

My dear children, perhaps you can all see to read this book; but there is another kind of sight which God alone can give you. It is spiritual sight. It will make you take more delight in His word than in any other book. It will make you love Him more than all the world besides.

If you have not this sight, perhaps there will be a place which Cecilia will see, and you will not see. I mean heaven. There she will have her sight. There she will see Jesus. But there will be no such happiness for you, my dear little readers, unless His Spirit makes you see your own sinfulness, and His love, and grace, and glory, *here*. How earnestly then should you pray that God may give his Holy Spirit! Jesus says, "Ask, and ye shall receive."

If you do love Jesus, are you trying to show your love to Him and to be as useful to others as "Blind Cecilia?"

J. L.

[From an interesting series of little books, published by Mr. Kennedy of Edinburgh, and which you should all get to read.]

Little Kindnesses.

"'Tis sweet to do something for those that we love,
Though the favor be ever so small."

Brothers, sisters, did you ever try the effect which little acts of kindness produce upon that charmed circle we call home? We love to receive little favors ourselves; and how pleasant the repetition of them makes the domestic circle! To draw up the arm-chair, and get the slippers for father, to watch if any little service can be rendered to mother, to help brother, or assist sister, how pleasant it makes home! A little boy has a hard lesson given him at school, and his teacher asks him if he thinks he can get it, for a moment the little fellow hangs down his head, but the next he looks brightly up, "I can get my sister to help me," he says. That is right, sister, help little brother,

and you are binding a tie around his heart that may save him in many an hour of dark temptation.

"I don't know how to do this sum, but brother will show me," says another little one.

"Sister, I've dropped a stitch in my knitting, I tried to pick it up, but it has run down, and I can't fix it."

The little girl's face is flushed, and she watches her sister with nervous anxiety while she replaces the "naughty stitch."

"O, I am so glad!" she says, as she receives it again from the hand of her sister; "all nicely arranged: you are a good girl, Mary."

"Bring it to me sooner next time, and then it won't get so bad," says the gentle voice of Mary, and the little one bounds away with a light heart to finish her task.

If Mary had not helped her she would have lost her walk in the garden. Surely it is better to do as Mary did than to say, "O, go away, and don't trouble me;" or to scold the little one all the time you are performing the trifling favor.

Little acts of kindness, gentle words, loving smiles, they strew the path of life with flowers; they make the sunshine brighter, and the green earth greener; and He who bade us "love one another," looks with favor upon the gentle and kind-hearted, and he has pronounced the meek blessed.

Brothers, sisters, love one another; bear with one another. If one offend, forgive, and love him still; and whatever may be the faults of others, we must remember that, in the sight of God, we have others as great, and perhaps greater than theirs.

Be kind to the little ones; they will often be fretful and wayward. Be patient with them, and try and amuse them. How often a whole family of little ones are restored to good humor by an elder member proposing some new play, and perhaps joining in it, or gathering them around her, while she relates some pleasant story!