

Children's Corner.

SOMETHING TO DO.

Think of something kind to do,
Never mind if it is small;
Little things are lost to view,
But God sees and blesses all.

Violets are wee, modest flowers,
Hiding in their beds of green,
But their perfume fills the bowers,
Though they scarcely can be seen.

Pretty bluebells of the grove
Are than peonies more sweet;
Much their graceful mien we love
As they bloom about our feet.

So do little acts we find,
Which at first we cannot see,
Leave the fragrance pure behind
Of abiding charity.

A CHAINED BIBLE.

The most remarkable evidence of the spread of the English Reformation was the sight, which began to appear about 1537, of Englishmen reading the Bible in their own language. In 1536 the king (Henry VIII.) directed a translation to be made. The translation which Coverdale had completed the year before was placed in the king's hands. He told the bishops to revise it, and asked their opinion. They said it had many faults. "But," said the king, "has it any *heresies*?" They said they found none. "Then," said the king, "in God's name, let it go abroad among my people." So he ordered a copy of the English Bible to be chained to a pillar or desk in every parish church. The Word of the Lord was, in this sense, precious in those days. It was *chained*, lest the desire to possess it should tempt some one to carry it to his home. Many a little company might at that time have been seen around those chained Bibles, silently listening to him who read.

Some of our readers may perhaps have seen an engraving from a beautiful picture of the same subject, by the late Sir George Harvey.

What a change since then! Bibles never were so cheap, or so easily got, as in our own day. The whole Word of God *for a shilling, or less!* We hope every one of our young friends who is able to read the Bible, has a Bible of his or her own.

DO WHAT YOU CAN.

A MISSIONARY MOTTO.

Don't think there is nothing
For children to do,
Because they can't work like a man;
The harvest is great,
And the labourers few;
Then, children do all that you can.

You think, if great riches
You had at command,
Your zeal should no weariness know;
You'd scatter your wealth
With a liberal hand,
And succour the children of woe.

But what if you've nought
But a penny to give?
Then give it, though scanty your store,
For those who give nothing
When little they have,
When wealthy will do little more.

It was not the offering
Of pomp and of power;
It was not the golden bequest—
Ah, no! 'twas the mite
From the hand of the poor,
That Jesus applauded and blessed.

CHARACTER.

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready-made with womanhood or manhood; but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy? Let us see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we