

**I Want to be a Christian.**

BY MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

I WANT to be a Christian,  
And as a Christian stand,  
Safe underneath the shield of faith,  
God's sword grasped in my hand.  
Never to faint nor falter,  
Though ceaseless be the fight,  
And though the battle rages  
From early morn till night.

I want to be a Christian,  
A warrior of renown,  
To bear aloft some trophies,  
Nor wear a starless crown.  
I know I'm weak and sinful,  
But Christ-nerved arms are strong,  
And better than forgiveness,  
The overcomer's song.

I want to be a Christian,  
To do, perchance to bear;  
For those who suffer with him,  
Christ's glorious throne shall share.  
I would not miss his baptism  
Of pain, and grief, and loss,  
'Twas not a flowery pathway,  
Whose portal was the Cross.

I want to be a Christian,  
Washed in Christ's precious blood,  
Saved now, and daily walking,  
Fearless to meet my God.  
With the peace of sins forgiven,  
And joy of sin o'ercome,  
Leaning on my Beloved,  
He'll guide me safely home.

I want to be a Christian,  
And Christ's own image wear,  
His robe of righteousness to-day,  
His perfect likeness there.  
Then close beside my Bridegroom,  
His bride, arrayed in white,  
One with him in glory,  
I shall be day and night.

Oh, who would be an angel,  
That thus a saint might be?  
Lord Jesus by thy Spirit  
A Christian make of me.  
Better thy robe of whiteness,  
Than sheen of angel wing;  
Sweeter "to him who loved us,"  
Than chorals seraphs sing.

I want to be a Christian!  
I want to be a saint!  
Amid life's daily duties,  
To walk and never faint.  
And when, a faithful servant,  
Thou callest me on high,  
Thy promise shall not fail me,  
A saint can never die.

**Poor Little Teddie.**

A LITTLE ragged urchin, who knew naught of God or heaven, and had no earthly friend to care for him, was one Sabbath-day loitering about the streets of a great city, discouraged and forlorn. He scarcely knew what it was to have a full meal, and never had a comfortable bed to rest on. No friends, no home—how sad for a little child!

On the day named, he wandered into a church where a Sunday-school was holding its weekly session. It was a dreary autumn day, and the room seemed so bright and warm that Teddie crept into a seat and crouched down, hoping to be unobserved.

Presently the school began to sing, accompanied by the organ, and though Teddie did not heed the words, the music was very sweet to his ears, and forgetting his embarrassment, he sat straight up to listen until the hymn

was finished. After the singing was done, a gentleman arose and addressed the children, telling them about their Heavenly Father, who had so kindly provided for them, giving them food and clothes, friends and home. "Go to him with all your needs, children," said he; "tell him what you want, and so far as is right he will give to you." Teddie was listening with ears and mouth open, and fairly drank in the words of the speaker. He looked around upon the happy-looking flock, and wondered if they all had one father. "Why," said he to himself, "he must have lots of money to give them such nice clothes."

"Go to him," continued the speaker; "He loves you children; yes, every one of you are welcome to his sheltering arms."

"All but me," thought poor little Teddie, and the tears rolled down his thin cheeks.

"The poorest and the weakest may come, and he will make them his very ones."

"Oh, he does mean me," thought Teddie, and he began to brighten.

"In him the homeless will find a home. Do not wait until to-morrow, for it may then be too late."

"How am I to go to him? I don't know him. How came he to know me," queried Teddie. "The man says though that I must go to-day; and I'll go if it's ever so far. But I wish my clothes were nicer; he won't like a ragged, dirty boy, will he?"

After the speaker sat down the children repeated the Lord's Prayer. "Our Father," that must be the one, thought Teddie—"give us our daily bread,"—"that's it; I never have enough bread; why didn't I know where to go for it?"

The school was dismissed, and the children came out, Teddie with the others, but the boy's eyes were watching for the gentleman who had addressed them all. When he at length appeared, Teddie caught him by the sleeve, and said earnestly: "Look here! please tell me the road to go to the One who wants to be my father: I never knew about it till to-day. Will he let me go in these old ragged clothes?" and Teddie looked down rather sorrowfully, and continued, "they are all I have."

"What do you mean, child?" asked the good gentleman, in surprised tones.

"Why, that One you told about, who will give bread and things to poor children, and love us too; yes, and a home. Why, sir, I haven't any of these, and I'll go to him if it's ever so far. I can walk miles, I can."

Kind Mr. C. took the child by the hand and led him along the street, and told him how he had meant God in heaven, and not an earthly friend; and spoke so simply, that Teddie comprehended it at once.

"Oh," said the child, in disappointment, "then I can't go. I can't fly up to heaven, and I am hungry even now. I was going to him for my

supper, and thought he would keep me all right. Oh, dear!"

"Your Father in heaven has sent me to care for you, poor little Teddie," said Mr. C. "I am in want of a boy in my office. You shall have the place; plenty to eat and drink, and new clothes; and, if you are good, friends to love you."

"Do you really mean it, sir?"

"Yes; every word of it."

Teddie stopped, took off his brimless hat, threw it up in the air, and was just about to shout out his joy when Mr. C. checked him, and bid him remember where he was; and added, with a smile, "You may shout as much as you please in my garden; but thank your Heavenly Father, for it is he who gives you all this good fortune."

Teddie remembered to do this, and proved himself worthy of the good home provided for him.—*Exchange.*

**Going to School.**

I SEE the little children creeping, creeping  
Down the long hill-side to the village  
school,

With slow, reluctant feet, and almost weeping,

To end glad summer with the sterner rule  
Of tasks and hours and waste October weather  
Pent up in irksome study all together.

I see the little children, running, running,  
When school is over, to resume their fun,  
Or in the late sweet warmth of daylight,  
sunning

Their little discontents away, each one.  
"How nice to be grown up," so they are  
saying,

"And not to study but be always playing!"

Ah, foolish little children! if you know it,  
Grown folks must study, just as children  
do;

Must be punctual at school, or else they rue it,  
And learn a harder lesson yet than you.  
Early they set to work, and toil all day;  
The school lets out too late for any play.

Their school-room is the world, and life the  
master;

A stern, harsh master he, and hard to  
please.

Some of the brighter children study faster  
Than can the others who are dull; and  
these,

When they've recited, if they stand the test,  
The Master suffers to go home and rest.

But all must learn a lesson soon or later,  
And all must answer at the great review;

Until at length the last discouraged wailer  
Has done his task, and read the lesson  
through;

And, with his swollen eyes and weary head,  
At last is told he may his home to bed.

So, little children, when you feel like crying  
That you are forced to learn to read and  
write,

Think of the harder lessons lying  
In the dim future which you deem so  
bright.

Grown folks must study, even 'gainst their  
will;

Be very glad that you are children still.

—Susan Coolidge.

MANY people are born crying, live complaining, and die disappointed; they chew the bitter pill which they would not even know to be bitter if they had the sense to swallow it whole in a cup of patience and water.

**Robert Bruce.**

BY N. M. WILLIAMS, D.D.

ROBERT BRUCE, whose name is still so familiar to men, being at breakfast, called for something more, saying, "I think I am yet hungry." But having mused awhile, he said, "Hold, daughter; my Master calls me." With these words his sight failed him; on which he called for the Bible, and said, "Turn to the eighth chapter of Romans, and set my finger on the words, 'I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, etc., shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'" When this was done, he said, "Now, is my finger upon them?" Being told it was, he added, "Now God be with you, my dear children; I have breakfasted with you, and shall sup with my Lord Jesus Christ this night." And then he expired.

It was said of a man who lived five thousand years before Robert Bruce was born, "And he was not; for God took him." Does not this sound like the cessation of being? *He is not*, is the doleful sound which rings out from the bell of the materialist. Man, who has the idea of immortality and longs for immortality; who, in his studies, can touch upon the borders of the infinite; who can give speech to that great thought I AM, sinks, as materialism teaches, into nothing, like the dog which follows him. For the one as well as for the other, materialism says that the death of the body is the end of all. The Bruces and the Enochs, the Pauls, the Luthers, and the Paysons, all sink into non-existence.

But, hold! Do we not read, FOR GOD TOOK HIM? These four little monosyllables hold back the first four from the grip of materialism. Young friend, you are hearing now-a-days a good deal concerning materialism: Do you accept its terrible teachings? Do you incline toward them? Then you are inclining toward the view that your dear, pious mother has ceased to be—that when she was not in this world, she was not in any other world—that she was absolutely and forever annihilated. But does it follow that your mother is nowhere because she is not here? "For God took him," it is said of Enoch; and if your mother died relying upon Christ, you may be assured that the reason why your mother is not here is that God took her. If you seriously desire to know what is meant by God's taking her, hear the words of infinite grace which come from the lips of Incarnated Love: "I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also." No, no, young friends; the annihilation of a human soul is an impossibility. Immortality is impressed upon every man, and MORTAL LIFE is the gift of God to every believer in his Son. Beware of materialism!