

worth while for us to kneel down for a few moments and thank him for keeping our heart beating all night, would it George?" George made no answer.

And then, while we are busy with our work, and play, and studies, who is to keep our heart in motion, and the blood running in our veins all day, George?" "God," answered George. "Yes, no one but God can do this," said his mother; "Is it not worth while, then, to ask him to take care of us through the day?" George hung his head, and answered, "Yes mamma."

"Then there are a thousand common blessings," said his mother; "so common that we forget that they *are* blessings—such as the air we breathe, the water we drink, the food we eat, the clothes we wear; all these come to us from the hand of God: for though you may think that we provide some of these things for ourselves, yet without God our blessings would not continue a moment. The other day I passed a house, but it was such a wretched desolate looking place, that I did not suppose it possible that any one could live there. The door was standing half open, and the snow had drifted far into the lower room. Happening to raise my eyes to the upper part of this forlorn dwelling, I noticed a window from which every pane of glass was broken out and their place supplied by bundles of dirty rags and papers. There were two panes left, and out of these were anxiously looking the faces of two little children. I immediately crossed the street, and entered the building. The staircase was so old, and broken, that I almost feared to trust myself upon it! but managed to climb up to the loft, when, pushing aside the board which served for a door, I saw the most wretched place I had supposed possible before I entered it: there was a stove to be sure, but there was no fire in it; and

those two little children—a girl of five, and a boy of three years old—were shivering there alone. And they had been alone since morning; and thus they passed almost every day. The little girl said their mother went out to look for work; but I feared, if the truth was told, she did not work much, or the family would have been more comfortable."

"Do you never have any fire here, my poor child?" I asked of the little girl. "Oh yes, ma'am," she answered; "but mother always puts it out before she goes away; for she says Willie and I will burn ourselves up."

"Have you anything to eat?" said I. "Mother gave us each a crust before she went away, ma'am; and she said she would bring some bread when she came home to-night; but she stays so long."

"O how my heart ached, George, for these poor little suffering children. I took them some bread, and did what I could to make them comfortable; but it was little I could do, so long as they were in that wretched place. When I left the house, I looked up, and there were the little thin faces again, pressed up to the pane of glass, and watching for the mother who 'stayed away so long.' Now George, why, are you not suffering, and wretched like those little children?" George's heart was so full that he could not answer.

"I will tell you why George; only because God has made you to differ. You are no better than those little children; but while they are suffering, God has placed you in the midst of comforts. Is it not worth while, then to thank him for his great kindness, in making our lot so different from that of many? for there are thousands of poor children, whose suffering are as great as these." "O, yes, dear mamma," answered George.

"And then the greatest and best of