

Children's Department.

JUST AS GOD LEADS ME.

Just as God leads me I would go:
I would not ask to choose my way;
Content with what He will bestow,
Assured He will not let me stray,
So as He leads my path I take,
And step by step I gladly make,
A child in Him confiding.

Just as God leads, I am content
To rest me calmly in His hands;
That which He has decreed and sent—
That which His will for me commands
I would that He should all fulfil,
That I would do His gracious will
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads, I will resign,
I trust to my Father's will;
When reason's rays deceptive shine,
His counsel would I yet fulfil.
That which His love ordained as
right,
Before He brought me to the light,
My all to Him resigning.

Just as God leads me, I abide,
In faith, in hope, in suffering true;
His strength is ever by my side—
Can aught my hold on Him undo?
I hold me firm in patience, knowing
That God my life is still bestowing
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads me, I onward go,
Out amid thorns and briars seen;
God does not yet His guidance show—
But in the end it shall be seen
How a loving Father's will,
Faithful and true, He leads me
still.

THINGS TEMPORAL AND THINGS ETERNAL.

WE pray in to-day's Collect that we may so pass through things temporal that we finally lose not the things eternal; and we know that what we pray for may be done. No vain and empty words are put into our mouths in the Church collects. Adverse circumstances may seem crowded with temptations as our path may appear, let us not doubt that if we make the Lord our ruler and guide we may in His strength so pass through the things of time as to win those of eternity. Others with stronger temptations, greater hindrances, less help, have trodden the dangerous path and reached the goal in safety. All on earth seemed against them, but they have made it the road to heaven. Of such an one would I tell you to-day, and his history, though in part sad, is full of instruction.

An active zealous clergyman on becoming vicar of a London parish set himself to visit every house in it. This was an arduous task, for the parish was large, and contained some streets and courts of the worst character. I do not know that he ever completed it, but he did much. He relieved many who were in distress, warned many sinners, comforted many sad hearts. One day after going through a large house with several families crowded into every storey, he paused before descending. He thought himself at the top of the house, yet was startled by a violent cough proceeding apparently from above. So he went back into the room he had just left and

made inquiries. "Yes, sir," answered a woman, "there is a family living up in the roof, but they're out all but the boy, a poor sickly lad. The only way up is by the ladder and into that trap-door. They've moved it, I see, but there it stands if you choose to go up." So the vicar brought the ladder, placed it against the trap-door, and went up.

He found himself in a dark wretched garret, so low, that even in the middle where the sloping roofs met he could scarcely stand upright. Crouching on a heap of rags, in the furthest corner, sat a lad of about ten years old, pale and very thin. "Well, my boy," said the clergyman, "I am afraid you are very poorly. Your cough brought me upstairs, or I should hardly have thought of any one living here." "Thank you, sir, for coming, it was very kind in you to take the trouble," replied the boy, with more courtesy than might have been expected in such a place. Mr. Winter (for that was the vicar's name) looked at him with interest, and sitting down on a low bench, almost the only piece of furniture in the room, learned that his name was Jim, that he had been ill for some weeks, spending many hours by himself while his parents were out both by day and during good part of the night. "And how do they get their living, Jim?" asked Mr. Winter. "Oh! sir," exclaimed the boy, flushing very red, "you're a minister, and so I can tell you. Mother goes out with a basket, but father—he steals more than he earns." "My poor boy," said Mr. Winter, "and have you ever stolen too?" "It's what I was brought up to," was the answer. "As long as I can remember I've picked up little things and carried them home to mother, and when I was old enough she taught me how to take gentlemen's pocket-handkerchiefs." A look of pain passed over the clergyman's face. Jim saw it and went on. "I would not do so now, sir, indeed I would not. I had not been to school then." "And have you been since?" "Oh, yes, to the Ragged-school: I learnt 'Thou shalt not steal,' and teacher explained it, and I said to myself I would never take another handkerchief, and I haven't."

"But what did your father say?" "He beat me till he found it was no good; then I was took ill; so he left me alone, for I could not have gone if I'd wished it. I didn't care much for being ill, except for its keeping me from school." "And what else did you learn at school, my poor fellow?" said Mr. Winter. "I didn't stay long enough to get much reading," answered the boy; "I learnt 'Our Father,' and I've said it night and morning ever since; and I think over what teacher said about Jesus dying on the cross for us. I don't think I shall be here much longer, but, oh, sir, I do grieve over father and mother and their bad ways. Can't you come again and talk to them?" "I will, indeed, my dear boy," said Mr. Winter. "When shall I find them at home?" "I can't say for certain," answered Jim, "most likely in the mornings." "Well, I will come to-morrow morning if I can; if not the next," replied the vicar, and after kneeling down by the sick child and praying with and for him he went away.

The next day found Mr. Winter too much occupied to pay the promised visit. On the following morning he went. The ladder was placed against the trap-door, he ascended it, and, glancing round the room, thought it empty. He walked, however, to the further end and looked to the corner where poor Jim had been resting on his former visit. The heap of rags was spread into a sort of bed—a slight form was stretched upon them, and covered with a sheet, which though torn and ragged was the cleanest thing in the room. The clergyman stood still a moment—then he stooped and turned back one corner of the sheet. There lay all that remained on earth of poor Jim. The face bore traces of want and suffering, but a smile dwelt on it as if imprinted by a spirit rejoicing to leave a world of sin and sorrow. Mr. Winter looked upo

the lifeless form in silent awe. "Poor Jim," said he at last, "how wonderful the path by which you were led to eternity! The child of vicious parents, example, training, all round you was bad. But just the help you needed was given. One commandment to follow, one prayer to say, and we may hope you have so passed through the trials of earth as to attain everlasting rest." He replaced the sheet and left the chamber of death, but his thoughts often recur to poor Jim, and, thinking, he prayed that he too might so pass through things temporal as not to lose the things eternal.

THE SAFE CHANNEL.

A good ship was passing on safely along a dangerous strip of coast where thousands have made shipwreck.

"I suppose you know every rock and sand bar along this coast," said a passenger as he stood on the deck beside the captain.

There was a deep meaning in the glance that he gave from under his shaggy eyebrows as he answered, "I know where they are not."

Ah! that was wherein lay the safety of those who had committed their lives and merchandise into his keeping. He knew where the safe channel lay, and he kept it.

Many think they ought to be learned in the evil habits of this world in order to shun them. It is far better to know what is good, and pursue it. "My soul, enter not thou into their secret." One good man's life is worth ten times more, for a model to work out your own career by, than the lives of ten wicked men whose example you are to shun.

THE GREAT MASTER.

"I AM my own master!" cried a young man proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand; "I am my own master!" "Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked his friend.

"Responsibility—is it?" "A man must lay out the work he wants done, and see that it is done right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the look-out against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, else he may fail."

"Well," "To be master of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, and your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you don't master them they will master you."

"That is so," said the young man. "Now, I could undertake no such thing," said his friend. "I should fail, sure, if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master, and failed. Herod did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. 'One is my Master, even Christ.' I work under His direction. When He is Master, all goes right."

SUSIE'S LITTLE SISTER.

"MAMMA, if the baby cries so much and won't let us have any good times, I should think you would give her a way."

"Give away your little sister, Elsie!" "Yes, I'm just tired of her noise."

"But if you and I don't love the poor sick baby well enough to take care of her, I don't think anybody would."

"I'd love her if she didn't cry so much." "Didn't you cry when you hurt your finger yesterday?"

"Yes." "And when you fell down, and when your tooth ached?"

"Yes, I couldn't help it, mamma."

"Poor little Elsie has the toothache, and she can't help crying either."

"Well, I want a baby to play with, but I don't want Elsie," and Susie Gage walked out of the room with the doll Elsie had broken and the picture book she had torn.

In half an hour she came back to the sitting-room.

"Is Elsie in the crib?" she asked. "Come and see," her mother said, smiling.

Susie broke into a great cry when she saw a strange baby lying there in her sister's place.

"Oh! mamma, where's Elsie?" she exclaimed.

"This is a nice little boy," her mother said. "He is well, and he doesn't cry very often, and—"

"I want little Elsie, mamma! Where is Elsie? You haven't given her away, have you?" and Susie cried harder than she had done for a month.

"Mrs. O'Hara brought the clean clothes a little while ago," Mrs. Gage said, "and I asked her to give me her little boy. Don't you like him?"

"No, no, I don't," Susie sobbed, with her head in her mother's lap. "If you'll only get Elsie back again, I won't strike her when she cries or, pull my playthings away from her, or—anything."

Just then Mrs. O'Hara came back from her errand in the next block.

"You can take Teddy home with you," Mrs. Gage said. "Susie finds that she likes her little sister best, after all, if she is troublesome sometimes."

Mrs. Gage went upstairs and brought the baby down. When Susie saw her she danced with joy, though Elsie was crying again, and Teddy was as still as a mouse.

"I like her forty times the best," she said over and over and over again, "because she's my own little sister. Teddy isn't. Don't you ever give her away, mamma, if she cries forty times harder. And perhaps it is needless to say that mamma never did."

THE CHILD'S GARDEN.

RESTING under a tree, the little girl knew not what to do next. The sun was high, and the day was getting hotter, and she was tired—tired. She almost wished she had not pleaded so hard for leave to make a garden in that waste corner of the ground, where the grass walk ended and the fir wood began.

It lay close by a pond for water-flowers, and a rock-work for plants that did not require much earth. Among the wild weeds that grew in it there was one tall crimson foxglove, and lilac orchis as sweet as musk. These would do well among the flowers, she had thought; and then there were heath and ferns all way back into the wood.

But it seemed now as if the hoe and rake were never to make way. When she began, it looked only like a few hours' work, and yet this was the third morning of her labour. Why? There was a great stone under the soil, and the tools struck upon it. Cover it as she would with spadefuls of red earth; do her best to stick roots in the softer places; water it again and again, the bare, ugly stone was always coming through; and the very first shower showed her that all her work was useless.

The gardener smiled when he was brought; but when he came again, with his iron pick, he set cruelly to work. No advice would he take from the little worker—no entreaty would he listen to. Down he struck, deep into the soil.

How the ground shook as the split rock gave way! How it heaved as roots and shallow earth were cast into the air,—her garden spoiled for altogether, now, she thought.

Nor could she have believed, had she not stood by and seen it, how well an old, kind hand works, and how quickly. He let her help him to smooth all down again into the flat bed, and plant the roots, too, where they now could grow;