

WORK FOR LITTLE FOLLOWERS.

There's always work in plenty for little hands to do,
Something waiting every day that none may try but you;
Little burdens you may lift, happy steps that you can take,
Heavy hearts that you may comfort for the blessed Saviour's sake.

There's room for children's service in this busy world of ours;
We need them as we need the birds and need the summer flowers;
And their help at task and toiling, the Church of God may claim,
And gather little followers in Jesus' holy name.

There are words for little lips, sweetest words of hope and cheer—
They will have the spell of music for many a tired ear;
Don't you wish your gentle words might lead souls to look above,
Finding rest and peace and guidance in the dear Redeemer's love?

There are orders meant for you,—swift and jubilant they ring.
O the bliss of being trusted on the errands of the King!
Fearless march in royal service: not an evil can befall
Those who do the gracious bidding, hasting at the Master's call.

There are songs which children only are glad enough to sing, —
Songs that are as full of sunshine as the sunniest hours of spring;
Won't you sing them till our sorrows seem the easier to bear,
As we see how safe we're sheltered in our blessed Saviour's care?

Yes, there's always work in plenty for little ones to do,
Something waiting every day that none may try but you;
Little burdens you may lift, little steps that you may take,
Heavy hearts that you may comfort, doing it for Jesus' sake.

MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

SOMETHING THAT COULD NOT BE TOLD.



LITTLE Boy was born blind. At last an operation was performed; the light was let in slowly. When one day his mother led him out of doors, and uncovered his eyes, and for the first time he saw the sky and earth, 'O! mother!' he cried, 'Why didn't you tell me it was so beautiful!'

"She burst into tears, and said, 'I tried to tell you, dear, but you could not understand me.'"

There are certain things which it is impossible to tell to certain people. We cannot explain music to a deaf man, and we cannot describe a landscape to a blind man; so we could not explain the higher mathematics to an uncultured savage who knew not how to count. Before any man can see he must have eyes, he must have the power of sight. All the light of heaven would be wasted on a blind man.

So the Apostle Paul, when commissioned for his work, was sent forth to the heathen world "to open their eyes, to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." First, they must have eye sight; second they must have light, and then they must be persuaded to follow it and turn to God. Multitudes of people to-day fail to perceive, to understand, and to appreciate Divine truth, simply because they need sight.

There was One who could open the eyes of a man who was born blind, and He can open all blind eyes if we will but yield ourselves to Him, and pray as did the Psalmist, "Open Thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law." He will give us sight, and then He will give us light. How many there are groping in darkness, and unable to see many things which are plainly written in the Word of God.

Let us pray God that we may have our eyes opened to see, our ears opened to hear, our understanding opened to comprehend, and our hearts opened to receive the wondrous words of grace which God has spoken.

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EDITOR: REV. E. SCOTT,
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