

Without Him we can do nothing good. Every good habit we have, and every holy thought that comes into our minds, we may know comes from the Holy Ghost; and every time we overcome some sin, it is the Holy Ghost who has helped us. So you see that unless we have the Holy Spirit in our hearts we cannot be good. But the Holy Ghost will not come to us if we do not want Him. He will not dwell in our hearts if we do not wish to have Him there; and He will not keep us out of sin if we are not willing to listen to His voice, or if we try to drive good thoughts out of our minds. No; he will go away from us and leave us to grow more and more wicked, until we lose our right to the Kingdom of Heaven.

What must we do then? We must pray for the Holy Spirit to dwell in our hearts, and whenever we have a good thought in our minds we must attend to it, and do what will please Him, so that He will stay with us always and make us better and better until we come at last to our Father's kingdom in Heaven, with our sins forgiven for Jesus' sake. Is the Holy Ghost God? Yes; He is. "The Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God, and yet they are not three Gods but one God."

(To be continued.)

THE BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW.



CHRISTMAS, merry Christmas!
Is it really come again,
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and with its pain?
There's a minor in the carol,
And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining
With the holly wreath to-night.
And the hush is never broken
By the laughter light and low,
As we listen in the starlight
To the bells across the snow.

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
'Tis not so very long
Since other voices blended
In the carol and the song!
If we could but hear them singing
As they are singing now,
If we could but see the shining
Of the crown on each dear brow,
There would be no sigh to smother,
No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the bells across the snow.

O Christmas, merry Christmas,—
This it never more can be;
We cannot bring again the days
Of our unshadowed glee.
But Christmas happy Christmas,
Sweet herald of good-will,
With holy songs of glory
Brings holy gladness still.
For peace and hope may brighten,
And patient love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the bells across the snow.
—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

STOP AND WEIGH.

ONE morning an enraged countryman came into Mr. M's store with very angry looks. He left a team in the street and had a good stick in his hand.

"Mr. M," said the angry countryman, "I bought a paper of nutmegs here in your store, and when I got home they were more than half walnuts; and that's the young villain that I bought them of," pointing to John.

"John," said Mr. M., "did you sell this man walnuts for nutmegs?"

"No, sir," was the ready reply.

"You did, you young villain!" said the countryman still more enraged at his assurance.

"Now, look here," said John. "If you had taken trouble to weigh your nutmegs, you would have found that I put in the walnuts gratis."

"O, you gave them to me, did you?"

"Yes sir, I threw in a handful for the children to crack," said John, laughing at the same time.

"Well now, if you ain't a young scamp," said the countryman, his features relaxing into a grin as he saw through the matter.

Much hard talk and bad blood would be saved, if people would stop to weigh things before they blame others.

"Think twice before you speak once," is an excellent motto.

A MISSIONARY was called to the death bed of a heathen convert—a young girl of 18 summers. She hastened at the summons, and found the beautiful girl already in the dark valley of death, but her countenance was bright. Seeing the missionary, she said with feeble voice:—"Come near; let me take your hand. Dear missionary, I'm dying; but I'm so happy! Jesus is my Saviour. I'll soon see Him! And, dear friend, when I get to heaven the first thing I'll do will be to go before the great white throne, bow before the Saviour, and lay my crown down at His feet; and then I'll ask Him to let me go and stand at the gate of heaven, where I'll watch for your coming; and when you come, I'll take your hand, and lead you before the throne, and I'll say: 'Dear Jesus, here is the missionary who was willing to leave home and friends to tell a poor heathen girl like me of a Saviour. Place a very bright crown upon her head,' and then we'll spend all eternity together in love and praise." And thus she died in joy. Shall not all God's children be so self-sacrificing with their money, talents, prayers, work and lives, that redeemed souls will be waiting and watching for them at the beautiful gate?

"AND so, Mr. Morrison," said a New York merchant to Robert Morrison, on his way to his mission field in China, "you expect to convert the Chinese Empire!" "No, sir," said the young missionary, "I expect God will."