

TWO STORIES, BOY AND GIRL.

At a great gathering of children in Edinburgh, not long since, a great and good man Major Whittle, told the following two stories, one shewing how a boy yielded to temptation, the other, how a girl conquered it.

HOW A BOY YIELDED: THE POISON IVY.

I knew of a little boy who lived near Lake Michigan, who was shown by his father the poison ivy that grows very profusely in that region. The father told him that he was not to touch it, because it would poison his hands, and get on his face and make him sick.

"Do you think you know the plant now, my boy?" said the father. "Yes, father," was the reply. "Well, go over to that oak tree and see if you can pick it out." He went over and called out, "Here it is, father." "That's right," said his father. "Now go over and find some under that tree." "Here it is, father," said he, as he ran over to another tree and saw on the ground the green shiny leaf of the little ivy bush. "That is right," said the father. "Now you know what it is, remember about it, and be careful and not touch it."

It was only a few days after this that the boy was not well, and little red pimples came out all over his hands and face. "Why," said the father, "this is poison ivy! How in the world did this happen, my boy, after father warned you about it?"

The boy began to cry, and said very pitifully, "Me and Willie thought we would like to see if it would poison us, and so we picked some and rubbed it on."

Could there be anything more like what we read of the woman waiting to see if the fruit which God had forbidden would kill her? And so it seems inevitable that every boy and girl wants—oh, so much!—to do the very thing they are forbidden to do, and that Satan should still be permitted to come and tempt them to do it. This being so, we must be on our guard, and not think that because we very much want to do a thing, that it is right or best for us to do it.

A LITTLE GIRL'S VICTORY.

I read a story the other day that pleased me very much indeed. A mother brought home a package of sweets for her little girl, and after giving her as much as was good

for her to eat at one time, put the package on an upper shelf in the cupboard, and told her she was to have no more that day. The mother went upstairs and came back after some time to the open door of the room where the sweets were. What did she see but her little girl standing on a shelf, with the package of sweets opened, and a piece of it in her hand! The mother was about to call out to her; but observing that the child waited for a while, as if thinking of something, she paused to see what she would do. To her great happiness, the little girl put back the sweets, and climbing down from the shelf to a chair and from the chair to the floor, she looked up with a happy smile, and stamping her foot upon the floor, said, "Dere, Dod, I didn't eat it after all!"

That was a great victory! Oh, that every one of you children would think of God when you are tempted to sin, and you, too, would have many such victories.

The best time, however, to fight against Satan is when he *first suggests* an evil thought. It was very dangerous for the little girl to have come so near doing wrong.

It would have been much better if she had run right out of the room, saying in her heart, "No, no," and gone to her play, that she might think of something else when the desire came to have the sweets. One of the most useful prayers in the Bible is found in Psa. cxix., verse 37, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity."

Always make this prayer when an evil thought is suggested by what you are looking at, or thinking of, and Satan will not be able to go further with you.

WHOSE MONEY WAS IT?

"Mary Owen Allen! Mary Owen Allen!" There was something in Guy's voice that made poor little Mary jump. She dropped her doll with a "Dear me! what have I done *now*?" and ran down stairs, where her brother was. He held one hand behind him, while the other, with a wrathful forefinger extended, was held toward her. "Stealer! stealer! *stealer*!" said he scornfully. Mary's face grew red. "I never, Guy Pease Allen!" and then she began to cry and wipe her eyes with a tiny handkerchief.

She knew Guy did not like to see tears, but now he did not mind the bit of muslin at all, but cried: "You did! you did! You stole the money out of my mite-box. There's a hole right in the bottom, and all my money's—gone."