

TELL JESUS.

I KNOW the Saviour's loving,
And gentle, good and kind,
And thoughts of holy comfort
I in his words oft find;
But I'm so very humble,
So feeble, weak and small,
I wonder if he'd like me
To go and tell him all?

If angels veil their faces
Whene'er his presence near,
'Twas strange if he should listen
My simple tale to hear;
To soothe me when I'm weary,
And raise me when I fall,
To cheer my path when dreary,
And answer when I call.

And yet I know he's given
A message I may see;
Within his book 'tis written,
"Cast all thy care on me."
So I'll no more repel him,
Who strives my love to gain,
But go to him and tell him
My every joy or pain.

I'll ask him every morning
To guide me through the day;
I'll thank him every evening
For care upon the way.
And all day long I'll tell him
What doth my path befall,
And I shall feel so happy
To think he knows it all.

MARGIE'S LESSON.

BY LILLIAN HOPE.

MARGIE sat on the doorstep, a very sober look on her pale, little face. It was Sunday afternoon, a perfect summer day, and the scene spread out before the eyes of the little girl was fair as heart could wish. But Margie was not thinking of the wondrous beauty all about her, of the sunshine or the blue sky; nor even of the birds and blossoms she loved so dearly.

The subject of the Sunday-school lesson that day had been "The Good Samaritan," and Miss Arnold had sought most earnestly to impress upon her class of girls the duty and the blessedness of helpfulness. Margie was very fond of her bright, young teacher, and her quick sympathy had responded at once to the tender, inspiring words.

She was a bright, affectionate child, this Margie; generous and scrupulously truthful; but she possessed one or two serious faults that needed a thorough up-

rooting, else would they mar most sadly an otherwise lovable character.

She was quite too fond of her own ease and comfort, and very impatient with anything that interfered with her own little plans; and though at times she sincerely regretted the existence of these faults and made many resolves to overcome them, still there they were, ready to show themselves on the least provocation.

She was of an imaginative temperament, and many a long hour slipped noiselessly away as she dreamed of wonderful things that could never exist outside of fairy-land.

And so, as she sat there in the almost unbroken silence, she was thinking of the lesson of the day and its teaching, thinking at first seriously and earnestly. But the force of habit was strong and it was not strange that after a time she fell into one of her fanciful reveries.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed at length. "How I wish I could do something grand, like the girl Miss Arnold told us about. But nothing ever happens here, and besides I couldn't do anything;" and she glanced at the little crutch leaning beside her while the quick tears sprang to her eyes.

A footstep sounded in the hall and a moment later father appeared in the doorway, the *Congregationalist* in his hand. His eyesight was fast failing him, and of late mother always read his favourite paper aloud to him, usually on Sunday afternoon. But to-day mother was suffering from a severe headache, and was trying to get a little rest in her cool, darkened chamber, where baby Harold was also sleeping quietly. A smile brightened father's careworn features as he saw Margie. "Ah, here you are!" he said. "Don't you want to read awhile to your blind, old father?"

Margie took the paper half-ungraciously. She hated reading aloud, and father always chose such dull articles, full of long, hard words that she could not understand.

AVOID EGOTISM.

PERHAPS some of my readers do not know the meaning of the word egotism. We say a person is an egotist when he thinks too much of himself or of what he can do. He thinks he can do things fully as well as another, or perhaps better. He never seems abashed when he makes a mistake, but goes right on in great confidence.

Arrogance, then, is that trait of character which makes us do these rude things.

Very many children are too timid and bashful to try to do many things which they can do nicely; but there are some who are too sure they know just how to do, and they push along, acting as though no one else could fill the place they do. They appear all puffed up; and attempt great things, and fail just because they are too proud of themselves. They elbow around, and silence others who might do better; when all the time they are making themselves ridiculous to others.

This is an unpleasant trait of character, and I trust our young people will avoid it. Have you not seen some who caused your face to burn from disgust by their important manners? You lose influence for good. You fail to learn a better way while you entertain such ways. You can cure yourself of such ways if you will.

Do not be an egotist, but be sure to have courage to do good when you can and whenever you can.

THE IMPORTANCE OF YOUTHFUL TIME.

If we compare life to a day, youth is the morning of it. The feelings are then strong and lively; the hours are favourable to activity, and he who wastes them in idleness or folly will probably find his noon perplexed and his evening destitute of the sweetest pleasures he can enjoy—a peaceful review of the day.

If we compare life to a year, then youth is the spring-time, upon which the happiness of all the other seasons depends. It is then the seeds must be sown and the plants cherished, the fruits of which may delight us in summer, enrich us in autumn, and sustain and cheer us when winter shall arrive.

If we compare life to a voyage, then youth is the time for preparation. It is then we must choose our course, and provide the stores which may sustain, and the means which may improve or amuse us on our way. Our friends should be made glad by seeing us well furnished for our destination. Whatever view we take of life, youth is its most precious period—a period which he who suffers it to go by unimproved may afterwards bewail, but cannot retrieve. The day may revolve, and morning again return, the year may elapse, and other springs appear, oceans may be crossed, and the voyager may set out anew, but to human life there is but one morning, one spring, but one eventful journey. Dear boys and girls, improve well your time, and spend it in God's service.