

ity while she replaces the naughty stitch.

"Oh, I am glad!" she says, as she receives it again from the hands of her sister, all nicely arranged. "You are a good girl, Mary."

"Bring it to me sooner the next time, and then it won't get so bad," said the gentle voice of Mary.

The little one bounds away with a light heart to finish her task.

If Mary had not helped her sister she would have lost her walk in the garden. Surely it is better to do as Mary did than to say, "Oh, go away and don't trouble me," or to scold the little one all the time you are performing the trifling favour.

SHE TOOK OUT THE "IF."

A little girl was awakened to anxiety about her soul at a meeting where the story of the leper was told.

One day a poor leper came to Jesus and worshipped him, saying, "Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean." And Jesus put forth his hand and touched him, saying, "I will; be thou clean." And immediately his leprosy was cleansed.

Well, this dear little girl, who was anxious, said: "I noticed that there was an 'if' in what the man said, but there was no 'if' in what Jesus said; so I went home and took out the 'if' by granny's fireside, and I knelt down and said, 'Lord Jesus, thou canst, thou wilt make me clean; I give myself to thee.'"

My beloved little reader, have you thus come to Jesus? And if not yet, will you come now? Oh, do come to him! He can, he will make you clean—yes, whiter than snow. You are a sinner, and sin is a far worse disease than leprosy. Nothing can take it away but the blood of Jesus. Come to him this very minute. For "behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

JOHN AND THE POSTAGE-STAMP.

John was a boy who "lived out." Every week he wrote home to his mother, who lives on a small rocky farm among

the hills. One day John picked an old envelope from the kitchen wood-box, and saw that the postage-stamp on it was not touched by the postmaster's stamp to show that it had done its duty and was henceforth useless.

"The postmaster missed his aim then," said John, "and left the stamp as good as new. I'll use it myself."

He moistened it at the nose of the teakettle, and carefully pulled the stamp off.

"No," said conscience, "for that would be cheating. The stamp has been on one letter; it ought not to carry another."

"It can carry another," said John, "because, you see, there is no mark to prove it worthless. The post-office will not know."

"But you know," said conscience, "and that is enough. It is not honest to use it a second time. It is a little matter, to be sure, but it is cheating. God looks for principle. It is the quality of every action which He judges by."

"But no one will know it," said John faintly.

"No one!" cried conscience. "God will know it; that is enough; and He, you know, desires truth in the inward parts."

"Yes," cried all the best part of John's character, "yes, it is cheating to use the postage-stamp the second time, and I will not do it."

John tore it in two and gave it to the winds. The boy won a glorious victory. I hope he will grow up and go to Congress some day, to show the country what honesty is. — *Child's Paper*.

ONCE ONLY.

A shy little girl came to Sabbath-school. She was poorly dressed—a calico gown; hat trimmed with green ribbons; slippers—not boots—thin slippers, which looked as if somebody had given them to her, and a small shawl on her shoulders. Miss Jones brought her in, and she was in Miss Jones' class.

Miss Jones' class were girls very nicely dressed. They had feathers, and fresh ribbons, and fashionable boots. Miss Jones' class, too, all knew each other.

Well, how did they receive the little