

ONE WHO LOVES LITTLE GIRLS.

A little Mohammedan girl said: I like your Jesus because He loves little girls; our Mohammed did not love little girls. As the heathen woman thought that the author of the New Testament must have been a woman, because it said so many kind things of those who were only mentioned with scorn in the heathen Shasters, so this little girl had seen enough to show her the difference between the religion of Mohammed and the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Consider what Christ has done for the children. Every Christmas bell that rings, every Christmas gift that gladdens, is but the manifestation of the spirit of peace on earth and good will to men, which the Lord Jesus brought into this world. What has heathenism to take the place of the Gospel of Christ? Hideous rites, horrible ceremonies, bloody and cruel observances, but little of peace, of joy or of blessing.

In India there are thousands on thousands of little child-widows, not more than ten or twelve years old, whose whole life is to be a scene of misery, suffering, privation and abuse which only ends in the grave. Thank God, the Gospel of Christ, who loves little girls, has gone into the dark corners of the earth, and wherever it goes it carries brightness and blessing on its wings. Let us pray that it may run and be glorified, and that many souls may be saved, and that all little girls may learn to know the Christ who loves them and who died to save them.—*N.Y.*

WHICH?

Yes, mother dear, I know; but then, you see, my good feelings last only half a jiffy."

So said my boy to me a few evenings ago, in answer to my appeal.

"I know it, Henry," said I; "but how long does it take to turn a train off onto the wrong line? Once started on the wrong track, no matter how smoothly and swiftly it may run, it is running to destruction. On the other hand, a moment

only, and the points-man will have put the locomotive on the right line, and the carriages will go on safely. So with the heart, it takes only a moment to pray sincerely. 'Lord, save me. It takes only a moment to say, 'Keep me from this sin, O Lord.' It takes only a moment to say from the heart. 'Lord, give Thy Holy Spirit; make me Thy child; do not leave me; let me not leave Thee.'"

"On the other hand, it takes but a moment to say, 'Pshaw! what's the use? I don't care.' It takes but a moment to drive the Spirit of God away, by simply diverting the mind, which may be done in many ways.

"And so the soul may be turned on to the right track or onto the wrong in a moment of time, and either run safely to the end of life, by God's grace, or run swiftly and surely to destruction."

Is my soul on the right or wrong track?

DEW DROPS.

Shining little dew drops,
Glistening everywhere,
On the trees and leaflets,
And the flowerets fair.

Joyful is your mission,
Sent by God above,
To refresh all nature,
With His beams of love.

Yes, our Father's blessings,
Like the dew drops fall,
On each little worker,
Who obeys His call.

Then bring joy and pleasure,
To the trusting heart,
Glistening in the sunshine,
Bidding care depart.

While the earnest reaper
Sows the early seed,
Bright dew drops from Heaven,
Cheer the flowery mead.

May His precious dew drops,
To us all be given,
As we journey onward,
To our Home in Heaven.

Old and Young.