

“What is the use,” said a fleecy cloud,
 “Of these few drops that I hold?
 They will hardly bend the lily proud,
 Though caught in her cup of gold!
 Yet am I a part of God’s great plan,
 So my treasures I’ll give as well as I can.”

A child went merrily forth to play,
 But a thought, like a silver thread,
 Kept winding in and out all day
 Through the happy golden head:
 “Mother said, ‘Darling, do all you can,
 For you are a part of God’s great plan!’”

She knew no more than the glancing star,
 Nor the cloud with its chalice full!
 How, why, and for what, all strange things were?
 She was only a child at school!
 But thought: “It is part of God’s great plan
 That even I should do all that I can!”

So she helped a younger child along,
 When the road was rough to the feet,
 And she sang from her heart a little song
 That we all thought passing sweet,
 And her father, a weary, toil-worn man,
 Said, “I too will do the best that I can.”

Our best! ah! children, the best of us
 Must hide our faces away,
 When the Lord of the vineyard comes to look,
 At our task, at the close of day!
 But for strength from above—’tis the Master’s plan—
 We’ll pray, and we’ll do the best that we can.

Episcopal Methodist.

VERY LITTLE FOLKS.—What is the smallest house to live in? Do you say, a drop of water? Yet millions of living creatures live in a drop of water. What mites they must be! Yes, mere items—a thousandth or twenty-thousandth part of an inch in size: and such queer shapes! They look like bottles, funnels, fruit, wheels, crabs, serpents, eels, worms. Some are soft, like leeches; others have a hard, flinty shell. They are of all colors, green, red, yellow, and no color at all. The green scum you see on stagnant water is formed of them. Some emit light like a glow-worm. A ship sailing on the ocean at night often seems to leave a trail of light behind her in the waters. It is caused by millions and millions of these little creatures. They are called in-fu-so-ri-a. Not a drop of water from the ocean, not a drop from the clearest spring, pool, or running brook, but has millions of them in it. You cannot see them with the naked eye, only by a microscope. They have horns, claws, bristles, ears, paddles, and move swiftly about, as if time was short, and there was a plenty to do. So there is; and they do their part.

Deposits of the shelly in-fu-so-ri-a form the fine sand which is used in making the beautiful porcelain ware. The famous pyramids of Egypt are built of them; for what is limestone but the dead bodies of these little creatures? Charleston, in South Carolina is built on a bed of them; and they are at work all along the coast, filling up the harbors and forming shoals.

What pains God takes in making even the smallest things. Nothing is too small for his care and notice. Nothing is too small to be of use in his wide kingdom. Some of his greatest works are done by the powers of littles. Let nobody despise little folks; no, no.—*Selected.*