

holy sacrament is given unto thee, and for a sign whereby thou art admonished, so long as thou livest, to give thyself to innocency of living, and that after this transitory life thou mayest be partaker of life everlasting.'

If the baby died before the mother came to be churched, it was buried in its chrisom.

The offering of the chrisom to the priest was given up in the fifth year of King Edward VI., and now, alas! many mothers do not trouble to offer even their children to God, much less their white robes.

It is well to know the meaning of these old customs. A chrisom child is *not* one, as some erroneously say, which has never been made a little Christian at all, but a babe which has died in its baptismal innocence, and is laid to rest in its white robe.

So keep thou, by calm prayer and searching thought

Thy Chrisom pure.

ANNIE CAZENOVE.

Alice and the Bears.

A MISSIONARY who was going to work in North America was spending his last few days in England in the house of a great friend.

Every one in that house desired to do something for him before he started on his journey—the master, the mistress, the servants, and the children. But there was one little girl too small to stitch, or write, or knit, or pack for her friend.

Yet she was very fond of him, and she sat on his knee, looking longingly in his face.

'*Can't* I do something for you?' at last she asked sorrowfully. 'Do think of something I could do.'

She was just going to bed, and, when her friend kissed her good-night, he whispered to her, 'Can't you pray for me?'

'Yes, yes,' the little girl whispered back; 'yes, I can, I will. But tell me what you will want out there.'

So the young missionary thought a minute, and then he said, 'It is a wild country; there are dangerous beasts in the forests I must travel through. Pray that I may be kept safe from the bears.'

'Yes, I will,' said the child, very seriously. And every night after that she said at the end of her evening prayers, 'Pray God keep Mr. — safe from the bears.'

Many months passed on. The missionary wrote to his friend in England several times,

he was well, he was safe, no harm had happened to him.

But still little Alice prayed 'against the bears,' as she said.

Her brother, a year older, told her one evening that she could leave off praying that prayer now, for Mr. — never met any bears, and perhaps there were no more left in the forest. There had been bears in England once, he said, but there were none now.

But Alice shook her head—she would go on till her friend told her he did not need her prayers.

And, one day, a box came from America directed to the family. The missionary had sent it. There were many pretty things in it—bead slippers and embroidered bags and purses; but every one looked most at a great thick hairy rug, which was labelled, 'For Alice, to kneel on when she says her prayers.'

And the missionary's letter told a strange story. The little girl's prayer had saved her friend. He had been attacked by a bear in the dark forest, and with some difficulty had killed it. And here was the skin for his little friend.

'I thought of you all the time I was in danger, my child,' he wrote to Alice, 'and I was sure God would preserve me because of your prayers.'

This is a true story.