

Children's Corner.

NOT DARK AT ALL.

A child lay dying ; but still her brow was clear :
 Sad faces drooped around ; but on her own
 No shadow darkened. Was the end unknown
 To her young heart ? And struck with sudden fear
 Lest Death should take her by surprise—"My dear,"
 Her mother whispered, "thou wilt soon be gone ;
 But, oh, my lamb will not be left alone ;
 Thou art in Death's dark vale, but Christ is near."

The child looked wonderingly in her mother's face.
 "I am in no dark vale," she said, and smiled.
 "I see the light ; it is not dark at all !"
 Love, Thou didst light Death's valley for that child ;
 And to the childlike soul that trusts thy grace
 Thus wilt thou come when Death's dark shadows fall !

MIND THE DOOR !

Have you ever noticed how strong a street door is ? how thick the wood is ? how heavy the hinges ? what large bolts it has ? and what a grim lock ? If there was nothing of value in the house, or no thieves outside, this would not be wanted ; but as you know there are things of value within, and bad men without, there is need that the door be strong ; and we must mind the door, especially as to barring and bolting it at night.

We have a house—our hearts may be called that house. Wicked things are forever trying to break in, and go out of our heart. Let us see what some of these bad things are.

Who is at the door ? Ah, I know him ! It is Anger. What a frown there is on his face ! How his lips quiver ! How fierce his looks are ? We will bolt the door, and not let him in, or he will do us harm.

Who is that ? It is Pride. How haughty he seems ! He looks down on everything as though it was too mean for his notice. No, sir, we shall not let you in, so you may go.

Who is this ? It must be Vanity, with his flaunting strut and gay clothes. He is never so well pleased as when he has a fine dress to wear, and is admired. You will not come in, sir ; we have too much to do to attend to such fine folks as you.

Mind the door ! Here comes a stranger. By his sleepy look and slow pace we think we know him. It is Sloth. He likes nothing better than to live in my house, sleep and yawn my life away, and bring me ruin. No, no, you idle fellow ! work is pleasure, and I have much to do. Go away, you shall not come in.

But who is this ? What a sweet smile ! What a kind face ! She looks like an angel ! It is Love. How happy she will make us if we ask her in ! Come in ! Come in ! We must unbar the door for you.

Oh, if children kept the door of their heart shut, bad words and wicked thoughts would not go in and

out as they do. Open the door to all things good ; shut the door to all things bad ! We must mark well who comes to the door before we open it, if we would grow to be good men and women. Keep guard—mind the doors of your hearts !

I ONLY WANT YOU.

Nearly four years ago I was going to spend the day in a large city. Before starting I said to my dear invalid sister, who is now in glory, satisfied with the fulness of her Father's house, "Can I buy anything for you, dear ? I do want so much to bring you something from town." She interrupted my question, saying with a sweet, yearning look, "Nothing, dear. Don't bring me anything. I only want you. Come home as soon as you can." Her tender words rang in my ears all day—"I only want you"—and O, how often, since her bright entrance within the pearly gates, have her touching words and loving look returned to memory !

Well, dear reader, is not this too, what a dear Saviour says to you ? Do you not want sometimes to offer prayers, tears, almsgiving, deeds of kindness, sacrifices, earnest service and patient endeavour ? But He, too, turns from all, and says, "I only want you." "My son, My daughter, give Me thine heart." No amount of service can satisfy the love which claims only the heart. "Lovest thou Me ?" was the thrice-repeated question to His erring disciple. "He that loveth Me shall be loved by My Father"—John xiv. 21. Devotion of life, earnestness of service, fervent prayers are only acceptable to Him as fruits of love. They are valueless without the heart. He says to each of us, as my sainted sister said to me, "I only want you."

MANNERS BETWEEN BOYS.

There is a great deal of rudeness between boys in their intercourse and bearing with one another that is not really intended as such, but is not, therefore, any the less to be disapproved. It is often simply the overflow of excessive high spirits. But the very best good-humour, unrestrained by proper bounds and limitations, may become the most positive incivility.

We often apologize for the coarseness of people by saying, "He means well." It is well if we can make such an apology for them, for if their rudeness is really intentional, they are not fit to be received into any worthy person's society. But they who mean well should also do well, and the ways of politeness are never so easily learned as in youth.

The boy who is habitually coarse and rude in his bearings toward other boys will be such as a man toward men, and all his life will never gain the reputation of being a gentleman.