

of these they call gods, and thousands of people will travel many miles to see and worship them. But not one of these idols can see any of the worshippers or hear a single prayer they offer. They also worship the spirits of their dead friends, and spend much time and pains to ring the bells, light candles, provide boiled rice, and other things for their use. Dear children, when you sing "Jesus loves me, *this I know*," oh pray that God may help you all to do all you can to make them all *know* the same blessed truth.

A STORY OF THINGS THAT ARE FAIR.—NO. I.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

Once upon a time it fell to the lot of a certain lady to live for a season in a boarding-house. One day, as she stopped in the hall to put away her umbrella, she heard a naval officer in the parlor say to a friend:

"Our Helen, being an only child, we let her do as she likes, and this winter she has chosen to go to Sunday-school with a friend, and they have taught her what they call the Shorter Catechism, and have stuffed her head so full of Presbyterian doctrines, at that Tenth and Arch street church, that I shall never get them out in the world."

"Should think you might break the force of it somehow," said his friend.

"Well, I think I did when she was learning all that about all mankind 'falling in Adam's transgression.' I told her I did not believe I was to suffer for it. It was not fair. Why should I be punished because Adam ate an apple? If I should have had my own try at it very likely I would not have touched it. I'm not to blame for Adam."

Then the lady went to her room, and lying down to rest she meditated on these words of Scripture:

"And these are they by the wayside, where the word is sown; but when they have heard, Satan cometh immediately and taketh away the word that was in their hearts."

By-and-by a knock and enter Helen, and as the bright-faced girl sat by the fire it came into the lady's mind to try and put on that girl's heart the stamp of an eternal truth, and to set about it in simple guise, as is fit for teaching a child. So she began thus:

"Helen, do you go to Sunday-school?"

"Yes: to Tenth and Arch, Presbyterian."

"Do they teach you the Catechism?"

"O yes, every Sunday."

"Let me see if you know it. What is sin?"

"Sin is any want of conformity unto, or transgression of the law of God."

"Very good. That is one of the most complete, logical and beautiful answers to any question in any language. You see it sets before God's law as a straight line—it is the shadow of God's throne projected across the world. Now when we ought to move on a straight line we miss it, equally, when we do not come up to it on the one hand, 'want of conformity,' or when we step over it on the other, 'transgression of.' Let us see if you know some other question. Did all mankind fall in Adam's first transgression?"

"The covenant being made with Adam not only for himself, but for all his posterity, all mankind being descended from him, by ordinary generation, sinned in him, and fell with him in his first transgression," said Helen.

"Well, Helen, what do you think of that?"

"I've heard some say it was *not fair*," said Helen.

"Ah! that reminds me of a story I would like to tell you, about this very question and answer. Once there was a boy. The boy went to a Scotchman's school in London, and the Master had all the pupils learn the Catechism. One morning the boy had this answer, and he repeated it very glibly:

"'Fell with him in his first transgression. I don't think that is fair.'"

"Well," said the master, 'over two hundred years ago, if you had found fault with the fairness of the answers in the Catechism I might have felt very much frightened—for the Catechism. But it stood all the test that can be applied to doctrine for so many years, and has proven so sound that now, when you differ from it, I am frightened—for you. Now I will make a bargain with you. I will give you a whole holiday; go out and amuse yourself; and I will give you two crowns, so that you may be able to stop and buy any little things you like. Only you must promise to keep your eyes open, and notice everything about you, inquire into every thing that seems strange, and report to me to-night."

"All right," said the boy, seizing the two crowns, and he flung his books up to the ceiling; and without waiting to say