



#### WHAT LITTLE HANDS CAN DO.

"Oh, what can little hands do  
To please the King of Heaven?  
The little hands some work may try,  
And do it well and faithfully,  
Their Lord and King thus serving.  
Such grace to mine be given!

"Oh, what can little lips do  
To please the King of Heaven?  
The little lips can sing and pray,  
And gentle words of kindness say,  
The Lord and King thus praising.  
Such grace to mine be given!

"Oh, what can little eyes do  
To please the King of Heaven?  
The little eyes can upward look,  
Can learn to read God's holy Book;  
His holy will thus learning.  
Such grace to mine be given!

"Oh, what can little hearts do  
To please the King of Heaven?  
The hearts, if God his Spirit send,  
Can fear and love their Saviour, friend,  
Their Lord and King believing.  
Such grace to mine be given!

"Though little can a child do  
To please the King of Heaven,  
When heart and hands and lips unite  
To serve the Saviour with delight,  
Our Lord and King will bless us.  
Such grace to mine be given!"

MANY have withstood the frowns of the world, but its smiles and caresses have often hugged them to death.

#### TRUTH BEFORE TACT.

A GENTLEMAN from the country placed his son with a dry-goods merchant in New York. For a time all went on well. At length a lady came into the store to purchase a silk dress, and the young man waited upon her. The price demanded was agreed to, and he proceeded to fold the goods. He discovered before he had finished, a flaw in the silk, and pointing it out to the lady, said, "Madam, I deem it my duty to tell you that there is a fracture in the silk." Of course she did not take it.

The merchant overheard the remark, and immediately wrote to the father of the young man to come and take him home; "for," said he, "he will never make a merchant."

The father, who had ever reposed confidence in his son was much grieved, and hastened to the city to be informed of his deficiencies. "Why will he not make a merchant?" asked he.

"Because he has no tact," was the answer. "Only a day or two ago, he told a lady voluntarily, who was buying silk of him, that the goods were damaged; and I lost the bargain. Purchasers must look out for themselves. If they cannot discover flaws, it would be foolishness in me to tell them of their existence."

"And is that all his fault?" asked the parent.

"Yes," answered the merchant; "he is very well in other respects."

"Then I love my son better than ever, and I thank you for telling me of the matter; I would not have him another day in your business for the world."

#### LOVING OUR NEIGHBOURS.

DEAR children, here are some of the things we could not do if we loved our neighbours as ourselves:

We could not say naughty things about anybody.

We could not get angry at anybody.

We could not hurt anybody in any way.

We could not hurt anybody's feelings in any way.

We could not take anything that belonged to anybody else.

Here are some of the things we would do:

We would say pleasant things.

We would play without getting angry once.

We would comfort anybody that was hurt in any way.

We would share our playthings, and all the nice things that we had.

We would be such children as God would love.

#### FROLIC AND FUN.

SHALL I tell you about my two kittens—

My two kittens, Frolic and Fun?

They race round from garret to cellar,  
Only resting when daylight is done.

Their colours? Why, Frolic wears always

A coat of the softest gray,

White kerchief, and mittens of ermine;

And this is her dress every day.

And Fun wears a coat of black velvet,

With trimmings of soft snow white;

Black slippers that fit very closely,

And yet that are never too tight.

They drink from the same little saucer,

And eat from the same china plate;

Then each with her paw wipes her whiskers,

All the while looking very sedate.

#### "ALL FOR JESUS."

"I MUST have some missionary-money, grandma—I must, I must. How can I get it?" Richard was in real earnest.

It was in the springtime and they were sitting on the porch.

"Make a herb-garden and sell the herbs," said grandma, laughing; "I used to."

"Herbs! What are herbs?"

"Plants that are used for medicine—sage saffron, peppermint and such. You can have that border in the garden over there; it is all ready for something. Sow your seeds, and when the plants are grown you can tie them in bunches, and 'most anybody'll buy them of you for a penny a bunch."

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" shouted Richie, "it's as good as done." And so everything was that this earnest little fellow made up his mind to do.

"But it means work, Richie."

"That's all right, grandma."

In the fall when the plants were ripe, grandma showed him how to bunch them.

"If I get twenty cents," he said, talking to himself as he went along, "I think I'll buy a bushel of Farmer Peak's pears—he said he'd let me have them for twenty—and I know I can sell them for fifty. That's like the man in the Bible that had a talent and doubled it. And Mr. Grayson said we must try to make money for Jesus. This isn't for myself a bit; it's all for Jesus."

Richie got his twenty cents, sold his pears for fifty, and then set himself thinking how he could double that before Missionary Sunday. "It's all for Jesus," he kept saying.

Richie is now grown up, and is a smart business-man. He makes a great deal of money, but he keeps before his mind this thought: "We must make money for Jesus; it's all for Jesus."