

known it, too, for I couldn't have helped telling her. And if it were done I never, never, never could undo it. I'd have been a thief all my life. Just for an orange! Oh, I'm glad, glad!"

And the sun shone so brightly, and the birds sang so merrily, that Tommy felt sure they were glad, too.—*Sunday School Advocate.*

TAKE CARE.

LITTLE children, you must seek
Rather to be good than wise;
For the thoughts you do not speak
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be
Cross and cruel, and look fair,
Let me tell you how to see
You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass
And some ugly thought contrive,
And my word will come to pass
Just as sure as you're alive.

What you have, and what you lack,
All the same as what you wear,
You will see reflected back;
So, my little folk, take care.

And not only in the glass
Will your secrets come to view;
All beholders, as they pass,
Will perceive and know them too.

Goodness shows in blushes bright,
Or in eyelids drooping down,
Like a violet from the light.
Badness in a sneer or frown.

Cherish what is good, and drive
Evil thoughts and feelings far;
For as sure as you're alive,
You will show for what you are.
—*Alice Cary.*

CONFESSING CHRIST.

WHEN Coleridge Patteson, called by his schoolfellows "Coley," afterwards the martyr bishop of Melanesia, was a boy at Eton, like many other boys he was very fond of cricket, and not only was he fond of it, but he was also an unusually good player.

At cricket suppers at Eton it was the custom to give toasts, followed by songs, and these songs oftentimes were of a very questionable sort. Before one of these suppers Coley told the captain that he would protest against the introduction of anything that was immoral or indecent.

His protests apparently had no effect, for during the evening one of the boys got up and began to sing a song which Coley thought was not fit for decent boys to hear. Whereupon, rising from his seat, he said, "If this sort of

thing continues I shall leave the room." It was continued, and he left the table. The next day he wrote to the captain of the eleven, saying that, unless he received an apology he should withdraw from the club.

The apology was sent and Patteson remained; but those who knew how passionately fond of cricket he was knew what a sacrifice it must have been to have risked the chance of an acceptance of his withdrawal. Now, that Eton boy by his conduct confessed Christ. It was a great temptation to him, doubtless, to be silent, and to allow the evil, ribald thing to pass unnoticed. But silence in such circumstances would have been disloyalty to the Master whom he served; for him, at least, it would have been to deny Christ.

WON BY A CHILD.

NOT long ago a missionary on the great river Congo had pushed up in a little steamer into a part where no white man had ever been seen before. The anchor was let down and the steamer brought to. Food was needed for the men and firewood for the engines. The natives came crowding to the bank to look at the wonderful boat; they were armed with arrows and spears.

The missionary talked to them, and made signs of peace, but nothing that he could do seemed to touch them. It was plain that they were partly angry, partly suspicious, and partly afraid, and when the savages are in that state they are very dangerous. What was to be done?

A happy thought flashed across the missionary. He had a wife and a little baby on board. He got the baby, took it up in his arms, and showed it to the people. Now, the baby seemed to understand the situation, and instead of crying, or pretending to be shy, it laughed and crowed as merrily as could be, and when the poor savages saw it they felt safe; they understood in a moment that no harm was meant, and so they laid down their arms and became quite friendly. Even in Africa we can say, "A little child shall lead them."

An English missionary writes: "Lying on my table as I write there are *two farthings* and *two halfpennies*, the total collection after an address I gave the other day to poor children at a large town in England. There was no collection, but after I had finished speaking, four of the little ones remained behind, and very shyly, put these coins into my hand. They had brought their offerings and did not like to go away without presenting them, and I am sure they were precious in God's sight."