

A PENNY A WEEK AND A PRAYER.

"A penny a week and a daily prayer"—

A tiny gift may be;
But, it helps to do a wonderful work
For our sisters across the sea.

"A penny a week and a daily prayer"—

From our abundant store:
It was never missed, for its place was
filled
By a Father's gift of more.

"A penny a week and a daily prayer"—

'Twas the prayer, perhaps, after a',
That the work has done, and a blessing
bought,
The gift was so very small.

"A penny a week and a daily prayer"—

Freely and heartily given;
The treasures of earth will all melt away—
This is treasure laid up in heaven.

—Sel.

BREAD IN THE DESERT.

A Christian physician tells the following story:—

I was going to California in the year 1850, across the plains. We had used up all our provisions. Our last crust of bread was gone. Starvation stared us in the face. We were in a desert, far from all human help. I felt if there ever was a time when I should exercise faith in God now was the time. I went out of the camp, and got down before the Lord and besought him for deliverance.

While I was on my knees pleading for God to help us I was directed to go up a stream that ran near us and I should find bread. I then arose and started, feeling confident that my prayer was answered and that we should find help. It was then nearly dark, and I went on until the last vestige of twilight had disappeared. It was quite dark, but I pressed forward.

Suddenly, as I went around a bend in the creek, I came upon a party of about forty men. The first man I met was a college classmate of mine. They were a party of miners who were out prospecting, and had become bewildered and lost. They had wandered about, supposing they were on the other side of the Nevada mountains. They were well supplied with provisions, and were about to throw away sacks of flour and other articles, of which we stood in need.

They supplied our wants, and we furnished them with some boots and shoes, which they greatly needed, and gave them such information as to their whereabouts and such directions as enabled them to reach the place they desired. We were made a blessing to one another and went on our way rejoicing. I believe God sent us this help just as truly as if he had rained us down bread from heaven.

HOW A MONK WROTE A BIBLE.

The most beautiful volume among the half million in the Congressional Library at Washington is a Bible which was transcribed by a monk in the sixteenth century. It could not be matched to-day in the best printing office in the world.

The parchment is in perfect preservation. Every one of its thousand pages is a study. The general lettering is in German text, each letter perfect, as is every one, in coal-black ink, without a scratch or blot from lid to lid.

At the beginning of each chapter the first letter is very large, usually two or three inches long, and is brightly illuminated in red and blue ink. Within the centre of these capitals is drawn the figure of some saint; some incident of which the chapter tells is illustrated.

There are two columns on a page, and nowhere is traceable the slightest irregularity of line, space, or formation of the letters. Even under a magnifying glass they seem flawless. This precious volume is kept under a glass case, which is sometimes lifted to show that all the pages are as perfect as the two which lie open.

A legend relates that a young man who had sinned deeply became a monk, and resolved to do penance for his misdeeds. He determined to copy the Bible, that he might learn every letter of the divine commands which he had violated. Every day for many years he patiently pursued his task.

When the last touch was given to the last letter, the old man reverently kissed the page and folded the sheets together. The illustrated initials, in perfection of form and brilliancy of colour, surpass anything produced in the present day. With all our boasted progress, nothing either in Europe or America equals it.—*Christian at Work.*