

Do you think the child did not see that? He saw as clearly as you; and that act of yours has left upon that child a conviction of crookedness that may live in his memory, and fill up his character throughout the rest of his pilgrimage upon earth. To children we cannot be too direct, too straightforward; we cannot be too child-like in our intercourse with them, yet we must not be childish. Daily life is more powerful than Sunday life. The face as a dial cannot too purely, too truly reflect the innermost thoughts and imaginations of the heart.—Be Christians, and your voluntary and involuntary influence will be christian also. Be salt, and the savor will necessarily be good; be lights, and the influence that radiates from you will necessarily be light.—What we want to be, is not to look Christians or to pretend Christians, or to profess Christians, but to be Christians. You need not then so carefully guard yourself, you need not be on the ceaseless watch what ye do. Take an anagram; read it from the right or from the left, or from the top or from the bottom; it reads the same thing. Take a Christian, look at him at one angle, or look at another angle, look at him in any light or in any direction, and he is a Christian still. The great secret of getting rid of a vast amount of trouble and inconvenience, is being a Christian; and when you are a Christian your eye will be single, your body will be full of light, and all influences, sanctified and blessed by the Holy Spirit of God, will be sanctifying, and will bless all that are connected with you.

How responsible a thing is daily life!—*Dr. Cumming.*

TOM'S PENNY.

Two little village boys were standing, one afternoon, gazing earnestly at the tempting set-out in Widow Morton's window. "I say, Tom, doesn't that toffy look nice?"

"Yes, but that gingerbread is better; how I should like a piece of it; it makes my mouth water to see it; but I've no money, have you?"

"Yes—no—that is, I've got a penny that a gentleman gave me this morning for holding his horse, but then it isn't mine."

"Not yours if he gave it to you! how do you make that out?"

"Why, you see, I promised mother that the first, the very first, penny I got, should help to pay for the jug I broke the other day. I wish I hadn't promised it, though!"

"Well, but, Tom, you need not tell her about it, and she will never know if you don't. And you'll soon get another penny, somehow, that she can have."

"But would that be right, Bob?"

"I don't see that it wouldn't, it can't signify to her which penny she has, and she is in no hurry for the jug; and most likely this new gingerbread will be all gone if you don't have it now." Tom hesitated, but cast a very longing look at the gingerbread.

Just at that moment a hand was gently laid on his shoulder. He started, and met the kind glance of his Sabbath school teacher.

"I should advise you, my boy," he said, "to come at once out of the way of temptation. That penny is not yours to keep—to keep *honestly*—and therefore you have no right to spend it. Carry it home to your mother as you promised. Promises are sacred things. And always remember, that a pleasure which you can only get through doing what is wrong must be given up directly. The right path is the only safe path."

"And, Bob, you shouldn't have tried to persuade him to use money which, although he earned it, does not really belong to him. Never tempt anybody to act against their conscience. That is doing Satan's work. Don't yield to sin yourself nor yet entice others to sin." The boys moved slowly away from the window, but their teacher had scarcely left them, when Bob, exclaimed, "Never mind his preaching! let's go back and have a penny-worth."

"No, no," said Tom, "I can't, it wouldn't be right; I'll wait till I get another penny." And, in spite of all Bob's coaxing and ridicule, he kept firm to his purpose; and never stopped until he reached home, and placed the money safely in his mother's hand. How happy he felt as he saw her pleased look, and knew, what she did not know, that he had struggled hard to bring it to her, and had succeeded. It is sweet to feel that we have denied ourselves for the sake of doing our duty!

When Tom's father came into tea, he said, "And so, my lad, you earned a penny to-day." Tom looked surprised, and exclaimed, "Why, father, how did you know? You didn't see me, did you?"

"No, but Harry Stevens did; he went by with the truck, just as the gentleman came out to you again, and gave you the penny."

Suppose Tom had spent that penny on gingerbread! Would he not at that moment have been ashamed to look his mother in the face?—*Church of England Sunday Scholar's Magazine.*