

CLASSES.

WE desire to have our educational classes this winter arranged as will best meet the needs of young men. To secure this desirable end we ask any young man who would like to enter, one or more of the classes connected with our association, to call upon us and leave their names at as early a date as possible.

HAVE A PURPOSE IN LIFE.

WRITING to the *Milwaukee Sentinel* a correspondent says that when he was a student in Edinburgh, Carlyle once asked him what he was studying for. He replied that he had not quite made up his mind. The old Scotch philosopher's glance was stern, as he replied: "The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder; a waif, a nothing, a no man. Have a purpose in life if it is only to kill and divide and sell oxen well, but have a purpose; and having it throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you."

GOOD ADVICE.

NEVER go where you cannot ask God to go with you; never be found where you would not like death to find you; never indulge in any pleasure which will not bear the morning's reflection.

"HE IS USED TO IT."

"A BLACKSMITH was lustily plying his sledge-hammer to weld the heated metal. On being asked how it was that his cat was sitting unmoved amid the shower of burning sparks, he replied, "Oh, sir, he's used to it." Well, I thought, so it is with the unconverted hearers of the gospel; we often wonder how they can remain unmoved alike by the fiery denunciations of Sinai, or the bright and melting beams of Calvary. But "they are used to it."
(*Herald of Mercy.*)

Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.

But the very hairs of your head are all numbered.

Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.

Matt. x. 29-31.

THE SPARROW'S SONG.

I am only a tiny sparrow.

A bird of low degree;

My life is of little value,

But the dear Lord cares for me

I have no barn nor storehouse,

I neither sow nor reap;

God gives me a sparrow's portion,

But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,

Close picking makes it sweet;

I have always enough to feed me,

And life is more than meat.

I know there are many sparrows.

All over the world they are found;

But our Heavenly Father knoweth

When *one* of us falls to the ground.

Tho' small, we are never forgotten;

Tho' weak, we are never afraid;

For we know the dear Lord keepeth

The life of the creatures He made.

I fly to the thickest forest,

I light on many a spray.

I have a chart or compass,

But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight,

Wherever I happen to be;

For the Father is always watching,

And no harm will come to me.

I am only a little sparrow,

A bird of low degree;

But I know the Father loves me:

Have you less faith than *we*?