

away the sin of the world, have mercy upon me!" Wash me in Thy blood, clothe me in the robe of Thy Righteousness, put a new spirit within me, make me again as a little child. *This is the will of God, even your sanctification.* How do we dare, day by day, to thwart His will, to put our own vain and miserable desires in the balance with His, and use the Free-will which He bestowed upon us to do despite to the Spirit of Grace. Oh! for the will to serve Him aright! to become His in this world and forever.

"Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine and take away,
All that now makes it hard to say:
Thy will be done."

TONG WING.

Tong Wing is a little Chinese boy. He has long, narrow eyes and a round face. His hair is shaved off his head, except on the crown, where it grows long, and is braided with red silk into a long queue.

Tommy's mother keeps Tong to wash dishes, and help her about the house. He is only eight years old, and so small that he has to stand up on a box to reach the dish-pan; but he is very quick and handy, and hardly ever breaks anything.

He says he has a dear mother away off in China, and he hopes to save enough money some time to go back and see her.

Nobody seems to care for him except a tall, cross-looking Chinaman, that he calls his cousin.

This cousin comes to see him every Sunday, and little Tong always looks glad when he goes. I do not wonder, for he always says to Tommy's mother; "This boy no good, play, break dishes, you tell me; I whip him." And then he scowls until poor little Tong trembles in his wooden shoes.

But Tommy's mother always says, "Oh, no! he's a very good boy;" and she wonders how her own Tommy would get along washing dishes in some rich Chinaman's kitchen.

When his work is done, Tong loves to play with Tommy; and a very pleasant playmate he makes, too.

He once made a wonderful kite for Tommy. It was the best kite in town, until it fell in love with the telegraph wire, and refused to come back to earth. Tong and Tommy were in despair.

Tong made a new one, in the form of a bird. It had gold eyes, and red, blue and yellow feathers. It was done on Friday, and on Saturday morning the wind was just right. Tong wanted to go right out, for the wind might go down; but he had his dishes to wash, and it would take him an hour.

"Leave 'em on the table, Tongy; ma won't care!" said Tommy.

But Tong shook his head and looked sad. "You go up stair; me do 'em welly, very quick," he said. And when Tommy had gone, he piled them up in the closet, on the floor, and covered them over with the big clothes-basket. Then he coiled his queue around his head, called Tommy, and off they skipped, holding the kite between them.

When Tommy's mother came down stairs to see about the lunch, she saw the basket in that unusual place. She was very much surprised to find the dirty dishes underneath.

Tong stayed out longer than he intended, and when he came in he was frightened to find the basket gone and the dishes washed.

His round face was very long, as he said to Tommy's mother, "You tell my cousin?"

"No," said his kind mistress, "but you must not do that again, Tong."

And Tong never has been naughty since.—*Our Little Ones.*

RESPECT FOR PARENTS.

If children could realize but a small portion of the anxiety their parents feel on their account they would pay far better respect to the parental wishes. A good child, and one in whom confidence can be placed, is the one who does not allow himself to disobey his parents, nor do anything when his parents are absent, that he has reason to believe they would disapprove were they present.

The good advice of parents is often so engraven on the heart of a child, that after years of care and toil do not efface it; and in the hour of temptation the thought of a parent has been the salvation of a child, though the parent may be sleeping in the grave, and the ocean may roll between that sacred spot and the tempted child. A small token of parental affection, borne about the person, especially a parent's likeness, would frequently prove a talisman for good. A Polish prince was accustomed to carry the picture of his father always in his bosom, and on any particular occasion he would look upon it and say, "Let me do nothing unbecoming so excellent a father." Such respect for a father or mother is one of the best traits in the character of a son or daughter. "Honor thy father and thy mother, that it may be well with thee, is the first commandment with promise," says the Sacred Book, and happy is the child who acts accordingly.

THE SECRET OF GOOD MANNERS.

THE Secret of good manners is to forget one's own self altogether. The people of really fine breeding are the ones who never think of themselves, but only of the pleasure they can give to others. No adornment of beauty, or learning, or accomplishments, goes so far in its power to attract as the one gift of sympathy. In all French history, no woman had a stronger fascination for whoever came within her reach than Madame Recamier. She was called beautiful; but her portraits prove that her beauty was not to be compared with that of many less charming women. And when every attraction of person had long since passed away, and she was an old, old woman, her sway over the hearts of others was as powerful as ever. What was her secret?

It was this one thing solely—her genuine and unaffected interest in the good and ill fortunes of her friends. Authors came and read their books; painters came to her with their pictures; statesmen with their projects. She, herself, wrote no books, painted no pictures, had no projects. She was sweet, simply and unconsciously, as a rose is sweet. She really cared for the happiness and success of others, and they felt the genuineness of her sympathy. It surrounded her with an immortal charm. Let any girl try Madame Recamier's experiment. Let her go into society, thinking nothing of the admiration she may win; but everything of the happiness she can confer. It matters little whether her face is beautiful, or her toilette costly. Before the end of three months she will be a happy girl herself, for the world likes sunshine and sympathy, and turns to them as the flowers bask in the sun.—*Youth's Companion.*

I CANNOT UNDO IT.

A little girl sat trying to pick out a seam that she had sewed together wrong. Her chubby fingers picked at the thread, that would break, leaving the end hidden somewhere among the stitches that she had labored so wearily to make short and close; and though the thread came out, yet the needle holes remained, showing just how the seam had been sewed; and with tears in her eyes she cried, "O mamma, I cannot undo it!"

Poor little girl! You are learning one of the saddest lessons there is. The desire of undoing what can never be undone gives us more trouble than all the doings of a busy life; and because we know this so well our hearts often ache for the boys and girls we see doing the things they will wish so earnestly by and by to undo. Older boys and girls have felt keener heartaches for graver faults. You all know something of the desire to undo, and sorrow that you cannot. And now, where is the bright side? Right here. Let us try to do a thing the first time so that we shall never wish to undo it. We can ask our Heavenly Father. He never leads us wrong; and anything we do under His guidance we shall never wish to undo.—*The Myrtle.*

SIGHT will not gladden him in his home, whom faith consoleth not by the way.—*St. AUGUSTINE.*

INTENSITY OF BIBLE PRAYERS.

The scriptural examples of prayer have most of them an unutterable intensity. They are pictures of struggles in which more of suppressed desire is hinted at than is expressed. Recall the wrestling of Jacob:—"I will not let thee go except thou bless me;" and the "panting" and pouring out of the soul of David:—"I cried day and night, my throat is dried." "I wait for my God;" and the importunity of the Syro-Phoenician woman with her "Yea, Lord, yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs;" and the persistency of Bartimeus, crying out the more a great deal. "Have mercy on me;" and the strong crying and tears of our Lord, "If it be possible—if it be possible!"—There is no easiness of desire here.—*Still Hour.*

DEAN STANLEY ON GOOD DEEDS.

THE weary traveller in the South of Spain, who, after passing many an arid plain, and many a bare hill, finds himself at nightfall under the heights of Granada, will hear plashing and rippling, under the shade of the spreading trees, and along the side of the dusty road, the grateful murmur of running waters; of streamlets, whose sweet music mingles with his dreams as he sleeps, and meets his ear as the first pleasant voice in the stillness of the early dawn. What is it? It is the sound of the irrigating rivulets called into existence by the Moorish occupants of Granada five centuries ago, which, amidst all the changes of race and religion, have never ceased to flow. Their empire has fallen, their creed has been suppressed by fire and sword, their nation has been driven from the shores of Spain, and their palaces crumbled into ruins; but this trace of their beneficial civilization still continues; and in this continuity, that which was good, and wise, and generous in that gifted, but unhappy race, still lives on to cheer and refresh their enemies and their conquerors. Even so it is with the good deeds of those who have gone before us. Whatever there has been of grateful consideration, of kindly hospitality, of far-reaching generosity, of gracious charity, of high-minded justice, of saintly devotion—these still feed the stream of moral fertilization which will run on when their place knows them no more, when even their names have perished. The vision of a noble character, the glimpse of a new kind of virtue, does not perish. A thing of goodness, like a thing of beauty, is a joy forever.

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

A happy home suddenly became sad, the light grew dark, for the joy of the whole house—baby was dead.

In the evening the children gathered round their tearful mother; they were all sorrowful, and wondering, as little ones are when such grief comes.

"Mother," said one, "you took care of baby when she was here, and you carried her in your arms all the time she was ill; but who took her on the other side?"

"On the other side of what, dear child?"

"On the other side of death. Who took baby on the other side? she was so little, she could not go alone."

Then answered the mother, "Jesus met her there—He who took little children in His arms, and blessed them;" and she told them the story of Jesus, and His love for the little ones.

THERE are souls in the world which have the gift of finding joy every where, and of leaving it behind them when they go. Joy gushes from under their fingers, like jets of light. Their influence is an inevitable gladdening of the heart. It seems as if a shadow of God's own gift has passed upon them. They give light without meaning to shine. These bright hearts have a great work to do for God.—*Faber.*

"TURN ye even to me, saith the Lord, with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning."