

sticks instead of their God for letting them live. You would think it odd to bow to chopsticks. The children are taught to do so and it is impious to omit it. Surely you should not laugh at this folly. Suppose you once had a mother: she is now gone: would you not clasp your friend or brother and call him "dear" in place of your lost mother? The people in that land do not know God as you do, and call their chopsticks God and bow to them. They know well enough that the chopsticks cannot stand up and walk; but just as you call other persons dear when you have lost the real mother, so they call their chopsticks God because they have no real God.

There are many smart boys and girls in that land and I am sure you would like them if you lived with them. Don't you think it real nice to tell these children something about your God when they are ignorant of him, and are worshipping their chopsticks? The missionaries, you know, are doing so now in that land and they are heartily received. Would you like to help them if you can, and would you like to know something about them?

A BAD TEMPER CURED.

"I should like to tell you my case," said a tall, fine-looking, gentlemanly man, with a bright beaming countenance. I had been speaking at a meeting in a large provincial town on the mighty power of divine grace as all-sufficient to save and deliver from the habit of besetting sins. At the close of the meeting, this gentleman accosted me as above, and added: "I keep a school, and for years my temper was sadly tried by my boys. Being, as I trust I am, a converted man and a professing follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, I felt that by giving way to my temper I was dishonoring my Lord and Master. This was a sad grief to me. It was a bad example for my boys, and I knew it must mar my influence with them.

"I struggled against it. I made it a subject of earnest prayer. Night after night I confessed my sin and sought

strength to overcome it, but all in vain. I then wrote down and kept on my desk a memorandum of my transgressions, hoping that the constant sight of this reminder of my sins might serve as a check and cure, but still in vain. The outbursts of temper broke over all such barriers. Again and again I confessed and wept over my sad and sinful habit. I was injuring my own soul and dishonoring my Lord in the presence of the whole school. This state of things went on for weeks and months. I knew not what to do. All my efforts were fruitless; all my good resolutions were broken. I was at length so driven to utter self-despair as regarded this matter, that one night I fell upon my knees and cried unto the Lord and said, 'It is no use, Lord, I give it up; undertake for me.'

"It is now five years ago since this happened. The Lord *did* undertake for me; He did for me what I could not do for myself. Since that time I have never once been out of temper with my boys, nor have I once felt the inclination to be so. I thought you would like to have your words confirmed by this account of my experience."

Such was, in substance, the language of the speaker.—*The Helmet*.

CLEAR THROUGH.

A little boy, only seven years old, who was trying hard to be a Christian, was watching the servant Maggie as she pared the potatoes for dinner. Soon she pared an extra large one which was very white and nice on the outside, but when cut into pieces it showed itself to be hollow and black inside with dry rot. Instantly Willie exclaimed, "Why Maggie that potato isn't a Christian."

"What do you mean?" asked Maggie.

"Don't you see it has a bad heart?" was Willie's reply.

It seems that this little boy had learned enough of the religion of Jesus to know that, however fair the outside may be, it will never do to have the heart black. We must be sound and right, clear through.—*Christian Observer*.