



THE THIEF.

TOM TRAVIS is robbing his employer. He is worse than a burglar who would break into the store and steal. He is hired to take care of the goods, to sell them if he can, and to see that none are stolen. For this he is paid, and yet, while his employer is away for a little while, Tom steals the goods he is paid to take care of. Is he not worse than any common thief?

He thinks no one sees him; but he is mistaken. His employer does not see him; his father does not see him; nor does his mother; nor do his brothers and sisters; nor does the police officer. He has taken good care that none of these shall see him; but he forgets that there is one Eye to the sight of which everything is clear. God sees poor Tom, and he knows all about his wicked deeds; and God will trouble him for it. Yes, there is something within Tom's heart that makes him very uneasy now while he is stealing, and that will make him very unhappy when he gets through. God has put that something there. We call it conscience; but call it what you will, it is God voice.

"I CANNOT understand," said a little boy, "What becomes of our sins when God takes them away." "Do you ever do a sum, Willie, and when you take the sponge and wipe your slate what becomes of the figures?" "Oh, I see now," he said, "they are all gone." And so God says he will blot out our transgressions, and will not remember our sins. Isa. xlii. 25.

A VERY LITTLE WOMAN.

LITTLE Pen Ashford will never forget the day when people began to call her "little woman." She was papa's and mamma's only child, and she had never had anything hard to do, any more than her bird or her kitty or her dolly had; and her *mamma* called her a flower, a bird, a sunbeam. But all at once, one day, this little girl showed that she was good for something else than to be petted and played with. It was a cold, snowy day. The servant had gone out for the afternoon, and Pen and her mother were alone in the house. Mamma had not been well, and about three o'clock she grew very ill indeed—so sick and weak she could not sit up, nor to tell Pen what to do for her. Pen was scared at first, and stood by the bed and looked pityfully, while the storm roared without. Presently Pen's mind seemed full of soft, clear voices. "Pen," said one voice, "you must go for papa, and for Aunt Alice, and for the doctor!" "Pen," said another of the clear voices, "you must put some wood in the stove before you go." "And Pen," said another of the voices, "you must put a glass of water and the camphor by the bed before you go." "And Pen," said still another, "explain to mamma that you are going." All these voices did little Pen obey. She was but five years old, and I think she was brave to get herself ready all alone, and to trudge off over the snowy road to the village through the storm to bring that help to her mamma. But she did it, and this was the way she earned her name of "little woman."—*Little Men and Women.*

THE STING.

ARE you afraid to die? Death has a sting, but if you take a bee and pull out the sting, you are not afraid to let it crawl upon your face or hand. The Bible says, "The sting of death is sin;" and when all sin is removed you have no fear of death. "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

A little girl came before the ministers and church to tell her experience of salvation, to see if they thought she was saved and fit to join the church. She said: "I was converted the day the bee stung mamma." When asked what she meant by that, she said: "When the bee stung my mamma I ran away. I was afraid he would sting me. She called me back and said, 'Don't be afraid now, he has left the sting in my hand.' Then she told me that death could not sting me either, if I trusted in God, for death left his sting in Jesus."

A LITTLE CHILD'S PART.

"I AM but a little child,
Yet I would like to be
A faithful worker for the Lord;
What work is there for me?"

"My heart is full of love;
My life is full of light;
The blessed Jesus hears my prayers,
And makes my days all bright.

"What can I do for him
Who does so much for me?
How can I make his goodness known
That all the world may see?"

A little child can watch,
And keep his actions pure;
A little child can love—
God's love is ever sure.

A little child can walk
With Jesus all the way
That leads from earth into the joy
Of everlasting day.

LITTLE TOMMY'S VERSE.

TOMMY TILTON was to go to church for the very first time this bright Sunday morning. His heart was as full of sunshine as was the day, as he walked along with grandpa and grandma toward the village meeting-house. Grandpa carried a book; so Tommy must have one too.

Tommy walked into church very soberly, and tried to keep very still. But it was a tired little boy that went home at noon; for the seats were not made for little people like him, and Tommy was not used to sitting still.

But the little boy learned one thing that day that he never forgot. It was this short verse: "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

THOU that once on mother's knee
Wert a little child like me,
When I wake or go to bed,
Lay thy hands upon my head;
Let me feel thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

CHILD CHRISTIANS.

THE great London preacher, Mr. Spurgeon, says: "You that are 'little ones,' when the Lord speaks to you, cry to him, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth;' and when, in the class or in the house of God, the word is preached to sinners, remember it is preached to you quite as much as to men six feet high." Truly, "of such is the kingdom."