

who will follow thee, I will not. I like not thy wages. Give me Jesus, for his service will yield a lifetime of spiritual delight, with pleasures for evermore!"

Such, O young man, should be the decision of thy heart in presence of Goethe's confession. If it really be so, give me thy hand. Thou art not far from the kingdom of God. Press into it! Its gates will open to the resolute knocking of the praying heart.—*Good News.*

THE FARTHING FOUNDATION.

A little boy once attended a missionary meeting, and was much interested with the speeches. When he got home he tried to think what he could do to help the missions, and could think of nothing that seemed of much importance. He was very young, and he felt he must live many years before he would be able to speak much for this great cause. He was very poor, and all he had seemed worth nothing, as he thought of the pounds and shillings of others. His whole wealth consisted of a solitary farthing which somebody had given him. It was a beautiful farthing, but it was only a farthing, and of what use could it be? At last he resolved to send it to the minister that had most interested him by his speech at the meeting. The minister had come from London, and the little boy thought he had better put the farthing in a letter, and send it to him by post. He folded it up nicely in a piece of paper, and wrote a little letter with it, something like this:

"DEAR SIR,—I am but a very little boy, and am very poor. My father and mother can give me nothing to send to the Missionary Society, and I have only a farthing of my own. Still I want to give something, so I send this farthing to you. G. B. S."

Away went the letter, and great was the delight of the gentleman on getting it. He was then going to visit Scotland, to hold missionary meetings, so he took the farthing and the letter with him. Wherever he held a meeting, there he showed the farthing, and read the letter. Everybody was pleased. The little people especially were stirred up by it to try to raise some money, and ere the gentleman got back to London, the little boy's solitary farthing had gained above *three hundred dollars.*

CHRIST'S SCHOOL—THE GREAT LESSON TAUGHT IN IT.

There is one word which the Great Teacher is day by day putting before every pupil in the school of Christ. From the youngest to the oldest, each and all are poring over the same word. Whatever part of the book you may turn to; peep over the shoulder of any scholar you may; amid all the variety of teaching they are subjected to there, there still stands uppermost, foremost, most prominent, the one word—that word, reader, is *grace*; rich, free, sovereign GRACE. None are perfected in it, nor are any weary of it. There is a life and a liveliness in it. So that whether it be the little tiny one that is just admitted to the school, is scarcely high enough to sit upon the very lowest form, but is more commonly found crouching upon the floor, and occupying himself with arranging the letters from the alphabet box that has been put before him; or whether it be the senior pupil, who has gone through every class, and passed upward through every grade in the school, both the one and the other are engaged upon the same word—*grace*, rich, and free, and sovereign GRACE. You read it upon the walls in every variety of language. It is stamped upon every copy-book. The little one that is pencilling upon the slate, and the bigger boy who is tastefully tracing his ornamental letters—both are, letter by letter, bringing out the word G-R-A-C-E. Go to the lower class, the teacher is sure to have the word *grace* upon his lips, and looking for the little one to spell it; go to the upper class—the boy is giving the root and derivation as well as the express meaning of the word—that word is sure to be—*GRACE*. Let the books be closed, the exercises laid aside, the pupils be directed to stand up and sing, the burden of their song is without doubt the same great word in some such terms as these:—

- "Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- "Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- "Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.
- "Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies, each hour, I meet
While pressing on to God.
- "Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.
- "Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days,
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise."