

LITTLE GLEANERS.

We are a little gleaning band;
We cannot bind the sheaves,
But we can follow those who reap
And gather what each leaves.
We are not strong; but Jesus loves
The weakest of the fold,
And in our feeble efforts proves
His tenderness untold.

We are not rich; but we can give,
As we are passing on,
A cup of water in his name
To some poor, fainting one.
We are not wise; but Christ, our Lord,
Revealed to babes his will;
And we are sure, from his dear word,
He loves his children still.

We know that with our gathered grain
Briers and leaves are seen;
Yet, since we tried, he smiles the same,
And takes our offering,
Dear children, still hosannas sing,
As Christ doth conquering come,
E'en as he promises, to bring
His ransomed children home.

LITTLE MOTHER.

"I'll take baby, mamma, and you sit down
and have a nice visit."

As she spoke, Ada picked up crawing,
laughing Nell, and left the room.

"What a thoughtful girl!" said Mrs.
Bell, who was a new-comer in the neigh-
bourhood.

"Ada is always thoughtful," said Mrs.
Pelton, with a tender light in her eyes.
"She seems to know by instinct just what
will relieve me most, and that is the very
thing she wants to do."

After a very pleasant call, Mrs. Bell was
about to go, when she heard the baby,
cooing and laughing, as she went through
the hall in Ada's arms.

"Come in, Little Mother," she called to
Ada, "and let me see your lovely child."

Ada came, smiling, but an earnest look
crept through the smile as she replied.

"Papa calls me that, sometimes, and I
love to have him."

Will you go with me, dear girls, to Mrs.
Bell's pleasant home? It is a home of
comfort, rather than one of wealth, and it
is easily to be seen that to keep all this
brightness and cheer calls for busy hands.

Flora, a girl of about Ada's age, meets her
mother at the door.

"Dear me! I'm so glad you've come!
These children do make such a racket, and
I want to go down town with Nellie May.
I shouldn't wonder if she'd given me up,

and gone off alone. I do hope I needn't
have to stay with the children again!"

"Flora," said Mrs. Bell, "I hope you will
get acquainted soon with Ada Pelton. She
is a lovely girl."

"Yes, I suppose so; a piece of perfection
that you want me to imitate. Robbie, do
get out of my way!" and she slammed the
door as she left the room.

Later, Mrs. Bell told Flora how unselfish
and thoughtful Ada was, and that young
lady tossed her head, and said, impatiently,

"Little mother, indeed! She thinks that's
all very fine, I suppose, but I don't like to
see girls put on such airs!"

We do not have to go very far to find the
Floras, do we, girls? But they are not the
kind that help to make home a happy place,
and it would be a good thing if they could
all be made over into Adas, thoughtful, self-
denying, and loving!

UNCLE FRANK'S SERMON.

TEXT: "He is despised and rejected of men."

Who do you think it means? The
Saviour. And who are the men who despise
and reject him? Some of them are boys
and girls (for you know the word "men"
in the Bible means men, women, and
children.)

"O how can that be? I am sure none of
the children who read this paper would treat
the Saviour so!"

Perhaps not, if you knew just what you
were doing. But suppose that to-morrow
Lucy should come over to visit you, and
you should shut the door in her face and
tell her to go away, would not that be
despising and rejecting her?

"O but I couldn't think of doing such
a thing; besides, mamma wouldn't let me."

Very well; suppose, then, that you did
not want her to play with you, you thought
you could have a great deal nicer time by
yourself, and should pretend you did not
hear her rapping and calling, wouldn't that
be despising and rejecting her, too?

Now, Jesus comes "knocking, knocking,"
as we sing, at the door of your heart.
Every time that you feel that you want to
be a good little girl and love him, then he is
knocking.

Of course you would not tell him to go
away, but do you not keep still and pretend
you do not hear, or do not quite know what
you ought to do, and not answering him
right away, until he is grieved and goes
away, and you do not feel like being good
and unselfish, but get crosser and naughtier?

That is rejecting and despising him.
Don't do it again, but say softly, "Come in,
dear Jesus."—*Our Children.*

A RECEIPT IN FULL.

Do you remember the story of Martin
Luther when Satan came to him, as he
thought, with a long black roll of his sins,
which truly might make a swaddling band
for the round world? To the arch enemy
Luther said:

"Yes, I must own to them all. Have
you any more?"

The accuser of the brethren, being an
expert at the business, soon supplied him
with a further length of charges, till there
seemed to be no end of it.

Martin waited till no more were forth-
coming and then he cried:

"Have you no more?"

"Were not these enough?"

"Ay, they were. But," said Martin
Luther, "write at the bottom of the whole
account, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleans-
eth from all sin.'—*Selected.*

CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

A SAILOR who had been converted to
Christ said one day to a friend: "This
great change in my life came to me, under
God, by a story I read in a child's paper of
a little girl praying for her impenitent
father. I never see a little child now
without thinking, There's one of God's
angels!"

Little Norah prayed for her father, too,
while she was lying on her bed very sick.
The last thing she said was, "Mamma,
please tell papa that I prayed as long as I
could that Jesus would wash every black
spot of sin off his soul."

Her father was a drunkard, but he was
so touched by this last message of his little
girl that he couldn't rest until he, too, had
asked Jesus to give him a new, clean heart.
—*Selected.*

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

ETTA had just returned from Sunday-
school, and was delighted. "I have just
planted my fifty-second P!" she exclaimed.

"Your fifty-second pea!" said her mother.
"Why, don't you know that this is not the
time of year to plant peas?"

"Oh, I don't mean peas to eat, but P's
for 'Present.' The superintendent says I
have fifty-two P's for 'Present,' and no
A's for 'Absent.' He says I have planted
one P every Sunday for one year; and now
I am going to begin on the second year."—
Child's Recorder.

LITTLE CHARLIE listened eagerly to his
father read the third chapter of Revelation;
but when he came to the twentieth verse—
"Behold, I stand at the door and knock"—
he could not wait, but ran up to his father,
eagerly asking, "Father, did he get in?"