



BEDFORD JAIL.

Nellie, with her eyes overflowing with tears. "I never was so happy in my life, and it seems wrong to be happy when you are suffering so much."

"I think my broken ankle is a blessing," said Miss Carter. "I supposed I knew you all perfectly well, but you are developing qualities that surprise and delight me. This is really the happiest birthday of my life."

"God takes strange ways to teach His children lessons," said Nellie, as they went down the stairs, and out into the bright May sunshine to make their first calls in Crooked Lane. —*The Golden Rule.*

BEDFORD JAIL.

YEARS and years ago, John Bunyan was sent to prison for preaching the Gospel of Christ. He was confined in Bedford jail, a picture of which is here given, for twelve years. It was while he was in this prison that he wrote a great part of that wonderful book, the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

His jailer proved to be kinder to him than his enemies, and sometimes allowed him to go to see his family. His enemies, suspecting this, sent a messenger overnight to question the jailer. Bunyan had gone home and to bed, but could not rest. So he rose and returned, late as it was, to the prison. The jailer blamed him for coming at so unseasonable an hour; but early in the morning the messenger came and said, "Are all the prisoners safe?"

"Yes." "Is John Bunyan safe?" "Yes." "Let me see him." He was called, and appeared, and all was well. After the messenger left, the jailer said to Bunyan, "Well, you may go out again when you think fit, for you know when to return better than I can tell you."

A PRECIOUS PENNYWORTH.

WILLIE'S penny made heaven rejoice. It would not have bought more than a stick or two of candy, or given much help to a starving family. What did he do with it?

His sister was a missionary's wife in Africa; and the family were filling a box to send her. As one after another brought their gifts, Willie said, "I want to give my penny."

"What shall be bought with it?" was the next question. It was decided to buy a tract and write its history on the margin, and with a

prayer for its success send it on its distant errand. The box arrived on its mission ground, and among its valuable contents Willie's gift was laid away unnoticed, and for a while forgotten. But God's watchful, all-seeing eye had not forgotten it. One day a native teacher was starting from the mission station to go to a school over the mountain. He knew the language well, and was a great help to the missionaries; but he was not a Christian. He had resisted everything the missionaries had done to make him one.

In looking over some papers, Willie's tract was discovered, with the writing on the margin, and the fact that prayer was offered in America for its success in doing good. It was handed to the native teacher. He read it on his journey, and what years of labor by the missionaries had not done was now brought about by the penny tract. The man became a sincere Christian. Those who put the tract in his hand were overcome with joy; and there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. So Willie's penny caused "joy in heaven."—*Selected.*

SENECA wisely says: "We all complain of the shortness of time; and yet we have more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them."