

"I AM NOT MY OWN."

"I wish I had some money to give to God," said Susy; "but I haven't any."

"God does not expect you to give Him what you have not," said papa; "but you have other things besides money. When we get home I will read something to you, which will make you see plainly what you may give to God."

So after dinner they went to the library, and Susy's papa took down a large book and made Susy read aloud: "I have this day been before God, and have given myself—all that I am and have—to God; so that I am in no respect my own. I have no right to this body, or any of its members; no right to this tongue, these hands, these feet, these eyes, these ears. I have given myself clean away."

"These are the words of a good and great man, who is now in Heaven. Now, you see what you have to give to God, my darling Susy."

Susy looked at her hands and at her feet, and was silent. At last she said in a low voice, half to herself, I don't believe God wants them."

Her papa heard her. "He does want them, and He is looking at you now to see whether you will give them to Him or keep them for yourself. If you give them to Him you will be careful never to let them do anything naughty, and will teach them to do everything good they can. If you keep them for yourself they will be likely to do wrong and to get into mischief."

"Have you given yours to Him, papa?"

"Yes, indeed; long ago."

"Are you glad?"

"Yes, very glad."

Susy was still silent. She did not quite understand what it all meant.

"If you give your tongue to God," said her papa, "you will not allow it to speak unkind, angry words, or tell tales, or speak an untruth, or anything that would grieve God's Holy Spirit."

"I think I'll give Him my tongue," said Susy.

"And if you give God your hands, you

will watch them, and keep them from touching things that do not belong to them. You will not let them be idle, but will keep them busy about something."

"Well then, I'll give Him my hands."

"And if you give Him your feet, you never will let them carry you where you ought not to go; and if you give him your eyes, you will never let them look at anything you know He would not like to look at if He were by your side."

Then they knelt down together, and Susy's papa prayed to God to bless all they had been saying, and to accept all Susy had now promised to give Him, and to keep her from ever forgetting her promise, but to make it her rule in all she said and all she did, all she saw and all she heard, to remember, "I am not my own."—*Little Missionary*.

MORNING PRAYER VERSES.

I.

Father, keep me through this day;  
Watch me in my work and play;  
And teach my little lips to pray,  
For Jesus' sake.

Guide my footsteps hold me fast;  
Through this day, as through the past;  
And make my soul all Thine at last,  
For Jesus' sake.

II.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept  
My soul in safety while I've slept;  
O, guide me, Lord, throughout this day  
In all I think, or do, or say  
For Jesus' sake. Amen.

III.

Now the morning light is here;  
Thou hast kept me, Saviour dear;  
Let me love Thee all this day,  
While I study, while I play.

When asleep upon my bed,  
Angels watched around my head;  
Jesus heard my evening prayer;  
Love and thanks, Lord, for Thy care.

—Sel.