

eighteen hours in each week, and—instead of the Friday and Saturday—the whole six days to ruminate and digest and do the utmost justice in my power to my sermon. A practice like this I would recommend to all ministers, whether in town or country. It secures ample time for preparation, brings a man fresh each day to his allotted portion of work, keeps his sermon simmering in his mind all the week through, till the subject takes entire possession of him, and, as the consequence, he comes on Sabbath to his pulpit to preach with fullness, freshness and power.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

## Children's Corner.

### LITTLE THINGS.

We can trace the mighty river,  
On whose waves the steamboats ride,  
To a little spring that bubbles  
From the mountain's rocky side.

We can count the tree's life backward,  
Through the summer growths of years,  
Till the wide-branched forest monarch  
As a tiny seed appears.

So the sweetest of the pleasures,  
And the greatest good life brings,  
Rarely spring from large experience,  
But begin in little things.

Then with what careful watching  
Should we guard each act, each word;  
Yea, the very thoughts and feelings  
That within our souls are stirred.

To be faithful over small things  
Is to see great things begun;  
And the Lord who watches over  
Shall account such things well done.

### LITTLE SUNBEAMS.

Once upon a time the sunbeams and the clouds had a quarrel. It was early one morning, just as the sun was about to send his children, the sunbeams, over the world, and when some of the first golden rays had begun to kiss the tops of the mountains which were nearest to heaven.

On these mountain tops some clouds had been resting all night. It was their nature to be damp and cold; and when they felt the warm glow, they knew, if it lasted long, they should melt quite away. So they said to

each other, "This will never do; it is all very well, now and then, to be melted away, and sent up as a mist into the great sky, but we do not choose to be served so every morning. It is quite proper that the sunbeams should know we are strong as well as they, once in awhile."

So the clouds drew closer together, and sent messengers to their relations in the north and west to come and help them. The messengers were small clouds which could sail very fast across the sky; and soon, at their call, floating slowly up, like great birds with purple wings outstretched, came flocks of other clouds, which twined their wings together, so that in a little while they spread all over the sky, and the warm sunbeams could not pierce through them to dry up the night dews from the flowers.

"This is poor work," said the sunbeams. "The roses will be so wet and cold, they will never be able to send out their sweet scent, and the bees will get no breakfast."

"Oh, yes," said another, "and I am afraid the children will miss us, and be cross and unhappy."

"And I wanted to go into the corn fields," said another. "I have kissed the ears so often that they are getting golden already, and now they will be thrown back a whole day."

"Let me speak kindly to the clouds," said a little sunbeam, pressing forward; "let me tell them that we know they love the earth, and water it, and make the seeds start into life, and then perhaps they will open one little hole and let me through."

So the little sunbeam talked to the clouds, and begged that they would not be angry, but would help them still in their work of blessing to the earth, until his gentle words so melted the heart of one misty cloud, which was lighter and softer than the others, that, with a shower of repentant tears, he opened a crevice in the purple curtain and the little sunbeam glided through.