

but his hand wandered outside the bed-clothes, and it now rested in that of Drewitt's. "I'm better pleased," at last he said, "at our being friends, Drewitt, than if I had gained twenty prizes." And it was well for him that his face was shaded, for his tears were falling fast.

The two boys remained in conversation for more than half an hour; and when Drewitt got up to go away, he stooped down and whispered in his friend's ear, "God bless you, Maynard?" and a hot tear fell upon Maynard's face.

Mrs. Maynard, who had let Drewitt in, and who half-guessed the secret which he had come to tell, came in as soon as her son was alone again, and found him with a happy smile on his face, although there were traces of tears there also.

"Mother," said he, tenderly, "we were talking the other day about my accident, and I said I couldn't understand why God allowed me to be injured; but I know now. You said He was teaching me a lesson; but I didn't think so. Now I've learnt the lesson, and I've gained a prize worth twenty books."

And thereupon he told his mother the story.

THE CHILD MARTYR.

'Twas in the time of ancient strife,
'Neath religion's sacred name,
When bloody Mary held the sway
O'er England's fair domain.

Amidst those rocky, frowning hills,
Of northern Scotia's land,
High in the mountain fastnesses
There dwelt a Christian band.

Among the few who weekly met
To pray, 'mid rising fears,
Two lovely sisters always came,
Two girls of tender years.