

Ah little Bertha, if we all had *only known beforehand*. But this is not God's plan. He wants us to take things *on trust* now, and what we know not now we shall know hereafter.

EROL GERVAISE.

THE DEAR LITTLE HEADS IN THE PEW.

In the morning of holy Sunday,
I like in the church to see
The dear little children clustered,
Worshipping there with me.
I am sure the gentle rector,
Whose words are like summer dew,
Is cheered as he gazes over
The dear little heads in the pew.

Faces, earnest and thoughtful,
Innocent, grave and sweet,
They look in the congregation
Like lilies among the wheat,
And I think that the tender Master,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For the dear little heads in the pew.

When they hear "The Lord is my Shepherd,"
Or "Suffer the babes to come,"
They are glad that the loving Jesus
Has given the lambs a home—
A place of their own with His people;
He cares for me and for you,
But close in his arms He gathers
The dear little heads in the pew.

So I love in the great assembly
On the morn of Sunday to see
The dear little children clustered,
And worshipping there with me;
For I know that my precious Saviour,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For the dear little heads in the pew.

A HINT TO THE BOYS.

Not long since at a public meeting in one of our large cities, the laying aside of one tenth of income for the Lord was strongly advocated. A Christian lad was present whose father keeps a dairy, and he drives the milk wagon. A week or so after his mother wanted some money to use for a religious purpose and the son suggested she should take the tithe money. It was then found that from the evening the boy heard the discourse he had been putting what he had heard into practice, and the receipts from the wagon had been strikingly large.

A mother in Ohio wrote her son, who is in business in a distant city, suggesting that he should give the tenth of his income to Christ. He sent back word, "On Saturday I decided to give the tenth, and on Monday my salary came in with one-tenth added."

We are not to obey God from the low motive of temporal reward; but it is nevertheless true that "in the keeping of His commandments there is great reward," and our Master has said, "Give and it shall be given unto you, good measure,

pressed down and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom; for with the same measure that ye mete, withal it shall be measured to you again."

TWO CHINAMEN.

Wang Chiin Foo told us not long ago why he was a heathen and took occasion to say many hard things against Christianity. His mistake was that he counted as Christians all those who lived in a Christian country or who bore the Christian name without the Christian character. He concluded his attack by saying, "This is what keeps me the heathen I am! And I earnestly invite the Christians of America to come to Confucius!"

Yan Phou Lee, another Chinaman tells us why he is not a heathen. Thus he speaks:—

"I not only discriminate between Christianity and its professors, but I also discriminate between true Christians and hypocrites. Confucius says, 'It is impossible to carve on rotten timber.' Christianity is not responsible for the acts of morally rotten men; and yet, where there is any soundness at all, it has demonstrated its power to heal and to save. . . . Christianity will survive this last and most terrible of attacks. Indeed, I am silly enough to believe that that religion which flourished in spite of the Pharisee and the Sadducee, which survived the persecutions of the Cæsars and finally supplanted them, which passed through the Dark Ages of ignorance and barbarism undimmed in lustre, which rose serenely after the terrible French Revolution, will continue to reign supreme as long as eternity itself shall endure. Christianity has demonstrated its fitness to supply my spiritual needs. Its authenticity as a history no reasonable man can deny. I believe, I accept its truths, as I hope to be happy in this life, and to enjoy a blessed immortality in the life to come. Do you wonder that I am a Christian? I cordially invite all heathens, whether American, or English, or Chinese, to come to the Saviour.

A CLERGYMAN on his way to a missionary meeting, overtook a boy and asked him about the road he was going. "Oh," he said, "I'm going to the meeting to hear about the missionaries." "Missionaries?" said the minister, "What do you know about missionaries?" "Why," said the boy, "I'm part of the concern. I've got a missionary box, and I always go to the missionary meeting; I belong to the concern." Every one should feel that he is "part of the concern," and that his work is just as important as that of any one else. Linchpins are very little things, but if they drop out, the wagon is likely to come to a standstill. Every pin and screw should be in working order, and every one should be able to say, "I always go to the missionary meeting. Why, I'm part of the concern."