

pleases. If they have the pony out, he must have the first ride. If a new picture book comes, he must have the first of it. His mother has often told him of his mean, selfish temper,—how unlike it is to Jesus,—and how it will make everybody dislike him. Tom “doesn't care.” Self is everything to Tom.

Here is another boy,—Johnny we shall call him. Somebody seems to have given him apples too. What is he doing? He has got in from school before the rest. He is dividing his apples, and laying them out in rows upon the chair, to give the others a happy surprise when they come in. Johnny thinks his apples wouldn't taste sweet unless all his brothers and sisters got a share of them. I see he has put two down for some one. That will be for wee loving Mary, who never seeks a share of anybody's good things. I daresay she'll be like the little Mary I once read of:—

“ If Mary gets an appel,
It maun be cut in twa,
And aye, I'm sure, the biggest half
The wee thing gies awa'.”

Which of the two boys are you like, my young reader? Mean, selfish Tom, or generous, kind-hearted Johnny? If there is a Tom and a Johnny in the same family, I know which is the best liked by everybody, and I know which is most like Jesus.

“ HINDOO WORSHIP NO GOOD.”

The first convert to Christianity in Northern India was Krishna, and he was baptized by Dr. Carey. One day a man said to Krishan,—

“ Well, you have left off all the customs of your ancestors, what is the reason?”

He replied, “ Have patience with me, and I will tell you. I am a great sinner. I tried Hindoo worship, but no good. After a while I heard of Christ, and how he laboured much and laid down His life for sinners. I thought, what love is this! And here I make my resting-place. Now say if anything like this love was ever shewn by our gods? Did Door-ga, or Ealee, or Krishna, die for sinners? You know that they only sought their own ease, and have no love for any one.”