

prayer for forgiveness. The Bible says of all such, that God will cast them off for ever.

Grace had done so many times. But now, as she went home from school, and all that afternoon, her sins stared her so in the face that she could not help thinking of them. She felt they had displeased God. She wanted to hide from his searching eye, but she could not. She wanted to pray, but she was afraid to pray. She wanted her mother to pray again for her, but she was ashamed to ask.—Grace felt very bad indeed. After supper she went up to the little room next to where the mothers prayed for their children, and she thought may be God would hear her for her mothers' and all those good mothers' sakes, and the little girl took courage. Then she thought God would hear her "for Christ's sake." The great God had given his dear Son to be her Saviour, and Jesus Christ loved little children; and would not he hear her prayer for his dear Son's sake? With that she fell down on her knees and cried, "O God, pardon me, a poor sinful child, for Christ's sake, who died for me. Take away this naughty heart, and give me a new heart to love and serve thee." I do not know how long she staid in that little chamber, but I do know that God never despises or turns away from the humble, sincere prayer of the smallest child on earth. And from this time Grace's mother believes she became a child of God; for she was humble, dutiful, very watchful over herself, prayerful, and happy too.

God sent his Holy Spirit down into the heart of this little girl to convince her of sin and to bring her to himself. God has sent and will send his Holy Spirit upon thousands who read this story, for the same great purpose. Will you not yield to his Spirit, and seek forgiveness and peace through his precious Son Jesus Christ? Now is the only time you are sure of; to-morrow you may be too late.—*Child's Paper.*

### THE TEMPTING OFFER.

Two little girls, Fanny and Eliza, were twin sisters. They had kind Christian parents, who cared for them, and sought to train them in the right way, that they might be wise and happy.

When these sisters were five years old, an agent of the Missionary Society spent the night at their father's house. His business was to collect money to send missionaries and Bibles and other good books to the heathen. Fanny and Eliza had each of them a sixpence, which they were

to give towards purchasing books for heathen children.

The father of these little girls was an intelligent merchant; and knowing what impressions had already been fixed in their opening minds, he went to his store and selected two glass jars of beautiful candies. With one in each hand he entered the house, and calling his little daughters, drew their attention to the jars. Of course they were delighted to see the candies, and hoped to get a taste; but only a taste, for their father gave them very little of such things.

After the candies had been so long admired and talked about that their eyes and thoughts were full of them, he said, "Now, children, give me your sixpences, and you shall each of you have one of these jars of candy for your own." What a tempting offer. The sunshine came and went on their little faces as the struggle was going on within. Should they seek their own pleasure, or give their money for the perishing heathen? This was the question. Their mother was silently and anxiously looking on, and the agent was hardly less interested.

One of the little girls, I do not remember which one, was almost tempted to give up the sixpence, and take the inviting jar. Their father reached the jars towards them, saying, "Now the little heathen children must do without the books." Both Fanny and Eliza exclaimed at once, and very earnestly, "I'd rather give my money to buy books." "I want to give my money to buy the books." "We will rather do without candy. Here is the money; here it is;" and the two sixpences were given cheerfully into the agent's hand.

Fanny and Eliza's parents were well pleased with their decision, for it showed that a spirit of benevolence had been planted in their little hearts, instead of the mere love of self. The children themselves were happier by their self-denial than the tempting jars of candy could have made them.

So it will be with you, dear children, when you deny yourselves for the good of others. It may cost a severe struggle at first, but you will be all the happier in the end. The oftener you forget self, the easier it will become, and the more you will be like the gentle Jesus, who pleased not himself. Try and see if this is not true.