

"KEEP ME FROM FALLING!"

"Keep me from falling!"
O Lamb of God, whose ever-pitying eye
Looks down from Heaven at each disciple's cry,
I come, a suppliant, needing all Thy care,
And in my joys and griefs repeat this prayer,
"Keep me from falling!"

"Keep me from falling!"
If in the darkness I should stray afar,
Like some lost traveller with no guiding star,
Be Thou my Light, O Jesus, Thou my friend,
And o'er these stormy paths to life's dark end,
"Keep me from falling!"

"Keep me from falling!"
When I am tempted by the world to sin,
Let Love Divine make pure my heart within;
Press nearer, Lord; be constant at my side,—
Hear Thou my cry,—yea, with me still abide;
"Keep me from falling!"

"Keep me from falling!"
Soon shall I tread the shores of that dark sea,
Which all my hopes, my fears divide from Thee,
Thus, Saviour, help me, shrinking from Death's
tide;
Stretch out Thy hand my tottering feet to guide;
Keep me from falling.

—Selected.

Children's Department.

DICK AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Written for The Church Guardian)

(CONTINUED.)

SUMMER was over, and Dick had been busy helping in the greenhouses, preparing for the Winter. For the last few days Willie had seemed very weak and tired; he had had to give up the evening lessons at last; and Dick, seeing him look so white and weary, had himself no heart for learning, but had sat by Willie, as he lay back in the old arm-chair, and had read him some of his favorite chapters,—while the poor widow bent over her work, and tried to hide the tears that would rush to her eyes when she heard her boy's faint, altered voice. She knew now that God would soon call him from her, and never had he seemed so dear, so precious to her heart, as now. One evening, early in October, Dick came in with a bunch of lovely Autumn flowers in his hand. Miss Montfort had sent them to Willie. The sick boy was sitting near the window, and the soft, rosy light from the Western sky rested on his worn young face. He looked up at Dick with a sweet, bright smile, and beckoned him to sit beside him. "Miss Agnes sent you these, Will," said Dick, as he laid the flowers on his knees; "she's coming down to see you in the morning." "How good she is," said Willie, softly, as he held the flowers and gazed at them; "how good she's been to me, and to you, too, Dick! We owe her everything. She told us about the Lord Jesus and his love for us. I have to thank her for being so happy now. So happy," he went on in his low, quiet tones, "though I am just going to leave those I love best here,—mother, and Miss Agnes, and you, Dick. So happy," and he closed his eyes for a few moments, as if to dwell upon some sweet inward picture. Dick was silent; he could not trust himself to speak without crying, and he felt that he must not disturb Willie's peace and happiness by any outburst of grief. "Mother dear," said Willie, presently, "come near me!" and when the poor woman had seated herself on a low stool beside his chair, he took her hand between his own. "I want to speak to you both," he said; "I do not want you not to grieve for me, because you love me, and you can't help grieving; but I want

you to remember that God is taking me to a much better place, and that, perhaps in a little while, we shall be all together again, the same, and yet so different, for then our vile bodies,—this poor body, misshapen and full of pain,—will be like His Glorious Body; and then we shall be always with our Lord." He was silent again for a while, and then he said,— "When Jesus was dying that dreadful, dreadful death upon the Cross, in all His agony He remembered His dear mother, and He told the disciple He loved to take her to live with him, and to be her son. I am dying in peace, and in great happiness, because He is with me all the time; but I am going to do what He did. Dear Dick, I want you to be a son to my mother, for my sake; and I want you to love him, mother, as if he were your own son; promise me." And they promised, scarcely able to speak for their tears. "O, I am so glad; how good God was to send us Dick. I always loved you, Dick, from the first,—kiss me;" and Dick laid his round, sun-burnt cheek beside Willie's, and they kissed each other. "Give my dear, dear love to Miss Agnes," whispered the sick boy, "if—if I am gone before she comes. And now, Dick, read me about the pure river of the Water of Life."

Dick got his Bible, and read with a trembling voice at first, but clearly and calmly as he went on. "Once more," said Willie softly, when he had ended the chapter; and he read it again. Then there was perfect stillness in the little room. "He is sleeping," whispered Mrs. Burton; "we won't light the lamp yet awhile; it might wake him." . . . But Willie never opened his eyes again on this world. And when the lamp was lighted, it shone upon a calm sweet face, cold and still.

(To be continued)

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