

LITTLE GIVERS' MARCHING SONG.

(Tune: "Onward Christian Soldiers.")

Here we come with gladness,
 Marching as we sing,
 Willing offerings bringing
 Unto Christ our King.
 Though we cannot see him,
 Yet our Master dear
 Smiling waits and watches
 O'er the mite chest here.

Refrain.

Coming, coming, coming,
 Willing gifts to bring;
 Serving, praying, giving,
 Honors Christ our King.

Hark, the pennies dropping,
 As we march and sing!
 Some of us have earned them
 Working for our King.
 Running little errands,
 Working cheerfully,
 Giving self for others,
 Blessed charity.

Now, our Heavenly Father,
 These our offerings take;
 Bless the gift and givers,
 All for Jesus' sake.
 Thus we'll spread the story,
 "Jesus died for me,"
 Unto Him the glory
 Evermore shall be.

This song is intended for a special offering service. Have a box or basket on the table to receive the offerings. As the children march and sing let them pass the table and drop in their mites.—*The Little Worker.*

GETTING TEPPED ON.

"I like Topsy very well, but I wish she wasn't always so much getting stepped on," said Edith complainingly.

She had been startled by a sudden squalling and spitting at her feet, and puss had run out of the house with back arched and tail bristling.

"She lies all spread out right in the middle of everywhere, and she thinks that busy folks ought to be looking out for her all the time, and go round her. She's so insulted if they don't! I'd like her better

if there wasn't so much of her to be stepped on."

"One can excuse it in a cat," laughed Aunt Hannah, as Edith took up her pet to console it; "but there are a great many people who act in the same way. They are always in the middle of whatever is going on, and they have no idea of leaving room for any way but their own. They expect others to go carefully round all their prejudices and sensitiveness; but there is so much of them to be stepped on that somebody is sure to do it sooner or later, and then away they go in a huff. It is very hard to get on with any one who fancies his share of the road is right in the middle."

—J. R. Miller.

THE POWER OF A SMILE.

A young man was once confined in a darkened chamber by a long and painful illness. The inmates of the house were distant relatives, and seemed to think that they were doing their whole duty toward the friendless youth by allowing him to remain there. They seldom went into his room, and his attendant was a sad-faced old woman who never smiled.

The young man became despondent, and resolved to commit suicide. While he was writing a note telling his reasons for ending his life a knock was heard upon the door, and a sweet-faced lady entered. She was a neighbor, and hearing of his illness, had sought him out.

She smiled so sweetly that even before she spoke the young man gave up the idea of the crime which he had contemplated. She spoke a few encouraging words to him, and when she placed her soft hand upon his hot forehead in a motherly way he broke down and sobbed like a child. She smiled again, and knelt in silent prayer by his bedside, with the sweet love token by which God spoke to him still glowing upon her bright, womanly face.

In that holy silence all his bitterness of soul left him, and there came an intense desire to seek and find Christ. The repentant one felt the presence of God's Spirit, and his hungry soul cried out for rest and peace. Ere the smile had faded from the upturned face of the Christian woman, the loving Saviour had entered the open door of the seeking soul.

In a week's time the young man left the dim chamber of pain, and went out into the great world to do the Master's work.—*American Messenger.*