

Thine, dear Saviour, I would be ;  
Always gentle ; always kind ;  
Make me, Jesus, just like Thee,  
In my heart, and in my mind.

But a little child I am,  
Yet, sweet Jesus, I do know,  
I may be a little lamb,  
In thy sheepfold here below.

Keep me, Jesus, while I live ;  
Take me, Jesus, when I die ;  
And my little spirit give  
A happy home with Thee on high.

*From " Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones."*

### TOUCHING SCENE.

Some gentlemen passing through the beautiful village of Renton, in the vale of Leven, Dumbartonshire, about nine o'clock at night, a few weeks ago, had their attention directed to a dark object in the Churchyard. On going in to ascertain what it was, they found a boy of tender years lying flat on his face and apparently sound asleep over a recently made grave.

Thinking this not a very safe bed for him, they shook him up and asked how he came to be there? He said he was afraid to go home, as his relative with whom he resided, had threatened to beat him.

"And where do you live?" asked one of the party.

"In Dumbarton," was the answer.

"In Dumbarton—nearly four miles off; and how came you to wander so far away from home?"

"I just cam'" sobbed the poor little fellow, "because my mither's grave was here,"

His mother had been buried there a short time before, and his seeking a refuge at her grave in his sorrow, was a beautiful touch of nature in a child, who could scarcely have yet learned to realise the true character of that separation which knows of no reunion on earth. Thither had he instinctively wandered to sob out his sorrows, and to moisten with tears the grave of one who had hitherto been his natural protector, he had evidently cried himself asleep. May God bless the motherless child!