

Ling Chunz-Ze is no longer a slave of Satan, but a free man, and has received a new name in Christ's kingdom.—*Mission Dayspring*.

WATCHING THE TONGUE.

Keep a watch on your words, my children,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet like the bees' fresh honey,
Like bees they have terrible stings;
They can bless like the warm, glad sunshine,
And brighten the lonely life;
They can cut in the strife of anger
Like an open two-edged knife.

Let them pass through your lips unchallenged,

If their errand be true and kind—
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind;
If a bitter revengeful spirit
Prompt the words, let them be unsaid;
They may flash through the brain like lightning,
Or fall on the head like lead.

Keep them back, if they're cold and cruel,
Under bar, and lock and seal;
The wounds they make, my children,
Are always slow to heal.
May Christ guard your life, and ever,
From the time of your early youth,
May the words that you daily utter,
Be the words of the beautiful truth.

PRACTISING FOR HEAVEN.

In a humble cottage among the wild, romantic purple hills of P——, a very sweet little girl of six met with a sad accident. She got burnt in a most painful way, and recovery was quite hopeless. Several days, however, the patient little sufferer lingered, and what do you think was each day her constantly repeated request? "Do let me say over all my hymns, that I may know them all correct, and sing them all to Jesus!" Beautiful thought! Sing them all to Jesus! Yes, the little heart was His, and not the very faintest shadow of a doubt or fear clouded her bright departure. Not for long years

will the last closing scene be forgotten in her quiet village home. Strong men, unused to weep, brushed away the tear, and wondering voices whispered, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He has perfected praise."

Now, my dear young friends, have you the beautifully simple trust of this little child? I sincerely wish you a lengthened lease of life below, but remember, the secret of happy living, as well as of happy dying, is—faith in Jesus. Nothing else. And this blessed faith—His own special gift—He delights to give to children. It is not confined to grown-up people. So do ask it in prayer, ask it to-day. And then you, too, in health and strength, shall rejoice to think of the time when with angels you shall praise Him before the throne. What a prospect! Its blessedness who can utter?—*Pres. Journal*.

THE MAN WHO BEHEADED HIS GOD.

A missionary in China tells of a native who not long since had about \$5.00 with which he purchased a ticket in a lottery, and he was very anxious to know what would be a lucky number. The Chinese have great faith in certain numbers, if they can only find out what the numbers are. This man therefore bought himself a "god of wealth" made of clay, and having put it up in his house, he prayed for the success of his ticket, but when the drawing came, behold! he had a blank. What does he do but take a knife and solemnly cut off the head of his clay god, thinking he had served him right for not giving him help. One would suppose that after this he would lose all confidence, at least in that particular god but strange to say the man seemed to feel that he had been rather hard on this image, punishing it too severely; so he fastened the head on again, and the last the missionary heard of him he and his friends were again worshipping this once beheaded god. Is not the blindness of this people very great, and do they not need the better light? Who will give it to them?—*Mission Dayspring*.