

BEGINNING YOUNG.

A gentleman recently said:—"I believe my boy, now ten years of age, is a Christian, and he cannot remember the time when he did not love Jesus and try to do His will. I went away for a few days. When, on the first day, his mother took the Bible for family worship, as is her custom in my absence, he asked that he might read and pray—he thought he could. His mother gladly consenting, he read from the Bible, and then offered a simple, sincere, and comprehensive prayer. After that he conducted family worship. The boy strives hard to be a faithful, consistent Christian, and is always very cheerful and happy."

"I'LL PAY YOU FOR THAT."

A hen trod on a duck's foot. She did not mean to do it, and it did not hurt her much. But the duck said:

"I'll pay you for that!"

So the duck flew at the hen; but as she did so her wing struck an old goose who stood close by.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the goose, and she flew at the duck; but as she did so her foot tore the fur of a cat who was just then in the yard.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the cat, and she flew at the goose; but as she did so her tail brushed the eye of a sheep who was near.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the sheep, and he ran at the cat; but as he did so his foot hit the foot of a dog who lay in the sun.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he, and he ran at the sheep; but as he did so his leg struck an old cow who stood by the gate.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried she as she ran at the dog; but as she did so her horn grazed the skin of a horse who stood by a tree.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he and he ran at the cow.

What a run there was! The horse flew at the cow; and the cow at the dog; and the dog at the sheep; and the sheep at the cat; and the cat at the goose; and the goose at the duck; and the duck at the hen. What a noise they made to be sure!

"Hi, hi! What is all this?" cried the man who had the care of them.

"I cannot have this noise. You may stay here," he said to the hen. But he drove the duck to the pond, and the goose to the field, and the cat to the barn, and the sheep to her fold, and the dog to his house, and the cow to her yard, and the horse to his stall.

"I'll pay you for that!" said the man.—*Nursery.*

In a compartment in a railway carriage there were seated a Christian lady, her little daughter, and one gentleman. The little girl, unobserved by her mother, who was reading a book, whispered to the gentleman "Does you love God?" Nothing more was said. The arrow of conviction went home, and before many days had elapsed that gentleman was a happy believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. About a year afterwards he was walking along the street of a country town, when he noticed, looking out of a window, the mother of the little girl. He at once knocked at the door, saw the lady, and told her how that, in God's hands, her daughter had been the means of his conversion. He then expressed a wish to see the little girl, but the mother, with tears in her eyes, told him that the next time he would see her daughter would be in heaven; for she had some months before gone to be with Jesus. Dear young reader, "Does you love God?"