

past, the present, and the future ; of the past, when the parents of to-day were little children in the Host ; and of the future, when the boys would wear beards and the girls would have exchanged their short frocks for long dresses and come as parents bringing their little ones to the celebration, with flowers and singing. Of the present, the Bishop spoke of the great joy and help the children are to his heart, of their Easter offerings for the General Board of Missions, and of their gifts for work in the diocese. They are a pastoral staff for the Bishop to lean upon.

Then the Bishop illustrated in a telling way the power of littles. Just a year ago that day, St. Louis was visited by a terrific cyclone, that swept away houses, snapped of or uprooted great trees, destroying everything in its path, and many persons perished in a few moments of time. Said the Bishop : A little puff of wind came dancing along, and said to another puff, Come, let us go off on a frolic ! And as they pranced about, they said to another, and another, Come with us ! And they gathered their forces together, and swooped down upon the city, carrying everything in destruction before them.

So a drop of water up in the hills says to another drop, Come, and we will run off for a gambol ! And on they run, gathering drops until they swell into a torrent, and go rushing down into the valleys, and the sleeping people in the villages below awake to find that they are surrounded by surging and roaring waters, and cannot escape.

This shows the power of littles for mischief, but the power of littles for good may be just as great and carry blessings along. Love and joy leap from heart to heart even of children, and they put their heads and hands together, and say, Come on, and we will see what good things we can do for the glory of God ! They gather their pennies together, and send them all to help carry on the missions, and their love and joy and sacrifice go running out to the missionaries, far West, and far South, and away over the seas ; and instead of destruction, they carry salvation even to the uttermost parts of the earth.

This must be Christ's land ! His banner must wave over all parts of the land. Come, let us see what we can do to make His Name and His praise glorious from ocean to ocean, and from the gulf away up into the frozen North. We will sing of Him, and talk of Him, and worship Him, all the day long. Yes, and we will send the Church's missionaries to teach the people, and form Sunday-schools, and build churches, and bring in the wanderers, until every one in this broad land has heard the truth and been turned unto the Lord. We can do it ; the children can do it, by the help of the Lord. If

they will join their hearts together, and put forth their young strength in united efforts, they can make this land a glorious land, so that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety may be established among us for all generations.

Shall we not try to do each one his part, to bring about this good result ?—W. M. S. LANGFORD, in *The Young Christian Soldier*.

IT WAS HIS WAY.



OUT in the yard James was sawing wood. And, as he finished a certain quantity, he laid aside the saw, and piling the chunks of wood neatly and compactly into a barrow, wheeled it away to the cellar and piled it up there.

"Hurry up with your wood, Jim, and come on to the woods," said one of his boy friends, leaning over the fence.

"I can't till I've finished this pile," he said, as he returned with the empty barrow.

"Oh, come on. Finish sawing that when you come back," said easy-going Harvey.

"No, it's my way to finish a thing when I have begun it. And I'm going to pile up this wood before I go to bed to-night," he said, determinedly.

"You take life too hard, Jim," said Harvey, with a laugh, as he sauntered leisurely away. "You ought to take it as easy as I do. There's a pile of wood waiting for me at home, but I let it wait till I feel like doing it. That's my way." And he was gone, with his soft, easy laugh.

But we would recommend James' way to the one who wishes to succeed.—*Selected*.

CARE IN TRIFLES.



A DRUGGIST in one of our large cities said lately, "If I am prompt and careful in my business, I owe it to a lesson which I learned when I was an errand boy in the house of which I am now master. I was sent one day to deliver a vial of medicine just at noon, but, being hungry, stopped to eat my luncheon.

"The patient, for lack of the medicine, sank rapidly, and for some days was thought to be dying.

"I felt myself his murderer. The agony of that long suspense made a man of me. I learned then that for every one of our acts of carelessness or misdoing, however petty, some one pays in suffering. The law is more terrible to me because it is not always the misdoer himself who suffers."

This law is usually ignored by young people. The act of carelessness or selfishness is so trifling, what harm can it do ? No harm,