

Dear children, have you done enough for Jesus? You know what he has done for you. What have you done for him? The poor girl of whom I have told you was unable to do any thing for the Jesus she loved so much. She was weak and faint and ill. She was confined to her bed. She could read but little, and very seldom could speak. How different is the case with many of you! You are strong and healthy; you can walk and run about; you can read and talk.—Ought you not to have the same desire as she had? And if you have the desire, you also have the power. Must you not then be "up and doing?" If you know how kind a friend Jesus is, will not your kindness prompt you to tell others of him? If you know how good a king he is, will you not wish that others might know it also? Will you not desire that those who are now ignorant of Christ should be taught of him, should become his subjects and his friends? I feel sure you would, therefore I will show you how you may give evidence that you love Jesus,—how you may do some work for him. One of the works he best likes to see you engaged in is, *copying him*. He likes to see you growing up holy and just and pure, in favour with God and man, as he did.—Then he likes to see you trying to bring others to him. Now, how can you do this? First, by praying that men may be saved. God hears prayer. God answers prayer. So you can work in this way. Secondly, by telling others of what God has done for those who knew him not; how he has opened their eyes and led them to holiness. By asking them to pray for the heathen, and give what they can towards the carrying on of missionary work. Lastly, by giving yourself what you are able. Give, collect, and pray; and strive to persuade others to do the same. Thus you may work for Jesus. Always feel that you have not done enough for him, and strive to do more. *He has done enough for you.—Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

GETTING READY FOR HEAVEN.

A little child was playing with its mother, and they were talking about heaven. The mother had been telling the child about the joy and glories of that happy world, the beauty and glory of the angels with their shining wings, the streets of gold, the gates of pearl, the golden crowns, and the harps, and the

white robes, and the song of redemption: "There is no sickness there, no pain, no death, no sorrow, nor sighing, for God shall wipe away the tears from every eye; and there is no sin, that makes all the grief and trouble here, but perfect holiness. All will be holy, just as the Lord Jesus is holy, and all will be perfectly happy in him. All good children will be there; and he himself has said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Oh, what a happy world! There shall we see God, and love him, and rejoice in him; and God himself will be with us, and be our God.

There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin,
And from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in."

Oh, what a happy world! And how happy shall we all be when we once get there!"

"Oh, dear mother," said the little child, jumping up at the thought of such a bright, happy place, and such happy company, "let us all go now! let us go now! I long to be there. Let us go straight away to-night."

"Oh, we must wait a little; God is not ready for us to come yet, but when we must come he will let us know."

"But why can't we get ready now? Oh, I should like to go now right up to heaven! Dear mamma, let us go to-morrow."

"But, my dear child, we are not ready yet, and we must wait God's time, and when he is ready, he will send for us."

"Well, dear mamma, let us *begin to pack up now*, at any rate."

This is just what we should all be doing—*getting ready for heaven*. I wonder if my little reader is ready—ready to leave all behind—ready to enjoy all that is before him in heaven! Are you ready to go to heaven to-night?

"NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

Look out on the wide sea. There is a noble vessel coming from some distant port, laden with many valuable things. It may be there is gold from Australia or California; perhaps there are pearls from the Persian Gulf, or diamonds from Golconda. Well, never mind what treasures she bears, she will soon be in the harbour. Doubtless she is manned by