

tion, for she usually read a story or wrote letters during the time Mabel spent daily over her Bible.

Presently, one evening there came to Rose by express a tiny old-fashioned claw-footed candle-stand, and as she finished reading the note that accompanied it, she exclaimed,—

"O Mabel, I shall have to tell you how I happened to receive this pretty gift. I do not in the least deserve it. You see I wrote home all about your reverence for the Bible."—Mabel noticed with pleasure that she did not say superstition—"and grandma writes in reply that the idea is such a beautiful one she is sure it cannot help being a benefit to any person who will follow it out in practice, and so she sends me this little old stand that came from England, and has been in our family for generations, and she hopes it "will help to remind me how much the Bible meant to our Puritan ancestors, and that I shall not lose sight of the fact that this government, founded on scriptural precepts, can only be sustained by a Bible-reading and Bible-loving people." Now, isn't that quite a preaching for one's sweet little old grandma? and wasn't it lovely in her to rob her room of its greatest treasure for poor little unworthy me?"

"Indeed it was," replied Mabel, assisting to remove the wrappings from the little stand. "What a beauty it is? Now, in appreciation, you must make yourself her greatest treasure. You can do it by making yourself a Bible-reader and a Bible lover."

"But I don't know how to do that."

"Read the Bible with me a half-hour regularly every day. Try to read it prayerfully and understandingly."

"But, Mabel dear, I am not a praying girl."

"You ought to be. It is entirely your own fault that you are not, and it is a fault very easily overcome."

Just then the evening mail was brought to the door, and several letters fell to Rose's share.

After looking them over she said, "I think, Mabel, my conscience will not be quite clear until I have confessed that in every letter I have written this term I have indulged in some merriment about you and your Bible, and it has been the means of my finding out that my friends consider me a frivolous young person indeed. They all say how beautiful your spirit of reverence is, and that Bibles are so common in this day and generation that people fall into a habit of treating them with disrespect. They are all rejoicing that I have a room-mate who is a Christian, and trust that my bad habit of turning all serious subjects into ridicule will not prevent you from influencing me for good. Now, is not that a fine record for a young woman of my age and advantages?"

"Is it true?" asked Mabel softly.

"Oh yes, you know it is, although you have made very few attempts to approach me on serious objects. But, Mabel dear," she went on with some hesitation, "I was very much affected by hearing your prayer for me last night. You thought me sleeping, and your voice was very low; but my hearing is acute, and I understood every word. Now I want to know if you believe that God was listening to your prayer."

The young girl looked astonished at the query, but she replied quickly,—

"He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that seek after him."

"Is that in the Bible?"

"Certainly. It is in that beautiful eleventh chapter of Hebrews. It is all about faith, you know."

"I do not know anything in particular about the Bible; I never cared to know before. Do you think, Mabel, that God would listen to me were I to pray to him, seeking to be one of his followers?"

Mabel turned to her little stand, opened her Bible, turned to the passage she wanted, and read aloud,—

"With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

"Can everything be answered out of the Bible, Mabel?"

"I do not think there can be any doubt about it."

"Well, from this time on I am resolved to be not ashamed, but to make the Bible the guide of my life, and not only to pray, but live also as it would have me. How strange it is that your exclamation begging me not to cover up my Bible should have led me to this decision!"

"Nothing in the providence of God is strange," replied Mabel.

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