

## LITTLE WORKERS.

Little children can be workers  
 In the vineyard of the Lord ;  
 If they do their labour gladly,  
 They will find a rich reward.  
 They can gather from the by-ways  
 Children wandering in sin,  
 Telling them the gates of heaven  
 Wait to welcome wanderers in.  
 They can tell the poor and needy  
 Of the sins the Saviour bore,  
 That they might be heirs of heaven,  
 Poor and needy nevermore.  
 They can scatter smiles of sunshine  
 In the pathways where they tread,  
 And the world will be the better  
 For the kind words they have said.  
 Little workers for the Master,  
 Great will be your last reward,  
 When you enter in rejoicing  
 To the kingdom of the Lord.

## I AM NOT MY OWN.

"I wish I had some money to give to God," said Susy ; " but I haven't any."  
 "God does not expect you to give him what you have not," said her papa, " but you have other things besides money. When we get home I will read something to you, which will make you see plainly what you may give to God."  
 So after dinner they went to the library, and Susy's papa took down a large book and made Susy read aloud : " I have this day been before God, and have given myself—all that I am and have—to God ; so that I am in no respect my own. I have no right to this body, or any of its members ; no right to this tongue, these hands, these feet, these eyes, these ears. I have given myself clean away."

"These are the words of a great and good man, who is now in heaven. Now you see what you have to give God, my darling Susy."

Susy looked at her hands, and at her feet, and was silent. At last she said in a low voice, half to herself :

"I don't believe God wants them."

Her papa heard her. "He does want

them, and he is looking at you now to see whether you will give them to him, or keep them for yourself. If you give them to him, you will be careful not to let them do anything naughty, and will teach them to do every good thing they can. If you keep them for yourself, they will be likely to do wrong and to get into mischief."

"Have you given yours to him, papa?"

"Yes, indeed, long ago."

"Are you glad?"

"Yes, very glad."

Susy was still silent ; she did not quite understand what it all meant.

"If you give your tongue to God," said her papa, "you will never allow it to speak unkind, angry words, or tell tales, or speak an untruth, or anything that would grieve God's Holy Spirit."

"I think I'll give him my tongue," said Susy.

"And if you give God your hands, you will watch them, and keep them from touching things that do not belong to them. You will not let them be idle, but will keep them busy about something."

"Well, then, I'll give him my hands."

"And if you give him your feet, you never will let them carry you where you ought not to go ; and if you give him your eyes, you will never, never, never let them look at anything you know he would not like to look at, if he were by your side."

Then they knelt down together, and Susy's papa prayed to God to bless all they had been saying and to accept all Susy had now promised to give him, and to keep her from ever forgetting her promise, but to make it her rule in all she said, and all she did, all she saw, and all she heard, to remember—"I am not my own."—*Sunlight.*

## THE CHILD'S SAVIOUR.

Dear and blessed Saviour,  
 Hold our little hands ;  
 Lead us in thy footsteps,  
 Heeding thy commands ;  
 So shall we in gladness  
 Spend our earthly days,  
 Till thy voice shall call us  
 Home to prayer and praise.