

## THE KITES AND THE LITTLE MESSENGERS.

I was walking over the common on a beautiful summer afternoon. There seemed to be hundreds and hundreds of little boys and girls at play with balls, and shuttle-cocks, driving hoops, or playing marbles. Some were sailing their little boats in the sweet little pond, near the old, big elm. In one place was a group of boys flying their kites. With long strings they let them off, and they hung up high and far over the waters beyond the great mill-dam, so that they looked like little birds poised up in the air, afar off. And I noticed every minute or two each boy would slip a bit of paper on the string, some blue, some red, and some other colours.

"Boys, what are those little papers you put on the string?"

"Messengers, sir."

"Messengers! Pray what are Messengers?"

"Why, sir, we put one on so (slipping on one), and it begins to whirl (don't you see it whirl?) and then it goes all the way up to the kite. We call them messengers."

"Do they do any good?" Well, well, I see it go up, up; there, now, it's out of sight!" But what's the use?"

"O, sir," said a laughing, chubby fellow, "we love to see them go, and we write messages on them to our kites, and when they get there, perhaps they do a *little* good, and make the kite go up higher."

"Happy fellow," said I to myself, as I walked away. "But have I not learned a lesson from these little messengers?"

There is my old mother, a great way off. She is very old and loves me much. I have not written to her often or lately. I will write to her this evening, and once every week.—My little messenger will tell her that I think of her and love her, and perhaps it will lift her up a little in comfort!

There is my poor lame cousin, not able to get out of her chair, and will never walk again. I will at once send her the new book which I have been reading, and a basket of fruit just given to me. Neither of them cost me anything, but these little messengers will let her know that I have not forgotten her, and they may lift up her spirits a little!

There is poor old Katy Hoose living down in the little room in Smith's alley. She is above four-score years old, very feeble and poor; But I do believe she belongs to Christ, and in a very short time will be with him. I have not seen her lately at church. I will take a little basket of food and go and see her as soon as possible. It may be that my call may be to her a messenger from the great Master, that will lift her up in faith a little.

And there are those missionaries whom I

saw last week, some going east and some west. I told them to be of good courage, and we would not forget them. And last night I attended the concert of prayer, but did not seem to enjoy it! Ah! I see how it is! I must pay in that money that I promised the Lord. I would contribute, both for foreign and domestic missions. These prayers are like the boys' kites—they go up high, but we must send messengers after them, we must send our alms after them, and they will lift them up higher, and they will come up as memorials before God! They are not lost, though they go out of sight. Ah! how many little messengers I could send here and there every day, if I only had a heart to do it!—*Rev. Dr. Todd.*

## REMARKS ON SERMONS.

Many very good people often do harm by thoughtless remarks in going from Church. On one occasion a gentleman, as he went out said, that was the best sermon ever preached in that church; a lady remarked, that was the gem of the season; and such-like criticisms were heard. Now, to a minister of some years of ministerial experience, such remarks are idle as the wind, for he knows they mean little or nothing. But a young minister might be injured for life, by just such thoughtless expressions. We remember once having heard a young friend from the seminary preach. It was his first sermon. He preached with great fluency and vast vociferation, with occasional snatches of poetry from Pollock and Young. A lady, as we passed out, very injudiciously said to the student, "That was a splendid sermon, may God spare you to the Church." This young brother actually conceived he was a very great preacher, shortened his course of study in the seminary, and to this day he feels the sad consequences of that fulsome and ill-timed flattery. Let those who go to the house of God beware of heedless remarks about the sermon. If people go away saying, that was a beautiful or splendid sermon, it is manifest that whatever the sermon might be, it failed on them. Rather go from the house of God with prayer that the word preached may be to you the power of God unto salvation—a savour of life unto life, and not a savour of death unto death.—*Lutheran Observer.*