

not a whole leaf on her; her beauty was gone. She was all but killed, and had only life enough to weep over her folly, while the tears stood like dew-drops on her poor, tattered leaves, 'Alas! alas! I did not think one caterpillar could ruin me.'

"That is the end," said Aunt Evelyn, smiling. "The end of the story; but not of the 'meaning,'" said Harry.

"My meaning is this," said their aunt: I want you to see that one sin cherished and kept is the ruin of many a dear child, as well as of a beautiful rose.

"'One little sin!' A boy says, who may have said a bad word, or who has as his friend a bad associate, or who reads a bad book--'It isn't much harm.'

"'I can't give up that one thing,' says the girl, who loves her prettily bound novel, or who enjoys some forbidden amusement, or who gazes in admiration at her own fair, frail face, and spends her time in thinking how best to set it off. And so the sin creeps in, and eats, eats, eats away the very heart of the one who yields to it.

"By and by, as the years roll on, we pass by a man, old, worn and feeble, who is weeping over his life's folly and his wasted years; or a woman, faded and fretful, a slave to vanity, and craving after every new excitement. Ah! they did not shake off all the caterpillars! Now, Harry, Connie and Effie, and little sleepy Herbert, remember in the bright fresh morning of youth to beware of the little sins of which your hearts are full. Don't keep any; but ask Jesus to come by and take them all from you, and He will cleanse you from all unrighteousness."

I'LL TELL JESUS.

"Oh, Edie!" exclaimed Effie Forest to her friend Edith Gordon, "I do wish I was rich, so that I could send something to help the Children's Home this winter."

"O," said Edie, "I don't think we are expected to help the poor. It is those that have more money than they know what to do with; and papa always says, 'What can't be cured must be endured.' Whatever were we talking about? I was telling you about that beautiful bracelet Bertie gave me on my birthday; I do like it so much, and shall not let papa have any peace till he buys me another to match. Effie! are you

dreaming? I don't believe you heard a word I said."

"I was thinking," said Effie, "if there was anything I could do to help--"

"O, do shut up about helping, when you are so poor! I don't believe you have a bit of jewellery; and excuse me, dear, I don't mean to be unkind, but really I don't think I could go out in that dress, it is so plain. So you see, dear, the absurd--" But she had not time to finish her speech, when Effie, with eyes sparkling, exclaimed, "I know--I'll tell Jesus!"

"Tell Jesus!" repeated Edie, in astonishment; "do you expect He will drop you some money down from the skies?"

"No," said Effie, in a low voice, "but He will tell me what to do."

A few weeks after the foregoing conversation, Effie saw in a paper, written especially for girls, a competition for the best piece of poetry on a certain subject. After much prayer, she composed some verses. She had to wait several months before she saw the welcome announcement that she had received the second prize of one pound and one shilling. She had told none of her friends about it, thinking she would rather wait and see if she were successful; for she thought it might not be the best thing to have her prayer answered just in that way. But now, after going to her room and thanking God for His great goodness, she hastened to tell her friend. As soon as they were alone, she began: "Edie, dear, Jesus has sent me some money to help some of His dear workers in saving His little ones."

"How in the world," asked Edie, doubtfully, "could He send you money?"

After hearing of the competition and its result, Edie persisted that Effie had done it all herself, and could not see that any one had helped her. But her friend's earnest words at last convinced her.

So, dear little readers, would I have you learn that there is nothing too great or too small to tell Jesus, only we must always leave the result with Him.

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