

she sat on my knees in the chair where a few months before she had so unwilling sat to receive my rebuke and instruction in righteousness. "Now, tell me all about it, dear," I said to her.

"Well, papa, you know how naughty I was when you talked to me here a long time ago. I did not forget it. I have been very sorry and ashamed about it, and have often since prayed to God to make me a better child. Well, you know the little meetings you had with the children? I went to some of them and resolved that I would give my heart to Jesus, but I did not. Yesterday your sermon in church made me see what a great sinner I was, and I went to bed very unhappy last night, thinking of my sins and wondering if God would forgive me. I don't know how it was, but I think God must have awakened me. It was in the night and quite dark when I awoke. I thought of my sins, and then thought of all you had taught me about Jesus. Then I got out of bed and knelt beside it, and gave my heart to him, and oh, I am so happy! and I have been awake ever since, waiting for the morning to come so that I could tell you."—DR. G. F. PENTECOST.

REJOICING.

Real cheerfulness is a duty. The command, "Rejoice evermore," is as divine as is the command, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," or "Thou shalt not kill."

Innocence and happiness go hand in hand. Everything in its place, and while in its place, is happy, except as they are punished by man; or as they are made to suffer with him, and as the result of his sin.

The insects and birds sing and use their wings for joy of it. The fish swim and constantly dart about through delight. The lamb skips and plays for the same reason.

Beauty and joy becomes all alike. Plaintive songs to the minor key are the results of sin. God is love. Sunlight, flowers, beauty and music are all streams pouring forth from the fountain of love. Mercy, goodness, grace, salvation, heaven, all flow from the same source.

The rejoicing of the sinner is a spark quenched in the ocean of despair—a bubble floating in the air. The rejoicing of the Christian is a living stream flowing on forever; a beam, yea, sun shining forth in the "kingdom of our Father."

For the child of God to be sad is a disgrace to his Father, and a reproach to the family.

Christian, lift up your heads; victory is at hand; "your redemption draweth nigh." Storm-clouds do not blot out the sun. Thunderbolts cannot reach it. When all of earth shall die, still God shall live.