

"LORD, IT BELONGS NOT TO MY CARE."

Lord, it belongs not to my care,
 Whether I die or live ;
 To love and serve Thee is my share,
 And this Thy grace must give,
 If life be long, I will be glad,
 That I may long obey ;
 If short, yet why should I be sad
 To soar to endless day ?
 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
 Than He went through before :
 He that unto God's kingdom comes,
 Must enter by His door.
 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet,
 Thy blessed face to see :
 For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
 What will Thy glory be ?
 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
 And weary sinful days,
 And join with the triumphant saints
 Who sing Jehovah's praise.
 My knowledge of that life is small,
 The eye of faith is dim.
 But, 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
 And I shall be with Him.

BAXTER.

THE TEACHING OF HYMNS.

We suggest to our young readers, that, each month, they should commit the hymn we may print for them to memory. These hymns, which we shall try to select with great care, are often full of beautiful and tender thoughts, and especially when they weave their lines around the name of Jesus and His grace ; and the music of their words and thoughts, if impressed *now* upon the heart, may be remembered, and may bless at many future times, in dark days, in sad trials, and when the feet are gathered up on the bed to die.

**FOUR PLEADINGS WITH SABBATH SCHOOL
TEACHERS.**

I PLEAD with you for more EARNESTNESS. Take up teaching as a work ; and as in it you are fulfilling the command and copying the example of your Master, seek to have in you a full portion of that Spirit which made Him say, "The zeal of thine