

AT JESUS' FEET.

WHAT shall I place at Jesus' feet
This happy New Year's day?
Where shall I find an offering meet
Before my Lord to lay?

I have no gems, no treasured store,
No honours fair to bring,
Nor aught of good to lay before
My loving Lord and King.

Such as I have I freely give;
Dear Lord, take thou my heart,
Make it thy temple, in it live,
And never more depart.

I bring to thee my earth-born will
Dealing unchecked away;
Say to its wishes, "Peace, be still!"
Make it thine own this day.

I bring the secret, strong desire
To win the praise of men;
The purpose, Lord, henceforth inspire
Thy praise alone to gain.

I bring the the hidden, baleful springs
Of evil in my soul;
Oh, put within me better things,
My spirit to control.

I bring my service unto thee,
My wish for great success;
Guide thou, and be the strength in me
To labour and to bless.

At thy dear feet my friends I place;
Their need to thee is known;
Fulfil in them thy thought of grace,
Far higher than my own.

Thus do I fully, gladly lay
My all before thy feet,
And freely take the power this day
To stand in thee complete.

"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 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 good and great man, who is now in heaven. Now, you see what you have to give to 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 never to let them do anything naughty, and will teach them to do everything good 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 not 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 you 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 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."

Then he taught her these lines:

O, that mine eyes might closed be
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue might ever tie
From ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thought might ever rest
Or be conceived within my breast;
That by each word, and deed, and thought
Glory may to God be brought.

DO YOUR BEST.

Do your best, your very best,
And do it every day,
Little boys and little girls;
That is the wisest way.

Whatever work comes to your hand,
At home or at your school,
Do your best with right good will;
It is a golden rule.

For he who always does his best,
His best will ever grow,
But he who shirks or slights his task,
Lets all the better go.

THE BEST COMFORTER.

ONE day a little boy fell down and hurt himself. He cried and felt very badly. Then another boy went and put his arms around him and said, "Why don't you go and let your mother kiss the place? Mothers are the best things in the world when you're hurt."

I thought, "That little boy knows about it, and he is right. I don't know what I'd do without my mother when I'm hurt." But, after all, some little boys and girls have no mother, and if they have, sometimes there are sorrows that even they cannot help them about. But Jesus can always help us. We can go to him as we would to mother; for it is said, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Jesus tells everybody to come to him and he will give them rest, and will comfort us in every time of trouble.

We go to Jesus by praying to him, by believing his word, and by putting our trust in him.

"I SHALL LOOK OUT FOR JESUS."

"MOTHER," said a dear little boy of eight or nine summers, as he quietly crept into his invalid foster mother's bed-room one morning, "while I've been lying in bed I've been looking up at the stars, and I thought they looked like angels. Then I said to myself, 'Suppose this was the judgment-day, and these were the angels coming with the Lord, what should I do?' Then I thought, 'I'll look out for mother, and keep close to her;' but then I remembered how weak you were, and said, 'No, mother couldn't help me, I'll look out for father—he's strong;' and then I thought, 'No, I know father wouldn't be able to save me;' then I thought, 'I'll look out for Jesus, I know he can save me.'"

It is wonderful how much we owe to people who will not let us do as we please.