

JUST AS I AM.

A VERSION FOR THE YOUNG.

JUST as I am, without a care,
Finding the world so fresh and fair,
And longing still its gifts to share,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, a wilful child,
With selfish aims and fancies wild;
To learn of Thee obedience mild,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am: my heart will beat
To music made by dancing feet,
And yet for joys Thou holdest meet,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am: I will not wait
Till years have made me more sedate,
E'en now I grieve, because so late,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am: the cross a pain,
Afraid to lay it down again;
Because so sinful, weak, and vain,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am: Thy grace withstood,
And asking who will show me good,—
Now to be answered, through Thy blood,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am: wilt Thou renew,
And let Thy grace distil like dew;
And make me good, and kind and true?
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am: wilt Thou restrain,
Keep me from grieving Thee again,
And near me be in joy and pain!
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—no more to stray,
From God and Heaven and Home away;
To give Thee all life's little day,
O Lamb of God, I come!
—S. C. J. Ingham.

THE BROKEN-HEARTED MOTHER.

“WHAT can we do for her, Clarissa?” said the minister's wife, who had come to Mrs. Richards the moment she had heard of her son's disgrace. Her heart ached for the poor woman, who lay weeping and groaning upon the lounge.

“I don't know of anything we can do but to let her grief have its way. But, O dear! I do wish that boys knew how they hurt their mothers when they are so bad!”

Mrs. Richards had just been informed that her Frank had been arrested for stealing. “To think of my Frank!” she sobbed. And others said the same: “To think of Frank Richards!”

His mother had taken great pains to teach him the right way. She always had him go to church and Sunday-school. “Why,” said she, “he knew all the Commandments, and could say the whole of the Westminster Catechism from beginning to end, questions and answers, without tripping.”

Yes; he knew well enough what was right. He knew God's law and man's law, but he was a perverse, wilful boy. He wanted to “do as he pleased,” and he would “run all risks.” He used to steal for fun, just to see how nicely he could do it without being caught. He said to his mother one day: “I'm an amateur thief; that's all. I like to do it just to show my skill.” And so, when he wanted an apple, a bunch of grapes, or a melon, he “helped himself.” Why should not he?

“It is wicked, Frank. You are breaking God's law, ‘Thou shalt not steal.’”

But Frank only laughed. In vain

his mother instructed and warned; he only grew bolder and bolder, and to-day he has been caught in the act and brought to open disgrace, and his mother lies sobbing on the lounge.

O if boys only knew (as Clarissa said) how they hurt their mothers when they do wrong! They think too often only of having their own way, of pleasing themselves, and forget how much mother loves them, and how their wicked conduct affects her. Many a mother has gone to the grave broken-hearted through the misconduct of her children.

But good boys carry their mother's image about with them. “I wouldn't do that for the world,” said a lad I know, “for my mother's sake, if for nothing else.” “What would mother think!” asked another, when tempted to do wrong. “Mother don't want me to; that's enough,” said a third.

How precious such boys are to mother! What a comfort! And with such God is well pleased.—*Morning Star.*

VISITING BY A MISSIONARY IN CHINA.

MISS CUSHMAN, a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church in China, writes of a visit she made to the home of Wen Shen and Wen Yi, two of her school-girls. She says: Their house stands alone in a field, and long before we reached it, in the far distance we saw a donkey approaching us that looked at first sight as if it were encircled in an immense garland of bright flowers; but on nearer inspection it proved to be decorated with the mother of our pupils and their little sister in gorgeous apparel. They were sitting astride, while another bright-looking girl, ten or more years old, was driving the heavily laden animal. They were a little late in starting.

We stopped and talked with them awhile, and then said we must go on; but they insisted that we wait for the old grandmother, who wished much to see us. As usual, our stopping was a signal for a crowd to collect, and while we were deliberating whether to wait or not, there was a general cry, “The old lady is coming! The old lady is coming!” Sure enough, there she was, leaning on her staff, under the burden of ninety years, which has whitened her hair and wrinkled her face. Slowly she came, hobbling along on the little feet that had suffered the cruel bondage of eighty long years. The sight moved my heart, and I climbed down out of the cart and went back to meet her. She seemed so pleased when I took her hand and led her along; indeed, the simple act seemed to make quite an impression on the crowd around us. I suppose it was a pleasant surprise to them to see something that looked as though I had a heart, and that “barbarian” though I was, I had some veneration for old age.

On our way home we called at a little temple. The old priest received us very kindly. Mr. Yang told us he is a “believer,” and that though it is his business to burn the incense before the idols, he never makes the “prostrations.” “I trust to the temple to provide for my body, and to God to save my soul,” said Mr. Yang, with a funny smile tugging at the corners of his mouth.

A LESSON IN OBEDIENCE.

“JACK! Jack! here, sir! hio on!” cried Charlie, slinging his stick far into the pond. Jack didn't want to go. It wasn't pleasant swimming in among the great lily leaves, that would flap against his nose and eyes, and get in the way of his feet. So he looked at the stick and then at his master, and sat down, wagging his tail, as much as to say, “You are a very nice little boy; but there was no need of throwing the stick into the water, and I don't think I'll oblige you by going after it.”

But Charlie was determined. He found another switch, and, by scolding and whipping, forced Jack into the water, and made him fetch the stick. However, he dropped it on the bank, instead of bringing it to his master; so he had to go over the performance again and again, until he had learned that when Charlie told him to go for the stick he was to obey at once. Charlie was satisfied at length, and with Jack at his heels went home to tell his mother about the afternoon's work. He seemed quite proud of it. “It was pretty hard work, mother,” he said. “Jack wouldn't mind at all until I made him, but now he knows that he has to do it, and there will be no more trouble with him, you see.”

“What right have you to expect him to mind you?” asked his mother quietly.

“Right, mother! Why, he is my dog! Uncle John gave him to me, and I do everything for him. Didn't I make his kennel my own self, and put nice hay in it? And don't I feed him three times every day? And I'm always kind to him. I call him ‘nice old Jack,’ and pat him, and let him lay his head on my knee. Indeed, I think I have the best right in the world to have him mind me!”

His mother was cutting out a jacket. She did not look up when Charles had finished; but going on steadily with her work, she said slowly: “I have a little boy. He is my own. He was given to me by my Heavenly Father. I do every thing for him. I make his clothes, and prepare the food he eats. I teach him his lessons and nurse him tenderly when he is sick. Many a night have I sat up to watch by his side when fever was burning him, and daily I pray to God for every blessing upon him. I love him. I call him ‘my dear little son.’ He sits on my lap, and goes to sleep with his head on my arm. I think I have the ‘best right in the world’ to expect this little boy to obey me; and yet he does not, unless I make him as I would make a dog.”

“O mother!” cried Charlie, tears starting to his eyes, “I knew it was wrong to disobey you; but I never thought before how mean it was. Indeed, I do love you, and I'll try—I really will try—to mind you as well as Jack minds me.”

“Dear Charlie,” said his mother, “there is a great difference between you and Jack. You have a soul. You knew what is right, because you have been taught from the word of God; and you know, too, that the devil and your wicked heart will be always persuading you to do wrong. That is a trouble which Jack cannot have; but neither has he the comfort you have; for you can pray to our dear Saviour for help, and he will

teach you to turn away from Satan, and to love and obey him alone. When you learn to do this, you will not find it difficult to be obedient to me; and when we truly love, it is easy to obey.” —*Ladies' Repository.*

THE LABOUR OF AUTHORSHIP.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE said: “Those who have never carried a book through the press can form no idea of the amount of toil it involves. The process has increased my respect for authors a thousand-fold. I think I would rather cross the African continent again than undertake to write another book.”

“For the statistics of the negro population of South America alone,” says Robert Dale Owen, “I examine more than a hundred and fifty volumes.”

Another author tells us that he wrote paragraphs and whole pages of his book as many as fifty times.

It is said of one of Longfellow's poems that it was written in four weeks, but that he spent six months in correcting and cutting it down. Bulwer declared that he had written some of his briefer productions as many as eight or nine times before their publication. One of Tennyson's pieces was rewritten fifty times. John Owen was twenty years on his “Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews;” Gibbon on his “Decline and Fall,” twenty years; and Adam Clark on his “Commentary,” twenty-six years. Carlyle spent fifteen years on his “Frederick the Great.”

A great deal of time is consumed in reading before some books are prepared. George Eliot read one thousand books before she wrote “Daniel Deronda.” Alison read two thousand before he completed his history. It is said of another that he read twenty thousand and wrote only two books.

WHY MEN FAIL.

FEW men come up to their highest measure of success. Some fail through timidity, or lack of nerve. They are unwilling to take the risks incident to life, and fall through fear of venturing on ordinary duties. They lack pluck. Others fail through imprudence, lack of discretion, care, or sound judgment. They overestimate the future, build air-castles, and venture beyond their depth and fail and fall.

Others, again, fail through lack of application and perseverance. They begin with good resolves, but soon get tired of that and want a change, thinking they can do much better at something else. Thus they fritter life away, and succeed at nothing. Others waste time and money, and fail for want of economy. Many fail through ruinous habits—tobacco, whiskey, and beer spoil them for business, drive their best customers from them, and scatter their prospects of success. Some fail for want of brains, education and fitness for their calling. They lack a knowledge of human nature, and of the motives that actuate men. They have not qualified themselves for their occupation by a practical education.

A LITTLE girl said to her mother one day: “Mother, I feel nervous.” “Nervous?” said the mother, “what is nervous?” “Why, it's being in a hurry all over.”