

MY HAND IN HIS.

A little boy who came before the pastor to be received into the church, was asked how he expected to lead a Christian life, and he sweetly replied, "I will put my hand in Jesus' hand, and I know he will lead me right." This is just the thing, my little ones, for us *all* to do, and if we did it, we should not so often stumble and fall. We are so apt to try and walk *alone!* But this we cannot do, in this dark world.

I called to see a dear friend lately, and she repeated to me a lovely poem in which these two lines occurred.

I'd rather walk with him in the dark
Than to walk alone in the light.

And I assure you the former is far safer for us than the latter. He never lets us fall, if we hold his hand!—*Pansy.*

THE PENNIES.

It was a bright spring evening when little Polly stole softly into her father's room, with *shoeless* feet, and her golden hair falling lightly over her white night-gown; for it was bedtime, and she had come to say "Good-night."

"Father," said the little one, raising her blue eyes to his kind face, "father, may I say my prayers beside you, for mother is too ill for me to go to her to-night?"

"Yes, pet," he answered, tenderly stroking the curly head.

And reverently the child knelt down beside him, and repeated her evening prayer, adding at the close with special earnestness, "God bless my two pennies."

"What can the child mean?" thought her father in surprise; and when the little white-robed figure was gone, he went and asked her mother what their little daughter meant.

"Oh, yes!" said the lady. "Polly has prayed the prayer every night since she put her two pennies into the plate at the last missionary meeting."

"Dear children, have you ever prayed to God for a blessing on the pennies you put into the missionary box? If not, be sure you never forget to do so in the future.

OFFERINGS TO THE LORD.

2 SAMUEL XXIV. 24.

Jesus, thy love is showered
Over us ceaselessly,
Fountain-like, sweet, refreshing,
Flowing so constantly;
Out of our life's full measure
What shall we offer thee?
Nothing but love returning
Joyously, full and free?

Waiting, we ask the question
Earnestly, while we may;
Out of our best, oh, are we
Giving our Lord to-day?
Giving Him richly, freely,
Joying to feel the loss?
Or, what doth cost us nothing
Laying beside His cross?

A CHILD'S CHRISTIANITY.

Little Mabel's mother had long been dead, and while her papa was away from home she had no companions but her goodness and the servants.

Her father had often told her not to admit to the house any person with whom she was not acquainted.

One cold wintry day a poor, ill-dressed woman stopped at the door and asked permission to warm herself by the kitchen fire.

"But," said Mabel, "my papa doesn't know you."

The woman was shivering with cold, and the rain and sleet dropped from her thin wraps.

A bright idea soon entered the child's head.

"Say," said she, "do you know Jesus?"

Tears started to the poor woman's eyes, and she began to tell how kind the Saviour had been to her.

"Well," said the child, "if you know Jesus, you may come in, for papa knows him, and I'm sure he won't care."

Thus should the manifestation of a knowledge of the Redeemer's love for him be the countersign by which we are to know all true Christians.