

But, dear children, listen to the end; but while I know it will make you sad, and perhaps bring a tear to your eyes, it may do you good for a lifetime. *I kept little Eddie's penny!*

As soon as I felt it in my hand, all covered with mud as it was, I forgot all the lessons I had learned at home and at the Sunday school. I forgot about God—that his eyes were looking right down on me. The wicked one entered into me, as you know he once did into Judas, when for money he betrayed the blessed Saviour. I sold my honor, my good feelings, and my truthfulness all for a penny.

I searched a little longer after I had washed it and contrived to hide it, and then putting on a sad face, told little Eddie that I could not find it—that there was no use in looking any longer for it.

O how the big tears swelled in his eyes as with a disappointed look, he turned away! How mean I felt! I felt guilty, as well I might, for I had already broken three of God's commandments.—I had coveted; that led me to steal; and then came, in regular order, the lie, to cover up all. Alas! what one sin leads to!

Many years have gone by since that wicked act. Since then I have asked God to pardon me for that and many other sins I have committed; and though I love my Saviour, and hope that, in his mercy, the sins of my youth and of my riper years will not be remembered against me, yet I can never blot out of my memory's page the dark spot which that muddy penny has imprinted upon it.—*Our Children's Magazine.*

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#### THE PRIEST SILENCED.

A Romish priest was once talking to a clever boy, belonging to his parish, who had been attending a Protestant school in the neighbourhood. The priest tried to persuade him to give up his Testament and pray to the Virgin to take care of him and keep him from danger and harm.

"Plase your riverence," said the boy, "I read in the gospel that when the Virgin was on earth, in going home from Jerusalem she lost her son. She could'nt tell where he had gone, and was three days before she found him. Now, if she could'nt take better care than that of her own child, who was so near to her, I'm thinking its little care she'll take of me, who am so far away from her!"

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#### GOD LOVES ME; OR THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

A certain man, who had been for some years a consistent professor of religion, was perplexed to know why he should meet with so many misfortunes as he did. He was fully convinced that he was a sinner, and that all sorrow was the result of sin. But still, why he should be so much more afflicted than his brethren he could not understand. It seemed to him that others could succeed in their various undertakings, and that their cup of prosperity was filled to the brim. But as for him, adversity met him at every step. He was doomed to disappointment in every wordly scheme he attempted. He did not want to indnlge a Pharisaical spirit, but really he could not see what he had done so much worse than his fellows to merit such adversity.

One day, while brooding over his misfortunes, the thought came on him with unwanted power, that "he was a child of God, and that God loved him." And then, quick as thought, he recalled the expression of the Apostle; "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."

"Ah," he said, "God loves me; and the mystery is solved! Here I have been harboring for many years a feeling of complaint against God because he did not allow me the same measure of prosperity that he did my neighbors, when if I had taken thought I might have seen in all my misfortunes constant evidence that God loved me!"

Here is the happy point! To realize the precious truth that God loves me! To believe with the whole heart that all my disappointments and troubles are permitted by a kind and loving Father, for my everlasting good! To be able to