

Child Piety.

I PITY those who fail to discover piety in a child because it happens to climb a gate or jump over a post. There may be as much religion in a child's games as in a man's business. The body is redeemed as well as the soul; and every manly exercise is a good work, is worship to the Christian; and so may play be to the Christian child. Yet many of these little ones are frowned back because no one perceives the first pulsation of the divine life. A young christian may live, though he cannot tell the time when he passed from death into life. Existence is the best proof of being. Of all tests, the chronological is the worst. Bad, also, is a doctrinal one. Christianity is a thing of the heart, not of the head. Too many have regarded correctness of creed as the test. It is not what is believed, but the person in whom faith rests. Christ is the truth. Christ is the life. If there be but love to Christ, do not be afraid even if there is but little knowledge. They may have but crude notions of morality. Occasional disobedience does not always argue the want of filial love. How often those who are older have to repent! There is much for grace to do for us all. Being satisfied of the conversion of the children, what shall we do with them?

1. Let them be admitted to the church as soon as they manifest the signs of having been the recipients of converting grace. But remember the church is a family. Treat the child members in the church as in your homes. Have, if you will, a limit of age before you allow them to interfere in business matters.

2. Take care of them. Have pastor's classes of young converts. Put them in care of deaconesses, or other experienced persons who know how to love and sympathize with the young.—*London S. S. Teacher.*

Sewing Aches.

JESSIE sat down by her mother to sew. She was making a pillow-case for her own little pillow.

"All this?" she asked, in a discontented tone, holding the seam out.

"That is not too much for a little girl who has a work-basket of her own," said her mother.

"Yes," thought Jessie, "mother has given me a work-basket, and I ought to be willing to sew," and with that she took a few stitches quite diligently.

"I have a dreadful pain in my side," said Jessie, in a few moments. "My thumb is very sore," she said in a few minutes after. "Oh! my hand is so tired," that was next. And with that she laid down her work. Next there was something the matter with her foot, and then her eye.

At length the sewing was done. Jessie brought it to her mother.

"Should I not first send for a doctor?" aid her mother.

"The doctor for me, mother?" cried the little girl, as surprised as she could be.

"Certainly," said her mother; "a little girl so full of pains and aches must be sick, and the sooner we have the doctor the better."

"Oh, mother!" said Jessie, laughing, "they were sewing-aches. I am well enough now."

I have heard of other girls besides Jessie who had sewing aches and pains whenever their parents had work for them to do. These aches and pains do show sickness. They are symptoms of a bad disease which eats some people up. This disease is called "selfishness." It makes children cross, and fretful, and disobliging, and troublesome, and unhappy; and I am sure it makes those selfish and unhappy who have charge of them.—*Christian at Work.*



A Bad Mark.

"I've got a boy for you, sir."

"Glad of it. Who is he?" asked the master-workman of a large establishment. The man told the boy's name, and where he lived.

"Don't want him," said the master-workman, "he has got a bad mark."

"A bad mark, sir? What?"

"I meet him every day with a cigar in his mouth. I don't want smokers."—*Selected.*