

the temple of our hearts, that all around may perceive that we "have been with Jesus."

For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day, like us He grew,
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

THE BEST WAY.

two little girls went out to pick currants for jelly. One of them sat down on the currants and stained her dress, crushed the fruit and reddened her hands and face, and made a muss of everything. The other picked quite as many currants, came in without a spot on her dress, and only one hand showing any color from the fruit. Which is the best way? Two boys attempted wood-carving. One of them scattered his tools about on the table, pulled the papers and books over them, and had to search for each tool when he wanted it. His chips were thrown about the floor, stuck to his clothes, and even ornamented his hair. The other cleared a small space at the table, laid his tools in order, placing the one he would use the most nearest to him, put his carving on a small piece of enameled cloth which he used instead of paper to catch the litter, so that he should by no mischance cut the table-cloth. At the end of the evening which boy do you suppose had made the most progress and caused the least disturbance? It does not wholly repair the mischief to pick up the chips, or wash the spots out. It is not enough that a thing be done; it should be well done.—(*Selected*).

THE INDIAN'S SACRIFICE

A Missionary had been preaching long and earnestly amongst a fierce tribe of North American Indians. After much heartfelt pleading, the great chief "Long Arrow's" heart seemed to have been melted under a deep sense of his need of the Saviour. One evening, at the close of the Missionary's address, the chief followed him home, leading by the bridle his beautiful horse.

"I have come to buy Salvation," he said, with a haughty gesture, "I will give my horse first." "Salvation is not to be bought," said the Missionary.

The chief walked away, his head bent in thought. The morrow dawned, and "Long Arrow" reappeared leading a fine boy of six summers by the hand.

"I will give my first-born," he said, "if God will forgive."

But the Missionary shook his head and said, "forgiveness is free; God asks for no sacrifice." "And this gold," interrupted the chief eagerly. "I brought it, lest my child should not be enough for so costly a gift."

"'Tis a gift, a *free gift*" urged the Missionary, "Oh! cannot you see it?"

But the chief seemed stunned. The refusal to accept his offerings stupefied him, and throwing himself on the ground at the Missionary's feet, he cried—

"Alas! I have no dearer thing: I have nothing left. Stay! will he take *me* and my troubled aching heart! I will give *myself* to Him."

"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart He will not despise.