

beseechingly at him said, "I am dying, going, I know not where. Couldn't you make a prayer for me? I don't know how to pray,"—but the boy only shook his head. He could do many things; he was looked upon as clever and smart by his companions, but he had never prayed,—he knew not how. "I cannot pray," he replied. "Then could you say me a text, *one* little text?" but again he shook his head. "I would gladly," he afterwards remarked, "have given all I possessed to remember one verse of scripture, but I could not."

And so that young life passed away with none to tell of the wonderful love of God in giving His only Son to die for poor sinners. What passed between him and his God we know not, in that last sad hour; he spoke to none on earth again.

We would not take from the solemnity of this sad incident, which is strictly true, by adding words of our own, but would simply put to the reader this question—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul"?

WHATEVER your state, come to Jesus, and you will find that He is always gracious, that He has always grace. The disciples would send some away when they brought young children to Jesus. They thought that He must not be approached. Jesus took them up in His arms and blessed them.