

His house; that he does not think of their poor clothes and bare feet, but of their hearts. If He sees that these are loving, and true, and penitent, it is all He asks. I am sure that the patter of those little bare feet on the floor of that mission church was very dear to His loving ear, for it told Him of a love that had overcome pride, and of a humility that blessed those His little ones by making them more like His own dear Son.

And the second lesson is for those children who always go to church comfortably clad, and who do not know what it is to feel the want of good and, pretty clothes to wear. They have loving, and humble, and thankful hearts, I hope, and, if they have, the thought of those far-off little barefoot boys will touch and move them to kind and loving deeds.

Do you not think it is a pity, dear children, that while you are so well dressed and comfortable there should be anywhere children of God's missionaries in need of clothes? Their fathers have gone into distant parts of the country to carry the Church of Christ to the people there. They go to give heavenly good and not to gain earthly good. So they are poor and they suffer, and their children suffer; and they bear all gladly for their Master's sake.

But because they work willingly and cheerfully, and because they bear things that are hard to be borne, and do not complain, we ought all the more to try to help them. It is this you are doing as you pray for them and their work, and fill and re-fill your mite-boxes, only to empty them into the treasury of the Lord.

### A CROOKED DAY.

**M**OTHER, what has been the matter with the day? It has been the longest day of my life, and such a crooked one."

"It is very easy for me to see where the fault lies. Can you not see it also?"

"I know, dear mother, I was very naughty to read the book," Abby answered, gently.

"But what did you omit to do to-day?"

Abby said: "What do you mean, mother? I know everything has gone wrong."

"My darling, did you ask your Heavenly Father to forgive your disobedience to me? Did you ask His loving care over you to-day? Did you ask to be helped through the day?"

Abby hung her head, and confessed that she was in such a hurry to get to breakfast that she forgot the prayer.

"Ah, little girl, there is reason enough for a crooked day. I and all grown-up folks who love God have to ask for help all the time, that we may be shown how to take each step, as well as how to live each moment. And I know

you do not forget how the dear Saviour listens to the little children when they call upon Him."

Abby has lived a good many years since she had that talk with her mother, and, as she does not forget her morning prayer, she no longer wonders that she has so few crooked days.—*Presbyterian.*

### JACK'S MISTAKE.

**J**ACK was a venturesome little chap. One day he heard at school that Tom Webb's boat had struck the rocks under the bridge and was breaking to pieces.

Jack wanted to see it, so on his way home he turned off to the railway bridge which crossed the little river just where it was full of rocks. It was a rough and dangerous place. Creeping along, the little boy bent over until his head grew dizzy, and if he hadn't jumped up quickly he would have fallen. And something else might have happened, too, if he had stayed there two minutes longer; for he had no sooner got off the bridge than a railway train came rushing along that would have crushed him to death in a moment."

But Jack thought he had done a very smart thing. He ran home, and at the dinner-table boasted that he had been down on the railway bridge and seen Tom Webb's boat among the rocks, and had just time to get off when the express came along.

Father and mother looked at each other, but not a word was said. Jack thought they would praise him, but they did not.

After dinner father took the little boy into his study. He looked so very sober Jack began to feel that something dreadful was coming. Father sat down in his chair, drew the boy up to his side, and put his arm around him.

"Jack," said he, "you thought you were very brave to-day, didn't you? But going into danger when there is no need of it is no mark of courage. It is rash and wicked." Then papa stopped and Jack began to cry; but he never forgot the words of advice that followed:

"My dear boy, never try how far you can go in a dangerous place; always keep on the safe side."

The little I have seen of the world teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through, the brief pulsations of joy, and feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow man with Him from whose hand it came.—*Longfellow.*