

I have now given three little lessons: 1st. Always seek to do others good: it will come to you again. 2nd. Do not murmur under difficulties; no cloud but has its silver lining. 3rd. Give your heart to God in your youth, remembering your need of the Holy Spirit and encouragement to expect His gracious operation on your heart. Read and ponder Luke xi., 13.

"Alpheus," it will be noticed, has marked the above excellent original article "No. 1," so that it looks as we might hear from him again. We hope so.

The following selection has been kindly forwarded by a lady from Titusville, N. B.:

THE DYING BOY'S GIFT.

A few years ago there lived a little boy in this city who had an aunt residing at a small village on the Mississippi river. This aunt was once on a visit to her relations and friends in the East, and one Lord's Day she took this little boy with her to church. After the services were over and while her mind was filled with the solemn and pleasing impressions of the sanctuary, she talked with Willie about the goodness of God and the love of the Saviour in permitting them to enjoy such privileges. As she spoke of these things she thought of her distant home in the far West, and the few opportunities the people there had of attending upon the services of God's house, and with deep feelings she exclaimed, "Oh, Willie! how I wish the people at M—— had a church, that they might together worship their God and Saviour." This remark made a deep impression on Willie's mind, and he often thought of it afterwards. Some time after this, Willie was taken sick and confined to his bed. Every attention was bestowed upon him, physicians and friends did all they could to restore him to health, but God thought it best to take him to His heavenly home, and so He did not permit him to get well. During his sickness he talked a good deal with his mother about the Sabbath school and about the Saviour. A little while before he died he asked his mother to bring him his little money box. When she brought it and laid it by him on the bed, he put his hand upon it, and said to his mother, "Mamma, I am now going to die, and I want you to take my money and build a church in M—— for aunty." Very soon after uttering these words his sweet spirit was borne by angels to his Father's house in heaven. His father and mother and sisters and brothers felt very sorrowful, for they loved Willie dearly, but they were comforted by the thought that Jesus had taken him to Himself and that they would meet him again. Willie's mother often thought of the money box and the little treasure which it contained. She wondered how she could ever accomplish Willie's wish about building a church in the far West. She prayed that God would direct her in her efforts, and God has been helping ever since. She went to some of her friends and told them what Willie had said, and they gladly promised to help her. In a short time she collected five hundred dollars, and put this sum, with what was found in Willie's box, into the bank, where it now remains, ready to be used as soon as it is needed. Before long, a church will be built where Willie's aunt lives, and then all his last wish expressed in this world be fulfilled. How happy his mother must be in having such a memorial of her dear