

My Saviour and I.

(As I turned and entered the house, such a sense of loneliness came over me that for a moment I thought I must die with the agony of it. Just then I seemed to hear a voice say, "Do not feel so desolate! Jesus is waiting in your room for you.")

He is waiting for me; I know he is there
As I wearily climb the long, winding
stair;

He is waiting above, in my lonely room,
'Mid the evening shadows and dark'ning
gloom.

And my feet have passed in through the
open door,

His arms are outstretched, his sweet
smile I see;

He says, "Thou art weary! child, come
unto me.

Come, tell me thy sorrows, thy pains
and thy fears,

Thy hopes unfulfilled through wearisome
years;

Though the story is old, and thou'st told
it before,

Yet 'twill ease thy sad heart to repeat
o'er and o'er,

To One who so loves thee, thy story of
grief—

For witness! I failed ne'er to give thee
relief,

Nay, fear not to open thy sad soul to
me;

I was tempted, my child, in all points
like thee."

So we let in the twilight, my Saviour
and I,

While the stars twinkle out in the beau-
tiful sky;

We talked it all over—my pains and my
fears,

My hopes unfulfilled through wearisome
years;

Of duties neglected in gratitude shown
To a Friend who is love and mercy
alone—

Until self-convicted, I start, and would
fly;

But his soft hand restrains me: "Fear
not, it is I;

And thou knowest my love; I freely
forgive,

Be strong! of good courage! I'll help
thee to live

Henceforth a life truer, more noble, and
pure;

Remember the promise to those who en-
dure."

Some way, as we talk there, my sad
heart grows light,

And my sorrows seem naught, they fade
out of sight;

He strengthens and calms me, and
soothes me to rest,

With my hand in his, my head on his
breast,

Like John the Beloved, who lay there
of old,

And, like him, I drink in such comfort
untold,

That life's woes all recede, clamours all
cease,

Where his kind, tender smile fills my
soul with sweet peace;

And the stars twinkle out on the beau-
tiful sky,

As we sit in the twilight—"My Saviour
and I."

Teaching a Child How to Give.

BY ALICE MAY DOUGLAS.

It has been said that children are taught at Sunday-school to receive rather than to give. There is much truth in this statement, but the evil can be lessened in many ways. In the first place, the children can be taught to look upon the bringing of their offering as a part of their devotion; as soon as it is taken, the teacher should, in a brief prayer, present it to God. The scholars can also be given tithe-boxes in which to gather additions to the missionary fund. Flowers can be brought for the sick, being used to decorate the room until the session closes. A hospital-box could be inaugurated to contain toys and books—contributions from the class to the little sufferers. A paper mission might be started, the children bringing their old Sunday-school papers and magazines to be sent to some child, whose address could be furnished by some missionary of the Woman's Home Missionary Society.

But, above all things, the little ones should be taught what true giving implies. Rousseau says: "Giving alms is the act of one who knows the worth of his gift and his fellow-creature's need of a gift. A child who knows nothing of either can have no merit in bestowing. He gives without charity or benevolence. . . . A child would rather give away a hundred gold-pieces than a single cake. But suggest to this free-handed giver the idea of parting with what he really prizes—his playthings, his sugar-plums, or his luncheon, you will soon find out whether you have made him really generous."

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