

shut their mouths, so they couldn't bite at all?"

"Couldn't they growl, either?"

"Well, I don't know for sure about that; but I know God could make them stop growling if He wanted to, for I can tell you God can do anything."

"Well, Willie, if he can do anything, I wish he would make mamma come home."

"May be He will if we ask Him to."

Clasping her little hands together, Edie said, "Oh, God, please make mamma come home, and make it light so we can see."

"Why, Edie, that isn't the way to pray; we must kneel down, and try to think what a big God He is, and how He knows all about whether we have been good or not."

"Then let's kneel down, and you pray."

They knelt down, and Willie repeated the Lord's Prayer, and then said, "Please God, we know we have been very naughty lots of times, but we want you to help us to be good. Please take care of us, and make mamma come home quick, for we are all alone."

Edie then said her little prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

They arose from their knees with a peace of mind they could not express, and, young as they were, they realized a perfect trust in the willingness and ability of God to care for them under any circumstances.

### THE UNEXPECTED SWAP.

FOR THE YOUNG.

Mr. B—— and his old white mare travelled round the country selling and giving away Bibles; selling to people who could pay, and giving them to those who had nothing to pay with.

One July day Mr. B—— was on his way to one of the poorest neighbourhoods in northern New Hampshire, when he looked up and saw a boy coming down the road.

"A ragged-looking fellow that," he

thought, "and most likely he cannot read, never was at school, and of course has no Bible, nor ever a penny towards paying for one."

But first impressions are not always correct. The man and the boy met. The man stopped his horse, and politely said, "Good day." "Good day, sir," answered the boy. A short talk took place. Mr. B—— found the boy had been to school and could read. "And have you a Testament?" asked the Bible man. The boy put his hand into his old trowsers' pocket, and drew out half of a worn, torn, dingy Testament. Mr. B—— was taken by glad surprise; for it was about the last thing he was looking for.

"I read it every day, and prize it very much," said the boy.

"Would you not like to swap it for a new one?" asked the Bible-man.

"I should like a whole new one above all things," said the boy; "but yours is worth most, and I have no money to pay the boot." The gentleman gladly gave him one; indeed, he gave him two, one for school, and one to carry in his pocket for daily use. Never was a boy more surprised and grateful.

"That boy is beginning life right," said the Bible-man as he rode away, thanking God for the pleasant meeting.

Eighteen years after, he happened to pass again that way; and having occasion to speak in the Sabbath-school, he told the story, and asked what had become of the lad.

The answer was just what would be expected; for "the boy is father of the man." A thoughtful, earnest, noble boy, generally becomes a thoughtful, earnest, noble man. What the boy had been among the woods of New Hampshire, he was as a young man in the mills of Massachusetts, and as an older man on the prairie of a western state. He was a man honoured and influential wherever he went; and the world was better for his living in it.—*American Child's Paper.*