

sisting her to dress. After watching for a while what the maid was doing, the little girl crept under the chair, and began to put her little fingers through her sister's long hair, and play with some jewels that were shining there. By-and-by she went in front of her sister's chair, and, looking up into her face, she said—

“Sister, shall you have any jewels in your crown?”

Oh, what a question that was! The Lord had sent the little girl to lead her sister to Jesus. The words rang in her ears, “Shall you have any jewels in your crown?” She could not get them out of her head.

She finished her dressing, went downstairs, and drove off to the ball. But there her little sister's words came back to her mind, and she could not get rid of them. She had no heart for the music and the dancing and the gaiety all round about her. So she ordered the carriage, got into it, and went back home again.

The moment the door opened, she flew up stairs, and found her way to the room where her sister was sweetly sleeping. She could sleep undisturbed, because she was resting on Jesus, and the angels were watching around her bed; for they encamp round about all the Lord's children.

The young lady went up to her little cot, stooped down over it, and clasped her little sister, and said—

“Darling, you shall have one jewel in your crown, at least.”

That was the turning point in her life. The little girl had been blessed by the Holy Spirit to the leading of her elder sister to Jesus.

Will not some of you try and do the same? How blessed to be permitted to lead one soul to the Lord Jesus Christ! And a little child may do it. That is the way to praise the Lord, as well as to come ourselves to Him. We cannot help speaking about Him, if our hearts are full of love to Him. And He will teach us what to say.

WHICH?

“Yes, mother, I know; but then, you see, my good feelings only last half a jiffy.

So said my boy to me one evening, in answer to my appeal.

“I know it, Henry,” said I; “but how long does it take to switch off a locomotive on to the wrong track? Once started on the wrong track, no matter how smoothly and swiftly it may run, it is running to destruction. On the other hand, a moment only, and the switch-tender will have put the locomotive on the right track, and the cars will go on safely.

“So with the heart. It takes only a moment to pray sincerely, ‘Lord save me.’ It takes only a moment to say ‘Keep me from this sin, O Lord.’ It takes only a moment to say from the heart, ‘Lord, give me Thy Holy Spirit; make me Thy child; do not leave me; let me not leave Thee.’

“On the other hand, it takes but a moment to say, ‘Pshaw! what's tht use? I don't care.’ It takes but a moment to say, ‘I'm not going to be laughed at for being a Christian, I know.’ It takes but a moment to drive the Spirit of God away, by simply diverting the mind, which may be done in many ways.

“And so the soul may be switched on to the right track or on to the wrong track in a moment of time, and either run safely to the end of life by God's grace, or run swiftly and surely to destruction.

Is my soul on the right or wrong track?

A LIBERAL OFFER.

The following story used to be told by Rev. Dr. Bethune, of New York:

“Several summers ago, when I was upon my fishing excursion among the ‘Thousand Isles,’ it was my habit to assemble the fishermen on Sabbath mornings to preach to them. Upon one occasion, after our simple service under the trees, the men collected in a group and appeared much interested in the discussion. At last, one came over to me and said:—‘Dominnie, we want you live here and be our minister; now, if you will, we will build you a church of sawed stuff.’ ‘But,’ I answered, ‘I'm not a rich man, and where I preach they pay me a salary.’ ‘O,’ said my honest friend, ‘we've fixed all that. If you stay we will give you a hundred dollars a year.