

THE SERVICE.

The service due to God
Is not mere babbling words
Poured tunelessly upon the ear
Like songs of singing birds.

The service due to God
Is no mere formal part,
'Tis not enough to bow the head
And never bow the heart.

The service due to God
Is life from evil won,
And faith and hope and glowing love
And duty bravely done.

Strong Help of feeble faith,
Pure Guide of age and youth,
Teach us to serve thee, holy God,
In spirit and in truth.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 21, 1905.

SHORT SERMONS FOR BOYS.

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was badly hurt, but, with clenched lips, he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that the boy would make a man for an emergency; and so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and

said, "That boy will beat me one day." And he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study well after it. So here it goes!" and he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

WHY BESSIE CAME BACK.

"Does little Bessie want to carry a letter to Bridget from mother?"

"Yes," and two-year-old Bessie looked very pleased to be allowed to do an errand for mother, all the way downstairs.

So the note, telling Bridget to turn off the heat in the furnace, was pinned to Bessie's dress, right in front, and she trotted away very happy.

Mother could hear the little feet go slowly down the stairs, one step at a time, but they stopped a minute down in the hall. There was a lamp there, which Bessie could reach, and which she leved to turn up and down. Mother had told her never to touch it again, though.

Pretty soon the little feet came up the stairs fast and a little voice said:

"Don't touch, Bessie—run away—don't touch!" and mother knew that Bessie was running away from the lamp for fear she would not mind.

That was a good way, wasn't it?

SEEKING HELP FROM A FOX.

A missionary writes from China: "I went yesterday to see a little boy six years old. He had been sick, and when I saw him first he was insensible and convulsed. A plaster which I made them put on his neck and on the sole of his foot seemed to have saved his life, but as the people had left it on too long the skin was off, and his neck was very sore. So I went yesterday to see him. It was a large farmhouse. In the room there was a little shrine, and outside there was a little temple; these were dedicated to *Hoo le* (the fox), and *Hwang-tze lang-tze* (the weazel). The woman said the shrine and the temple would give the household peace." Do you not think that they need to be told about Jesus the Saviour?

WHAT GRETA COULD DO.

BY JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

Greta was only six years old, and very small for her age. When she came into the Sunday-school she wished very much to do something for Jesus. "Only I'm so little," she sighed, "and there isn't anything I can do."

"Tut!" said grandfather, who had overheard. "Who opens my paper and finds

my spectacles and brings my book from the library table?"

"And who puts the ribbon in my cap and gives puss his saucer of milk and teaches him to play with a string?" added grandmother.

"Who is the little girl that carries my slippers and rolls my chair up nearer the fire?" asked father, his eyes twinkling.

"I know somebody who can do errands as nicely as any one," said mother. Then sister Belle told what she knew, and Greta's eyes beamed with delight.

"Every little task that we do willingly makes the Lord Jesus glad in heaven," finished grandfather, patting Greta's brown curls.

THE NUTS AND THEIR HOMES.

BY PEARL RIVERS.

Old Mistress Chestnut once lived in a burr,

Padded and lined with the softest of fur. Jack Frost split it wide with his keen silver knife,

And tumbled her out at the risk of her life.

Here is Don Almond, a grandee from Spain;

Some raisins from Malaga came in his train,

He has a twin brother a shade or two leaner;

When both come together we shout "Philopena!"

This is Sir Walnut; he's English, you know,

A friend of my Lady and Lord so-and-so. Whenever you ask old Sir Walnut to dinner,

Be sure you're polite to the gouty old sinner.

Little Miss Peanut from North Carolina, She's not 'ristocratic, but no nut is finer.

Sometimes she's roasted and burnt to a cinder,—

In Georgia they call her Miss Goober or Pinder.

This is old Hickory; look at him well, A general was named for him, so I've heard tell.

Take care how you hurt him. He sometimes hits back!

This solid old chap is a hard nut to crack.

Old Mr. Butternut, just from Brazil, Is rugged and rough as the side of a hill;

But, like many a countenance quite as ill-favored,

He covers a kernel deliciously flavored.

I would sooner walk in the dark, and hold hard to a promise of my God, than trust in the light of the brightest day that ever dawned.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Be brave

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