

very great multitude in the fields. Before he started, a friend said, "You are more fit to go to bed, than preach," to which Whitfield replied, "True sir;" and then looking up and clasping his hands he said, "Lord Jesus, I am weary *in* Thy work, but not *of* Thy work, If I have not yet finished my course, let me go and speak for Thee once more in the fields, seal Thy truth, and come home and die." The next day at 6 o'clock p.m. he died.

Dear children, may this brief notice of the life of one of God's earnest workers prove an incentive to you. We trust that from the ranks of our readers one or more may come forth to thus live, labour and die in the Master's service.

### "Perpetual Motion."

SOME twenty years ago, there was a shopboy in Dublin, known at first as Johnny Morgan, but afterwards called "Perpetual Motion." He had learned the worth of his own soul, and so he learned the worth of other souls. Every Sabbath morning, therefore, he was to be seen running from door to door in Mount Joy Square, that he might collect the members of an adult Bible class. He never stopped, till, like a shepherd's dog, he had found all his stray sheep, and brought them once more under the Shepherd's watchful eye.

When he became a young man he entered the missionary field, where he was very successful in winning souls for Christ. What was the secret of his usefulness! Just this, and nothing more; whenever the question arose, in respect to any service which he could perform, "Who will do it?" he said, "I will do it." Little reader! Go thou and through God's grace do likewise, and earn for yourself an honourable title, in God's service.

### Actions not Words.

DID you ever hear the story of the little "Yellow-breast," who was singing away to his mate:—

And every time he came in view,  
He sang, "I love you; yes, I do."  
Then little red-breast caught my eye,  
Swinging upon a branch near by.

Responding to the yellow bird,  
With sweetest notes I ever heard;  
"Yellow breast, how shall I know it?  
If you love me, *Show it,—show it.*"

It is very sweet to hear a child say to Mamma, "I love you"; but it is better still to *show* the love. How can you show your love for Mamma? Would she believe you if you kept saying, "I love you," yet disobeyed her and pouted when asked to go an errand or help her? Still you *know* Mamma loves you, and she is always showing it. How? But would you be content never to hear her tell you she loves you? Then I think we may know that words and actions together show love.

## The Tongue Guard Society.

THE Tongue Guard Society is one where the members pledge themselves to give one cent to its treasury every time they speak disparagingly of another person. The money thus raised is for the benefit of the poor. It was organized the last year in Hartford, Conn., and at once became popular, and several others have been organized for the same purpose in that vicinity. It would be well to make it universal.

CONSTITUTION OF THE TONGUE GUARD SOCIETY.

#### Motto:

"If ought good thou canst not say  
Of thy brother, foe, or friend,  
Take thou then the silent way,  
Lest in word thou shouldst offend."

Article I. The name of this association shall be the Tongue Guard Society.

Article II. Any person may become a member of this society by signing the constitution and conforming to its rules.

Article III. We, the undersigned, pledge ourselves to endeavour to speak no evil of any one.

Article IV. Should we, however, through carelessness break our pledge, we agree for each and every offence to forfeit the sum of one cent. The money so forfeited to be placed in a box reserved for this purpose, and to be expended semi-annually for charitable objects.

Article V. We also agree to use our best endeavours to increase the membership of the society in our town, and to assist in organizing societies in other places.

Article VI. It is, however, understood that when called upon to give our opinion of the character of another, it shall be done in truth, remembering in what we say the Scripture injunction, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you."

## Jesus and the Children.

JESUS said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not."—Mark 10:14.

This is perhaps the verse in all the Gospels, and in all the Bible, you know best. You may well call it "a golden verse," and hang it up in a gold frame to look at. What makes it so precious is that Jesus himself said it. Others, even His own disciples, would have forbidden the Little ones to come to Him, and sent them away unblest. But He, who was once Himself a little child, had a kindlier word—"Forbid them not."

I come, Blessed Jesus, to Thee,  
For I hear Thine own welcome of love,  
As it steals from the mansions above—  
"Let the little ones come unto Me."