

the old words, and I said them over till I went to sleep. I could not rest much—I never do now—but I shut my eyes, and then I seemed to see the stable at Bethlehem, and the child Jesus in the manger."

"And what then, dear child?" asked Mrs. Best.

"Then," said Agnes, in a low voice, "I prayed, 'By the mystery of Thy holy incarnation, by Thy holy nativity, good Lord deliver us.'"

Mrs. Best was silent a little; then she aroused herself and said, "And how has to-day passed, my dear?"

"The children brought me their presents to look at to-day; and this one for me," said the little girl, pointing to the picture of Bethlehem. "Look, that is where Jesus Christ was born; and those are the fields where shepherds watched their flocks by night: I do like to look at it. And mother has read me the lessons and some of the prayers. Oh, no! it has not been a dull Christmas, though I did fret at first at not getting to Church, or going out carol singing."

"Perhaps," said her kind friend, "you have thought more about Jesus Christ and good things since you've been laid here, than when you were strong and well."

Agnes was silent for a minute; then she whispered, "Well, I hope I do." As the good schoolmistress walked home she said to herself, "I doubt that pretty lamb will never see another Christmas in this world. It is a happy thing she has made such good use of this one."

The little girl's death was even nearer than her friends expected—she did not outlive that Christmastide. On New Year's Eve she suddenly broke a blood-vessel, and died before midnight. Her end was very peaceful. After lying quite quietly for a little time her lips moved. Her mother bent down, and could just distinguish the words, "Glory to God in the highest." They were the last she uttered, and in a few minutes all was over.

After morning prayers on the Feast of the Epiphany, the mortal remains of Agnes White were laid to rest in the churchyard, through which she had so often trodden on her way to the house of prayer.

BLESS HIS DEAR HEART.

INTO a very elegant palace carentered a weary-faced, poorly-dressed woman, with three children, one a baby in her arms. A look of joy crept into her face as she sat down in one of the luxurious chairs; but it was quickly dispelled as she was asked rudely to "start her boots." A smile of amusement was seen on several faces as the frightened group hurried out to one of the common cars. Upon

one young face, however, there was a look which shamed the countenances of the others.

"Auntie," said the boy to the lady beside him, "I am going to carry my basket of fruit and this box of sandwiches to the poor woman in the next car. You are willing, of course?"

"Don't be foolish, dear. You may need them yourself; and perhaps the woman is an impostor."

"No, I'll not need them," he answered decidedly, but in a very low tone. "You know I had a hearty breakfast, and don't need a lunch. The woman looked hungry, auntie, and so tired, too, with three little babies clinging to her. I'll be back in a minute, auntie. I know mother wouldn't like it if I didn't speak a kind word to the least of these when I met them."

The worldly aunt brushed a tear from her eye after the boy left her, and said, audibly, "Just like his dear mother."

About five minutes later, as the lady passed the mother and three children, she saw a pretty sight—the family feasting as perhaps they had never done before. The dainty sandwiches were eagerly eaten; the fruit basket stood open. The eldest child, with his mouth filled with bread and butter, said;

"Was the pretty boy an angel, mamma?"

"No," answered the mother; and a grateful look brightened her faded eyes, "but he is doing an angel's work, 'bless his dear heart!' And we, too, said, 'Bless his dear heart.'"

IN Bamborough churchyard is the grave of Grace Darling, with whose brave exploit in rescuing the shipwrecked crew of the "Forfarshire" most of us are familiar. From the castle you can see the Longstone Rock, where Grace's home was, for her father was the keeper of the Longstone lighthouse. We can think of no more heroic deed than that done by the father and daughter in their little boat, going forth in the face of the howling tempest in the forlorn hope of saving that shipwrecked crew. Darling tried to dissuade his daughter from what seemed a desperate enterprise, but at last he yielded to her entreaties, and together they set out. The sea threatened every moment to engulf them. Their boat was carried now away on the crest of some great wave, and then into the trough below, but it was managed by skilful hands, and as they toiled they were cheered by feeling that they were making some headway and slowly nearing their goal. One can imagine with what eager eyes the eight men clinging to the wreck watched their approach, and their amazement when they saw their deliverers were one man and a girl. The return journey was even more perilous, but it was made in safety. Grace Darling was only twenty-three years of age at this time, and three years later she died, and was laid to rest close to the scene of her noble deed.