

Four chapels recede from the octagon, which are marked in the ground plan by figures. In the first recess or entrance chapel the ceiling is decorated with a painting representing the soul in happiness, copied by T. Frankl from a sketch by the Princess Royal. On either side of the entrance gates are paintings of St. Peter and St. Paul. St. Peter holds the keys.

In the second or left recess or chapel of the Nativity the ceiling is decorated with a painting of the Annunciation by T. Frankl, after Raphael.

In the third or centre recess or chapel of the Resurrection, on the ceiling, is a painting of the Ascension. Below stands a small table of pure white marble. On it lie two books, at one end the Queen's Book of Common Prayer, plainly bound in purple; at the other, a Bible presented to Prince Albert by the University of Oxford in 1841.

In the fourth or right recess, or Chapel of the Crucifixion, the ceiling is decorated with a picture of the 'Bearing of the Cross,' by T. Frankl. The large picture of the 'Crucifixion' is by Consoni, kept as nearly as possible to Raphael's style.

All these treasures of art have been almost hidden treasures. So secluded are the surrounding gardens that the black-birds, thrushes and nightingales might well think these groves and lawns were made for their undisturbed enjoyment. The gates were never opened except for two or three hours on Dec. 14, after the Royal Family had met in the mausoleum to join in a short service, at which the Dean of Windsor officiated. The choir of St. George's Chapel sang selected psalms and hymns. Before they separated the Queen, her children and grandchildren placed wreaths of immortelles round the sarcophagus. When the carriages had driven away the people would try to flock in, but very few of the many who longed to enter had the privilege or could obtain permission to do so.

### Little Ned.

On my way to visit some families who lived by the river-side, I rested a few moments to complete the perusal of a little book which I had been reading. I had scarcely sat down when I thought I heard a rustling among the bushes behind me. I listened and heard one say: 'Oh, God, I'm in a great big world, I dinna hae a friend, but my teacher bade me to pray if I was in a strait.' I was a little startled at the time, but went over the paling to see who it was, and on reaching the spot, I found a young lad lying very helpless. On asking him how it was that he was here, he related to me the following painful story: 'I'm no weel, an' I was just trying to go down to the Parochial Board; but I wasna' able, so I lay down here, oot 'o sicht. My father is deid langsyne, an' my mither ran awa' and left me and my wee brither; but he is awa' to a big toon, an' I was wonderin' if the Parochial Board wud send me, tae.' Such was my introduction to 'Little Ned.' I helped him up, and into the town, and found that no present relief could be got from the Board.

I then secured lodgings for him, and provided him with something to eat; and after he was finished, I took the opportunity of speaking to him about his soul and about Jesus coming into this world to save the lost. He looked me right in the face, and said, 'Oh, sir, dae ye think I wud hae ony chance wi' God? Ye see I canna read.' I then left him in charge of the

woman to see to his wants. In a week or two after this he seemed to have become deeply interested, and expressed a wish to be taught to read. He was very stiff to start in learning, but was soon able to master the little words, and often amused himself in his lodgings by spelling the little words, and finding out their meaning.

By this time he had got a little better, and it was thought advisable to send him to the country for a change, but he seemed very unwilling to go. When I asked him his reasons, he replied, 'I'm feared to gang awa', for ye ken my soul is no saved yet. I have prayed and prayed and dune what ye bade me, but I canna see throo't.' Just at this time a young man from one of our large towns visited him, and spoke to him from the text, 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life;' and said, 'You see it is whosoever believeth in him should not perish, not whosoever readeth, but whosoever believeth.' At this time, a little light dawned into his mind, and he took up the New Testament, and said, 'Oh, Jesus, I wish I was able to read your Word.'

During his stay in the country, he did not get any better, and came back again very much cast down. A Christian neighbor, a true soul-winner, who won his heart's affections and confidence, often went to see him. One day he said to her, 'I just ken enough to make me sad. I ken a gey lot about sin; naebod needs to tell me about that. If I was to tell ye a' that I ken, I wud fleg you. I dinna ken muckle about Jesus, but I wud like to ken that I was saved.'

She spoke with him very kindly, and prayed with him, and then said, 'Now, go to your own room, and give yourself right away to Jesus, telling him that he said, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."' From that day he never doubted his own interest in the Saviour. One day after that, as he sat by the fire-side, he said, 'Mony a day I sat beside you, and wondered, and wearied, and was feared about my soul, but I'm no feared noo, for I ken Jesus, an' he kens me.' He was often heard saying, 'Precious Jesus, I canna' read your Bible, but I ken yoursel', and you have said you will never leave me.' He was very much overcome the first time he heard these words of the Psalmist, 'When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' He asked if Jesus had said these words, and said, 'Ay, he kent a' about it.'

Very often he was anxious about his mother, and would often say, 'I wish I knew where she was, for I would like to see her and speak to her.' During the winter he heard that she was in one of our large cities, and as we saw that his stay here would not be long, we made enquiry about her, found her out, and sent word to her, that if she wanted to see him, she might come out. The following day we received a letter, stating that she would come to see him on Saturday. He looked so pleased, and said, 'I hope she will not come "drunk."' When Saturday came, he wearied very much for the hour which would bring them together. The meeting was a very touching one, as is very often the case when a lost mother and child meet. Though much overcome, he did not seem to have much to say. He asked for his little brother, and said: 'Do you think he will dee like me? He'll no hae ony body to tell him about Jesus.' He wished her

to sit near him, and seemed as if he had something to say to her; so we left them alone for a time, and he told her how he was saved, and that he was going to heaven, and that he would like to meet her there. He told her 'that Jesus was able to save her, as he had saved big sinners afore noo.' But all that she wanted to know was, if he could not give her some help, or if he could not spare some of the money that was given him to pay his board. He was very much troubled at this, and turned his face to the wall and wept bitterly. Some days after, he said, 'Weel, I have seen my mother, but I do not want to see her again, for she is still living in sin and all that I can do is to pray for her.'

One day that hymn was sung to him:—

'Washed in the blood of the Lamb,'

and he said, 'It will soon be my turn to go through the gates, for I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.' He seemed to have no fear of the valley of the shadow of death. Two days before he died, he asked his friend and myself to sit down beside him. 'Now,' he says, 'I'm gaun awa', and I canna thank ye richt for a' you have dune for me. Aye, when I was goin' to do it, there was something grew in my throat, which was like to choke me. Siller would pay some folk for a' they hae done; but siller would never pay you. But Jesus will pay you when you come home.' During the following day he was very ill, and had a severe struggle. His friend took hold of his hands but he pushed her away, and after he came round he looked up and said, 'You wasna' angry wi' me for doin' yon, for I was feared I wud cling to you. I want to be wholly Christ's.' Soon after he calmly passed away, his latest words being, 'I'll be looking out for you on Canaan's happy shore.'

This poor lad had not long known the story of the cross, but its teachings had touched his heart, and he clung to the Saviour with unquestioning and childlike trust. How blessed it would be if, like him, every Sabbath scholar could from the heart say, 'I ken Jesus, and Jesus kens me.'

### The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN EPHESIANS.

Feb. 17, Sun.—Put on the whole armor of God.

Feb. 18, Mon.—We wrestle not against flesh and blood.

Feb. 19, Tues.—Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth.

Feb. 20, Wed.—And having on the breastplate of righteousness.

Feb. 21, Thur.—Taking the shield of faith.

Feb. 22, Fri.—The sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

Feb. 23, Sat.—Praying always.

Practice teaching the lesson in your mind if you can't in any other way, before going to your class. Distinction in any line in most cases, has been achieved through much practice. Right here in our own city we have an illustration of that. A young man who exhibited very little oratorical ability, yet patiently studied and practiced the art of speaking, and for months each day practiced his piece as before large audiences, and so each time he has appeared on the stage has won fresh laurels as a speaker. And is the responsibility of teaching God's Word to immortal souls of less value than worldly honors? 'S. S. Teacher.'