

afraid. I have travelled before. I trust in God, and know that He will take care of me."

But I soon found out why she was so happy. It was because she loved Jesus. I began to talk to her about the Bible, and I was surprised to find how much she knew about it. She talked to me about sin; how it first came into the world, when Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit; but how it was to be seen everywhere now!

Then she talked of the garden of Gethsemane; of how Jesus there sweat great drops of blood; of the soldiers nailing him to the cross; of the spear piercing His side, and the blood and water coming out. "Oh," she said, "how very good it was of Him to die for us; and such a cruel death!"

I asked her what part of the Bible she liked best. She said she liked all the history of Jesus; but the chapters she most loved to hear were the last two chapters of the Book of the Revelation. I had a pocket Bible with me, so I took it out, and read those chapters to her as we went along.

When I had done she began to talk about heaven, "Only think," she said, "how nice it will be to be there? *There* will be no more sorrow, nor crying, nor sinning. And then the Lord Jesus will be there; for it says, 'The Lamb is the light thereof;' and we shall always be with Him. There will be no night there. But best of all, there will be no blind folk in heaven. *I shall see Jesus* there, and all the beautiful things in heaven; won't that be glorious?"

Think, children, of this little blind girl, and of the pleasure she had in talking about Jesus. Think of the joy she felt in hearing what the Bible says about heaven and its joy. The secret of it all was, she belonged to Jesus. If belonging to Jesus could make a poor, blind girl like this so happy, then none need ever despair of finding for themselves the same blessed joy and peace in Him.—(John xiv. 27.)

TRYING TO BE GOOD.

"Mamma," said a little girl one day, "I mean to try to be very good; for you know, only good children go to heaven."

"Who told you that, my darling?" replied the mother. "The Bible says, 'none are good; no, not one:' only the blood of Jesus Christ washes bad people 'whiter than snow.'"

"But, mamma," persisted the child, "I thought along with that we must all try and do the best we can to make ourselves good."

"Well, Jessie, lie down now and go to sleep; that will be the fitting thing at present. Only before you do so, give yourself up to the Lord Jesus just as you are, as if He stood beside you here and knew you were very bad."

With this parting counsel and a very fond kiss the mother withdrew.

In silence Mrs. Neilson observed her daughter for some days after this. She saw what efforts the child made to subdue her temper and overcome her faults, but too often the evil within would break out, and