

find some place of shelter and refreshment.

But when the parents were returning with their recovered little ones they found their brave preserver lying quite dead upon the snow, not far from where they parted from him.

The long exposure in his exhausted state was too much for his little strength and having saved his little charges—a stranger to them as they to him—he lay down to die.

A sad story is this, and one that moves our hearts. How much more should our hearts be moved by the story of Him who freely gave His life that he might save us from eternal death.

"GOOD-NIGHT; BUT GIVE ME YOUR HAND."

Such were the words of a dear little girl to her father as he sat by her couch one evening, and had bidden her good night.

"Good-night; but give me your hand." She wished to feel the clasp of that father's hand till she fell asleep.

How sweet to know that if an earthly father delights to take the hand of his little daughter as she is about dropping to sleep, much more does our heavenly Father love to hold our hand in His as we go at night into the silent land of unconsciousness.

How blessed to feel that in answer to the prayer, "Good-night, Lord; but give me Thy hand," He will not leave nor forsake us; that in the grasp of that Father's hand his children may sleep the sleep which God gives to his beloved. If we take in ours that hand which was pierced for us upon the cross, even the night of adversity will be to us a good night. And in the valley of the shadow of death we will fear no evil. "Even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me." That hand will lead us in safety to that land of love, where the parting words "Good-night," be no longer spoken, for "there will be no night there," "for the Lamb is the light thereof."

WAITING.

Some time ago a boy was discovered in the street, evidently bright and intelligent, but sick. A man who had feelings of kindness strongly developed, went to ask him what he was doing there. "Waiting for God to come for me," he said,

"What do you mean?" said the gentleman touched by the pathetic tone of the answer and the condition of the boy, in whose bright eye and flushed face he saw the evidence of fever. "God sent for father, and little brother," said he, "and took them away up to His home in the sky, and mother told me when she was sick that God would take care of me. I have nobody to give me anything, and so I came out here, and have been looking so long in the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mother said He would. He will come—won't he? Mother never told me a lie." "Yes, my lad," said the gentleman, overcome with emotion. "He has sent me to take care of you." You should have seen his eye flash, and the smile of triumph break over his face as he said: "Mother never told me a lie, sir; but you have been so long on the way." What a lesson of trust; and how this incident shows the effect of never-deceiving children with idle tales.

THE HABIT OF LIBERALITY.

A well-known financier in New York, who died lately, was noted during life for lavish and unceasing liberality, as well as for the wisdom with which he gave to individuals, to charitable and religious purposes, in a word, to every worthy cause. On one occasion, when a friend spoke to him of his generosity, he said, bluntly: "You mistake. I am not generous. I am by nature extremely avaricious. But when I was a young man I had sense enough to see how mean and belittling such a position was, and I forced myself to give. At first, I declare to you, it was torture to me to part with a penny; but I persisted, until the habit of liberality was formed. There is no yoke like that of habit. Now I like to give."

MARTYR'S TRIUMPH.

One of our Scottish martyrs, standing on a ladder from which they were to throw him off, assured the weeping spectators that he never had gone up to his pulpit with so little fear as he had mounted that ladder to die. To him it was a perch from which his spirit, wearied of a world full of sin and sorrows, was spreading out its joyful wings for the flight to heaven. Another, addressing his weeping mother and sisters, who had entered his cell for a last visit on the morning of