

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S HEART.

The following dialogue occurred one day between a pious father and his little daughter. Every little girl who reads this article, and every other little girl ought to understand what God means when he says, "My son, [or my daughter,] give me thine heart." No little girl can go to heaven till she has given her heart to God. Every little girl who reads this dialogue may suppose, if she pleases, that we have selected and printed it to help her to learn something more about her heart:

'Pa,' said Maria, suddenly, one day after she had been thinking for some time; 'Pa, what does *heart* mean? When you talk about my heart, I can't think of anything but those gingerbread hearts that we eat.'

'You know, dear, that your heart is not anything that you can see.'

'Oh, yes, pa; I know my heart is not like those, but I want to know what it is like.'

'You know there is something within you which loves and hates; this something is your heart. So when God says, 'give me thine heart,' he means 'love me.''

'Pa, it seems as if I wanted to love God, but I don't know how.'

'You know how to love me, don't you?'

'Oh, yes, pa.'

'But I never told you to love me.'

'Oh, but that is very different.'

'Different—how?'

'Why, pa, I see you, and know all about you, and you love me.'

'Do you love nobody that you have never seen, Maria?'

'I don't know; yes, to be sure,

I love grandpa, and uncle George, and aunt Caroline. But then I have heard you talk about them, pa, and I know that you love them, and they have sent me presents.'

'So I have talked to you about God, and you know that I love Him, and he has made you more presents than any body else in the world.' Besides, you love people sometimes who have never given you anything, and whom none of us have ever seen. Don't you remember little Henry and his Bearer?'

'Yes, pa, I love Henry, I am sure.'

'You see then it is possible to love the character of the people whom you have never seen. Now the character of God is infinitely lovely; he deserves to be loved more than all other beings together; and if you love those who have been kind to you, only think what God has done for you. He gave you parents, when you could not take care of yourself; he has given you food and clothing, and health and friends; he has watched over you by night and by day, and when you were sick he made you well; and now, when he comes to you after all this, and says, 'My daughter, give me thine heart,' you say, 'No, I can't, I don't know how; I can love my father and mother, and brothers and sisters; but I cannot love God who gave them all to me.''

'Oh, papa, I will, I do love him,' replied Maria, with fervor.

'Perhaps you think so now, Maria.'

'Oh, I shall always love him; I know I shall.'

Her father smiled.