

Who is this young girl, so gently helping the poor lame boy down the steps at the Sabbath School door? We do not know. But we think we know something about her. "By their fruits ye shall know them,"—and we know *her* by her fruits. She has the opportunity, and she is doing a little deed of kindness; so we are sure she has a kind heart within. That is the root, and this is the fruit.

Perhaps there are some of our readers (are *you* one of them?) who never did a kindness to anybody in their lives. They think of no one but *self*;—their own praise, their own comfort, their own pleasure, their own profit. But there are others, we know, who try, like John Newton, to be always taking a bit from the one heap and adding it to the other. Among their brothers and sisters at home,—among their companions at school,—wherever they go,—they are always trying to be of use, and to show kindness to others.

Which of the two kinds of boys and girls is the happier? And which is the most like Christ?

LOVE MAKES THE DIFFERENCE.

"O, it is just as different as can be," said one of my young friends.

"What is?" I asked.

"Why, being a Christian. Everything is so different from what I expected."

"What did you expect?"

"When you used to talk to me about being a Christian, I used to say to myself, 'No, I can't now, for I shall have to do so many hard things, and I never can do them.'"

"What hard things?"

"O, I used to think, 'Now, if I become a Christian, I shall have to walk just so; shall have to go to Church and prayer meeting; shall have to pray and read the Bible, and won't have the liberty I would desire.' It is so different from what I thought."

"Why, James, what do you mean? You do go to Church and read the Bible and walk right?"

"O, yes," answered James, looking up with a bright smile, "but now I *love* to do them. I find it a pleasure to have liberty from sinful habits, and liberty to walk according to the Word on which I delight to meditate. Love, that makes all the difference. I love Christ, and I love to do all He wishes me to do."

Love makes all the difference.

A SEAMAN'S CONFIDENCE.

It was a touching answer of a Christian sailor, when asked why he remained so calm in a fearful storm, when the sea seemed ready to devour the ship. He was not sure that he could swim, but he said, "Though I sink, I shall drop into the hollow of my Father's hand; for He holds all these waters there."—*Arnot*.