

HEATHEN CHILDREN.

Does not Jesus love the children
 Who now dwell in heathen lands?
 Would he give them like blessing—
 Lay on them his gentle hands?
 Yes, oh, yes! the Saviour's pity
 Limitless and ceaseless flows;
 And he died that he might rescue
 Them, with you, from endless woes.
 And he bids you send the knowledge
 Of his love to them afar,—
 To the children who in darkness
 See not our bright Morning Star.
 Oh! be earnest that the tidings
 Which to you such mercies bring
 May go forth to scatter gladness,
 Making all the desert sing.

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HOW GOD FORGIVES.

A LITTLE girl knelt to pray, but the memory of a wrong done that day came between her soul and Christ. She had disobeyed her father. She rose and went to his room. "Papa," said she, as the tears filled her eyes and choked her voice; "I have come to tell you something that I did that was wrong to-day. I want to ask you to forgive me." "My dear child," was the answer, "I do not want you to tell me. I forgive you freely without." He dried away her tears and sent her back rejoicing. As she knelt once more for her heavenly Father's blessing, the readiness of her earthly father to forgive her was to her a type of the divine forgiveness.

RELIGION cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky; but the stars are there, and will reappear.

"HALF HER FAULT."

"Why, why! what's the matter with papa's girlie, now?" asked Mr. Gray, tenderly, as his little Amy ran in crying, and hid her face on his breast.

"Oh, it's that horrid Fanny! She does all sorts of hateful things to me, and then she turns and tells tales to her mother; and she always takes her part. And I haven't got any mother to take my part now!"

"No," said her father, sorrowfully, glancing at her little black frock. "But, dear mamma is up in heaven, and she would not like to see her little girl in such a passion!"

"Well, I don't like Fanny one bit, nor Aunt Harriet, either. I just wish they weren't going to live here!"

"But, then, who would take care of Amy, and look after her clothes, and see to her if she is sick? Who would attend to the house and the servants? All that is a great deal of trouble; and papa is very grateful to Aunt Harriet for undertaking it."

Amy had not thought of this. It quieted her a little, but she presently broke out again:

"Well, she ought not to let Fanny tease me, anyhow!"

"No; Fanny must not be allowed to tease you," said her father. "But how does she tease you? What has she done just now?"

"Oh, she meddles with my things, and she won't play what I want her, and she's just cross!"

"And are you sure you're as good-natured as you might be, Amy? I will speak if it is necessary, but I had rather you would try to better things yourself, darling."

Her father's sorrowful tone touched Amy.

"I will try, papa," she said, throwing her arms round his neck, and kissing him.

"I guess it was half my fault, anyhow!"

CARRY A LIGHT.

IN France, every carriage, or cart or waggon must, after sundown, carry a light; and quite right, too. On those mountain roads where would we be, if our carriage encountered a hay-cart just at the turn of a road, or at the edge of a precipice? It is very curious to see a little lantern gleaming out from a moving hill of hay, but it is in every way the correct thing. How we wish that all our acquaintances carried a light! Be they good or bad, we are glad to know where they are, and where they are going,



TELL THE TRUTH.

for then we know how to deal with. Your dark men are dreadful men! They seem to be afraid of discovering their own whereabouts, and we know not whether they are friends or foes. We are bound to drive warily when these people are about, and we should, in their neighbourhood, be doubly careful to keep our own lamp burning brightly.—C. H. Spurgeon.

TELL THE TRUTH.

Don't be afraid, little Johnnie, my boy:
 Open the door and go in;
 The longer you shrink from confessing a fault,
 The harder it is to begin.
 No wonder you wait, with a pitiful face,
 And dread the confession to make;
 For you know when you're naughty, the worst of it all
 Is making your mother's heart ache.
 But courage, my boy! Never mind if the shoes
 Are muddy, and wet, and all that;
 Never mind if your clothes have been terribly torn,
 And you've ruined your pretty new hat.
 Go in like a man, and tell mother the truth.
 Like a brave little lad; and you'll see,
 How happy a boy who confesses a fault,
 And is truthful and honest, can be.

Be honest, my boy, be honest, I say;
 Be honest at work, be honest at play;
 The same in the dark as when in the light.
 Your deeds need not then be kept out of sight.