

THE BOY WITH THE LITTLE HEART.

THERE was once a boy who was never happy unless he had his own way. When father or mother told him to do anything he did not like, an ugly "I won't!" crept out of his lips, and a frown clouded his face.

No one liked him. His playmates found him selfish; his master could never get him to be obedient unless he was scolded or punished. People called him "the disobedient boy." He scarcely ever did what was right cheerfully, with a smile and a pleasant word. He was a puzzle and trouble at home and at school, among his playfellows, and wherever he went. His mother often wondered what she could do to make him better and happier. She heard her friends say, "What will that boy do when he grows up? Nobody cares for him now, but he will become more selfish and unbearable by and by." And this made his mother very sad.

One day, when she was thinking about it, a veil seemed to drop, and she looked right into her little boy's heart. She saw a tiny chamber quite filled up by a discontented boy, crying, "I want this! I like that!" She had heard these words till she was weary, but now she knew that her child's heart was full of self. There was no room in it for father or mother or friends. He never thought he would like to please them, but just lived for himself.

It was a bitter thing for that loving mother to see inside her boy's heart. But she knew God could help her, and she asked Him to make the child's heart bigger and let her creep inside.

That evening he was very troublesome. "I won't!" "I won't!"—she counted it more than twenty times. Every time she heard it she seemed to get a glimpse into the selfish little heart, but she prayed for patience and went quietly on. When bedtime came, she tucked him snugly in and knelt at his side. The sharp little eyes saw tears trickling down the cheeks, and noticed how tired and sad mother looked. The Father in heaven was answering prayer.

As the mother knelt by his bed, the little boy seemed to look right into her heart. He saw himself there, saw his father there, learned what all the kindly deeds and words of the past meant. He understood how much he was grieving her who loved him, and began to feel ashamed of his cross and selfish ways.

Just then he fell asleep. In his dreams he heard an angel ask, "Shall I show you your heart?" The little boy was rather frightened, but replied that he would like to see it. As he began to see how little room there was in it for any one besides himself, a blush covered his face. He ventured to ask if there was no medicine for the heart. His mother had been reading to him about the chief Sekomi, who sat in

Livingstone's hut, one day, absorbed in thought. At length, in pompous tones, he said to the missionary, "I wish you would change my heart. Give me medicine to change it; for it is proud, proud and angry—angry always." Livingstone picked up his New Testament, and was about to tell the chief how it might be cured, when Sekomi interrupted: "Nay; I wish to have it changed by medicine—to drink, and have it changed at once; for it is always very proud and very uneasy, and continually angry with some one." He would not wait to hear of the remedy, but rose and left the hut.

That story seemed running in the little fellow's mind as he dreamed. The angel told him that the medicine for his heart was love—love that would make room there for others as well as himself. The boy offered a little prayer, and dreamed that the old evil tempers vanished from his heart.

It was the beginning of better days. Every morning the little fellow wondered how he could bring a smile to his mother's face. He thought about her far more than about himself, and kept back the angry look or impatient word, so that his home became the happiest in all the town. But his heart was not big enough yet. He had a Bible of his own which he prized very much. One evening he picked it up and read that verse: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." While he stopped to read it again, a veil seemed to fall from his face, and he looked right into the heart of God. He saw how much our Father in heaven loved him, and began to think what he could do to please Him. He fell down on his knees, asking for a blessing. It was a far richer blessing than he dreamed of getting, for God opened the door and came into that boy's heart.

As days went by, his heart became bigger still, and all the world crept in. He had a smile for every one. He never seemed tired of saying a kind word or lending a helping hand. People called him the boy who went about doing good.

As he grew older the love in his heart made him long to be a missionary. He sailed far away to live among savages, where there was no white man near. But the love in his heart covered him like a shield. Angry passions died away wherever the friend of the poor and sinful and helpless came. He taught the savages about Christ, and won their hearts for Him, so that the whole tribe among whom he labored learned to live holy lives. Then he "fell asleep," and went home to see his Saviour.

This is a parable for boys and girls; but how many true stories might be made to illustrate it! If you will read the life of David Livingstone, you will find how his heart was enlarged as Robert Moffat told him about Africa, and