

The tea things are removed, and the babe lies now in her cradle, as they sit again together around the cheerful fire and resume their conversation.

W.—“Well, my dear, what do you intend to do?”

B.—“To-morrow morning I start for London. Upon my way there I will inquire wherever I can for another situation, and if I do not meet with one I will get a place for a short time in London, where I can improve myself in botany, which I have so much wanted to do.”

W.—“It seems a long way for you to go, and it will take you a long time away from us, but if it is necessary I will try to bear your absence as well as I can. Poor little Sally, though, will miss her pa so much.

B.—“Yes. It's full one hundred and fifty miles, but that old Roman road, Watling Street, goes pretty straight there, and I shall get over the ground pretty smartly.”

W.—“When do you think you will reach London?”

B.—“Well, in about a week, but I cannot tell thee when I'll be back to my home; but I have saved a little money and thou musn't stint thyself nor the babe, for though this seems a dark day I believe the Lord will provide for us. While I feel an assurance that I possess the kingdom of God and His righteousness, I can confidently trust in the Lord for every other blessing.”

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### IT'S HARD TO DIE WITHOUT GOD.

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NOT long since, having to supply one of the pulpits in the town of St. C——, I was asked on the Saturday evening to visit a young man, who was lying dangerously ill in one of the hotels. On entering the room, I found him stretched upon his bed, apparently in the greatest agony. He was a stalwart looking young man, just in the prime of manhood; but there he lay helpless as a child, and evidently in a very dangerous condition.

A severe cold and its sudden settlement upon the lungs, had unexpectedly prostrated him, so that at the hour of my visit, the doctor considered him in a very critical state, and by no means out of danger.