

## HARRY'S PRAYER.

Little Harry C— had been folded into his warm crib. "And now, Harry," said his mother seriously, "say your prayer." To her surprise the child refused. "Harry," she asked, "who has taken care of you to day?" "Mamma, I s'pose." Can mother keep her little boy alive?" "No, mamma, God does that." And yet my boy will not thank Him. When your father and mother are asleep, who will watch over you to-night?

His blue eyes were full of thought, and tears gathered in them as he said, "I will ask God to take care of me to-night, for it will be all dark and still—but to-morrow Harry can take care of himself." "Harry," said the mother, "you could not take care of yourself for a moment." "Yes, mamma, in the daytime I could." "If God saw fit to take your life, could you prevent it?" "No mamma." "If he should think it best to take away your father, or your mother, anything you have, could you help it?" "No mamma." Yet you will not pray to that kind Father in heaven who gives you your life, your father, your mother, everything you love or enjoy. "No, you can take care of yourself." "I can't mamma, I can't." His eyes were full of tears, as closing them, he folded his small hands and prayed, "Please God, take care of poor Harry, for Jesus' sake, for he can never, never take care of himself."

A simple prayer, for Harry was but three. A true prayer, for it came from the heart. Harry will never be more truly wise, than when thus feeling his entire dependence upon God.—*Child's Paper.*

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## Obituary.

### PLINY V. HIBBARD.

You have not much room in a monthly journal for obituary notices; perhaps, however, you will find a corner in which to notice the decease of a servant of our Lord, who was well and favourably known in the eastern section of Canada. A number of years since he was employed by our Bible Society to visit the French parishes with the bible. He exhibited much tact and skill in this work, and succeeded in lodging copies of the scriptures in nearly all the parishes of the country. Of course, he was bitterly opposed, though not often insulted, for his spirit was kindly, and his manners urbane. There can be no doubt that the seed of life then sown broadcast over the country, has already yielded precious fruit, and will yet produce more. After completing this mission, he returned to the ordinary avocations of life; yet in the midst of business he never lost his interest in the services and prosperity of Zion. For several later years, filial affection provided him with a comfortable home at St. Andrew's, C.E., where he died most peacefully and happily, the middle of last month. He was for many years a member of the church under my care, and died in communion with it. On the first Lord's day in November, he was present with us at the communion, in feeble health, but capable of enjoying the service: and then he went home to die. He was a man of an eminently catholic spirit, loving and labouring with all who love our Lord Jesus: an effect of which was the noticeable fact, that the ministers of at least three, if not four, denominations visited him with much tenderness of interest during the last two days of his life. His death chamber was a place of song. At his request such hymns as "There is a land of pure delight," and "Jesus lover of my soul" were sung with trembling voices and amidst the tears of those surrounding him. Being asked if he suffered pain, his reply was, "Nothing in comparison to what my Saviour suffered." On Friday evening, the 18th, he laid him down not again to rise. Towards midnight it was seen that his hour had come, his favourite hymns were sung while he lay speechless—but indicating that he could hear; and while surrounding children and friends were singing "Bright angels are from glory come," the pulse became motionless and our friend was gone to be with the Lord whom he loved. We sympathize with the widow and the fatherless, yet is there in this death a sense of completeness: none were dependent upon him, and, having reached the verge of three score years and ten his work was finished.

Montreal, 20th Dec., 1859.

H. W.