

Cease thy fruitless toil and care ;  
 Christ will all thy burden bear.  
 Grace and love shall soothe the breast  
 That sighs for rest.

He is truth and mercy mild ;  
 He in death with pity smiled ;  
 Shed his crimson blood abroad ;  
 Leads man to God.

Faithful friend ! on Thee I call,  
 By day, by night, my all in all.  
 Thy name, O Jesus ! brings relief,  
 And stays my grief.

*Miss. Herald.*

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#### LITTLE BY LITTLE.

" LITTLE by little," an acorn said,  
 As it slowly sank in its mossy bed,  
 " I am improving every day,  
 Hidden deep in the heart away !"  
 Little by little each day it grew ;  
 Little by little it sipped the dew :  
 Downward it sent out a thread-like root ;  
 Up in the air sprung a tiny shoot :  
 Day after day, and year after year,  
 Little by little the leaves appear ;  
 And the slender branches spread far and wide,  
 Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

Far down in the depths of the dark blue sea,  
 An insect-train work ceaselessly.  
 Grain by grain they are building well,  
 Each one alone in its little cell ;  
 Moment by moment and day by day,  
 Never stopping to rest or play :  
 Rocks upon rocks they are rearing high,  
 Till the tops look out on the sunny sky :  
 The gentle wind and the balmy air,  
 Little by little bring verdure there ;  
 Till the summer-sunbeams gaily smile  
 On the buds and the flowers of the coral isle.