

that as many as believed on him, to them he gave the right to become the sons of God. Jesus told us also to call God our Heavenly Father. We could never have found this out for ourselves; we could never have called God our Father but for Jesus Christ. Should you have known that you could have become one of the sons of God, Tom?"

The boy glanced at his ragged clothes and his bare toes showing through the sides of his heavy boots; and he thought of the miserable hole under the steps of the cellar, which he called his home—and he shook his head with a very positive shake.

"But you may, Tom," continued Mr. Hope, laying his hand upon the lad's shoulder; "as sure as you are hearkening to me this minute, so sure the Lord Jesus is now ready to give you the right to become one of God's sons, and his own brother—for he is not ashamed to call us brothers. You have only to trust in him, just the same as you are trusting and believing in me. If you become the son of God, and the brother of the Lord Jesus Christ, there would be no more stealing or lying then, my boy, and no more fear of the police; only good, honest, hard work, with God's blessing upon it; and, by-and-by, warm clothes and good food, and a better home to live in; and at the last, when you die, a happy home for ever in heaven. Tom, should you like it?"

Tom stood silent for a minute or two, with his eyes cast down and his hands clenched, pondering over the strange things his new friend had been saying to him. He had but a vague idea of their meaning yet, but there was a bright comfort in the thought of another Father than the one who was in jail. After a while he lifted up his eyes, dim with tears, which could not altogether hide the anxiety dwelling within them.

"I hope it's true," he said. "And please, sir, I should like it very much—but I don't seem to know nothing about it."

"Now, then, this is what you shall do for me, said Mr. Hope: "Instead of you paying me any money for getting you off this time, you shall do your best to learn to read before I come again. You are a sharp lad, I know; and if you set your mind upon it, you will know how to read a little before I am in Manchester again. I've spoken to Banner, and he promises me he will find a night-school where they will teach you well. Will you do this for me, Tom?"

"Aye, will I!" said the boy.

"And little Phil as well," said Mr. Hope, smiling. "Banner will tell you when I am coming again, and I shall expect to see you quite a different fellow. How do you mean to get your living, Tom?"

"I'll try not to steal," answered Tom, earnestly; "indeed, I never took to it much, sir. I'll go out with Phil, selling chips or salt. There's many folks 'll buy from Phil when they won't from me."

"Tom," said Mr. Hope, "I'll trust you with some money to start upon. Look me right in the face, and promise me you'll not spend it in drink, or lose it at pitch-and-toss, or waste it in any way, but you'll try to make an honest living by it."

"I will, sir," said Tom, with a sob.

Mr. Hope put a golden sovereign into his hand, and Tom gazed at it in speechless amazement. Such a sum of money had never been in his possession, scarcely in his thoughts, before. He tried to mutter some thanks, but Mr. Hope told him it was time for him to go now; and he made his way, with a heavy and shambling tread, down the long room, feeling rich beyond the most extravagant dreams that could have entered into his head. He had no pocket he could trust the precious coin to, and his hand was not safe enough, but, before

opening the door, he stowed it carefully into his mouth, between his cheek and his teeth.

Banner had only time enough to lead to the entrance-hall, where Alice and Phil were waiting for him, and to dismiss them with a friendly glance. Tom trod quietly down the great staircase into the busy street, already subdued by his wealth, and the cares enkindled by it; while Alice on one side, and Phil on the other, were both telling eagerly of the good fortune that had befallen Phil, in the shape of the lady's sixpence.

(To be continued.)

A LITTLE EASY PLAY.

"THIS is my sister Lulu and my brother Fred," said Bertha Watkins as she joined her playmates on the green. "I promised mamma I'd take care of them for an hour."

"All right! all right!" cried the others; "take right hold of hands with us, and have a merry-go-round."

"But we mustn't play hard, for Fred is so little and Lulu is bashful," said careful Bertha.

"She's a real mother, isn't she?" pouted Maud Perth, as she pulled away, eager to be off. "Let's give them a good race; Nick and I know how."

"Don't be rude, Maud," whispered Edna, the oldest of the group; "we must be kind to the little ones. We mustn't run so fast or pull so hard as if we were alone."

"Oh, pshaw! and spoil all our fun!"

"You forget our lesson last Sunday;" and Edna repeated, "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves.' You know our teacher said we must be kind and gentle with the little ones who can't do as we can. Come let's change and play house; you be mamma, and Nick be papa, and I'll be auntie, and they'll be our company."

Maud consented and they had an hour's nice play, and Bertha took her brother and sister home quite happy.

"I knew you have taken good care of them, they look so bright," said mamma.

"Yes, Edna Clark is such a nice girl, mamma. She played a little easy play just on purpose for them; wasn't she good? And she said a pretty verse she had learned about it too."—*Christian Observer*

A JAPANESE BOY AT BREAKFAST.

IT is breakfast time, and Hidesabo sits down together with father, mother and two little sisters on a thick mat spread before a low table. Do not suppose there is hot coffee, beefsteak and eggs for a meal. They have what they like much better. A good-sized bowl of cold boiled rice is set before each person and then a dipperful of steaming tea is brought in, and the rice heated by having the tea poured over it.

Hidesabo begins to eat this now palatable dish with two long straight ivory sticks, holding one between the first and second finger and the other between the second and third, carrying the food to his mouth with them. After the rice the Kuku family have another course, consisting of slices of very large and coarse pickled radishes which are considered a delicacy. These are followed by more tea, and then the meal is ended. Sometimes stewed sweet potatoes are added, but the Japanese family do not care for much variety.—*Christian Union*.

A DEAR little girl of three years was being taken to bed by her mother. On the dark staircase she she stopped, and whispered: "Take my hand, mother, and then the dark will be all light."

THE BABY'S FIRST WORD.

IN a heathen land many thousand miles from America a young Hindoo and his bride had just come to know the dear Saviour who died for the sins of the world. Their hearts were full of love, and they could talk of nothing but their new-found friend. They had one child, a babe just old enough to begin to talk, and in the earnestness of their love to the Redeemer they desired that the first word this little one should utter should be his name—Jesus Christ.

"Not 'father' or 'mother,'" they said, "but 'Jesus.' It is the dearest name on earth. May it be the first word our baby shall speak!"

In a dark heathen country, O far, far away,
Where the servants of Jesus for the love of him stay
To tell the poor people God's wonderful love,
And point them the pathway to heaven above.

A youth and the wife he had chosen had heard
And received in their hearts the life-giving word,
They went on their way their neighbours to tell,
Of him who had died to redeem them from hell.

They could think, they could talk of nothing beside,
But the great love of Jesus, who for them had died;
The story so wondrous, so new, and so sweet,
From morning till evening they fain would repeat.

A bright, welcome gift with their new life had come,
A fair little flower had bloomed in their home—
A babe to be cherished and nurtured with care;
For God, not for idols, their child they would rear.

The treasure unfolded in beauty each day;
With cooings and lisps the tiny lips play;
Shall "papa" and "mamma" the little tongue frame?
"No, no! It shall speak first the heavenly name—"

"'Jesus,' dear 'Jesus,' the best name on earth,
The name from us hidden until our new birth;
He came to redeem us, he on us has smiled:
His name shall be first on the lips of our child."

A GOOD WISH GRATIFIED.

FIVE little girls were spending a pleasant evening together, and fell to discussion what they would most like to have.

"I wish I lived in a beautiful palace, with nothing to do but act as I pleased," said little Susie Blake.

"Oh! I wish I was very, very pretty, so that people would look at me and say, 'She's the prettiest girl I ever saw!'" exclaimed Ella Dudley.

"And I do wish more than anything else that I had lots and lots of money," said Dora Kyle.

"I would like to be very smart and write beautiful story books," said Margie Wilkins.

"Your turn now, Katie, what do you wish for?" asked Margie, seeing that Katie hesitated.

"I wished to be good—so good," she said slowly, "that all my friends will love me very dearly, and miss me when I am absent from them," timidly said little Katie Otis.

"Why, Katie!" exclaimed four loving voices, "you have your wish already; for only this morning we all agreed that the day would not be half so pleasant if you had not come," said Margie, drawing Katie's hand in her own.

"And we each wished we were like you, because everybody loves you so," said Susie.

Katie actually cried for joy to think her wish had so soon been granted.

"Oh! girls, let's make a good wish next time, and maybe it will be gratified," said Dora; to which they all agreed.

Now, it is in the power of every child to be good—so good that they will be missed and wished for when absent. Don't you think it much wiser to desire what is possible than to make life disagreeable by wishing for what is impossible?—*Selected*.