



JESSIE'S TEMPTATION.

SING OF JESUS.

I AM singing, singing,
Singing all day long;
Through my heart is ringing
One unceasing song:
Glory be to Jesus,
Glory to the Lamb,
By whose blood so precious
Clean and whole I am.

When at early morning
From my bed I spring,
When the shadowy evening
Folds me in its wing,
While I'm at my study,
While I'm at my play,
Sings my heart of Jesus
Through the livelong day.

Yes, I'll sing of Jesus
And his tender love
Till I stand before him
In the courts above;
Then I'll join the chorus
Of the heavenly throng,
While the angels listen
To the grand "new song."

Whoso walketh uprightly shall be saved,
but he that is perverse in his ways shall
fall at once.

LITTLE JESSIE'S TEMPTATION.

JESSIE was sent to the kitchen one morning after breakfast with the cup and platter from which she had eaten her nice health-giving oatmeal porridge. Some object on the wall attracted her eye, and, not looking where she stepped, her foot struck a stool and knocked it over. This accident startled her, and, in her confusion, she let the cup slide from the platter. Down it went with a smash, and was broken to pieces.

Poor little Jessie was much disturbed by this mishap. In a moment she thought of her mamma, and what she would say when she should see the broken cup. Her heart went pit-a-pat, and she stood with her hand rumpling the corner of her pinafore, looking on the broken cup, and saying to herself:

"O dear me! What shall I do? What will mamma say?"

Then the voice of Fear whispered in the secret chamber of her soul, saying:

"Put up that platter and go out to play. Leave the cup where it is. Your mamma will think old Tabby knocked it down while trying to lick out the porridge you left in it. If she asks you about it, you can say you left it in the kitchen, and that is all you know."

Jessie listened to this naughty voice for a moment only. Then, standing erect like one resolved to do no wrong, she said aloud:

"That would be mean and wicked. I won't tell a lie, nor deceive my dear mamma. I will go to her at once and tell her just how it happened."

That was nobly said, and as nobly done. You may be sure that Jessie's mother forgave her fault very freely when she heard her frank confession, and saw her penitent face. And you may also be sure that, after Jessie had received the kiss of loving forgiveness, she was happy again. Had she lied about it, I need not tell you that she would have felt miserable, mean, and guilty for a long, long time.

I advise you, my reader, if you meet with such little mishaps, to treat your temptations to conceal them as Jessie did hers. I know it is often a great trial to confess a fault and risk punishment, but I also know that the punishment of hiding a fault by deceit and lying is far greater than any your parents would inflict if you hastened to tell the truth. By lying and deceiving you bring guilt upon your conscience, and offend God. If, therefore, you meet with little mishaps, take the advice given in the following lines from the *Infant's Magazine*:

Do not cry my child, but go
To mamma, and let her know
That you only are to blame;
That you feel regret and shame;
That you'll strive with might and main
Ne'er to do the like again—
Go at once and have no fear;
She will pardon you, my dear,
And will feel both joy and pride
That your faults you do not hide.

WILL YOU TAKE A DARE?

Boys, do you know how to play "Dare?" Sometimes it is called "Follow Your Leader." One boy climbs a high wall, goes dangerously near a hole in the ice, or takes a flying leap, and dares the rest to follow him. Some boys think it cowardly to hesitate risking their necks in this way, but those boys do not know the difference between cowardice and common sense. There is good sense in the reply of the coloured man to the question why he ran away from an affray, and if he did not think it cowardly: "I'd rather be a coward all my life than a corpse one minute." If a boy charges you with being a coward, answer him that it is not cowardice but good sense that keeps a man from acting wrong or recklessly, and "dare" him to stop swearing, or playing hookey, or to do a kind and generous act. That will be a true test of bravery.—*Ed.*