



THE YOUNG SOWERS.

Here they go sowing, sowing, scattering the tiny seeds that will come up in little blades of grass. And at the same time I think these young sowers are scattering "seeds of kindness." We all know what those seeds are, don't we? We know that whatever we sow that shall we also reap, for this is what the Bible tells us. How beautiful, then, to sow seeds of love, unselfishness, charity, for our reaping by-and-bye.

LITTLE FEET.

Little feet, I hear them patter,
Up and down, through lane and street,
And I wonder as I listen
Are they bent on errands sweet?
Are they climbing up the pathway,
The sure path that leads to God?
Are they marching onward, upward,
O'er the narrow, heavenly road?

Little hands, I see them toiling
In the work of God and love;
Little voices gently speaking,
Tell of rest and joy above.
Feet and hands and voices joining,
Christ's sweet messengers can be
Doing many acts of mercy,
Beautiful for him to see.