

(Prov. iv. 23). Let this ever be our preservative against temptation, "How would *Jesus* have acted here? would *He* not have recoiled, like the sensitive plant, from the remotest contact with sin? Can *I* think of dishonouring Him by tampering with His enemy;—incurring from his own lips the bitter reflection of injured love, 'I am wounded in the house of my friends'?"

He tells us the secret of our preservation and safety, "Simon! Simon! Satan hath desired to have thee, that he might sift thee as wheat; *but I* have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not!"—*The Mind of Jesus.*"

WHAT WILL FOLKS THINK?

How often this vital (?) question is asked? In parlor and kitchen, in the city and country; every where, *everywhere*, old and young, rich and poor. God's people and the world's people, seem to defer more to the opinions of others than to their own judgement of what is best and right. "The speech of people" is the greatest bugbear in Christendom. One would suppose it to be much easier to do as we please, as we find it convenient or judge it right to do, promptly and independently, than to stop and turn round to find out who is looking on and what they will think or say, and then to square our own conclusions according to other people's estimates. So it would be—but we don't always do the easiest thing. We often work harder to circumvent a difficulty, meeting a great many more in our roundabout progress, than we should if we walked with a bold face straight up to the first one and conquered it. And then the unpleasant feelings we have to endure, the regrets and accusations we inflict upon ourselves, when we happen to have done something not exactly understood or approved by those ever-watchful, critical "folks" we desire so much to please—who can calculate them?

So I meditated as I listened to a talk between Lillie Robinson and her mother the other day.

Lillie says, "You know Jennie Sampson, mother?"

"Oh yes."

"You know she was at Julia Hathaway's birthday party."

"Yes."

"You know Julia only had two or three

little girls there, and I wore my merino dress and long-sleeved white apron."

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, Jennie Sampson had on a beautiful silk dress. It had every color in it—oh, it was such a beauty. And what do you think she said to Julia?"

"I couldn't possibly tell," said the mother.

"Why, she said, Shouldn't you think Lillie Robinson's mother would dress her better than that when she goes to a party?"

"Who told you she said so?"

"Why, Julia told me herself this afternoon."

"Well, you don't care, do you, dear?"

"Yes, mamma, I'm sure I do. It makes me feel real bad."

"Why, Jennie didn't blame you; she blamed your mother."

Lillie was silenced for a moment, and her mother went on:

"Now, to be sure, a good little girl ought to feel just as badly to have her mother found fault with as to be found fault with herself."

"Well, I did, mamma."

"But then a good little girl ought to be so sure that her mother had done right, that she wouldn't be troubled at all by what a little child like Jennie might think of it. We mustn't regard what others say about us when we do what we know to be right. Mrs. Hathaway, like a sensible woman, gave a very proper, entertainment to Julia, sending for a few little girls to come in the afternoon to have a good play; and your mother, like a sensible woman too, as I think, dressed you for the occasion. When sixty or a hundred children are invited to a great party, where they can do nothing but stand up round the room to be looked at and get very tired, why then I suppose it is right enough that they should be dressed up like dolls, and try which will look the prettiest. But when they are sent for as you were—to play and have a good time—why then they must be dressed in clothes they can play in. Don't you think so?"

"Yes'm."

"Then your mother did perfectly right."

"Yes'm."

"Well, then, why do you care what a little girl like Jennie should think about it? You never need mind what people think