

lieve me, 'tis better so. You are not happy, child, half-hearted as you are, you've not enough of Christ to enjoy Him, and you've just enough to spoil the flavor of all worldly ways and pleasures."

"No! I'm not happy," sighed the girl. "What shall I do? How shall I become whole-hearted? I long to be," she concluded, piteously, the tears beginning to flow.

"Begin afresh, dearie. Give yourself right away to Christ and believe He has taken you; then trust Him to take the 'don't want to' out of your heart. Let Him show you Himself. Ask Him to. The sight of His face in its love and beauty will blot out all others. His commandments are not grievous—it is your misreading of them makes them seem so. I think you must ask Him to teach you, for no one else can, dearie."

"There was silence for a moment. Then Ida looked up, tears glistening on her long, black lashes.

"I'm ashamed of myself," she cried; "I have never been real. Mrs. Montrose, will you help me to learn Christ? He has taught you, ask Him to teach me!" In the very words lurked a prayer which the Good Shepherd heard. For deeper than the longing in Ida's heart was the longing in the heart of Jesus to safe fold and lead the wilful, wayward heart of the weeping girl. Dear young reader, do you stand where Ida stood, wanting to grasp the promises without fulfilling the conditions? Is your Christian life unsatisfactory? Suppose you try what claiming the promises and carrying out the commands of Christ will do for you. Put a little presumption into your Bible-reading, and see if you do not realize the promised blessing.—*Eva Travers Evered Poole, in The Christian.*

It is at once our privilege and our duty to try and win souls for Christ. We are expected to do it; we can do it; we ought to do it; we must do it. Its the only way in which we can keep our hearts warm and loving; it's the only way in which Christ can be pleased and His Father glorified: it's the only way in which the world can be won for Christ.

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International.

Institute.

Feb. 7. Acts iv. 32 to v. 11. Matt. vi. 1-8, 24-34.
" 14. Acts v. 17-32. " xx. 1-16.
" 21. Acts vi. 8 to vii. 60. Luke xviii. 1-14.
" 28. Acts viii. 1-17. Luke viii. 35-43.

DO THY LITTLE.

Do thy little, do it well;
Do what right and reason tell.
Do thy little, God has made
Million leaves for forest shade.
Smallest stars their glory bring,
God employeth everything.
All the little thou hast done—
Little battles thou hast won,
Little masteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved;
Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little favors kindly done,
Little toils thou didst not shun,
Little graces meekly worn;
Little slights with patience borne—
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the smiling skies.

—Our Sunday Afternoon.

SKATING.

Many of our young readers know how pleasant it is to glide swiftly and easily over the smooth ice; while perhaps most of us only occasionally get on a larger sheet of ice than a rink, yet sometimes the pond or river or bay is frozen and clear of snow, and then what exciting and splendid times we have!

While we all acknowledge the fun of skating, and know what splendid exercise it is, there is one thing we hope all readers of PARISH AND HOME will remember—never to let it interfere with their home duties, nor with their loyalty to their King. Most of our readers have promised to "fight manfully under God's banner against sin, the world and the devil, and to continue Christ's faithful soldiers." What a good way of witnessing for Him on the evening of the week-night service, or when some missionary meeting is held for the extension of His kingdom, for His loyal soldiers to be present, even if they have to give up an evening on the rink or river. How it would please our Captain and how it would influence others! What would we think of soldiers who were at pleasure when they should be on

duty? So, if soldiers of Christ, let us see that we are not just pleasing self, when we should be about His business.

By all means thank Him for our skates and skating, but only use them at the right time. C. H. W. and

HONEST JIMMIE.

"Here's your nice, fresh popcorn!" called out Jimmie Dawson, as he jumped aboard the passenger train that had just arrived, and would remain "twenty minutes for dinner," so the conductor said.

As Jimmie entered and passed along, carrying his large basket, full almost to overflowing with bags of tempting popcorn, he found many customers.

Little Annie Duncan, sitting by her father's side, pulled his sleeve as Jimmie came near, and said:

"Won't you please buy me some, papa?"

"Why, dear, I presume it isn't fresh," answered her father.

"But he says it is, papa," persisted Annie, looking with longing eyes at the approaching basket.

"Well, so did that boy on the other train, and it proved to be so stale that you had to throw most of it away."

"I know it, papa. But this boy looks so honest, I wish you'd try again. I want some so bad."

"All right, then. Here, boy, I want a bag of that popcorn. It is fresh, I suppose," said Mr. Duncan.

"Yes, sir, it is fresh. I never sell any other kind," replied Jimmie, looking him in the eye.

"Oh, yes," muttered Mr. Duncan, as he passed on, "that's the way they all talk. I presume it was fresh some time."

Annie opened the bag, and as she sampled the contents she exclaimed: "Oh, see, papa, it is just delicious, so fresh and nice, and warm, too! You try it," holding the bag towards him as she spoke. He did so, and then said:

"Well, he did tell the truth for sure, and I wish I had bought another bag, but he'll be back before long with half of that big basketful left; then we'll have some more." Jimmie returned in about ten min-