


glad that He did? "I will!" she said to herself, "I will! I'm not fit for Him to love, but I don't know how to make myself any better!" And, just as she was, little Hattie put herself into her Saviour's outstretched, loving arms.

Many were the sweet and happy hours the two little girls enjoyed after this in each other's company. Together they attended the confirmation lectures. Together they went to their kind pastor's study, who carefully instructed them, privately as well as publicly, in "all things that a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health." "Tender lambs they are," said the good man to Hattie's mother when she expressed fears that they were too young to realize fully the solemnity of the sacred rite, "tender lambs they are; but if ever any one accepted and delighted in the love of the Good Shepherd, they do. Many a lesson might we older ones learn from them!"—*Parish Visitor.*

BERT AND THE BÉES.

 ONE day, about noon, Bert had three buckets of water to bring from the spring. They were pretty big buckets, and the spring was at the foot of the hill. The weather was getting warm, too. He tugged away at one bucket and got it up; then he lay down on the back porch to rest.

"Hello, Bert! sun's not down yet," said his father coming into dinner from corn planting.

"I wish I were a big man," said lazy Bert, "and didn't have to carry water."

"But you would have to plant corn and sow wheat, and cut, and reap, and thresh, and grind," laughed his father.

"I don't mean to work when I'm big," grumbled Bert.

"Then you'll be a drone," said his father.

"What is a drone?" asked the little boy.

"A bee that won't work, and don't you know that the bees always sting their drones to death and push their bodies out of the hives!"

The farmer went off to wash for dinner, and Bert dropped asleep on the steps and dreamed that the bees were stinging his hands and face. He started up and found that the sun was shining down hotly on him, stinging his face and hands sure enough.

He hurried down to the spring and finished his job by the time the horn blew for dinner. "Father," he asked, while he cooled his soup, "What makes the bees kill their drones?"

"God taught them," answered his father; "and one way or another God makes all lazy people uncomfortable. Doing with our might what our hands find to do is the best rule for us all to live by."

Children are the milestones set along the road, reminding us of the distance we have gone on the journey of life.

MY LITTLE MAN.

I know a little man whose face is brown with tan,
But through it shines the spirit that makes the boy a man;
A spirit strong and sturdy, a will to win the way;
It does me good to look at him and watch him day by day.

He tells me that his mother is poor and sews for bread;
"She's such a dear good mother!" the little fellow said,
And then his eyes shone brighter—God bless the little man!
And he added: "Cause I love her I help her all I can."

Ah! that's the thing to do, boys, to prove the love you bear
To the mother who has kept you in long and loving care;
Make all her burdens lighter; help her every way you can
To pay the debt you owe her, as does my little man.

THE CONSECRATED WILL.

Laid on Thine altar, O my Lord Divine,
Accept my gift this day, for Jesus' sake;
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,
Nor any world famed sacrifice to make;
But here I bring within my trembling hand
This will of mine—a thing that seemeth small,
And only Thou, sweet Lord, canst understand
How, when I yield Thee this, I yield mine all.

Hidden therein, Thy searching eye can see
Struggles of passion, visions of delight,
All that I love or am, or hope to be—
Deep loves, fond hopes and longings infinite.
It hath been wet with tears and dimmed with sighs,
Clenched in my grasp till beauty it hath none.
Now from Thy footstool where it vanquished lies,
The prayer ascendeth, "May Thy will be done."

Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail,
And merge it so in Thine own will that e'en
If in some desperate hour my cries prevail
And Thou give back my gift, it may have been
So changed, so purified, so fair had grown,
So one with Thee—so filled with peace divine,
I may not know or feel it as mine own.
But gaining back my will may find it Thine.

"Don't go without a bridle, boys," my grandfather would often say.

Do you think we were all coachmen? No such thing. If he heard one swearing or speaking foolishly, "That man has lost his bridle," he would say.

Without a bridle the tongue, though a little member, "boasteth great things." It is "an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." Put a bridle on, and it is one of the best servants the body and soul have. "I will keep my mouth with a bridle," said King David; and who can do better than follow his example?

THE more people do the more they can do; he who does nothing renders himself incapable of doing anything; whilst we are executing one work we are preparing ourselves for undertaking another.

KEEP your store of smiles and your kindest thoughts for home; give to the world only those which are to spare.