

**"THY KINGDOM COME."**

I'm only a little herald,  
But the kingdom needs my voice :  
To herald in the King of kings  
Is all my happy choice.

I can teach a text to brother,  
And speak kind words of peace,  
And help to bring His kingdom in,  
Which ever shall increase.

I cannot be a herald bold  
To distant lands to-day,  
But, if I learn my lessons well,  
I hope I may some day.

I'm only a little worker,  
But the kingdom needs my hand ;  
I'll use these busy fingers  
To go my Lord's command.

And day by day He'll give me work  
My happy childhood through—  
Some task of patience and of love  
Which only I can do.

I'm only a little soldier,  
But the kingdom needs my sword ;  
I'll draw it from its scabbard—  
God's own most holy Word,

First using it in my own heart  
To cut away each sin :  
My mother bids me not forget  
His kingdom is *within*.

I'll daily pray, "Thy kingdom come!"  
Seeking each day to bring  
Some rebel thought to own Him Lord,  
Some friend to own Him King.  
—*Life-boat.*

**ONE LEISURE HOUR.**

A few years ago two poor boys from the old town of Plymouth, Mass., went down to a lonely part of the coast to gather a certain seaweed from the rocks, which when bleached and dried, is sold as Irish moss for cooking purposes.

The boys lived in a little hut on the beach; they were out before dawn to gather or prepare the moss, which had to be wet with salt water many times, and spread out in the sun until it was thoroughly whitened. They had one hour each day

free from work. One of them spent it lying on the sand asleep. The other had brought out his books and studied for that hour, trying to keep up with his school-mates.

Fifteen years after, the first boy, now a middle-aged man, was still gathering moss on the coast near Plymouth.

The second emigrated to Kansas, became the leading man in a new settlement, and became a wealthy, influential citizen.

"No matter what was my work," he said lately, "I always contrived to give one hour a day to my education. This is the cause of my success in life."

A similar story is told of the president of one of the largest manufacturing firms in Pennsylvania. When he was a boy of sixteen he was a blacksmith's assistant at a forge in the interior of the State. There were three other men employed at the forge.

"I will not always be a blacksmith; I will be a machinist," said the lad. "I mean to study arithmetic at night as a beginning." Two of the men joined him; the other went to the tavern. After a year they found work in iron mills, at the lowest grade of employment, and made their way up, invariably giving a part of every evening to study. Each of these three men now holds a high position in a great manufacturing establishment.—*Sunday-School Herald.*

**MAKE A FRIEND OF HIM.**

An angry man once applied to a friend for advice as to the best method of "coming up" with one who had injured him.

"Is he an enemy of yours?" was asked.

"I should think he was," was the reply;

"he is doing all he can to hurt me."

"Very well; he ought to be destroyed. Kill him."

"Kill him?" and the man was puzzled.

"Certainly; but there is only one way to destroy an enemy so that there will be no bad after-effects."

"How is that?"

"Make a friend of him. The (enemy, will then be gone, and so thoroughly destroyed that no traces of the enmity can be discovered."