

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

	International.	Institute.
Jan. 1st Ezra i. 1-11 Gen. iii. 1-13.
" 8th Ezra iii. 1-13 Gen. iii. 14-24.
" 15th Haggai ii. 1-9 Gen. iv. 1-16.
" 22nd Zech. iii. 1-10 Gen. vi. 4-22.
" 29th Zech. iv. 1-10 Gen. vii. 11-24 ; viii. 1-14.

FALLING TO SLEEP.

(For the little ones to learn by heart.)

EVENING is falling to sleep in the west,
Lulling the golden-brown meadows to rest ;
Twinkle like diamonds the stars in the skies,
Greeting the two little slumbering eyes ;
Sweetly sleep ; Jesus doth keep,
And Jesus will give His beloved ones sleep.

Now all the flowers have gone to repose,
Closed are the sweet caps of lily and rose ;
Blossoms rocked lightly on evening's mild breeze,
Drowsily, dreamily swinging the trees.

Sweetly sleep ; Jesus doth keep,
And Jesus will give His beloved ones sleep.

Sleep till the flowers shall open once more ;
Sleep till the lark in the morning shall soar ;
Sleep till the morning sun, lighting the skies,
Bids thee from sweet repose joyfully rise.

Sweetly sleep ; Jesus doth keep,
And Jesus will give His beloved ones sleep.

—From the German.

The Motto Text :

"WHATSOEVER."

"WHAT motto text shall we have this week, Maggie?"

"Oh! I've thought of one. Father read it at morning prayers, and he said it was one of the verses that if every one who professed to love Christ really followed, the world would be changed."

"What can it be?"

"Just this: 'Whatsoever ye do in word and deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus,' and father said it means everything."

"Oh! I say Maggie, all our play, and all our—every single thing. It'll be an awful hard motto text. Fancy stopping to think before we do anything if it will be for God's glory or not."

"Yes," said Maggie, gravely; "but then it's very lovely to think all in our lives may be touched by the thought of Christ, as Miss Graham said; don't you remember, Nora?"

"Yes, Mag; but I feel somehow as if I could never do every single thing to God's glory. I wish you hadn't chosen quite such a hard motto text."

"But, Nora, Jesus knows how easy it

is to forget, and how difficult to remember, and He knows we are trying, even when we fail."

"Yes, I know that, Mag; and you must remind me, too, my temper is so"—

"Hush! Nora; your temper is not as bad as mine, so we must one help the other; and here's our stile."

"I love this tumble-down, old stile; don't you, Mag? It always reminds me of that day."

"Yes; it was as we sat here we made up our minds; and, oh! Nora I'm so thankful we did."

"So am I; but we must not stay talking here to-night; good-bye;" and with a wave of her hand, and her school books dangling in her bag, Nora ran off down the opposite lane to which Maggie's quieter steps wended.

These two girls were school friends, and a little time ago they had both begun to love and serve Jesus. It was during an earnest, simple talk from a young lady who had herself once been a scholar in the school, and they decided to begin this new life. To help each other they took it in turns to choose a text, which was to be their motto for the week, and we have seen upon which verse Maggie's choice had fallen. The girls' lots in life were very different. Nora was an orphan, and lived with an aunt, who was an exacting querulous, discontented woman, and with the aims and sympathies of young people she had very little, if any sympathy, so at times poor Nora had a very difficult position to fill.

Maggie was the eldest of a large family, and her younger brothers and sisters frequently made large demands upon her patience; then her mother was not strong, and consequently many duties fell to Maggie's share, which otherwise would not have done, and life, even to her, young as she was, did not always wear a rosy hue.

When Nora entered her aunt's room the latter looked up from her knitting and said in a cross tone, "Whatever makes you so late to-night, Nora, you never seem to think of your aunt all alone here waiting for tea?"

"Am I late, aunty? I didn't know I was."

"Now, don't tell a lie, you know you are late, it makes it no better."

An angry reply rose to Nora's lips, when all at once the little word "whatsoever" seemed to stare her in the

face, and she said gently, "Maggie and I were talking, so perhaps we walked slowly, I am very sorry, aunty, I'll try and remember another time that you are sitting by yourself and are lonely."

Her aunt looked up rather surprised; this was not the way her high-spirited niece generally took her rebukes, but she said nothing and went on with her knitting. Nora's face flushed as she went upstairs, and her hands held her lesson books very tightly. "That reply was to God's glory, Oh! I'm so thankful," she murmured, "but Oh! I know I shall forget, the verse is just fresh with me now." Dear Nora! she was forgetting that the strength and power to remember came not from herself, a mistake so many older Christians are making daily, as well as she, who has only just begun the warfare.

Later on in the week, one evening when she was seated by a cosy fire reading an interesting book, the maid came to ask her if she would give her some help in the kitchen. "It doesn't matter though, Miss," she said, seeing Nora so absorbed in her book, "I can do it myself."

"Oh! very well," said Nora, "I am glad, as I don't want to disturb myself till I have finished this book," and she settled herself comfortably down again in the arm-chair, but somehow the story was not quite as interesting as it was before that interruption from Susan. An hour or two later, when she went into the kitchen, she felt very much reproached to find Susan with a large basket of clothes before her still unironed.

"You see, Miss," she said, apologetically, when Nora exclaimed at the work still to be done, "I had all the peas to shell for to-morrow, and jam to cover and tie down, and I thought if you'd been at liberty you'd have given me a hand."

"Oh! Susan, I am sorry, I might have done it so easily."

"It's no matter, Miss, really, I shall only be a bit late, that's all."

"Dear! dear!" sighed Nora, as she left the kitchen, "this is ever so many times in four days I have forgotten about the text, and I might have helped poor Susan to God's glory, but I was so selfish I forgot all about 'whatsoever.'"

Meanwhile, Maggie was finding the text equally as difficult "to live up to" as Nora, and sometimes she was