

## BEGINNING TO BE USEFUL.

Two little girls who were connected with a Sunday school in Warwickshire, of the ages of ten and eleven years, gave their teacher strong evidence that she had not laboured in vain. The name of Jesus was sweet to them, and a desire to be like Him was manifested in their life. They had received the Gospel as little children, and now in their turn each breathed the simple yet earnest prayer, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" One Sabbath, at the close of the school, these young children were observed by their teacher to hang back, and look anxiously in her face, as if to gain encouragement to speak. She took them kindly by the hand, and soon elicited their confidence, when they told their artless and simple story, which was to the following effect. "Teacher you have told us that those who love the Saviour will be sure to shew their love by working for Him, and by being useful to others. But we are very poor, and could not think at first what we could do for Jesus, besides being dutiful to our parents, and kind to our brothers and sisters. We get a few half-pence sometimes, but they will not do much. We have at last found something to do now, teacher, and are come to tell you, because we thought it would make your heart glad. We begged the use of Mrs. ——'s front room for an hour every evening, which she readily granted us, and we hold there a 'Bible Class' for very little girls; we teach them to read and sing, then talk to them about Jesus, then we give each one a small book, and send them home. *But we want now a secret place to pray in together.*"

Sunday school teachers, next to an earnest desire to lead your little flock to Christ, that they may be lambs of His fold, teach them to be useful; and if their extreme youth, with all its natural impulse, should forbid you to calculate upon the amount of good they will do now, you may at least (under God's blessing) calculate upon habits of usefulness being formed, which will result in that blessing which faith may suggest.—*Union Magazine.*

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"THE NAILS ARE GONE, BUT THE MARKS ARE LEFT."

Once there was a little boy, who had a father who loved him dearly, and wished, as all good parents do, to have his son a good child. So, one day, he told him that he would drive a nail into a post whenever he should do an act that was wrong; and when he should do a good deed he would