

the Saviour he loved so well, and it was not long before I found Him. I commenced to preach the gospel at once, and have had nine happy years. My friend has gone to the other side. I expect to 'stay on the ship,' and meet him there."

MY OLD BIBLE.

I can remember the time when the old Bible which now lies beside me was quite new; it is many years since it was given me; but I still like to look back to the bright May morning when I first saw it, and to think of all the pleasure and comfort the dear old Book has given me since.

When first I had it, I was a little child, and knew very little; everything seemed so strange—heaven and God seemed so far off. I used often to think and wonder about them, but could not understand much of what was told me. When I got my Bible it seemed like something coming straight from heaven, and ever after I seemed happier and more satisfied. This is how it happened:—

When I was six years old, we all went to stay with a kind aunt near London. We had a happy time there, for our aunt gave us a great many toys and treats, and liked to see us happy and merry. One day she gave us each half-a-crown; mine looked larger and brighter than any half-crown I have ever seen since, for it was my first, and was all my own, to spend as I pleased. My brother, who was four years old, and Carrie, who was three, each had a half-crown too. We ran off to show them to nurse, who promised to take us the next day to spend our money. We talked of it all the evening, and nurse asked us again and again what we would get. Henry wanted so many things—a drum, a horse, a whip, and a watering-pot. Carrie said directly she would have a new pussy; and I could not say anything.

Now I knew well enough what I wanted. I had thought of it for months, and had sometimes cried when I was quite alone at night because my longed-for treasure never came. But I was a silly, shy child, and instead of asking for what I wanted, was even too shy to buy it for myself

when the money was given me. Now that I am quite grown up, I do not mind telling you all that it was a Bible. I wanted to have a Bible of my very own, that I could always keep in sight, and read at any time. How I wished nurse would guess the right thing. She offered me a doll, or a doll's bed or a tea-set, but all day long she never proposed a Bible.

To-morrow came at last; I kept looking at the half-crown, and wished I had the courage to ask nurse to buy me a Bible; but it was no use, the words would not come.

As we walked across the common on the way to the toy-shop. Harry whispered to me—

"Tell me what you want; are you sure you won't have a new doll?"

The idea of taking home a doll instead of a Bible was more than I could bear, and the tears would come.

Harry, seeing them, said, "Never mind, don't cry; I'll tell nurse you want a doll." So he ran back and said, "Sister wants a nice new doll," and I had not the courage to say anything else, having once overheard nurse saying that it was not natural-like the way that child asked questions of a Sunday.

We soon reached the shop. Carrie got a soft pussy; Harry got a watering-pot, and they bought for me a doll with a wax head, pink cheeks, and hair and eyes as black as my own. It did look so ugly; its black eyes stared at me all the way home, and seemed to say, "You silly child, why did you not say what you wanted to buy?"

After tea, we had to take our toys downstairs to show to our aunt. She was pleased with them all, and said the doll was very pretty. I felt quite cross with it, and took a pin off the work-table and gave it a good scratch under its chin, because it was not a Bible. How glad I was when it was put away in the drawer for the night; I could not bear the sight of it. It was bad enough in bed the night before, when I could not make up my mind to ask for the Bible; but it was much worse this night to think that the Book was as far off as ever, and an ugly, pink-faced, black-eyed, curly doll was come in its place, all through my own fault.

At last I could bear it no longer, so I