

BEECHER'S LAST PUBLIC ACT.

[For the Children's Record.]

The newspapers have lately been writing a good deal about Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who died on the 3rd of March. I am not going to say anything about his life or death but simply want to tell you of his last public act and see if there is not a lesson in it for you and me.

On Sabbath, the 27th February, Mr. Beecher preached his last sermon. After the congregation had retired from Plymouth Church, the organist and one or two others remained to practise a hymn. Mr. Beecher also remained for a time and listened to the music. In a few moments two little ragged children were seen entering the church, and one of them stood gazing up at the organ. The preacher laid his hands on the boy's head, turned his face upward and kissed him, and then placing his arms around the two, left the church, and never entered it again. It seemed a small insignificant act in itself, but who can tell what an effect it had on these poor little wanderers, perhaps, without a mother.

What lesson is there here for you children. Fill up your lives with little deeds and acts of kindness: The world may not notice them but eternity will reveal what you have done in this way for your Master.

I cannot do great things for Him
Who did so much for me.
But I would like to show my love
Dear Jesus unto Thee;
Faithful in very little things
O Saviour may I be.

There are small things in daily life
In which I may obey,
And thus may show my love to Thee,
And always every day
There are some loving little words
Which I for Thee may say.

There are small crosses I may take,
Small burdens I may bear,
Small acts of faith and deeds of love,
Small sorrows I may share;
And little bits of work for Thee
I may do every where. A.B.

GLADNESS OF HEART.

"Well, darling, so you have given your heart to Jesus?" whispered a mother to her little girl.

"Yes, mamma," was the timid reply.

"And how did you do it?" questioned the mother, anxious there should be no mistake in this all-important action in her little daughter's life.

"I just stood still," replied the child, "and He took me."

She meant that she had no power to advance toward Christ; that she could only yield herself, and He must take her where she was and as she was.

There was a pause; and then the mother asked once more: "And how do you feel now?"

"Oh," exclaimed the little girl, looking brightly up, "I feel so glad, so very, very glad!"

A few words in the Psalm occurred to the mother: "Thou hast put gladness into my heart."

There are many children in heathen lands who have never felt this gladness, and we send them missionaries that they may learn where and how to find it.

A BETTER WAY THAN QUARRELLING.

Do you ever hear children speak in this way to each other:

"You did!" "I didn't!" "Yes, you did!" "No, I didn't!" "I'll tell mamma!"?

Now it is very disagreeable to have children speak so. You should be kind and affectionate, speaking pleasantly, not contradicting each other nor disputing.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath," the Bible says. Now try this way the very next time that you feel like contradicting one of your little sisters or brothers. When you go so far as this, "I did!" "You didn't!" then stop short. Do not say one word more about the trouble, but just put your arms around brother's or sister's neck and say very pleasantly, "Don't let us quarrel about it."

Is not that the better way? I think it is.—Sel.