

would go and see if her little girl was living; the poor babe just opened its eyes, and looked at its cruel mother, then closed them in death. Some time after, the missionaries came, and the mother heard them preach, and she became a Christian; and then she thought of her poor baby, and its last sad look went to her heart.—*From the Well-spring.*

Poetry.

A Prayer for Sabbath School Children.

Jesus, Saviour, pity me,
Hear me when I cry to thee,
I've a very naughty heart
Full of sin in every part:
I can never make it good,—
Wilt thou wash me in thy blood?
Jesus, Saviour, pity me!
Hear me when I cry to thee.

Short has been my pilgrim way,
Yet I am sinning every day;
Though I'm so young and weak—
Lately taught to run and speak,
Yet in evil I am strong,
Far from thee I've lived too long!
Jesus, Saviour, pity me!
Hear me when I cry to thee.

When I try to do thy will,
Sin is in my bosom still;
And I soon do something bad,
That makes me sorrowful and sad:
Who could help or comfort give,
If thou didst not bid me live?
Jesus, Saviour, pity me!
Hear me when I cry to thee.

Tho' I cannot cease from guilt,
Thou canst cleanse me, and thou wilt;
Since thy blood for me was shed—
Crowned with thorns thy blessed head
Thou, who loved and suffered so,
Ne'er will bid me from thee go:
Jesus, thou will pity me!
Save me when I cry to thee.