

seen from the pavement below had been finished. The illusion was dispelled, and afterward the sight of the finished side of the statues caused him to think of their unfinished side.

Quite different is the story told of an old man who once came to the master workman of a cathedral and besought him to let him work upon it. Fearing lest his failing sight and trembling hand should mar its beauty, he was allowed to work only among the shadows of the arches.

One day they found him lying dead beside his finished work—the sculptured face of one whom he had loved long years before; and when men came from far and near to behold the completed building, they found this face that was so hidden in the shadows that only once a day, when the sunlight touched it, could they see it distinctly, but they used to wait and watch for the sight of it, and as they gazed upon its marvellous beauty they would say softly one to another, "Love wrought this!"

Our Master, in his infinite love and wisdom, has sought us out and appointed us to work for Him. It does not matter much whether our part is large or small, or whether we work in the shadow or bright sunlight, if only our finished work can one day meet His approval, because done for His sake, and the angels, beholding, can say, "Love wrought this—the love of Jesus!"—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

#### THE SURPRISED MOHAMMEDAN.

ON one occasion, travelling in the Barbary States with a companion who possessed some knowledge of medicine, we had arrived at a door near which we were about to pitch our tents, when a crowd of Arabs surrounded us, cursing and swearing at the "Rebellers against God." My friend, who spoke a little Arabic, turning around to an elderly person, whose garb bespoke him a priest, said:

"Who taught you that we were disbelievers? Hear my daily prayer and judge for yourselves." He then repeated the Lord's Prayer. All stood amazed and silent, till the priest exclaimed:

"May God curse me if ever I curse again those who hold such a belief! Nay, more, that prayer shall be my

prayer till my hour be come. I pray thee, O Nazarene, repeat the prayer, that it may be remembered and written among us in letters of gold.—*Hay's Western Barbary.*

### Boys' and Girls' Corner.

#### SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

	International.	Institute.
Feb. 5, ...	Ezra vi. 14-22.	Gen. viii. 13 to ix. 17.
" 12, ...	Neh. i. 1-11 ...	" Review.
" 19, ...	Neh. iv. 9-21 ...	" xi. 1-9.
" 26, ...	Neh. viii. 1-12.	" xii. 1-9.

#### CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY HYMN.

LORD, Thy little children  
Glad would work for Thee,  
In the world's great harvest  
Gleaning faithfully.

Take our sheaves, O Saviour!  
Though our hands are small;  
Take our hearts, O Saviour!  
We would give Thee all.

—Selected

#### THE CROSS SCISSORS.

"WHY must we always keep together, fastened up tight by that tiresome screw?" So cried one of the two sides of a pair of scissors. "How much more work we could do apart! Each of us has a sharp point, each has a round ring at the end to hold a finger or thumb, and each has an edge for cutting. We don't care to keep together; we don't choose to keep together. If we can't get rid of that screw, we'll be as wide apart as we can."

So the two points of the scissors were stuck out on each side, as wide as they could go, and so were the two round rings till they looked as cross as could be. But the silly pair of scissors soon found out what a great mistake had been made. Some silk was placed between the two points, which it was their duty to divide, but it was very clear that no cutting could be done while they remained apart.

"After all, I can't get on without you," said the right side to the left.

"Let us kiss and be friends," said the left side to the right.

So the two rings touched and the two tips kissed, and the silk was divided with ease.

Brothers and sisters, who do not love or help one another, who like to keep as much apart as you can, both in your work and your play, remember the story

of the scissors! Be glad of the tie that binds you; join hands, join hearts; so your work will be done more quickly, and your play more merrily enjoyed!—*The Home Messenger.*

#### A CURE FOR BAD TEMPER.

WHEN Robert Hall was a boy he had a very passionate temper. He knew that he ought to try and conquer it; so he resolved that whenever he felt his temper rising he would run away to another room, and, kneeling down, would use this short prayer: "O, Lamb of God, calm my mind." So completely was he enabled by the help of God to overcome this sin that he grew up to be a man of remarkably gentle temper. He was an earnest and devoted servant of God, and for many years faithfully preached the Gospel of Christ—*The Home Messenger.*

#### CHILD AND MOTHER.

(For the children to learn by heart.)

O MOTHER-MY-LOVE, if you'll give me your hand,  
And go where I ask you to wander,  
I will lead you away to a beautiful land,—  
The Dream-land that's waiting out yonder.  
We'll walk in a sweet posie-garden out there,  
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming;

And the flowers and the birds are filling the air  
With the fragrance and music of dreaming.

There'll be no little tired-out boy to undress,  
No questions or cares to perplex you,  
There'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,  
Nor patching of stockings to vex you;  
For I'll rock you away on a silver-dew stream,  
And sing you asleep when you're weary,  
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream  
But you and your own little dearie.

And when I am tired I'll nestle my head  
In the bosom that's soothed me so often,  
And the wide-a-wake stars shall sing in my stead,  
A song which our dreaming shall soften,  
So, mother-my-love, let me take your dear hand,  
And away thro' the starlight we'll wander—  
Away through the mist to the beautiful land,  
The Dream-land I that's waiting out yonder.  
—Eugene Field.

#### A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

"I'm going to be a gentleman when I'm big like papa," said little Joe one day.

"But papa was a gentleman when he was little like you," said grandma, who was sewing near him.

"Did he dress up in grandpa's coat and hat and walk with his cane, as I do with papa's sometimes?" inquired Joe.

"No; he wore pinafores and a little straw bonnet," said grandma, stitching away.