

I will be gentle and kind. I will obey my parents and teachers. I will not quarrel. I will always tell the truth.' But then, mother, I don't know how it is, I do so often forget. Then when evening comes, I have to say, 'There now! what is the use of trying? I have been in a passion, I have been disobedient;' and once or twice, mother, you know, I have said what was not true!"

The dear child seemed very much ashamed while saying this: so her mother looked kindly at her, and only said, "My dear, I do not think you have *begun* right." The little girl looked up wonderingly; and her parent went on: "The first thing is to have a new heart: have you asked for this?" "No, mother; I am afraid not." "Then, my child, do so at once. Good fruit, you know, can only come from a good tree. If your heart is wrong, your conduct will be wrong. You cannot make it right yourself, with all your good resolutions. But ask God, for Christ's sake, to help you. He will give you his Holy Spirit, and you will not find it any more impossible to do the right."

I am glad to say that the child took her mother's advice. That very day she asked God, earnestly, to change her heart. and help her to do right. God heard her prayer, as He always will; and she was never heard to say again, "It's of no use trying." For she *prayed*, she *watched*, she *strove* hard against her sins, and was able, by God's grace, to lead the life of a lovely young Christian.—*Early Days.*

THE LITTLE LAD WHO SOLD HIS KNIFE TO BUY A TESTAMENT.

ONE day last week, a member of the Committee of the Bolton Industrial Ragged School was walking in one of the streets of that large town, when a little ragged lad ran up to him, and walked by his side looking up in his face to attract his notice. At last the gentleman said, "Who are you?" The boy replied, "Henry C——. I am in the Ragged School, don't you recollect me?" "O yes; well, Henry, what are you learning at the Ragged School?" The boy said: "I am learning arithmetic, sir, and reading in the New Testament. When I first went to the school I did not know a letter, and now, the master says, there is no one in the school, except Kay, who can read so well as me." And then the boy pulled out of the pocket of his ragged trousers a small, neat Testament. "See, Sir, said he, "I have got a Testament of my own."

"How did you obtain that?" "Why, sir, the master sent me an errand to Mr. Topping's shop, and Mr. Topping gave me