jesus was a man as well as God, and he had need of food and sleep. One day he went into a house, and he did not want any body to know where he was gone. But people soon asked each other where he was, and they found out the place.

There was one poor woman who longed very much to see him. I do not think she had ever seen him, but she had heard of him. She had been brought up to worship idols; she did not belong to the people of Israel, who worshipped the true God. No, she was a poor heathen, but Jesus cares for the poor heathen; and you will see how kind he was at last to this poor woman.

She had a little girl very ill at home. A wicked spirit, called a devil, tormented her. The mother knew that Jesus could make her little daughter well, so she went to the house where he was. I do not know whether Jesus was still in the house. I think he had come out of it, and was walking. His friends were with him. There were twelve men who went about with Jesus from place to place, and he called them his friends, and his disciples.

When the poor woman saw Jesus, she cried out, "Have mercy on me, O