

I readily assented, but kept them both for a little while to play with. Unfortunately, I lost one, and hunted the room over, but could not find it. With tearful eyes I told my mother, who quietly remarked, "Well, Walter, which penny is lost, yours or the missionary penny?" I thought the matter over a moment, and told her that I thought it must be the missionary, for I had mine left. In a few moments mother said that it was time for me to go to bed, but she wanted me to think over this matter about the pennies, and let her know in the morning which penny was lost? I thought it over, and before I went to sleep, decided that it was my penny that was lost, and the missionary left, which I would put into the contribution box (several of which were fastened up in our house). Early in the morning I bounded out of bed and told my mother my decision. She smiled and said, "That's right, Walter. It was your penny that was lost, but after you went to bed I found it under the lounge, here it is."

NO FEAR, NO HOPE.

Mr. Robert Owen once visited a gentleman who was a believer. In walking out they came to the gentleman's family grave. Owen, addressing him, said "There is one advantage I have over Christians: I am not afraid to die; but if some of my business were settled, I should be perfectly willing to die at any moment." "Why," said his companion, "you say you have no fear of death—have you any hope in death?" After a solemn pause, he replied, "No!" "Then," replied the gentleman, pointing to an ox standing near, "you are on a level with that brute; he has fed till he is satisfied, and stands in the shade, whisking off the flies, and has neither hope nor fear."—*Sword and Trowel*.

HIS PRAYER.

In all the literature of sacred experience that has grown around that child's prayer of the Christian world, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc., we have seen few narratives more affecting than this. It was told by the pastor of St. John's Church, New York. Part of the wall of a burnt house, he said, had fallen on a six or seven-year-old boy, and terribly mangled him. Living in the neighbourhood, I was called in to see the stricken household.

The little sufferer was in intense agony. Most of his ribs were broken, his breast-bone crushed, and one of his limbs fractured in two places. His breathing was short and difficult. He was evidently dying.

I spoke a few words to him of Christ, the ever-present and precious Friend of children, and then, with his mother and an older sister, knelt before his bed. Short and simple was our prayer. Holding the lad's hand in mine, I repeated the children's Gospel: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." He disengaged his hand from mine, and folded his. We rose from our knees. His mind began to wander. He called his mother.

"I'm sleepy, mamma, and want to say my prayers."

"Do so, my darling," replied the sobbing mother.

Now I lay me—down—to sleep;
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul—to keep—
If I—should—die."

And then he was beyond the river of death. On the wings of that simple prayer, that had borne so many of the lambs into the Good Shepherd's bosom, his soul had sped to Him that gave it. I can see his little figure, with clasped hand and closed eyes, like a sleeping angel, before me this moment, though more than nine years have passed since the accident.

HER FATHER'S BIBLE.

A father died after a long illness, a clergyman, leaving several children, all quite young; but on his death-bed putting into the hand of his little girl, Mary, his *Bible*. It was well used, and had been his companion in many a weary hour.

After a few years, Mary, then about fifteen, fell ill of the same lingering disease her papa had gone through. She was very reserved, never saying one word that was in her mind to strangers; and one day a friend who lived near was asked by Mary's widowed mother to go and see her little girl, who would have to lie a long time on her bed of suffering, for abscesses were forming on her body, and spinal disease would prevent her moving.

But when this friend went, poor little Mary was so nervous and reserved, it was a long while before she could tell whether she liked her going at all. But God gave a *key* which unlocked Mary's heart. Her friend saw a Bible under Mary's pillow, or lying near, and asked