

window, by whose light both father and brother had been saved from shipwreck.

Every stormy night afterward that same lamp was set in the window to guide other fishermen who might be caught out in the thick darkness. By and by it was determined to build a lighthouse on the cliff. But the big blazing burner grew out of the little boy's lamp.

A poor child in Philadelphia, the daughter of a very poor widow, died a year or two ago. During her long sickness her heart was full of peace and the sweet love of the Saviour.

Just before she died she put into the hands of her minister a small paper box that had contained some of her medicine. In the box were fifty three cent pieces, which she had been saving up for a long time, and she had earned each piece by hard work. She said to her minister:

"After I am dead I want you to take this money and build with it a church for the poor people in this neighborhood."

The minister could not keep back his tears as the box was given to him; and I could not either when I saw it last summer.

The minister took the box of coins and showed it to a rich lumber merchant, who never cared anything about religion. The merchant at once offered to give lumber for building the church. Other people who saw the box and heard its touching history gave money, and very soon the pretty mission church will be finished. The poor Christian child's lamp will grow into a large lighthouse to guide many souls to heaven.

No person can tell how much good may come from loving, yet apparently insignificant acts. The lamp they light, even if it is small, may grow into a lighthouse, and shine long after they are dead.—*Youth's Companion*.

A FULL PRAYER.

"O LORD! I KNOW NOT WHAT I should ask of Thee. Thou only knowest what I want; and Thou lovest me better than I love myself. O Lord! give to me, who desire to be Thy child, what is proper, whatsoever it be.

"I dare not ask either crosses or comforts. I only present myself before Thee. I open my heart to Thee. Behold my wants, which I am igno-

rant of; but do thou behold and do according to Thy mercy. I adore all thy purposes, without knowing them, I abandon myself to Thee, having no greater desire than to accomplish Thy will."—FENELON.

A TALE OF TWO BUCKETS.

Two buckets in an ancient well got talking once together,
And after sundry wise remarks—no doubt about the weather—
"Look here," quoth one, "this life we lead I don't exactly like;
Upon my word, I'm half inclined to venture on a strike;
For—do you mind?—however full we both come up the well,
We go down empty—always shall, for aught that I can tell."

"That's true," the other said; "but then—the way it looks to me—
However empty we go down, we come up full you see."

Wide little bucket! If we each would look at life that way,
Would dwarf its ills and magnify its blessings day by day,

The world would be a happier place, since we should all decide,
Only the buckets FULL to count, and let the empty slide. —*The Churchman*.

MOTHERS, SPEAK SOFTLY.

I KNOW some houses, well built and handsomely furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp, angry tones resound through them from morning to night, and the influence is as contagious as measles, and much more to be dreaded in a household. The children catch it and it lasts for life, an incurable disease. A friend has such a neighbor within hearing of her house, whose doors and windows are open, and even Poll Parrot has caught the tune and delights in screaming and scolding, until she has been sent into the country to improve her habits. Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots. When mother sets the example you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their play with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect so much scolding before they do anything they are bid, while in many a home, where the *low, firm tone of the mother*, or a decided look of her steady eye is *law*, they never think of disobedience, either in or out of her sight.

Oh, mothers, it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in a woman," a *low, sweet voice*. If you are ever so much tired by the mischievous or wilful pranks of the little ones, *speak low*. It will be a great help to you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot wholly succeed. Anger makes you wretched and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens; they make them only ten times heavier. For your own sake as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the willows. So, too, would they remember a harsh and angry voice. Which legacy will you leave to your children?—*Kindergarten Magazine*.

THE WILL OF GOD.

I WORSHIP Thee, sweet Will of God!
And all Thy ways adore,
And every day I live, would learn
To love Thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule
Of Jesu's toils and tears;
Thou wert the passion of His heart
Those three-and-thirty years.

And He hath breathed into my soul
A special love of Thee,
A love to lose my will in His,
And by that loss be free.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do
And leave the rest to Thee.

Man's weakness waiting upon God,
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's Will is sweetest to him, when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his sweet Will! —*Selected*.

THE condition of arriving at Truth is not severe habits of investigation, but innocence of life and humbleness of heart. Truth is felt, not reasoned out, and if there be any truths which are only appreciable by the acute understanding, we may be sure at once that these do not constitute the soul's life, nor error in these the soul's death.—*F. W. Robertson*.