

JUST AS I AM.

Some time ago, a poor little boy came to a city missionary, and holding up a dirty and worn-out bit of paper, said, "Please, sir, father sent me to get a *clean* paper like that." Taking it from his hand, the missionary unfolded it, and found it was a page containing that beautiful hymn of which the first stanza is as follows :

"Just as I am without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come."

The missionary looked down with interest into the face earnestly upturned to him, and asked the boy where he got it, and why he wanted a clean one. "We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket after she died; and she used to sing it all the time while she was sick, and loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one, and put it in a frame to hang it up. Won't you give us a clean one, sir?"

This little page, with a single hymn on it, had been cast upon the air, like a falling leaf, by Christian hands, humbly hoping to do some possible good. In some little mission Sabbath school, probably, this poor girl had thoughtlessly received it, to find in it, we may hope, the gospel of her salvation.

BEGIN RIGHT.

As the boy begins, so will the man end. The boy who cheats his teacher into thinking him devout at chapel, will be the man who will make religion a trade and bring Christianity into contempt. The boy who wins the highest average by stealing his examination papers, will figure some day as a tricky politician. The lad who whether rich or poor, dull or clever, looks you straight in the eyes and keeps his answers inside of truth, already counts friends who will last his life, and holds a capital that brings surer interest than money.

Then get to the bottom of things. You see already as to that. It was the student

who was grounded in the grammar, who took the prize; it was that slow, steady drudge who practiced firing every day last Winter, that bagged the most game in the mountain; it is the clerk who studies the specialty of the house in off hours, who was promoted. Your brilliant, happy-go-lucky, hit-or-miss fellow, usually turns out the dead-weight of the family by forty-five. Don't take anything for granted; get to the bottom of things. Neither be a slum yourself nor be fooled by shams. --S.S.

PICK OUT YOUR TIME.

When will you begin resolutely, heartily, wholly to serve God?

How varying the answers!

"When I think I am good enough."

"When I sha'n't disgrace my profession."

"When I am a little older."

"When out of this set of young people who will laugh at me."

"When I have run my round of good things."

Set these all down.

Don't you think it fair that God should have something to say in this matter? Let God pick out his time. To the first he says, "Come now and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

"To the second, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

To the third, "Those that seek me early shall find me."

To the fourth, "Fear ye not the reproach of men."

To the fifth, "I will mock when your fear cometh."

Christ has lived, and He asks living followers. He has died, a sacrifice, and He asks the spirit of self-sacrifice in you. --
Bishop Huntington.

There is no habit more dangerous than that of deceiving in little things, because it is so easily fallen into.