



THE CHINESE BOY.

This little boy lives in China, a country that is far away—on the other side of the world. He does not look much like the little boys that we see here in America, does he? Though I think it is mostly his dress that makes him look so different. I suppose one of our little boys would look just as odd to them as this little boy does to us. God loves the little Chinese boys as well as he loves us, and he is pleased when we send the story of the love of Jesus to them; for they do not all of them know about the wonderful love of Jesus and how he died to save us. Should we not gladly aid his cause?

MAKING QUITE SURE.

Charlie Andrews had been working very hard all through the half with the firm determination of carrying off the first prize if he possibly could. He knew he had a very good chance, for there were only one or two other boys who were at all to be feared, and he made up his mind to leave nothing undone which should enable him to come out first prize-winner and head of the school.

He felt pretty safe about it. He knew very well that he was a match for any of the other boys at most of the studies. If he had a weak point it was in arithmetic, but he hoped that the number of marks he was certain to get in the other branches would carry him through the examination, even if better arithmetic papers were sent in by some of the other competitors.

The time for the examination drew nigh, and the questions were issued to the boys. As soon as Charlie read them he saw that there would be no difficulty for him, with the exception, perhaps, of the arithmetic paper, and in that there was one question which he felt a little doubtful about. This answered, the prize was his.

Then temptation came to him just when he was least able to resist it. He knew where Mr. Ashton kept the "key" to the arithmetic questions, and the very day before the answers were to be sent in, Mr. Ashton, going out for a walk, happened to leave his bunch of keys lying upon the hall table.

There they were, almost hidden behind a flower basket, and there Charlie saw them as he was passing.

He knew that one of the keys fitted the lock of the drawer where the book he wanted was kept, and the next moment he was struggling with the temptation to use them.

"Make quite sure," said the tempter. "Be sure your sin will find you out," said conscience. But Charlie wanted so much to make quite sure about the prize that he yielded, and presently was creeping like a thief to the drawer, and then furtively glanced at the answer he wanted in the "key."

How lucky! The answer he had arrived at before was quite wrong. What a fortunate thing he had looked at the "key"! He had now made quite sure of the prize.

So he sat down to the sum and worked it all over again. But he couldn't get the answer to tally with that in the key. He began again and again, and at last contented himself with working out the sum as he felt it ought to be done, and putting the answer according to the key.

Next day, with a guilty conscience which interfered sadly with his feelings of satisfaction as to the result of the examination, he took his place amongst the other boys in the school-room.

Now Mr. Ashton reads out the names of the prize-winners. The first name is not Charlie's, nor the second, nor the third, nor indeed any of them. Charlie has not got a prize at all.

Then Mr. Ashton says that one boy has answered well on every subject, and would have had the first prize but for an error in his arithmetic. Who could have answered so well? Only Charlie, and every one is turned to him, whilst he feels ready to sink through the earth.

Mr. Ashton further says that he would like that boy to come to his study presently.

To the study, therefore, disappointed Charlie slowly repairs, agitated, and wondering, and with a great lump in his throat. Mr. Ashton is waiting for him with a stern and sorrowful look.

"How did you get at the 'key'?" says Mr. Ashton, coldly.

How could Mr. Ashton know it, thought the wretched boy, and flinging himself on his knees, with many sobs, he confessed everything.

Mr. Ashton knew it, because the answer Charlie had looked at was printed wrongly, and he knew that such an answer could

not have been given unless the "key" had been consulted.

Charlie was not expelled from the school, as Mr. Ashton had at first intended, but he remained in it long enough to thoroughly redeem his character, and in after life he was saved many times when about to yield to temptation by the recollection of what happened when he made quite sure, as he thought, of obtaining the prize.

TEDDY AND THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Now, then! There is room for one more!" cried Uncle George. "Pack him in, and we are off!"

Room in the great, big, crowded sleigh for only one more, and, alas! there were two eager little boys left standing on the curbstone, longing with all their little hearts to take a ride.

"Which of you shall it be?" said Uncle George.

There was moment's pause, then Teddy stepped back.

"Let it be Harry," he said. "I can stay behind."

So Harry was swung up into the empty place. The whip cracked, the bells jangled, and away they went, leaving Teddy alone, winking with all his might to keep the tears out of his eyes. Pretty soon he ran upstairs to visit grandma.

Grandma was sitting by the window. She laid down her sewing and gathered Teddy up in her arms.

"My dear little boy," she said, "has been trying to follow the Golden Rule, hasn't he?"

Teddy nodded. Presently he said:

"Grandma, does God up in heaven notice when a little boy tries to mind his rules?"

"Yes, indeed he does. And it makes him feel very glad."

Teddy's round face grew solemn.

"Can just a little boy like me make God feel glad?"

"Yes, dear."

"Isn't that queer," said Teddy, "and—and—splendid?"

"Isn't it queer," said grandma, gently, "that when little boys like you and old ladies like me can make God glad, we sometimes forget and make him sorry?"

A TINY PARABLE.

Once there was a fair apple, rosy-cheeked and mellow, but it was bad at the core, and had to be thrown away. A boy or girl may be ever so sweet for us to look upon, but the heavenly Father, who sees straight to the heart, may see bad thoughts and angry temper there. "Keep thy heart with all diligence," says the Bible.

A lie that is half the truth is ever the blackest of lies.