

## LITTLE MINNIE'S DREAM.

Dear little Minnie came down to breakfast with her cheeks rosy, and her bright eyes having such a depth to them, that papa and mamma both saw it. Mamma said, with a smile, "Have the bright angels been in your dreams, Minnie, that you look so happy?"

"I think they were almost, mamma," said Minnie, "for I have had a curious dream. I thought I was in a deep, dark wood, and I didn't know the way out. I could hear wild beasts howling dreadfully not far away, and I was afraid they would come and find me, by-and-by. When it grew very dark, I called and called, and cried because I was afraid. Just then there came out of the dark, a tall, strong man, and oh, with such a noble face! and as he looked down into my eyes, he said, 'What, is my little girl lost in this great wood?' Then, when I still cried—but now for joy that I wasn't alone—he took my hand in his, and led me on through the woods. Then I said, 'I'm afraid the wild beasts will bite us.' 'You are in no danger while I am with you,' he said. 'I can keep them all off.' And he looked as if he could; for he seemed so strong and brave, and his face had such a calm, kind look, that I knew nothing could frighten him. So we walked on through the wood, and when I was tired he took me in his arms, and I felt so safe, and I could hear his great heart beat. But I loved better to walk by his side and hold his hand. By-and-by we came to a great rock, that rose right up in the path, and I didn't know what we could do. So I looked up to see his face, because I thought he had lost his way, too. You can't think how calm and kind he looked then. But I was afraid when he pointed to a hole in the rock, and said, 'Here is a dark way through the rock, and it is the only way out of the wood. Will my little girl be afraid to trust herself to me, and go with me down into it?' I wasn't a bit afraid when I looked into his face again, and thought how kindly he had led me and carried me so far through the wood. So I told him I'd trust myself to him any where—only I didn't like the cold and damp of the dark cave. Then he said to me, 'Stoop down, Minnie, and look into the cave.' O, mamma you can't think what I saw. Through the dark, that only went a little way, I saw such a beautiful place, where people were going over such smooth, green lawns, where fountains were playing, and sweet music was sounding—I could just hear the music, and oh, it was better than any I ever heard before. There were children there, too, beautifully dressed. Mamma, I didn't feel a bit afraid of the dark. So I took hold of the dear, strong man's hand again, and we were just going into the cave when I woke up. I was so sorry to wake up, dear mamma."

When mamma told Minnie that just such a great wood our life is, and that there are great wild beasts, called Temptations, that come to destroy people that are lost in it, little Minnie loved better the dear Saviour, who is the strong man that leads those who put their hands in his, out of the dark wood.

Mamma told Minnie, that the dark passage through the rock was just like death, which looked dark and cold and damp, till one had looked through it—as Jesus teaches us to do.—*Christian Mirror*.