

pull one out. Now, I think this little boy tried to be good, for though there were quite a number of nails driven into the post, after a while all had been drawn out. Not one remained.

Don't you think "Bennie" must have been a happy little fellow the day that the last nail disappeared from the post? His father was very much pleased, and was congratulating his little son upon the fact that the nails were all gone; but he was much surprised to see that "Bennie" was weeping instead of elated. "Yes," said the dear child, "the nails are all gone, but the *marks* are *there still*."

Oh! children, did you ever think that all your bad deeds will leave *marks*? Yes, marks upon your *soul*, and perhaps upon the souls of others. Think of this whenever you are tempted to do a wrong act. Say to yourself, "I shall make a mark that I shall not love to look at—a mark that cannot be taken out." For even though this sin may be pardoned, as to its *guilt*, and washed away, as to its *pollution*, by the atoning blood of the Redeemer, still it will leave something that will prevent its being forgotten by you. Memory, like a mirror, will often present it before you. How painful the view will be! How you will wish that you could have none but good deeds to look upon!

Then, my dear children, strive to make a mark every day of your lives, but let that mark be a *good* one—one that you will love to see in days to come—one that will bring smiles and not tears, whenever you think upon it—one that will leave a bright spot upon your heart, and the hearts of others, and not a wound that will keep festering and aching within your heart, or sear your conscience. Lay up for yourself a store of sweet memories that will refresh you in age—that shall cheer you upon a sick or dying bed, and even be remembered with joy in heaven.—*Presby. Banner and Advocate*.

A little boy, about four years of age, was very playful one Sunday evening. The next morning, at breakfast, he looked thoughtfully up into his mother's face, and said—"Mamma, was not last night Sunday?" "Yes, dear," the mother replied, "why do you ask?" "Oh!" he said, "I am so sorry that I played; I will not any more." His mother told him to try and remember his little verse—

"I must not play on Sunday,
Because it would be sin;
To-morrow will be Monday,
And then I may begin."