



WHICH HAND WILL YOU HAVE?

"ALL THE WAY."

BUT a youthful pilgrim, I,
My journey's just begun.
They say I'll meet with sorrow
Before my journey's done
The world is full of trouble,
And trials too, they say,
But I will follow Jesus
All the way.

Then, like a little pilgrim,
What ever I may meet,
I'll take it, joy or sorrow—
And lay at Jesus feet;
He'll comfort me in trouble,
He'll wipe my tears away,
With joy I'll follow Jesus
All the way.

Then trials cannot vex me,
And pain I need not fear;
For when I'm close by Jesus,
Grief cannot come too near,
Not even death can harm me,
When death I meet one day,
To heaven I'll follow Jesus
All the way.

WHAT ONE LITTLE WORM DID

A NUMBER of people were once assembled in a grand park, and the owner pointed to a magnificent sycamore tree, which was dead and decayed to the core. "That tree," said he, "was killed by a single worm."

Two years before it was as healthy as any tree in the park, but one day a worm about three inches long was seen to be forcing its way under the bark. A natur-

alist who saw it told the owner that, if left alone it would kill the tree. The master of the park scarcely believed it possible; but next summer the leaves of the sycamore fell very early, and in the following year it was a dead, rotten thing. One worm can kill a whole tree. One sin or evil habit persisted in can ruin a child for whom Christ died.—*Children's Bread.*

THE MISSION FOR THE SICK.

ROGER DELAND was sick. He was just sick enough to be cross. His picture-book fell off the bed. His playthings hid under the bedclothes, and Roger cried. His mother read aloud to him, but he did not like the story. Then she told him the true story about the "Mission for the Sick."

"Kind ladies met in a hall," she said, "and took with them fruit, flowers, and good things for sick men and women, and dear little children." Roger was pleased. He thought about the mission some time. Then he said, "I wish I could send my rosebush in the little red pot."

"You can if you wish," replied his mother, "and I will write a note for you." Roger's eyes grew bright. His mother wrote, "Roger Deland sends this rose to some sick child." Then it was sent away in a nice basket.

Three days after the flowers were sent the postman brought Roger a note. It said:

"Dear little boy,—I am lame. I can never walk. My mother goes out washing. I am alone all day. I used to cry. I never cry since the rose-bush came.

I sit in my chair and watch it. I think you and mother does too. I learned to write before I fell down on the ice. My mother cannot write, but she will ask God to bless you. She can work better, for the rose keeps me company. Mother used to cry, too, when I was left alone.

"The rose will grow forever, she says. I hope it will not die.

"My mother says it will not die in the pretty pot, the goodness will keep growing. I shall not let it die.

"Your friend,

"MARY BRENNAN."

When Roger's mother finished reading the note, her little boy looked very happy. After that he sent little Mary some of his toys. He is well now, but he never forgets the Mission for the Sick.—*Our Little Ones.*

THE DIAMOND RING.

THE merchant, William, sailed over the sea to a distant country, where he made a large fortune by his industry and cleverness. Many years after he returned home. When he landed, he heard that his relations had met to dine at a neighbouring country-house. He hurried there, and did not even wait to change his clothes, which had got somewhat damaged on the voyage.

When he entered the room where his relations were assembled, they did not seem very glad to see him, because they thought that his shabby clothes proved that he was not rich. A young Moor who he had brought with him was disgusted by their want of feeling, and said, "Those are bad men, for they do not rejoice at seeing their relative after his long absence."

"Wait a moment," said the merchant in a whisper; "they will soon change their manner."

He put a ring which he had in his pocket on his finger, and behold: all the faces brightened, and they pressed around dear cousin William. Some shook hands with him, others embraced him, and all contended for the honour of taking him home.

"Has the ring bewitched them?" asked the Moor.

"Oh, no," said William, "but they guess by it that I am rich, and that has more power over them than anything else."

"O you blind men!" then exclaimed the Moor, "it is not the ring that has bewitched you, but the love of money. How is it possible that you can value yellow metal and transparent stones more highly than my master, who is such a noble man?"—*Child's Own Magazine.*