

stealthily circulated from hand to hand; until by the invention of printing, and the labors of great scholars who followed Wycliffe, the Bible was multiplied so that every little child may now possess a copy.

It was in the Rectory at Lutterworth that the great work of translating the Bible was performed. Wycliffe was appointed rector in April, 1374, and he still held the office at the time of his death, 1384. Thirty years after his decease, by decree of the Council of Constance, his grave was opened, and his remains removed. These were burnt, and the ashes cast into the adjoining brook named the "Swift;" and Fuller, describing the scene, quaintly but truly says, "This brook conveyed them into Avon, the Avon into the Severn, the Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wycliffe were the emblems of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over."

Our picture gives (1) a portrait of Wycliffe; (2) a scene which occurred in his sick room, when some priests came, thinking he was about to die, and urged him to say that he was sorry for what he had done and said against the Catholic church and priests. He listened quietly to all they had to say, and then cried out, "I shall not die, but live, and declare all your evil deeds." (3) A view of Baliol College, of which Wycliffe was a professor, and beneath it is a *fac simile* of portion of Wycliffe's translation of the Bible, while (4) by its side is a picture of the monks digging up and burning Wycliffe's bones.

"God Says we Mustn't."

AS a mother sat reading to her three children, she came to a story of a naughty boy, who had stolen apples and pears from an orchard near his father's cottage. After reading part of the story, according to the usual practice, she made a pause to put a few questions.

"William," she asked, "why ought we not to do as this naughty boy did? Why ought we not to steal apples and pears?"

"Oh!" replied William, "because they do not belong to us."

"And what do you say, Robert?"

"I say, because if they caught us they would be sure to send us to prison."

"And now, Mary, it is your turn to give a reason. Say, dear, why ought we not to steal apples or pears, or anything else?"

"Because, said little Mary, looking up meekly to her mother, *because God says we mustn't.*"

"Right, my love," said her mother; "that is the true reason, and the best reason that can be given. What God commands we are bound to do, and what He forbids us we are bound to leave undone. *'Thou shalt not steal'* are His own words. If ever you are asked by any one why you should not do what is wrong, let your answer be the same as the one you have given me—'**BECAUSE GOD SAYS WE MUSTN'T.**'"

A Hymn 600 Years Old.

GUARD, my child, thy tongue,
That it speak no wrong!
Let no evil word pass o'er it;
Set the watch of truth before it.
That it speak no wrong.
Guard, my child, thy tongue.

Guard, my child, thine eyes;
Prying is not wise;
Let them look on what is right;
From all evil turn their sight;
Prying is not wise;
Guard, my child, thine eyes.

Guard, my child, thine ear;
Wicked words will sear;
Let no evil words come in
That may cause the soul to sin;
Wicked words will sear.
Guard, my child, thine ear.

Ear, and eye, and tongue,
Guard while thou art young;
For, alas! these busy three
Can unruly members be;
Guard, while thou art young,
Ear, and eye, and tongue.

The Heathen Have Beat.

ONE day Robert's uncle gave him a penny. "Now," said he, "I'll have some candy; for I've been wanting some a long while."

"Is that the best way you can use your penny?" asked his mother.

"O yes! I want the candy very much." And he hurried on his cap, and off he ran in great haste.

His mother was sitting at the window, and saw him running along, and then he stopped. She thought he had lost his penny; but he started off again, and soon reached the door of the candy store; and then he stood there awhile, with his hand on the latch, and his eye on the candy. His mother was wondering what he was waiting for; then she was more surprised to see him come off the step, and run back home without going in.

In a minute he rushed into the parlor with a bright glance in his eye, as he exclaimed,—

"Mother, the heathen have beat!—the heathen have beat!"

"What do you mean by 'the heathen have beat?'"

"Why, mother, as I went along I kept hearing the heathen say, 'Give us your penny, to help to send us good missionaries. We want Bibles and tracts. Help us, little boy, won't you?' And I kept saying, 'Oh! I want the candy.' At last the heathen beat; and I am going to put my penny into the missionary box. It *shall* go to the heathen."

Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.—Matt. 25 : 40.