



THE CORNSTALK'S LESSON.

BY MRS. CHRISTINE CHAPLIN BRUSH.

ONE single grain of corn took root
Beside the garden walk;
"Oh! let it stay," said little May,
"I want it for my stalk."

And there it grew until the leaves
Waved in the summer light;
All day it rocked the baby ear,
And wrapped it warm at night.

And then the yellow corn-silk came—
A skein of silken thread—
It was as pretty as the hair
Upon the baby's head.

Alas! one time, in idle mood,
May pulled the silk away,
And then forgot her treasured stalk
For many a summer day.

At last she said, "I'm sure my corn
Is ripe enough to eat;

In even rows the kernels lie,
All white, and juicy sweet."

Ah! me, they all were black and dry,
Were withered long ago;
"What was the naughty corn about,"
She said, "to cheat me so!"

She did not guess the silken threads
Were slender pipes to lead
The food the tasselled blossom shook
To each small kernel's need.

The work her foolish fingers wrought
Was shorter than a breath;
Yet every milky kernel then
Began to starve to death!

So list, my little children all,
This simple lesson heed:
That many a grief and sin has come
From one small thoughtless deed.

PERSONAL TESTIMONY.

A YOUNG Christian traveller found himself in a commercial room one night, where, the party being large and merry, it was proposed that each gentleman present should give a song. Many of the usual character on such occasions were sung. It came to the turn of our young friend, who excused himself on the plea that he knew no songs they would care to hear. In decision a gentleman present asked if he could not give them one of Sankey's hymns, and several others cried out that they would join in the chorus. He decided to take

of the well-known hymns, with its simple gospel teaching, and with a silent prayer that God would use it for his glory, he sang as perhaps he never sang before. All present joined in the chorus. Before its close there were moist eyes and troubled hearts. The spirit of jollity and fun was gone, but the Spirit of God was there. Several gathered around our young friend thanking him for his song. He retired to rest, grateful for grace given.

He had not been long in his bed-room when he heard a knock at the door. It was opened by a young traveller who requested permission to come in. He was in deep trouble. The song had brought back to his memory the strains he had heard a deceased mother sing. He knew his life had not been right, and the inquiry had been upon his lips, "What must I do to be saved?" He was pointed to Christ, and retired with a brighter hope. Scarcely had this inquirer left than another knock was

heard at the bed-room door. This time it was an elderly traveller. The song reminded him of lost peace and joy. He was a backslider, and the singer had the joy of pointing another sinner back to a loving Saviour. It was nearly two o'clock before he could lie down, but it was with heartfelt joy and gratitude to him who had thus honoured his personal testimony for Christ.

WHICH WILL YOU CHOOSE?

SOME little children were in the school-room talking.

Said Sue Langdon, "I wish I had a new dress all silk and velvet, like Amy John's. It's lovely!"

"I wish I had a bag full of money," said her brother Tom, "and I'd buy it for you; and lots of things for myself too."

"Books, and sleds, and tools, and everything," put in little Johnny. So all were telling what they wanted most. One girl in the group said nothing, till the question was put right to her. Then she answered softly, "I'd rather have a clean heart. Mamma says that's worth more than silver and gold and diamonds, and we can get it by just asking for it."

The little girl was right in her choice, and right in her thought as to how it could be obtained. Of all the blessed things Jesus said we could have, none is more precious than this. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

BIBLE GUESSING STORY.

ONCE there were two boys who were very warm friends. One of them was a king's son. The other had been a shepherd-boy, but he had fought a great battle, and had come to live at the king's house. He had also been anointed with oil, showing that some day he was to be king.

The man who was king then did not like the shepherd-boy. He was afraid that the people would love him more than they loved himself. So he tried hard to kill him. But God took care of him; for he had a great work for him to do.

But the king's hatred did not turn away his son's love for the shepherd-boy. It made him love him all the more. He knew that his friend would be king instead of himself some day, but he did not get angry because of this. He also warned him of danger and did all he could to help him. Can you tell the names of these friends?

There is a better friend than either of these. He is a king, but he laid aside his kingly dress and suffered shame and pain and death for us. He even offers to make us kings and priests. Do you know who this friend is?—Selected.