

and put it in his pocket. The next morning he changed his pants, forgetting his knife, and when he wanted it could not think where it was. Weeks passed. Fred had an occasion to wear the pants that were hung away. The missing knife was found, but the blade was covered with an ugly coat of rust. The stolen pippin was remembered. "You are a thief," said conscience. He scoured the knife blade, but he could not make it bright; the rust had eaten in. The theft in his soul began to eat. One night he could not sleep. His mother, hearing him toss restlessly, went to him, and he told her all. "Mother, what shall I do to get out the stains?" The mother went to the little Testament and read, "The blood of Jesus Christ . . . cleanseth from all sin." Repent, confess, forsake, and the Saviour will take away the stains, was the comfort which Freddy heard from his mother.

JESUS ONLY.

O, how thankful I should be!
 Jesus loves and cares for me;
 That he hears me when I pray,
 Every little word I say.

If my heart is ever sad,
 Jesus somehow makes it glad.
 If my lessons seem a task,
 Jesus helps me if I ask.

If my playmates are unkind,
 Jesus whispers, "Never mind."
 If a naughty word I speak,
 His dear face I quickly seek.

For I would not grieve the One
 Who so much for me has done.
 How can I but happy be?
 Jesus loves and cares for me.

WHAT TO GIVE.

"I haven't *any thing* to give to Jesus," said a dear little girl, "and I do love him so!"

"O, yes, you can give him your heart, and that is just what he wants," said her mamma.

"But, mamma, what is it to give him my heart?"

"To love him, dear child. If you truly love him you will want to serve him, and he will give you work to do."

Lina had the same spirit that Paul had. She loved Jesus, and she wanted to show it in her life. Have you that spirit?