

A Page for the Young.

COME TO JESUS.

HEAR the Saviour say
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in Me thine all in all.
Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.
Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain
He washed it white as snow.

"SOMETHING FOR THEE."

One day a gentleman was travelling by rail in America, when "a lady came in at a station, accompanied by her little daughter, aged about seven years, who took the seat directly in front of him.

"The little girl held in her hand a basket, into which, after lifting the cover carefully, she occasionally peeped. This was done with a smiling face and a cheerful word, as if she recognised a friend inside. My friend stretched his neck and looked over the back of the seat, wondering what the child had in the basket. He also peered through the open lid.

"He asked, 'What have you there, my little girl?'

"Oh, this is my little kitty.'

"What will you take for your kitty?'

"Oh, I would not sell kitty for anything.'

"I will give you a dollar for your kitten.'

"No, I will not sell kitty for any money you can give me.'

"What is your name?' asked my friend.

"My name is Minnie, and my kitty's name is Rosy.'

"Do you go to Sunday-school, Minnie?'

"Oh, yes, indeed.'

"Do you love Jesus, Minnie?'

"Yes, indeed, I do.'

"She then looked my friend full in the face and asked, 'Do you love Jesus, sir?'

"Certainly I do. I have loved Him and worked for Him many a year.'

"Little Minnie looked down thoughtfully for a few moments. Suddenly she lifted her basket over the back of her seat, and said, 'You may have Rosy for nothing, because you love Jesus.'

Do you love Jesus, little reader? Did I hear you say a quiet 'Yes?' Well, I am very glad you do; and I am quite certain that you often and often long to show your love to Him just as little Minnie did when she was willing even to part with her dear "Rosy" to one of His servants.

I do not think Miss Butler would like you to send her your kittens, for I fancy her friends, the medical missionaries, would hardly wel-

come them; but I want you think of ten little friends of yours whose help I am certain will be received heartily.

Ten friends, you say! Why, I am sure I haven't got nearly so many as that.

Oh, but you have. Just think a moment.

My ten fingers?

Exactly! Have you ever thought of giving them to the Lord Jesus?

We read in the Bible of wise-hearted women who did spin with their hands (Ex. xxxv. 25). And the Apostle St. Paul tells us that his "hands ministered . . . to them that were with him" (Acts xx. 34); and again, that he "laboured with his own hands" (1 Cor. iv. 12). Think of what he says to you to-day, "Study . . . to work with your own hands" (1 Thess. iv. 11). Will you "stretch out your hands toward Him" (Job xi. 13) to-day? Perhaps you could make a little garment, just as Dorcas did (Acts ix. 29) long, long ago. And God, who took care that her works should not be forgotten, will take notice of yours, too. Will you say to-day:—

"Take my hands, and let them move

At the impulse of Thy love?"

You will find plenty of ways of using "both the right hand and the left" (1 Chron. xii. 2), if you will just give them both to Jesus to-day. "Who, then, is willing?"

TOM'S GOLD DUST.

"That boy knows how to take care of his gold-dust," said Tom's uncle, often to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college, and by every account they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle; "that boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of his gold-dust."

"Gold-dust! Where did Tom get gold-dust? He was a poor boy. He had not been to California. He never was a miner. Where did he get gold-dust? Ah! he has seconds and minutes, and these are the gold-dust of time—specks and particles of time, which boys and girls and grown-up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father, our minister, had taught him every speck and particle of time was worth its weight in gold, and his son took care of them as though they were. Take care of your gold-dust, and lay up something for old age—for time as well as for eternity."

A BRIGHT BOY.

A class in mental arithmetic was questioned concerning the number of men required to perform a certain piece of work in a specified time. The answer was "twelve men and two-thirds." A bright lad perceiving the oddity of two-thirds of a man, instantly replied "twelve men and a boy fourteen years old"—fourteen being two-thirds of twenty-one, the legal age of manhood.