

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

Dear boys, God wants *you* in his kingdom. He wants you just as much as he does your father and mother. He wants your heart, your love, your service. He wants you to honor him and live for him. Christ died for you, boys, as much as for any one. His invitation, "Come unto me," means you. You boys can serve him just as faithfully and acceptably, and just as easily, as older persons. Serve and honor him in your own boy-life and way; be boy-Christians. Being Christians will not make you any less happy and joyous; it will add new joys.

Christ wants you *now*. Do not wait to become older. It is easier to give your hearts to Jesus and to commence to live for him now, than it will be when you are older. Every day of delay may take you farther from the Saviour. Those who "seek early" have special promise of success in finding. Christ wants you now—every one of you who read this. Ask him to forgive your sins, however small they may be; for every little sin needs forgiveness, and he alone can give this. Give yourself to Jesus now; and when you have done this, help your companions to do the same. —*Sel.*

TRUST AND OBEY.

Miss Havergal tells a story in verse of a young girl named Alice, whose music-master insists upon her practicing very difficult music. To Alice it seems cruel that she may not play easy pieces like other girls. The chords are difficult, and the melody is subtle. Her head wearies, her cheek flushes, and with clouded brow she makes a protest. The master will not yield, and she writes home to her father, who answers kindly, but firmly, that her teacher knows what is best. "Trust and obey," is her father's advice. Persuaded to try again, she at length master's Beethoven's masterpiece. Years afterward at a brilliant assembly of musical artists, when the gentle twilight fills all hearts with thoughts of peace, Alice is invited to play

some suitable strains. She selects the very piece that was so difficult, but which, thoroughly learned, has never been forgotten. She plays it with pure and varied expression, secures the rich approval of one of the masters of song, who confesses that even to him Beethoven's music has never seemed so beautiful and so suggestive as in her rendering:

Then swift up flashed a memory,
A long forgotten day,
A memory of tears once shed,
Of aching hand and puzzled head,
And of the father's word that said,
"Trust and obey."

The lesson learned in patience then
Was lit by love and duty;
The toiling time was quickly past,
The trusting time had fled fast,
And Alice understood at last
Its mysteries of beauty.

Many a hard task may yet come to both boys and girls. Let them also "trust and obey," and little by little they likewise may become interpreters of life's holiest music.—*Sel.*

EVERY DAY A LITTLE.

Every day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small is one fact! Only one! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who seeks every day to practise the grace he prays for!

Every day a little happiness. We live for the good of others if our living be in any sense true living. It is not in great deeds of kindness only that the blessing is found. "In little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, at the neighbor's house, in the playground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.