

K righteousness shine upon his soul. His captivity was broken, and ever since he has felt that the greatest difficulty in the way of men being emancipated from their bondage is that they "don't pray." "Pray without ceasing." "Men ought always to pray, and not to faint."—*Jackson Church News*.

MARGARET FULLER, recording in her journal the event of her child's birth, wrote: "I am the mother of an immortal being! God be merciful to me a sinner!" God be merciful, indeed, to any one who attempts to train a child—a being who shall live forever; a being who may one day be an angel or a demon!

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International. Institute.

Dec. 3. Matt. 25: 31-46. Isa. 1: 1-21.
 " 10. 1 Peter 1: 1-12. Isa. 11: 1-11.
 " 17. Rev. 1: 9-20. St. Matt. 11: 2-11.
 " 24. Matt. 2: 1-11. St. Luke 2: 1-15.
 " 31. Titus 2: 11-14. St. Luke 2: 15-22.
 1 John 4: 1-8.

THE COLT THAT JESUS RODE.

ONE day I was riding over the Mount of Olives on my way from Bethany to Jerusalem. Our guide pointed to a spot and said: "This is Bethpage, the place where the colt that Jesus rode was tied." You know He sent two of His disciples ahead of Him and told them that they would find this colt; that they must loose him and bring him back with them; that if any one asked why they did this, they must answer, "The Master hath need of him." Jesus wanted him to ride into the city on the day of His triumphal entry. Jesus had not only need of the colt, but He has need of all the children, too.

If you will think awhile, I will give you some reasons why He wanted a colt instead of an old horse, and some reasons why He wants children to serve Him while they are children and before they get to be grown people.

One reason He wanted this colt must have been that it had not grown old enough to learn the ways that might have been taught him by others. Some people spoil horses by not handling them right, and when they are grown they will kick out of the harness or run away or do some other bad thing. I went to a Kentucky stock farm once, and the owner was showing me his beautiful colts. He told me they had been breaking them that morning.

"Why," I said, "we never break colts in Virginia until they are two or three years old, and these do not seem to be a year old." "That's the reason," he replied "that you have wild horses. You must not wait until they are grown; if you do, they will learn bad tricks. Besides, they should be handled by very careful persons, or they will be ruined in the raising."

Jesus wants the little ones to raise them Himself, and He wants them while they are young because they are more easily controlled and will never forget their earliest impressions. The man told me that if you will handle a colt when he is six months old, he will always remember it. And so it is with people; they remember what happens in their childhood, but often forget what occurs in later years.

My father owned a beautiful blooded colt once, and did not try to have her broken until she was five years old; then she came near breaking the necks of two or three who tried to ride on her back. So, you see, the Master must have wanted this colt while he was young, and upon whose back man never sat, in order that He might give the very first instructions according to His own perfect judgment.

I think another reason why He wanted the unbroken colt was because His ways are not our ways; it had been predicted in the Scriptures He would do this, and He rarely ever works according to the thoughts and ways of man. You or I would have sent for a nice, gentle horse, one that was not afraid of car or city sights or anything of that kind, but the Lord did not care for that.

Another thing: He wanted to bring that colt into service while it was young and had never done anything in its life; but He started it into a useful life by making him serve Him. If you will only hear His call, He will begin a life of service with you that will be a blessing to your own soul and to every one else.

Let me give you one more reason, and that is, He wanted to take the colt into Jerusalem. That is exactly what He will do with you and me if we will only serve Him and go the way He directs. After a life of usefulness here He will finally take us into that beautiful city, so bright, so full of happiness, where no sin or sorrow ever comes. Yes, my little friend, the Master has need of you; give yourself to Him today, and all your days hereafter will be brighter and happier and better, and the last day the brightest and best of all; for it will be the day of your departure to be with Him forever.

There was a little girl who came into a train one day, and when the conductor asked her for her ticket she said she did not have any, but she was going to heaven, and asked him if his train went to heaven. He told her it did not; only ran along on the earth. She commenced to cry, and said her mamma had gone to heaven and told her she could come, and she was so tired waiting. The conductor thought he would pacify her, and told the child he had a little girl in heaven just about her size, named Mamie.

"Oh," she said, "I will see your little Mamie and tell her I met her papa, and she will ask me how long before he will come; what must I tell her?"

The man was not a Christian, but had a tender heart. Bending over her, he said: "Never mind, my child, it does not matter about that."

"Yes, it does," she said; "please, sir, tell me, because little Mamie will be so sad if I cannot tell her you are coming."

The passengers in the train were looking on and listening to this interesting conversation, and wondering how it would end. Suddenly the strong man kissed the lips of the little child and said: "If you see my child before I do, tell her from this hour her papa is on his way to heaven."

May each one whose dear little eyes shall read this story give themselves to Jesus, and may you and I meet in that beautiful city whose builder and maker is God!—*Dr. H. M. Wharton, in Kind Words*.

THE ROBIN AT CHURCH.

It was the night before Christmas, in England, and snow was falling. A little robin, cold and hungry, hopped about wearily, seeking shelter and food. Our robins fly away south before snow comes, but this was across the sea, where the robin stays all the year.

After a while an old man came along in the path that led up to the village church. Robin hopped behind him, and when he opened the door birdie was close by and went in, without being noticed.

The Sunday-school children had been there with their teachers, trimming the church with holly and mistletoe, and singing Christmas carols. The fire was to be kept all night that the church might be warm for the Christmas service. The old man put on fresh coal and went home.

Birdie hopped about in the firelight, picking up some crumbs he found on the floor. Some cakes had been given to the children. How welcome this little supper