

ition of repentance or of faith, and explain and apply it to an anxious inquirer who has committed the words to memory, and with what easy force the truth takes possession of the soul; it is like the breaking in of the morning. This is notably true of sacramental instruction, in which our standards are especially rich. If any one asks, "May I come to the Lord's table when I do not know that I am a christian, and doubt whether I am prepared to partake of the holy sacrament?" what better answer can be given than this:

"One who doubteth of his being in Christ, or of his due preparation to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, may have true interest in Christ, though he be not yet assured thereof, and in God's account hath it, if he be duly affected with the apprehension of the want of it, and unfeignedly desirous to be found in Christ and to depart from iniquity: in which case (because promises are made, and this sacrament is appointed for the relief even of weak and doubting Christians) he is to bewail his unbelief, and labour to have his doubts resolved, and so doing, he may and ought to come to the Lord's Supper that he may be further strengthened."—*Larger Catechism Q. 172.*

#### "A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD."

Gracie was only six years old, but beautiful and loving. When her father wanted her to come into his saloon, that he might introduce her to the men lounging there, and hear them praise her beauty, she would say 'No, papa; make the naughty men go away, and then I'll come in.'

There was a children's temperance society in the town, in charge of the Woman's Temperance Union, and little Gracie and her brother, still younger, were invited to attend. The father consented, for he liked to see Gracie dressed and have people notice her.

Gracie had never seen any one pray before; and when the leader talked about God, and asked them all to bow their heads while he prayed, Gracie bowed, awed into the most solemn reverence.

Months passed. Gracie had learned to pray, and often talked to her father about the Christ child, and wanted him to pray,

but he only laughed and called her his little saint.

One day Gracie was taken very ill; the doctor was sent for, and when he saw her he said she was very sick.

'Will I die?'

'I hope not.'

'You needn't be afraid to tell me, 'cause I'm ready: I asked Jesus to take me if He wanted me.'

The father, who stood at the foot of the bed, sobbed out 'O Gracie! you don't want to leave your papa, do you?'

'Yes I do, if Jesus wants me to come, 'cause He has the best right to me.'

The customers came and went, but the saloon keeper heeded them not; for his dear Gracie was on her little bed panting her life away. What cared he for money now that the light of life was going out?

One day, on his coming up out of the saloon, Gracie opened her eyes, and turning upon him an imploring look, said, 'O papa, is the saloon open? Are the men drinking? Do close it, papa. I know I will feel better if you will.'

'I'll do it, darling—anything to make you feel better.'

The saloon-keeper's heart was almost breaking. The bar-tender was ordered to clear the bar and close the doors.

'Darling, the saloon is closed,' bending over her a few minutes later.

'Thank you, papa. It makes me happy and better already,' and a glad smile came over her suffering face. Every few hours Gracie would ask 'Is the saloon closed now?'

'Yes, darling.'

'Are the shutters up?'

'Yes, dear, they are up.'

'O papa, I wish you'd never open the saloon again?'

'O George, do promise your dying child, sobbed the mother, who had never favored her husband's business.

The strong man shook like a reed. He could not speak for a moment; then coming and bending over her, he said in a strange and husky voice:

'My darling Gracie, papa will never open the saloon again.'

'O papa, I'm so glad! I'll tell Jesus when I get to heaven, that you closed the saloon. And now, dear papa, you must