

get her words about boys keeping their hearts pure of ugly sin-stains and their hands clean from picking and stealing. He took the orange out of his pocket. It seemed as though he had never wanted anything in his life as he wanted it. But into the basket it went, and then Tommy, like a wise little boy, set his small legs in motion, and did not let them stop until he reached Mrs. Camp's door.

"There are thirteen to the dozen," he said, as he handed her the basket. "Perhaps she will give me the extra one," he said to himself, as she counted them.

"Yes, thirteen," she said; "They'll make a good, full dish. I'm much obliged to you, Tommy."

He watched until she put the last one back into the basket and set them away in the pantry. He felt a good deal disappointed, for the sight of them had made him wish for them more and more. He went out and walked slowly ten minutes; then gave a jump and a whoop.

"Hurrah! If I had taken that orange it would have been all gone by this time, and God would have known it, and mamma would have known it, too, for I couldn't have helped telling her. And if it were done, I never, never, never could undo it. I'd have been a thief all my life. Just for an orange! Oh, I'm glad, glad!"

And the sun shone so brightly, and the birds sang so merrily, that Tommy felt sure they were glad, too.

The First Voyage.

There was great excitement amongst Uncle George's nephews and nieces whenever he came home from a voyage. He always had so many pleasant stories to tell of his travels, and of the wonderful sights he had seen; and when his things were unpacked he was surrounded by an eager little crowd, and there was a babel of voices exclaiming, "What have you brought for me, Uncle George?" "and me?" "and me?" and such treasures would be produced from the depths of his great sea-chest.

When last he returned from a long voyage, he brought his namesake, George, a lovely little boat. George had made up his mind to be a sailor, like his uncle; and his sister Nellie, who shared all his plans and joined in all his games, went down to the beach with him to launch his boat. At first they were in great suspense, as it would topple over in spite of all George's efforts to keep it straight; but at last it righted itself, and sailed away merrily; George and Nellie paddled after it in the shallow water, anxiously watching lest too rough a wave should come and swamp the tiny craft.

At last the first voyage was successfully ended, and the children ran home to tell Uncle George what a "jolly" boat he had brought, and how splendidly it took to the water!

Only a Pin.

"Laura, pick up that pin," said Mrs. Merrick one day to her niece.

"La, aunt, only a pin!" exclaimed Miss Laura, contemptuously. "I'm sure I throw away dozens of them every day."

"Does your doing so prove it to be right?" asked her aunt. "The fact of pins being cheap does not make them valueless; on the contrary they are most useful. The Bible never encourages waste. The Lord bade His disciples gather up the broken pieces

of bread and fish, that nothing be lost, though he could easily multiply food when needed."

"But, aunt," put in Laura again, "a pin is such a small matter; crumbs, you know, might feed the hungry."

"God takes account of small matters," replied Mrs. Merrick, "and to clever people there is nothing trifling. A young man once went to Paris seeking employment from a rich banker. To his great disappointment, however, the banker had no vacancy for him in his office. On returning to his hotel, in crossing the court-yard, the young man stooped to pick up a pin, which he polished on his coat-sleeve and then stuck into his coat. Very strangely, the banker unnoticed, witnessed this action, and thinking well of his late visitor for his thrift and carefulness, sent for him and took him into his office. The young man afterwards became immensely wealthy, and noted for his liberality as well as his vast possessions."

Fancy pins being so scarce that they were only allowed to be sold in shops on two days in the year! At that time husbands had to give their wives a large sum to buy them, from which such a yearly allowance is still called "pin money." So children, form careful habits, and do not waste even a pin!

The Stepping Stones.

"Mother, dear," said little Bessie, "please let me go first. I am not the least afraid of falling, and I do like to cross the stepping stones."

Then her kind mother let her do so, for really the stones were quite steady and safe, the water was not deep, so there was no danger in crossing. Sometimes, however, in winter time, when there had been a good deal of rain, the water rose so high that it washed quite over the stones. At such times mother could cross easily enough, but a little girl like Bessie would not dare do so, lest she might slip and be drowned.

Bessie has had such a pleasant day. The sun had been shining so sweetly, while the farmer's fields were quite yellow with the ripening grain. Bessie, you see, had gathered a tiny handful of corn for herself, while mother has gleaned a whole sheaf. The grain thus gathered will be most useful in Bessie's cottage home. It will be beaten out of the husks and ground into meal or flour, which mother will then bake into cakes or bread. Now do you not think that Farmer Jones must be a kind, good man to allow the cottagers to glean in his fields? I think he is.

A Mock Prince.

In the reign of Henry VII., a plot for setting a pretender to the crown of England on the throne was framed by the friends of the House of York. A young man named Lambert Simnel was found to personate the character of the Earl of Warwick, then confined in the Tower. He was trained for this purpose, made acquainted with all the adventures of the nobleman whose name he was to bear, and accustomed to converse about persons he had never met.

At last the time came for the working out of the plan, and Simnel and his tutor landed in Dublin. He acted his part well, traced his false pedigree, and almost moved the listeners to tears by the account of his imprisonment and escape. He was received



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with enthusiasm, finally crowned by the Archbishop, and took up his abode in Dublin Castle.

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No outward privileges will make us Christians, we "must be born again." We may call ourselves "children of God," but God does not call us so until we are adopted into his family. Let us see to it that we are not taking a false name and standing. Let us not be Christians in word and in form only, but "in deed and in truth." "Children of God by faith in Christ Jesus;" "heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ."

—When God, for Christ's sake, pardons your sins, you ought also to pardon them, and rising in the strength of renewed manhood, you ought to go forward to make the future cleaner and your life more useful and fruitful. Remorse is the hateful and prolific parent of inactivity and ruin. Go to your closet in prayer and penitence, then let the dead past bury its dead, and make the new year the brightest and best of all the years of your life.

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