

been to a skating-match on a pond at some distance; and now they had stopped a moment to rest on their way home. They talked and laughed over the fun they had had, the tumbles they had got, or had seen others get, which was quite as good; and being, like most boys, rather fond of making a noise, they rattled about the skates which they carried in their hands, and clashed them together till the steel rang again.

Presently a gentleman—he was evidently a clergyman—came out of the house: his face was kind, but very sad.

"Little men," he said, addressing the children, and pointing to a window close by, which was partly open at the bottom, "there is a poor sick woman in that room; I fear she is dying, and the noise you are making disturbs her: will you not, like good boys, go farther away?"

The little fellows stopped at once, and without a word resumed their walk towards home.

They had gone some distance in silence, when Charlie, the younger of the two suddenly stopped and looked up into his brother's face.

"Willie," he asked, "do you think that woman knows anything about the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"I don't know," replied Willie in a puzzled tone, "the gentleman didn't say that."

"But he said she might die," broke in Charlie; "O Willie, wouldn't it be an awful thing if she died without knowing about Him? We ought to go back and say something to her."

"They hesitated for a moment, then turning, retraced their steps to the house they had so lately quitted; there was no pretty garden in front of it, or even an area railing to separate it from the street; while the window to which the gentleman had pointed came close down upon the footway. Stealing softly to the spot, Charlie put his mouth to the opening, and said, in his clear, childish voice, "Poor sick woman, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved." Then, half frightened at what they had done, the children darted away and were quickly out of sight. Nobody had seen them, nobody either in the house within, or in the street outside, knew they had been there—nobody but God, whose Holy Spirit had put it into little Charlie's heart to carry that message of mercy and love to one who was in sad need of comfort.

It was late on the following afternoon that the same clergyman, Mr. S., once more entered the room of the woman he had believed dying. The snow lay white and thick on the streets, and the frost was unthawed upon the window panes; yet within that sick chamber was something which told of a wonderful change since the day before.

"You seem better to-day," said Mr. S., as he seated himself beside the bed on which his poor friend lay, her thin, wasted face looking very calm and peaceful.

"Yes," was the reply, "a thousand times better; better both in body and soul. O sir! I have such a strange thing to tell you. You know

how bad I was yesterday, and how afraid to die, because I had been such a sinner; and all you said about God sending his own Son from Heaven to save me did not seem to do me any good. Do you not remember?"

Yes, Mr. S. remembered well the poor woman's distress, as she told him it was of no use talking to her, for there was no mercy for her, no hope either in this world or the next; and he remembered, too, his own deep sorrow as he turned away, feeling that his words had failed to shed one ray of peace or comfort round that dying bed.

"Well," continued the woman, I know you will not believe it when I tell you; most likely you will think it was my poor head which was a bit astray; yet it is as true as that you are sitting in that chair. After you had left me, there came an angel to that window there, and said to me, 'Poorsick woman, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved.' Those were his very words, and they went straight down to my heart, for they were just what I wanted; it must have been the Lord Himself who sent him; and now I do believe in Him, for I know he has saved me and taken away all my sins."

What could the good minister say? He did not know who had spoken these words. Of course he did not for a moment suppose that a real angel had come down from Heaven; nor did he find out till long afterwards that it was little Charlie's voice which had come through the open window, bringing such light and joy to the poor sufferer inside; but he saw that the once hard proud-spirited woman had been led a humble believer to the feet of the Lord Jesus; and he knew whoever had been the bearer of that message, God alone had been the sender of it. What could he do, then, but go down upon his knees by that sick bedside, and pour out his heart in thankfulness to the gracious Heavenly Father for His mercy to one who had long refused to hear His Word, or believe His Gospel.

Such is the story. Dear children, as you read it, will not each of you ask God to make you like little Charlie, His messenger of peace and comfort to somebody in want or sorrow?—*Harriet S. Carson, in English Tract.*

### WAITING ON GOD.

"Waiting on God?" It is sitting down  
By the way to rest awhile,  
And learning the secret of perfect peace  
In the light of a Father's smile.  
It is ceasing to look with anxious eye  
On the trials of coming days.  
It is leaving the present to God alone  
With a heart overfull of praise.  
It is never a thought of "how" or "why"  
In the matters of daily life;  
It is simply letting Him take His way  
Through the midst of all care and strife.  
It is leaving every thing in His hands  
To do as He seeth best;  
Assured that He never can make mistakes,  
Ah, *this* is the perfect rest!