

mas sheaf, let us all, especially the boys and girls, not forget them. When God gives us plenty, even the birds ought to be the better for our gratitude.

### NAUGHTY THINK.

"MAMMA," said Kitty, "papa calls me a good little girl, and aunty does, and 'most every body; but I am not, mamma, good at all." "I am very sorry," said mamma. "So am I," said Kitty, "but I have got a very naughty think." "Naughty what?" ask mamma, "My think is naughty inside me," said Kitty. "When I was dressed to go to ride yesterday, and the carriage came and there was no room for me, I went into the house, and aunty told you I behaved very good about it. She said I didn't cry, or anything; but, mamma, I thought wicked things, and I ran up stairs and lay down and kicked and kicked and kicked, I was so—so—so mad," said Kitty. "I wished the carriage would upset and the old horses run away; that's what I mean. It was a naughty think in me." "Well, nobody knew it," said John. "Somebody *did* know it," said Kitty. "Who?" asked John. "God," answered Kitty, "He cannot call me good as aunty and papa do. Mamma, how can I be good inside?"

Kitty is not alone in asking that question. Many and many a one is asking it very sorrowfully. How can I be good inside? King David felt like Kitty, and he fell down on his knees and prayed this little prayer: "CLEANSE THOU ME FROM SECRET FAULTS." Secret faults are in some sense the worst sort of faults, because, first, they deceive others, for they are inside and nobody sees them; and then they deceive ourselves, for we are apt to think nobody will find them out, and that if they are not found out it is no matter.

Was Kitty deceived? No, she knew they were not kept secret from God, and it troubled her. And when her mother told her of King David's prayer, she prayed that little prayer for herself, and she prays it every day. "Cleanse Thou me from secret faults," she whispered in her Saviour's ear. And the Saviour hears and answers this little prayer. As she offers it, she watches over her own heart, and when a "naughty think" comes into her bosom she fights against it. She says to it "Go away, go away," and asks the Saviour to help her to resist it. Go it *does*, and sweet peace comes and nestles in her bosom instead.—*The Child's Paper.*