

**"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN
TO COME UNTO ME."**

Little feet may find the pathway
Leading upwards unto God;
Little hands may learn to scatter
Seeds of precious truth abroad,
Youthful hearts may be the temple
For the Spirit's dwelling-place;
Childhood's lips declare the riches
Of God's all-abounding grace.

Little ones, though frail and earthborn,
Heirs of blessedness may be;
For the Saviour whispereth gently,
"Suffer such to come to Me."
And in that eternal kingdom,
'Mid the grand triumphal throng,
Childish voices sweetly mingle
In the glorious choral song.

"RAIN FROM HEAVEN."

Once a little girl who loved her Saviour
very much for having so loved her, came
to her minister with eighteen shillings for
the missionary society.

"How did you collect so much? Is it
all your own?" asked the minister.

"Yes sir; I earned it."

"But how, Mary? You are so young and
so poor."

"Please, sir, when I thought how Jesus
had died for me, I wanted to do something
for him; and I heard how money was
wanted to send the Gospel to the heathen,
and as I had no money of my own, I earned
it by collecting rain water, and selling
it to washer-women for a penny a
bucket. That is how I got the money,
sir."

"My dear child," said the minister, "I
am very glad to hear that your love to
your Saviour has led you to work so long
and so patiently for him, and now I shall
gladly put down your name as a missionary
subscriber."

"O, no, sir, please; not my name."

"Why not, Mary?"

"Please, sir, I would rather no one
knew but him; I should like it put down
as 'Rain from Heaven.'" — *Missionary An-
ecdotes.*

HOW IT BEGAN.

Glass number one, only in fun,
Glass number two, other boys do,
Glass number three, it won't hurt me,
Glass number four, only one more,
Glass number five, before a drive,
Glass number six, brain in a mix.
Glass number seven, stars up in heaven.
Glass number eight, stars in his pate.
Glass number nine, whiskey—not wine.
Glass number ten, drinking again?
Glass number twenty, not yet a plenty?
Drinking with boys, drowning his joys;
Drinking with men, just now and then.
Wasting his life, killing his wife,
Losing respect, manhood all wrecked.
Losing his friends—thus it all ends.
Glass number one, taken in fun,
Ruined his life, brought on strife,
Blighted his youth, sullied his truth,
In a few years, brought many tears;
Gave only pain, stole all his gain,
Make him at last friendless, outcast.

Light-hearted boy, somebody's joy,
Do not begin early in sin;
Grow up a man brave as you can.
Taste not in fun glass number one. — *Sel.*

THE FOOLISH FRIENDS.

(A FABLE.)

In the depth of a forest there lived two
foxes. One of them said one day in the
polites^d fox language; "Let's quarrel."
"Very well," said the other; "but how
shall we set about it?" They tried all sorts
of ways but it could not be done, because
each one would give way. At last one
fetched two stones. "There," said he,
"you say they're yours, and I'll say they're
mine, and we will quarrel and fight and
scratch. Now, I'll begin. Those stones
are mine." "Very well," answered the
other; "you are welcome to them." "But
we shall never quarrel at this rate!" cried
the other, jumping up and licking his face.
"You old simpleton, don't you know it
takes two to make a quarrel any day?"
So they gave it up as a bad job, and never
tried to play at this silly game again. Were
they not wise friends. — *Sel.*