

THE CLOSED DOOR.

I remember it so well, it was one morning, many years ago, when I was a very little child, I had been disobedient at breakfast time, and papa had said to me gravely and sadly, "Carrie, you must get off your chair, and go and stand outside the door for five minutes."

I got down choked back the sob that rose in my throat and without returning to look into papa's face, I went outside the door and it was shut against me.

The moments seemed very long and silent. I remember well how impatient I became, as I stood on the mat and fidgeted with the handle of the door. The five minutes were not nearly over, but the handle of the door was turned and Johnny's curly head peeped out.

Both his arms were round my neck in a minute and he said, "Carrie go in, I'll be naughty instead of you." And before I had time to say a word he had pushed me in, and shut the door.

There I stood with my eyes on the ground, and feeling so red and uncomfortable, not knowing whether I might go up to the table; but papa took me by the hand, and led me to the table, kissed me and put me on my chair, and I knew I was forgiven just as much as if I had borne all the punishment, but oh how I wished that Johnnie might come in!

When the five minutes were up he was called in, and then papa took us both—me, the poor naughty child, and Johnnie the loving brother, and folded us both in his arms, and I sobbed it all out—the repentance, and love, and gratefulness—while we were held close to that loving heart.

And now that I look back to that little scene, it seems like a very typical one. For the years went by, and I found myself outside another door, separated from the Father, sin having come between my soul and God, till I saw one who loved me come to take my place and put me into his place of nearness, and I was forgiven for Christ's sake; and I knew the fullness and freeness of that pardon, for our Father drew me near to his divine heart of Love, and there with the Lord Jesus, my sin bearer, I found "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

"Payment he will not twice demand, First at my bleeding surety's hand, And then again at mine."



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WHAT MADE THE BABY CROSS.

"Mamma, I wish you'd call the baby in; he's so cross we can't play," cried Robert to his mamma one day as he was playing in the yard with his sister and the baby.

"I don't think he would be cross if you were not cross to him," said mamma, coming out. "He does just as he sees you do. Just try him and see. Put your hat on one side of your head."

Robbie did so, and presently the baby pushed his straw hat over on one side of his head.

"Whistle," said mamma. Robbie did, and baby began to whistle too.

"Stop mocking me," said Robbie, angrily, giving baby a push. Baby screamed and pushed Robbie back.

"There, you see," said his mother, "the baby does just as you do. Kiss him now, and you will see how quickly he will follow your example."

Robbie did not feel exactly like doing this, but he did; and the baby hugged and kissed him back very warmly.

"Now you see," said his mother, "you can have a cross baby or a good baby of your little brother, just which you choose. But you teach him yourself." Robbie and all other little girls and boys ought to remember the golden rule: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

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WHY CHARLEY LOST THE PLACE.

Whistling a merry tune, Charley came down the road, with his hands in his pockets, his cap pushed back on his head, and a general air of good-fellowship with the world.

He was on his way to apply for a position in a stationer's store that he was very anxious to obtain, and in his pocket were the best of references concerning his character for willingness and honesty. He felt sure that there would not be much doubt about his obtaining the place when he presented these credentials.

A few drops of rain fell, as the bright sky was overcast with clouds, and he began to wish that he had brought an umbrella. From a house just a little way before him two little children were starting out for school, and the mother stood in the door smiling approval as the boy raised the umbrella, and took the little sister under its shelter in a manly fashion.

Charley was a great tease, and, like most boys who indulge in teasing or rough practical jokes, he always took care to select for his victim some one weaker or younger than himself.

"I'll have some fun with those children," he said to himself; and before they had gone very far down the road he crept up behind them, and snatched the umbrella out of the boy's hands.

In vain the little fellow pleaded with him to return it. Charley took a malicious delight in pretending that he was going to break it or throw it over

the fence, he amused himself in this way for some distance, making the children run after him and plead with him tearfully for their umbrella.

Tired of this sport at last, he relinquished the umbrella as a carriage approached, and, leaving the children to dry their tears, went on toward the store.

Mr. Mercer was not in, so Charley sat down on the steps to wait for him. An old gray cat was basking in the sun, and Charley amused himself by pinching the poor animal's tail till she mewed pitifully and struggled to escape.

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