

own simple language. She concluded, and her schoolfellows rose from their knees; but little Bella moved not: she remained just as she was in her praying position. They looked at her; but still she remained motionless. Her spirit was no longer there: it had fled, to be for ever, we trust, with her Saviour. Happy child, who didst breathe away thy soul in prayer to Heaven!

Mrs. Smith states that she has many times overheard these little orphan girls, when engaged in prayer together, putting up their petitions for the kind people in England who cared for their souls, and sent them out the Gospel. Thus does these poor children, out of the gratitude of their hearts, render the best return they can. And indeed what better return could they make? What richer reward could we obtain, for any little offerings we may be able to give to God, than these poor orphans' prayers?—*Juvenile Instructor.*

TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

Never tell a whole lie, or half a lie, or a quarter of a lie, or any part of a lie. Many boys, who know well enough what a sneaking, wicked thing it is to tell a lie, will yet twist the truth, or deceive a little bit. This is about as bad—and a good deal more cowardly than a plump falsehood. If a boy does something wrong, either through ignorance, carelessness, or accident—and then tells one-half truth, and one-half lie about it—he might almost as well have told the whole untruth, that he did'nt do it at all. Now see how the spirited, manly, true-hearted, clear-tongued boy will do, after an error: he resolutely determines to acknowledge it, without being afraid of any body's anger—to tell it just

as it was. I never in my life knew any one to be injured by telling the truth in this way; but I have seen many a boy, and man, too, who was looked upon with contempt, and thought poorly of, because he would tell sneaking lies, or half lies, or quarter lies. The worst sort of untruths—those which are deliberately made up—stories about people—or little stories magnified into big ones—prove the teller of them to be a most worthless, impure and mean person. The liar is indeed despicable both to God and good men. On the other hand, nothing is more beautiful than a strictly truth-telling young person—one who never varies from the truth, who is open, candid, and above deceit. To become so, a boy should strive hard—should determine to become so—and he will become so. Besides, it is so easy always to speak the truth—and so very hard to arrange a plausible falsehood—which even then will in all likelihood be found out nineteen times out of twenty.

DID HE DIE FOR ME?

A little child sat quietly on its mother's lap. Its soft blue eyes were looking earnestly into the face which was beaming with love and tenderness for the cherished darling. The maternal lips were busy with a story. The tones of the voice were low and serious, for the tale was one of mingled sadness and joy. Sometimes they scarce rose above a whisper, but the listening babe caught every sound. The crimson deepened on its little cheek, as the story went on increasing in deep interest. Tears gathered in its earnest eyes, and a low sob broke into the stillness as its mother concluded. A moment, and the ruby lips parted, and in tones made tremulous by eagerness, the child inquired,