

A LITTLE CHILD'S PART.

"I AM but a little child,
Yet I would like to be
A faithful worker for the Lord;
What work is there for me?"

"My heart is full of love;
My life is full of light;
The blessed Jesus hears my prayers,
And makes my days all bright.

"What can I do for him
Who does so much for me?
How can I make his goodness known,
That all the world may see?"

A little child can watch,
And keep his actions pure;
A little child can love:
God's love is ever sure.

A little child can walk
With Jesus all the way
That leads from earth into the joy
Of everlasting day.

A LOOKING-GLASS STORY.

WHEN Nellie was a little girl, not quite three years old, she was playing quietly one morning upstairs all by herself; by chance she happened to notice a chair standing near the dressing-case.

"I'll get upon the chair and see the pretty thing," thought Nellie.

It was only the work of a moment for her to climb upon the chair. But what attracted her attention before the toilet article was the looking-glass and the face it reflected. Nellie opened her eyes wide at seeing the little girl before her; and a very pretty little girl it was, too, with beautiful brown, curly hair, large blue eyes and rosy cheeks.

Nellie looked closely at the little girl for a few moments, and the little girl looked at Nellie. Then Nellie happened to pucker her mouth a little, and the girl in the glass did the same.

"The little girl is making faces at me," thought Nellie. "I'll make a worse face at her." And Nellie screwed up her little mouth in the most unbecoming manner possible; and the little girl in the glass made as ugly a face back.

But, though she tried again and again, Nellie could not compel the girl in the glass to look pleasant by making faces at her; she would always make as ugly a face back at Nellie as Nellie could possibly make at her. "You naughty, bad girl, to keep making faces at me. I am going straight downstairs, and will tell my grandmother about you."

So Nellie left the chair and hurried downstairs, running so fast that she fell over the

cat that was sitting near the sitting-room door. But, as she was not much hurt, and, being very much excited, she picked her little self up, and cried: "O grandma, there is a naughty, bad girl up-stairs making faces at me; do come up-stairs, grandma, and scold her good."

"I guess you are mistaken, child," said grandma.

"Oh, no, I am not, grandma! do come quick."

So nothing would do but grandma must leave her work and go up-stairs with the child.

"Where is she?" asked grandma, as soon as they had reached the room.

"Right here," said Nellie, as she climbed upon the chair before the glass.

"Why, Nellie," said grandma, "it is only yourself. It is only the reflection of your own little face in the glass.

Who made the first face, child; you, or the naughty girl?"

"Why, I most forget, grandma; but I guess I did," said Nellie, honestly.

"Well, I guess you did," replied grandma, laughing heartily. "Now, dear, you smile at the little girl and see if she will not smile in return."

"Oh, yes, grandma!" cried Nellie, perfectly delighted with the pretty face that now smiled so sweetly at her.

Nellie is a woman now, and her dear grandma has long since gone to rest, but she still finds the principle of her looking-glass mistake to run all through her life.

The world is like a looking-glass; frown at it, and it will frown back at you; smile at it, and it will give you smiles in return.

PARENTS GONE.

THE time will come when you will have neither father nor mother, and you will go around the place where they used to watch you, and find them gone from the house, and gone from the field, and from the neighbourhood. Cry as loud for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the churchyard, they will not answer. Dead! dead! And then you will take out the white lock of hair that was cut from your mother's brow just before they buried her, and you will take the cane with which your father used to walk, and you will think and think, and wish you had done just as they wanted you to, and would give the world if you had never thrust a pang through their dear old hearts. God pity the young man who has brought disgrace to his father's name! God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart! Better if he had never been born—better if in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid against the

warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been confined and sepulchred. There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has brought parents to a sorrowful grave, and who wanders about through the dismal cemetery, rearing the hair and wringing the hands, and crying, "Mother! mother!" O that to-day, by all memories of the past, and by all the future, you would yield your heart to God! May your father's God and your mother's God be your God forever!—*Talmage*.

SHINING CHRISTIANS.

A FRIEND told me that he was visiting a lighthouse lately, and said to the keeper "Are you not afraid to live here? It is a dreadful place to be constantly in." "No," replied the man, "I am not afraid. "We never think of ourselves here."

"Never think of yourselves! How is that?" The reply was a good one: "We know that we are perfectly safe, and only think of having our lights burning brightly and keeping the reflectors clear, that those in danger may be saved."

Christians are safe in a house built on a rock, which cannot be moved by the wildest storm, and in a spirit of holy unselfishness they should let their light gleam across the dark waves of sin, that imperilled ones may be guided into the harbour of heaven.—*Ex.*

GOD OUR STRENGTH.

Do you know how to play croquet? Susie didn't when she was visiting at Uncle James' last week. So when cousin Harry and Annie coaxed her to join them in a game, she said: "No; I can't play."

"Why, we just need you to make up the game; do, please."

"But I should not know what to do, and should be ashamed. I am really sorry to have to say no, though, if you need me."

And so it seemed as if their game would be spoiled, until Uncle James said: "Come along, Sue; I'll strike for you, and teach you. I am sure you can trust my skill." And after that she was not afraid. Would you have been afraid?

So God offers to take us as we are, and do for us what we cannot do for ourselves.

NOT SELFISH.

LOVE is the product of an early blossom in some souls. Little Philip fell down stairs, and injured his face so seriously that for a long time he could not speak. When he did open his lips, however, it was to make no complaint of pain. Looking up at his mother, he whispered, trying to smile, "I am pretty glad 'twasn't my little sister "