

## EVERY LITTLE STEP I TAKE

EVERY little step I take  
Forward in my heavenly way,  
Every little effort make  
To grow Christ-like day by day;

Little sighs and little prayers,  
Even little tears which fall,  
Little hopes, and tears, and cares—  
Saviour, thou dost know them all.

Thus my greatest joy is this,  
That my Saviour, loving, mild,  
Knows the children's weaknesses,  
And himself was once a child.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MARCH 6, 1886.

## A MOTHER'S COUNSEL.

THE great men of the world have generally owed much to the character and training of their mothers. If we go back to their childhood, we see there the maternal influences which form the aims and future habits of their future life.

Bayard, the flower of French knighthood, the soldier without fear or reproach, never forgot the parting words of his mother when he left home at fourteen to become the page of a nobleman. She said to him, with all the tenderness of a loving heart, "My boy, serve God first. Pray to him night and morning. Be kind to all. Beware of flatterers, and never become one yourself. Avoid envy, hatred, and lying, as vices unworthy of a Christian; and never neglect to comfort widows and orphans."

When Bayard was foremost in battle, confessedly the bravest warrior in the field, or when, in his own great thirst, he was giving water to a dying enemy, he was only carrying out his mother's counsel, and striving to be worthy of her name. The memory of a mother's love is a stimulus against temptation, and a stimulus to a good life.



MOTHER'S WEE MAN.

## MOTHER'S WEE MAN.

BY D. H. R. GOODALE.

Two violet eyes, intent and wise,  
This great world view with a grave surprise:  
Gaze at it, master it, rule if you can!  
This is the problem—Mother's wee man.

Two sensitive ears, with unknown fears,  
Turns at each sound the darling hears;  
'Tis a strange great world, but love is its plan,  
There is no danger—Mother's wee man.

Each tiny pink fist, fit but to be kissed,  
Wave hither and thither wherever they list;  
The right 'gainst the wrong, strike a blow when you can,  
This is the battle—Mother's wee man.

Two delicate feet, all dimpled and sweet,  
To walk this rough earth seem strangely unmeet;  
Yet tread the path boldly, it is but a span,  
Life's little crossing—Mother's wee man.

With violet eyes, intent and wise,  
A spotless babe untried he lies;  
Life and Death—meet them unshrinkingly who can:  
Both of one substance—Mother's wee man.

## THE HOME LIFE OF JESUS.

"LET all children remember," says Dr. Dwight, "if ever they are weary of laboring for their parents, that Christ labored for his; if impatient of their commands, that that Christ cheerfully obeyed; if reluctant to provide for their parents, that Christ forgot himself, and provided for his mother amid the agonies of the crucifixion. The affectionate language of this divine example to every child is, 'Go thou and do likewise.'"

## FAITH ILLUSTRATED.

ONE of the simplest and best illustrations of faith which I remember to have seen is a story told by M. Theodore Monod. A Sunday-school teacher, when teaching his class on one occasion, left his seat and went around among his scholars with his watch in his hand. Holding it out to the first child, he said, "I give you this watch."

The boy stared at it, and stood still. He then went to the next and repeated, "I give you this watch."

The boy blushed, but that was all. One by one the teacher repeated the words and the actions to each. Some stared, some blushed, some smiled incredulously—but none took the watch. But when he came near to the bottom of the class, a small boy put out his hand and took the watch which the teacher handed to him.

As the latter returned to his seat, the little fellow said, timidly, "Then, if you please, sir, the watch is mine?"

"Yes, it is yours." The older boys were fairly roused by this time.

"Do you mean to say, sir, that he may keep the watch?"

"Certainly. I gave it to any boy who would have it?"

"Oh, if I had known that!" exclaimed one of them; "I would have taken it."

"Did I not tell you I gave it to you?" "Oh, yes; but I did not believe you were in earnest."

"So much the worse for you! He believed me, and he has the watch."

Saving faith is as simple as this. I just take God at his word, and trust him. Though it sounds too good to be true, Christ is the gift of God, fully and freely offered (John 3. 16)—his 'unspeakable gift.'—*Rev. Jas. Neill.*