

went on, it weeping. So they called it the Edge of Sighs.

"What made you put that other, 'The way of the transgressor is hard?'"

"Well," he said it is hard. I think if you had any thing to do with this prison you would believe that text, 'The way of the transgressor is hard.'"—*Once a Month.*

What Ailed A Pillow.

While Annie was saying her prayers Nell trifled with a shadow picture on the wall. Not satisfied with playing she would talk to Annie, that mite of a figure in gold and white, golden curls and snowy gown, by the bedside.

"Now, Annie, watch!" "Annie just see!" "O, Annie, do look!" she said, over and over again. Annie who was not to be persuaded, finished her prayer and crept into bed, whither her thoughtless sister followed, as the light must be out in just so many minutes. Presently Nell took to floundering, punching and "O dearing." Then she laid quiet awhile only to begin with renewed energy.

"What's the matter?" asked Annie at length.

"My pillow!" tossing, thumping, kneading. "It's as flat as a board and hard as a stone; I can't think what ails it."

"I know," answered Annie, in her sweet, serious way.

"What?"

"There's no prayer in it."

For a second or two Nell was as still as a mouse, then she scrambled out on the floor with a shiver, it's true, but she was determined never afterward to try to sleep on a prayerless pillow.

"That must have been what ailed it," she whispered, soon after getting into bed again. "It's all right now."

I Got A-Going and I could not Stop.

I heard of a boy who was standing on the top of a hill, and his father was standing half way down, and the father called to his boy, "Come."

He ran down, but did not stop where his father was, but went to the bottom of the hill.

He said:

"O father, I got a-going and I could not stop."

I will tell you what happened. There was a young man only twenty years of age, and he was lying in jail. He had killed a man, and was going to be hung.

He had been a Sunday-school boy, and his teacher went to see him in prison. He had to go through a long, dark passage and presently he came into the miserable murderer's cell.

It was a beautiful day; everything was lovely outside; the birds were singing, the sun was shining, and everything was green and beautiful! And this young man—only twenty years of age—was lying in this dreadful cell, his limbs chained together, going to be hung! And the gentleman spoke to him kindly.

He said:

"O, I am sorry to see you here."

The young man burst into tears and said:

"Ah! sir, if I had minded what my father and mother said to me—if I had attended to what you told me at school—I should not be here! I got into bad company. I followed one young lad and another. I got something to drink. One bad thing led to another bad thing, and one day, being half drunk, I killed a man and now, sir, I am going to die."

Ah! "he got a-going and he could not stop!" Take care about the bottom of the hill. Do not 'get a-going.' You may not be able to stop till you get to the very bottom.—*Young Reaper.*

A Christian woman who was slowly approaching death said:—"It seems to me that I am in this room, and presently I am going into another room; and my Saviour will be there." Compare with this the agony which attends many a death-bed of the rich and great; compare it with the dying utterance of Queen Elizabeth: "Millions of money for one inch of time!"

As flows the river calm and deep,

In silence toward the sea,

So floweth ever, and ceases never,
The love of God to me.

What peace He bringeth to my heart,
Deep as the soundless sea!

How sweetly singeth the soul that cling-
eth,

My loving Lord, to thee!

The Bible is wholly put into eight African tongues, and partly into thirty-four more; and the thirty-fifth is being prepared for.