



THE PRINCESS ROYAL AT THE AGE OF TWO, AND THE PRINCE OF WALES,
AGED ONE YEAR.

"GOD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER."

Little Peggy Peterkins said this text over and over to herself, and then aloud to grandma, who was knitting by the open fire. "Don't make any difference if I put a penny in my mite-box if I don't exactly want to, does it?" she asked. "I should think it did," was grandma's answer—"all the difference in the world." "Why, grandma, if the cent goes into the box, it goes," and here Peggy gave a decided jerk to her head, just as if she were putting a cent in the box, and it went hard. "And then," she added, "it goes to help little heathen children, if I would rather have candy or something nice for dolly, doesn't it?" "Oh, yes! Peggy, it goes, but we don't know how large the blessing is that goes with it; perhaps all the great blessings go with the willing, cheerful pennies; it always seemed to me so." But Peggy shook her head, and decided that God couldn't care much if she only put the penny in the box, notwithstanding her text said:

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

Just then little Nathan came into the room with his hands and face pretty well covered with molasses, and a number of sticks of molasses candy on a tin plate.

"Please give sister some," Peggy said, in her most winning tones; "that's a good boy."

Nathan shook his head, and placed one sticky hand over his stock of candy. Some words followed that were not as kind as they ought to have been, and then Nathan

picked out the very smallest stick and gave it unwillingly to Peggy. She sat down by the fire and ate it; but somehow it did not taste so very good.

In a few moments her little sister Daisy came in, bringing on a piece of paper two sticks of candy. "These are yours," she said. "I made 'em, it's all I made, and it's all yours, Peggy." The loving smile, and the way she held out her little treat, touched Peggy's heart.

"You are just a darling," she said, giving Daisy a kiss. "It's ever so nice eating the candy; there was no fun eating Nathan's, he was so stingy."

"It's the same kind of candy, I suppose," said grandma.

"Yes, Harky fixed it for us," said Daisy.

"But I like Daisy's best; it's real good."

"Do you know why?" asked grandma.

"Not exactly."

"Both are made of molasses?"

"Of course, grandma."

"There's something in Daisy's that is not in Nathan's?"

"Oh, no! they were just alike."

Grandma smiled and shook her head, and said, "Yes, there is—guess what it is."

They both guessed many things, all very wonderful when thought of in connection with candy, and at last gave it up.

"Daisy put a great deal of her heart into her candy, Nathan left all of his out. We all love a cheerful giver, don't we, Peggy?" asked grandma, looking into the earnest face before her.

Then the little girl understood the text.

God loveth a cheerful giver, and if he sees your heart going with your missionary

money, he may pick out one of his large blessings to go with it. Try it, and see if he will not make your heart glad in helping others.

WILL HE LOVE ME?

An English paper tells of a native woman in India who came to the home of the missionary with bare feet and looking very weary, yet showing by her countenance that there was some matter about which she was most anxious.

When asked what she wanted, she drew a piece of crumpled paper from her dress, which proved to be a bit of a torn tract, and as she held it out to the missionary she said, "These are good words. They say that your God is love. Do you think he will love me?"

This was a strange idea to a woman of India. She had been taught from her earliest childhood that all the gods were full of hate. Every story she had ever heard about any of the numberless gods her parents and kindred had worshipped, was concerning their wars or the bloody sacrifices they demanded. Indeed, the word love had never been mentioned to her in connection with any divine being.

Can you wonder that it was a surprise to her to hear of a God who cared for his creatures, and whose very name was Love? I think that if we had been trained as she had been, and suffered what she had suffered, and one had come to us and told us of a loving Father in heaven, we should have been willing to go far and through the hot sun to ask something more about this gracious Being.

NEARNESS TO HEAVEN.

The nearness to heaven is suggested by the epithet, "veil." Christians, there is only a veil between us and heaven. A veil is the thinnest and frailest of all conceivable partitions. It is but a fine tissue, a delicate fabric of embroidery. It waves in the wind; the touch of a child may stir it; an accident may rend it, the silent action of time will moulder it away. The veil that conceals heaven is only our embodied existence; and, though fearfully and wonderfully made, it is only wrought out of our frail mortality. So slight is it that the puncture of a thorn, the touch of an insect's sting, the breath of an infected atmosphere, may make it shake and fall. In a bound, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, in the throb of a pulse, in the flash of a thought, we may start into disembodied spirits, glide unabashed into the company of great and mighty angels, pass into the light and amazement of eternity, know the great secret, gaze upon splendours which flesh and blood could not sustain, which no words lawful for man to utter could describe! Brethren in Christ, there is but one step between you and death; between you and heaven there is but a veil.—*Selected.*