

*EVERY BIT OF IT.*

One evening, at a prayer meeting, many newly converted persons, both old and young, arose to tell what God had done for their souls and their determination to love and serve Him. Among the rest, a little girl about seven years old jumped up, her face beaming with happiness—and straining her childish voice to speak as loud as she could, she said, "I have given my heart to Jesus, every bit of it." Was not that a beautiful little speech? I wonder if all the elder people who had risen before could say what she did, "I have given my heart to Jesus, every bit of it." And is not this what Jesus wants? "My son, give Me thine heart," is the command of the Bible. And will He be satisfied with having only a part of it? No, indeed; He must have the whole, every bit of it.

*"THOU SHALT HAVE NO OTHER GODS BEFORE ME"*

Anna was standing in front of the glass getting ready for Sunday-school. "I heard Mrs. Jones tell mother the other day, I was prettier than ever," she said half aloud. "I wonder if she will see me to-day. This hat is so becoming. I only wish my sash was a better colour. Let me see—this curl will have to be done over again—I wonder what the catechism questions are this afternoon. I'll look over them while mother is getting Willie ready. Oh, yes, the first two commandments. I can't see what Dr. Edgerton will find to say about them. I don't worship false gods or make graven images. I suppose he'll tell us about the poor heathen children in India. Oh, dear, this curl isn't right yet. Well, I'm glad I'm not a heathen,—that I know what is right,"—and with a final look at the glass Annie took up her pretty parasol and started for Sunday-school.

The minister did talk about the poor little heathen when he explained the answers to the school. Annie felt more than ever glad

that she was not one of them. While she was thinking this, she caught Mrs. Jones, whose class was near the one where she sat, looking at her for a moment.

"I suppose she is saying to herself, 'How pretty Annie looks in her new hat,'" she thought. "How dreadfully plain Sarah Brown is! and how like a fright she dresses."

Just as she was trying to get a glimpse of herself in the glass doors of the library case, she caught a sentence of Dr. Edgerton's talk about the lesson. He was saying that there were idol-worshippers even among children in Christian lands, those who thought more of their pretty faces and fine clothes than of God. He went on to speak of these things, and of other ways in which children broke these commandments; but Annie heard nothing more, excepting something about their being more sinful than the poor heathen, because they had been so much better taught.

These were new thoughts to Annie. She was really a sensible little girl about most matters, notwithstanding her foolish vanity. She went very quietly home from Sunday-school, thinking very busily about herself and the heathen children. I am glad to say that though she did not get cured of her fault at once, she did in time,—and this day made a beginning.

I wonder if there are any other little girls or boys who worship themselves in this or any other way?

THE desire to be loved is ever restless and unsatisfied; but the love that flows out upon others is a perpetual well-spring from on high.

THE German proverb, "If I rest I rust," applies to many things besides the key. If water rests it stagnates. If the tree rests it dies, for its winter state is only a half-rest. If the eye rests, it grows dim and blind. If the lungs rest, we cease to breathe. If the heart rests we die. What is true living but loving? And what is loving but growth in the likeness of God?