

HOW OLD MUST I BE.

"Mother," a little child once said, "mother, how old must I be before I can be a Christian?"

And the wise mother answered, "How old will you have to be, darling, before you can love me?"

"Why, mother, I always loved you. I do now, and I always shall," and she kissed her mother; "but you have not told me yet how old I shall have to be?"

The mother made answer with another question: "How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and my care?"

"I always did," she answered, and kissed her mother again; "but tell me what I want to know," and she climbed into her mother's lap and put her arms about her neck.

The mother asked again: "How old will you have to be before you can do what I want you to do?"

Then the child whispered, half guessing what her mother meant: "I can now, without growing any older."

Then her mother said: "You can be a Christian now, my darling, without waiting to grow older. All you have to do is to love and trust and try to please the one who says, 'Let the little ones come unto me.' Don't you want to begin now?"

The child whispered, "Yes."

Then they both knelt down, and the mother prayed, and in her prayer she gave to Christ her little one who wanted to be his. — *Scl.*

USE OF BEREAVEMENT.

"See," said a lad who was walking with his father, "they are knocking away the props from under the bridge: what are they doing that for? Won't the bridge fall?" "They are knocking them away," said the father, "that the timbers may rest more firmly upon the stone piers, which are now finished." God only takes away our earthly props that we may rest more firmly upon him.

TEACH US TO PRAY.

Lord, teach a little child to pray,
And O, accept my prayer:
Thou hearest all the words I say
For thou art everywhere.

A little sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by Thee:
And though I am so young and small,
Thou carest still for me.

Teach me to do what e'er is right,
And when I sin, forgive;
And make it still my chief delight
To love Thee while I live.

A SHOP PAPERED WITH THE BIBLE.

A correspondent of the Friend of Missions in Japan tells the following interesting story of a lady who went into a cake-shop to buy some cakes for her children. While waiting for the cakes, she saw that the walls were papered with leaves from the Bible. This was so strange that she asked the old woman about it; and she told the lady that one day, passing by a book-shop, she saw a pile of papers thrown away as useless. As her shop needed papering, she thought this was just the thing, and took some of it home and pasted it up over her walls. One evening her grandson came in, and began reading aloud from the paper on the wall. The old woman was so interested in what she heard that she listened eagerly, and got all who would to read it to her. One day a young man came who asked if she understood it, and whether she was a Christian. She told him how much she enjoyed hearing it, but she did not understand it much; so he promised to take her to church the next day. After this she attended regularly and became an earnest Christian. She now keeps a stock of tracts by her, and into every bag of little cakes she drops one. Is not this encouraging? All that good came out of leaves of the Bible thrown away, which were considered of no use. — *Scl.*