

FOR LITTLE WORKERS.

HER MAIDEN SPEECH.

Why shouldn't she go to the meeting?
 This bright little darling of ours:
 With face like a sunny May morning,
 And sweet as its sweetest flowers?

She'd sit there so "vewy twiet,
 And not say one single word!"
 No harder task could we give her,
 Our gay little singing bird.

So the brother and sister promised
 That "Baby" should "meet the Band,"
 And proudly they entered the chapel,
 Each holding her chubby hand.

Through all the reading and prayer,
 Such silence her tight lips kept,
 They watched her with frequent glances,
 To see if the baby slept.

But when each lad and each maiden
 Arose, in a few words to tell
 Some story of joy or of trial,
 In the work they had studied so well,

She thought that the meeting was over,
 And she rose, to her part of the play,
 Delighted, they listened intently
 To hear what the baby would say.

With both hands raised high to her head,
 And lovingly spread out upon it,
 Her clear voice rang out in the stillness,
 "I dless I have dot a new bonnet!"

LET US HELP ONE ANOTHER.

This little sentence should be written on every heart and stamped in every memory. It should be the golden rule practised not only in every household but throughout the world. By helping one another we not only remove the thorns from the pathway, and anxiety from the mind, but we feel a sense of pleasure in our own hearts, knowing we are doing a duty to our fellow-creature. A helping hand or an encouraging word is no loss to us, yet it is a benefit to others. Who has

not felt the power of this little sentence? Who has not needed the encouragement and aid of a kind friend? How soothing, when perplexed with some task that is burdensome, to feel a gentle hand on the shoulder, and a kind voice whispering: "Don't be discouraged; I see your trouble; let me help you!" What strength is inspired? What hope created? What sweet gratitude is felt? And the great difficulty is dissolved as dew beneath the sunshine. Yes, let us help one another by endeavouring to strengthen the weak, and lift the burden of care from the weary and oppressed, that life may glide smoothly on, and the fount of bitterness yield sweet waters; and He whose willing hand is ever willing to aid us, will reward our humble endeavours, and every good deed will be as "bread cast upon the waters."

THE POWER OF LOVE.

"I'll master it," said the axe; and his blows fell heavily on the iron.

But every blow made his edge more blunt till he ceased to strike.

"Leave it to me," said the saw; and with his relentless teeth he worked backward and forward on its surface till they were all worn down and broken, and fell aside.

"Ha, ha!" said the hammer. "I knew you wouldn't succeed. I'll show you the way."

But at the first fierce stroke off flew his head, and the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" asked the soft, small flame.

They all despised the flame; but he curled gently round the iron and embraced it, and never left it till it melted under his irresistible influence.

There are hearts hard enough to resist the force of wrath, the malice of persecution, and the fury of pride, so as to make their acts recoil on their adversaries. But there is a power stronger than any of these, and hard indeed is the heart that can resist love.