

A Page for the Young.

THE GLEANER.

I AM a little gleaner
Among the harvest sheaves :
I follow in the reaping
For what the reaper leaves ;
For haply by the wayside
Some handfuls may be tossed,
As said the careful Master,
That nothing may be lost.

Drops fill the boundless ocean,
Sands pile the mountain high :
So all the bounteous garner
Must single grains supply.
And when, to feed the hungry,
The richer offering comes,
The full loaf the table
May not disdain the crumbs.

I hear the cry of hunger,
I see the tears they shed,
Of souls that war' and perish
For lack of living bread :
And so I am a gleaner,
Although my gains are small ;
For they must share His bounty
Whose harvest is for all ;

I'm sorry 'tis so little
My little hands can do ;
But Jesus will accept it,
If but my heart is true ;
And some time—'tis the promise
My heart in hope believes—
I'll bring the blessed Master
The full and joyful sheaves.

LITTLE FOXES.

ONE little fox is 'By and by.' If you track him, you come to his hole—Never. Another little fox is 'I Can't.' You had better set on him an active, plucky little thing, 'I Can' by name. It does wonders. A third little fox is 'No use in Trying.' He has spoiled more vines, and hindered the growth of more fruit, than many a worse-looking enemy. A fourth little fox is 'I Forgot.' He is very provoking; he is a great cheat; he slips through your fingers like time; he is seldom caught up with. Fifth little fox is 'Don't Care.' Oh, the mischief he has done! Sixth little fox is 'No Matter.' It does matter whether your life is spoiled by small faults.

THE SABBATH DAY.

A gentleman wishing to teach some boys the sin of Sabbath-breaking, told them of an old gentleman who met a man on a lonely road, to whom he gave six pounds, only retaining one

for his own use. But the man turned on him, knocked him down, and took the seventh pound. The boys cried out in indignation, and were surprised when the gentleman told them how God gave them six days, and yet they sought to rob Him of the seventh.

THE FOOLISH TRAVELLER.

'I SHOULD like very much to hear a story,' said a youth to his teacher. 'I hate serious instruction; I cannot bear preaching.'

'Listen, then,' said the teacher.

'A wanderer filled his travelling pouch with savoury meats and fruits, as his way would lead him across a wild desert. During the first few days he journeyed through the smiling, fertile fields. Instead of plucking the fruits which nature here offered for the refreshment of the traveller, he found it more convenient to eat of the provisions which he carried with him. He soon reached the desert. After journeying onward for a few days, his whole store of food was exhausted. He now began to wail and lament, for nowhere sprouted a blade of grass, everything was covered with burning sand. After suffering for two long days in torments of hunger and thirst, he expired.'

'It was foolish of him,' said the youth, 'to forget that he had to cross the desert.'

'Do you act more wisely?' asked the teacher, in an earnest tone. 'You are setting forth on the journey of life, a journey that leads to eternity. Now is the time when you should seek after knowledge, and collect the treasures of wisdom; but the labour allrights you, and you prefer to trifle away the spring-time of your years amid useless and childish pleasures. Continue to act thus, and you will yet, upon the journey of life, when wisdom and virtue fail you, fare like that hapless wanderer.'

Do you act more wisely? This is the meaning of the parable to the reader.

WHAT CAN RUB IT OUT.

"My son," said his mother to a flaxen-haired boy, five years old, who was trying to rub out some pencil marks he had made on paper: "my son, do you know that God writes down all you do in a book? He writes every naughty word, every disobedient act, every time you indulge in temper, and shake your shoulders, or pout your lips; and, my boy, you can never rub it out."

The little boy's face grew very red, and in a moment tears ran down his cheeks. His mother looked earnestly on him, but she said nothing more. At length he came softly to her side, threw his arms round her neck, and whispered, "Can the blood of Jesus rub it out?"

Dear children, Christ's blood can rub out the record of your sins, for it is written in God's holy Word. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin!"