

TRUE BEAUTY.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave, and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindest ministries to and fro,
Down lowliest way, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

"I'VE TRIED NOT TO GET ANGRY."

At the close of the lesson one Sabbath morning, I said to the members of my class, 'Let us each try this week and see if we can do any good, or get any good.'

The following Sabbath morning, at the hour for Sunday-school, we were in our places. The lesson was read and discussed, when recalling the parting words of the previous week, I asked the question 'Have we?'

And a sweet child voice from the corner, answered 'I think I have.'

'What have you done Lottie?'

Lifting her tender blue eyes to mine, she answered in a timid, gentle voice, 'I've tried not to be angry.'

Dear little motherless one, struggling with her daily temptations and besetments, recognizing, possibly, her hastiness as one of her sins, she had been trying to overcome, and learn the true meaning of the Christ Spirit. Little did she dream that her teacher was gaining a lesson that would never be forgotten. These six words, dropped from tender lips long years ago, have been to me a daily sermon.

Ah! impatient ones, ye who indulge in unkind words, in harsh rebukes, in hot tempers and unruly passions, take the six words into your soul: as a warning bell let them chime day by day: 'I've tried not to get angry.'—*The Christian at Work.*

CHILDREN'S GIFTS.

In token that I owe
All that I have to Thee,
I drop my little gift
Into Thy treasury.

In token that the world
Needs some of what is mine,
The sad, the rich, the poor, I own
The gift is Thine.

In token that Thy name
Makes all men's needs Thine own,
Father, I give my gifts for them
To Thee alone.

In token that I think
That Thou art pleased by
This gift, I give it Thee, though small,
Father on high.

In token that I wish
Thy happy child to be,
By loving-kindness will I strive
To grow like Thee.

—*The Little Worker.*

HIDDEN CARVING.

That is an old story of a Grecian sculptor who, charged with adorning a lofty temple, was chided by his employers because he fashioned the upper surface of the capitals which surmounted his pillars with the same exquisite handiwork and elaborate care which he bestowed on the carvings within reach of every visitor who might stand on the pavement.

They said to him, "Why do you waste your skill where no human eye can ever behold it? Only the birds in the air can perch in such a place."

The sculptor raised his eyes, lifted for a moment his chisel from the stone, replied, "The gods will see it," and resumed his task.

Old story as it is, it carries a lesson to those who are beginning their life work. Not only is God's eye watching your hidden carving; some day it may—yes, it *will*—stand forth in full light to your honor or confusion.