

at home, but I preferred coming in this.' Probably she did, as the white ones were all night-dresses, except one, which she had worn at her baptism. Mean girl! she was rightly punished. Her grandmother had bought a pretty embroidered muslin to present to her, but finding her so well supplied, she reserved her gift for a grandchild with a smaller wardrobe. Do you remember uttering any such half truths as these? and if so, did you not despise yourself for them at the time, and do you not blush to think of them now? Need I speak of such acts as secretly looking at a lesson in class time, or receiving help in exercises which are to pass as entirely your own? Surely any girl who would shrink from the name of a liar will scorn such doings; and yet have you not often counted it a smaller thing to talk and waste your time when trusted to study alone?

I wish now to speak to you about certain feelings, not always in themselves wrong feelings, which often tempt to untruth.

Fear of reproof is one of these. A young servant in dusting a room takes up a book full of beautiful pictures, and forgets her work in looking through it; and then, at the sound of her mistress's step, snatches up her broom, and looks, untruly, as if she had been very busy; or by carelessness she breaks some ornament, and to escape reproof puts the parts carefully together in their places, so that it may fall to pieces in some other hands; thus saying, by her action, that she knows nothing about it. Or a daughter is reading a novel, when she ought to be working; but when the door opens, the book is pushed behind the sofa cushion, or under her work, and she is sewing as if she had thought of nothing else all the time. Are not these actions lies, as much as if you had spoken them? Something like this is the love of approbation, which some people feel much more strongly than others, and which is not in itself a wrong feeling. You wish to gain the good opinion of some one whom you admire and esteem, but, in order to do so, you express opinions and feelings which are not really your own, or you put on an appearance of interest in things in which you really feel none. Of course, in all such cases, the way to escape the temptation is plain avoid the actions for which you would fear reproof, or which you might find it needful to conceal; and be in reality what you wish others to think you. Personal vanity, itself a contemptible feeling, often leads to untruth in action. Jane is out at tea one evening. She is a beautiful player on the piano, and anxious that everybody should know it; but nobody proposes music. Jane looks at the piano, praises its beauty, asks her hostess if she plays, and if the tones of the instrument are as fine as its appearance, and at last gains her purpose, and is asked to play. I remember discovering, one evening when dressed in a low-bodied black dress, that a rich crimson scarf made a beautiful contrast with it, and was very becoming. I did not appear in it at tea, as that would have excited remark; but shortly afterwards, pretending to shiver, though the evening was mild, I left the room and returned with the scarf thrown gracefully round my shoulders; well deserving the remark of a caustic old lady who was present, 'What a piece of affectation! putting on that thing just to show off your white neck.' You laugh and say, 'How silly!' Yes; it was silly; but it was worse: that shiver was a lie. These are but a few out of the very many ways in which the truth is constantly violated even by persons who would be indignant at a charge

of falsehood. I might speak of the habit, so common both with young and old, of professing great pleasure at the arrival of visitors, and rejoicing at their departure as soon as they are gone; or praising and flattering companions, and then laughing at them behind their backs; but the examples already given are sufficient to enable any one who is willing to detect the untruth among your daily habits; surely you will determine that it shall be so no more. Think how hateful and grievous such things must be in the eyes of the Lord Jesus,—who is Himself the Truth, who desires 'truth in the inward parts;' and in whose own perfect and lovely character every act and word were the exact expression of the holy and loving heart. Can you be a child and follower of His, while you practise any kind of untruth? Will you not determine that henceforth all who know you may be able to say of you, 'You may trust that girl entirely: she says exactly what she means, and she is exactly what she seems to be?'—'League Journal.'

Jeannie's Christian Endeavor Awakening.

(By Anna E. Hahn, in 'Forward'.)

Jeannie Gordon was getting ready to go to the Christian Endeavor meeting, and was standing before her mirror looking at her reflected face as she donned her hat and jacket. It was only a plain, little sailor hat, and the jacket showed several seasons' wear. Her face showed wear, too—not the wear of time, for Jeannie was still a young girl, but the wear of work and worry, the wear that comes even in youth, when one is constantly 'careful and troubled about many things.'

For Jeannie's parents were poor, and as her mother was an invalid, and Jeannie was the oldest daughter much of the family care and contriving fell upon her. This, together with the fact that she was naturally of an anxious, care-taking disposition, gave her pretty face a thoughtful, troubled look, ill-befitting her years.

'I was foolish in joining the young people's society,' she told herself, as she drew on her gloves. 'I really have no time for it. How can I do any committee work, or even take any part in the weekly programmes? With all this home work and worry, and the strain of constantly tugging to make both ends meet, I'm not fit for anything else. I believe the subject this evening is about Christian work—working for Christ—but I'm not prepared to take any part in the meeting. If I had Allie Brown's leisure and means I might do useful Christian work, and be a help to our society, but as it is I can do nothing.'

Allie Brown was Jeannie's most intimate friend, and a pretty, merry girl, with a pleasant home, plenty of pin-money, and all her out-of-school hours to spend as she pleased. Yet, because of carelessness and indifference, she did but little Christian work.

Jeannie went to the meeting feeling very blue indeed, and crept quietly into a back seat, instead of going well to the front, as all active members are supposed to do. The meeting was opened as usual, and one after another made a prayer, repeated an appropriate text or sentiment, or spoke upon the subject for consideration. But Jeannie remained quiet, not even announcing a hymn, as some do when they have neglected to prepare themselves for any other part.

'I've nothing to say on the subject,' be-

cause, situated as I am, there's no Christian work I can do,' she thought, half bitterly, half sorrowfully. 'Those who are rich can give money for Christ's work, and those who have time and ability can give that. But I have none of these things. The little I can give or do for Christ is so very little that it amounts to just nothing at all.'

Just then a stranger rose to speak. He was a quiet-looking young man, and spoke with much earnestness. 'When Christ was here on earth in the body,' he said, 'he once found himself in a desert place at evening, with a great multitude of people, all of whom were hungry and had no food, and no near place to obtain it. Pitying their hunger, Christ bade his disciples feed them. But they had with them but little food—only five loaves and two fishes—a small supply indeed, with which to feed more than five thousand hungry people. But when they had taken the scanty food to Jesus, he blessed it and divided it among them, and they distributed it among the people. They all ate of it, and it was enough and more than enough for all.'

'I think this miracle teaches us,' continued the young man, 'that our means and abilities, however small, will not be insufficient for any work Christ wishes us to do, if we first take them to him for his blessing. Often when discouraged in Christian work, when the task before me seems great, and my resources small, I seem to hear the Saviour say, "Bring them hither to me." And when I take my scanty time and means and ability to him, as the disciples of old took their few poor loaves and fishes, I find that his blessing has not lost its power to increase and make sufficient. When we shrink from any Christian work, when we doubt and hesitate because of our weakness or lack—let us take whatever we have, however poor and small it be, to him whose blessing can supply all our needs, and make us, if we have willing, earnest hearts, able to accomplish all he wishes us to do.'

Jeannie listened to the stranger's words in amazement. How strange that they should be such a fitting answer to the thoughts that but now had been troubling her! During the remainder of the meeting she did some prayerful thinking, and at the conclusion said to the leader:

'I've concluded to accept the place you offered me on that committee. I think, after all, I can find time for the work.'

'I'm glad to hear it,' replied the leader. 'It is an important committee, and accomplishes much good when the work is properly attended to. You're an excellent worker, Miss Jeannie, and our society is sadly in need of earnest, constant workers. Can we depend upon you as one of them?'

'I think you can,' said Jeannie. 'Yes, I'm sure you can. I've just taken my scanty time and means where the disciples took their few loaves and fishes, and I feel I shall now have sufficient of both to do whatever work Christ wishes me to do. At least I shall not fail because of lack of effort on my part,' she added firmly.

Forenoon and afternoon and night—Forenoon,

And afternoon, and night—Forenoon, and—what?

The empty song repeats itself. No more? Yea, that is life; make this forenoon sublime,

This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer, And time is conquered and thy crown is won.

—Edward R. Sill.