

THE MESSENGER.

side and came running towards her lowly friend.

But suddenly Sandy became horror-struck! This was the cause:—

A large carriage and pair of horses—which were evidently running away, their driver having completely lost control over them—were dashing at a terrific rate along the opposite road, and would reach the middle of the crossing at the same time as Muriel!

Sandy shouted to the child to stop, but his voice was weak with fear.

Then, without a moment's thought for himself, he rushed along his crossing, meeting Muriel half way. He felt the hot breath of the furious horses upon his face, as he gave the child a rough push backwards; and then all was darkness to him, until he should awaken to the brilliant light of Heaven, and look upon the dazzling faces of the real angels.

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In a quiet little churchyard there is a small grave with a white cross at its head.

Little Muriel often visits this grave, and every time she comes she brings flowers and a wreath of laurel leaves, for, as she says, a brave hero lies beneath.

There is only one word written on the cross—a word beloved by little Muriel, the first she ever learned to spell. The word written upon the cross is 'Sandy.—'Children's Friend.'

Louie's Dreaming.

'What are you dreaming about now, child?'

Aunt Marcia put down her work and looked over at Louie with a half-vexed look on her kind, sensible old face. She couldn't bear to have little girls get silly, moody fits and dream and dawdle their time away, she said. And to her eyes, at that moment, it was just what Louie was doing.

'I was thinking, auntie!' said Louie slowly. 'But you would only laugh!'

'No, I wouldn't,' promised auntie. 'Or if I did, it would only be for your good. Some things ought to be laughed at. But tell me.'

'Well, I was thinking,' said Louie again, with a little red flush in her cheeks, 'what a nice girl I might be now, I'm getting well, and a kind of a little "angel in the house," as the book said that I was reading yesterday.'

'If you'd forget Louie Gray and all that belonged to her, you might,' said Aunt Marcia, nodding.

'Yes, I know I'm selfish,' confessed Louie quietly. 'But I'd like to try not to be. Seems as if I had a kind of a—a picture, you know—of two ways of living, and I could do one or the other, just as I had a mind to.'

'Everybody has such a vision



as that some time or other,' said Aunt Marcia. 'The great thing is to choose right and stick to it. Be like Paul, who said he "was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."—'Little Pilgrim.'

Little Millionaires.

Dear children, did you ever ask yourselves such a question as this: What is the meaning of those words of Jesus, 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He has anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor.' Well, I think they mean, there is something grand and most valuable in the Gospel. It is called treasure. And Jesus came to give this, the best of all treasures, to the poor in circumstances.

When Jesus was offering the Gospel to the Laodiceans, He called it 'Gold,' 'Gold tried in the fire.' Now, we all know something of the value of gold. How much good can be done by those who possess wealth, when with a liberal hand they give to the poor, or to support the cause of Christ, and extend His kingdom. We have heard of men who were so rich that they could not tell what they were worth, until they reckoned up their wealth. Now, when we hear of this, we may be tempted to covetousness, if we do not watch and pray against it. We might begin to reason in this way: God has given much to millionaires, and

all the great people we see riding in their carriages, but He has given very little to me. Stop and think, dear children, have you ever reckoned up the many valuable things you possess. Suppose I could gather all my little readers together and say to you, 'Now, I have a large sum of money; and I know you have many valuable things God has given you. Will you sell them to me?' I will tell you how a friend of mine, a few weeks ago, called the attention of a large audience of children, to consider how great was their wealth in precious things.

(1). He said, 'I see you have all got a pair of bright eyes. How much would you take for them? Would you take one thousand dollars?' 'No, sir,' was the ready response.

(2). 'Then there are your two ears, how much would you take for them? Two thousand dollars?' 'No, sir.'

(3). 'Then there is your tongue, your mind, your soul. Suppose you were offered one million dollars for all those precious gifts God has given you, would you take it?' 'No, sir, not even a million dollars.'

'Well, then,' the minister said, 'You see you are all little millionnaires. And you are right in wishing to keep what God has given you, and may you all live long to use such precious gifts for His glory.' 'For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' (Matthew xvi, 26.) 'O, who can weigh a precious soul; For here on earth no weight can be That could avail, God only knows, Its value in eternity.'—Reuben. —'Sunday Hour.'

Littles.

Do thou the little that thou canst,
And do it well;
It shall upon the future life
Of ages tell.

A bird walked on the soft wet clay
In days of old;
The hardened stones unto this day
The traces hold.

A fern lived out its little life
Unseen, unguessed;
To-day upon the block of coal
Its form is pressed.

No loving word shall e'er be lost,
No deed undone;
Treasures of heaven a faithful God
Counts every one.
—'Children's Treasury.'