

Now, do you think this was because I loved God and wanted other children to love him? You will perhaps say, Yes. I am afraid it was not altogether so, but that I might be praised like the poor woman. How angry God must have been, when he saw the thought in my heart, and how glad I ought to be that he did not punish me the same moment. Well, I could scarcely go to sleep that night; I thought much about the meeting, and what care I would take of my rabbits, and where I would keep them, and where I would sell them.

In a few days I bought the rabbits; and a short time after when I was walking out, our minister came up to me, and asked me about the meeting, and tell him anything I remembered of the speeches. Then he said, "I am glad to hear that you have some missionary rabbits, —I hope you will succeed; may God bless you?"

Do you know his kind words made me proud, and I thought, "I wonder if my governess has told Mr. — about the rabbits; it must be good of me to do this, or they would not talk of it." I did not know they spoke of it because they hoped God had answered their prayers for me.

I was very glad when I found the first young rabbits, in their nice, soft nest, and I was sure that I should have money to give. I watched them day after day, and they were grown very pretty little things, when one day, while I was at my lessons, some hawks pounced upon them and killed six and the rest soon died. The next young ones were all dead when I found them. Another set of very nice ones, some brown and white and some all white, with pink eyes, lived until I was just going to sell them,—when the weather was so damp, I put them in a fresh place,

which, though dry, was too cold, and nearly all died. At last I had some to sell: but other children had seen mine, and had got some too. As my young ones had died, they bought them at other places, and now I only received thirty cents for the little ones, and that was less than the old ones cost. On finding this, I said in anger, "I will not keep them longer:" and such thoughts as this came into my mind: "I have tried to get some money, and I cannot: so it is not my own fault, and I will not try any more."

Now, do you think the blame was my own? I do. I am sure it was just my own, and no one's else. I wished to give money; but, then, why did I wish it? Did I think more about heathen children praising God, or about people praising me; I thought more of people praising me: and God must have looked in great anger upon me, and would not let my plans succeed.

Now, perhaps some children may have tried to do things that have not succeeded; but if they have done so because they loved God, they must try again, trusting in him, and he will bless them. Perhaps others have done things for their own praise, and they may have succeeded; but if God has not yet shown them how wicked it is, he will one day do so. Though he may let you go on in this world, when at the last day, we shall appear before the judgment seat of Christ, each of us will then know his own true name. Hear what God says of the unfaithful servant: "And shall cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." Matt. xxiv. 51.

Now, my dear young friends, love God now; and when you seek that the heathen may be saved, may God not frown in anger upon you, because you do not seek pardon for your own