

Dear little unsaved reader, flee to Jesus. You are defenceless and helpless to save yourself. As you now read, Jesus is beside you, saying in words of wondrous love, "Come unto Me." Let a little sparrow teach you how. Cast yourself without doubt or fear upon His bosom. You shall never, never perish there.

A BOY'S DEFINITION OF FAITH.

A dying boy being visited by an unconverted relative of mature years, the relative asked him how he was. When he answered that he was very happy, though sick in body; that his faith kept him so, his relative said—

"I can't make you out. How do you get the faith you speak about?"

"Oh," said Charley, "God gives it to me."

"Well," said his friend, "I don't understand. What's it like?"

"Oh," replied Charley, "it's just like this: s'pose you was upstairs, and you made a hole in the ceiling, and spoke to me through the hole, and told me up there was better than being down here, and that you had got some beautiful things up there for me if I was to come, I should want to come, shouldn't I?"

"Well, yes, I think you would; but how would you know that I had the things I spoke of?" said his interrogator.

"Well," replied the dying child, "*I should be sure to know you were there when I heard you speak.* That's what faith is, believing God's Word when he speaks and what he says, without seeing the things he promises. And God do make a good many holes, and speaks to 'most everybody, only they don't pay attention; and if they do hear, they want to see the things afore the time, and that aint faith."

Thus did a child in years and grace silence with the words of faith a gainsayer, and so passed away.

THE HAPPY LITTLE GIRL.

The happiest child I ever saw, says an English clergyman, was a little girl I once met when travelling in a railway carriage. We were both going up to London, and we travelled a good many miles together. She was only eight years old, was quite blind, and had never been able to see at all. She had never once beheld the bright sun, the twinkling stars, the beautiful sky, the grass, the flowers, the trees, the birds, or any of those pleasant things which we see every day of our lives; but still she was quite happy.

She was all by herself, poor little thing. There was neither father nor mother, relation nor friend, to be with her and take care of her on the journey, and yet she was contented and happy.

"Tell me," she said, on getting into the carriage, "how many people are in this carriage, for I am blind, and can't see anything." A gentleman asked her, "But are you not afraid?" "No," she said, "I am not