

READINESS FOR GOD'S WILL.

"SOME years ago, I made the acquaintance of an old peasant in a little German village, where for some time I resided. He was called Gottlieb, a name which has the very beautiful signification, 'The love of God.' The old man was well worthy of it, for if ever heart was filled with love to God and to all God's creatures it was his. Once when walking I came upon him as he was stooping to pick up a fallen apple. 'Don't you weary, Gottlieb,' I asked, 'stooping so often, and then lying all alone by the roadside?' 'No, no, miss,' he answered, smiling, and offering me a handful of ripe pears, 'I don't weary; I'm just waiting—waiting. I think I'm about ripe now, and I must soon fall to the ground; and then, just think, the Lord will pick me up! O miss, you are young yet, and perhaps just in blossom; turn well round to the Sun of Righteousness, that you may ripen sweet for His service.'—*Selected.*

DANGER OF FIRST SINS.

I HAVE observed one very undesirable fact in my own experience and in my observations of others; that everything depends on the manner in which first sins and first slips from the right path are treated. If a first false step is promptly met by a thorough repentance (as in the case of Peter's lie in Pilate's hall), there the mischief ends. The soul soon recovers its healthy tone, and is sometimes the wiser and stronger for its sad experience. But if the first sin is followed by a second and a third and fourth, without any contrition before God, then conscience soon becomes benumbed and powerless. In time it is "seared as with a hot iron." This is the case with those professed Christians who lapse into sensual vices, or who are detected in dishonest defalcations or breaches of trust. All these men could easily have been saved right after the first transgression; but when that has passed without compunction, the rapids soon whirled them over the cataract. It is astonishing to observe how fast sin will soothe even a Christian conscience.—*Cuyler.*

WHEN I am pressed with thoughts about worldly and home cares, I take a psalm or a saying of Paul and go to sleep on it. The holy cross, temptation, and persecution, teach the golden art; but flesh and blood can never like them, would fain have peace and ease.—*Luther.*

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International.

Institute.

April 7th.. Mark iii. 1-11..... Isa. liii. 1 to end.
" 14th.. I. Cor. xv. 3-14..... Matt. xxviii. 1-11.
" 21st.. Matt. xxiv. 42-51..... Phil. ii. 5-14.
" 28th.. Mark xiv. 12-26..... Luke iv. 16-31.

"FOR MY SAKE."

THREE little words, but full of tenderest meaning;
Three little words the heart can scarcely hold;
Three little words, but on their import dwelling
What wealth of love their syllables unfold!

"For my sake" cheer the suffering, help the needy;
On earth this was my work: I give it thee.
If thou would follow in thy Master's footsteps,
Take up my cross and come and learn of me.

"For my sake" let the harsh word die unuttered!
That trembles on the swift, impetuous tongue;
"For my sake" check the quick, rebellious feeling
That rises when thy brother does thee wrong.

"For my sake" press with steadfast patience onward.

Although the race be hard, the battle long,
Within my Father's house are many mansions;
There thou shalt rest and join the victor's song.

And if in coming days the world revile thee,
If "for my sake" thou suffer pain and loss,
Bear on, faint heart; thy Master went before thee;
They only wear His crown who share His cross.

—*The Churchman.*

WORTH TRYING.

"WAIT a minute, Will."

"What for?"

"I want to get that bunch of blue-bells."

Ned laid down his fishing-tackle and sprang over a fence, presently to return with a handful of the flowers, with their dainty colorings thrown out by a background of two or three ferns.

"You're a great fellow for flowers."

"Oh, they're not for myself; but mother's always crazy over wild flowers." And all through the walk home, notwithstanding that he was already well laden with rod and fishing-basket, Ned gave heed to his flowers, once stopping to wet his handkerchief to wrap about the stems, that they might not suffer from the warmth of his hands.

"There she is!" While still at a distance, Ned spied his mother, and made a dash toward her across the large yard. Will, following more slowly, saw him drop his rod and take off his hat as he offered his flowers with a bow and a smile. A little stir of pain was in Will's heart as he saw them received with a kiss and some words, evidently loving ones, which he could not hear.

"Come round to the barn with your traps, and then you stay to supper; mother says so," said Ned, rejoicing his friend.

"You're different from most boys," said Will; and Ned colored a little, for he was inwardly a trifle afraid of his mother's display of fondness provoking ridicule from the boys.

"How?" he asked, although knowing well what was meant.

"Oh—that," said Will, with an indefinite backward nod over his shoulder. "But I like that—I really do."

"I like it," said Ned, his deepening color due now to feeling. "Don't know how I'd get along if my mother wasn't just that way. And, as she is just that way, how can I help being just that way, too? Of course, it comes natural that it should be."

Ned's mother, if she had heard this, might have smiled in remembrance of the many lessons it had taken to inculcate the grace of politeness, which was now, indeed, if not natural, rapidly becoming second nature to the boy.

"If I had a mother, I'd like to be so," said Will.

"Well, it isn't only just mothers, you know. That is, of course, nobody else can be like your mother; but I mean you can be it to other folks—in a way; to anybody in your home. They all like it."

Will burst into a laugh.

"All, hey? I wish you knew my Aunt Susan. But you will; for, now we're getting settled, you must come over. You'll laugh at the idea of such doings for her. Why, if I should bring her a flower or take off my hat to her, she wouldn't know what to make of it. She'd think I was crazy."

"I don't believe it," said Ned. "That is, if she's a good woman. And of course," he added, in quick politeness, "your aunt must be."

"Good! I guess she is! She's so good herself she thinks there's no good in such a thing as a boy. I believe she thinks boys were only made to be a torment to such as her."

"Some boys are, I suppose."

Will colored a little as he inwardly realized that Aunt Susan might be somewhat justified in holding such an opinion.

"Well," continued Ned, "I thought all ladies liked flowers, and liked to be nicely treated, too. And," he added stoutly, "I think so still."

"I don't think Aunt Susan would take the trouble to notice either flowers or nice behavior," replied Will.