

ONLY A LITTLE PENNY

Only a little penny !
 Yet with assurance sweet,
 Fearing no scorn we lay it
 Down at our Saviour's feet ;
 Saving for Him a portion
 Out of our slender store,
 Joyfully giving our pennies,
 If we can do no more.

Only a little penny !
 Poor in itself we know,
 Yet if we patiently gather,
 Pennies to pounds may grow ;
 Little by little increasing
 Until a goodly sum,
 Just as the tiny streamlets
 Rivers and lakes become.

Only a little minute !
 Gone like some sweet-winged bird,
 The sweep of whose airy pinions
 The silence scarcely has stirred.
 Only a little minute !
 Yet 'tis a priceless gem
 Which the dear Lord hath lent us
 That we may use it for Him.

Only a little minute !
 Yet there is time to lift
 A whispered prayer to Jesus,
 Winning the Spirit's gift :
 Time for a word of comfort,
 Time for a kindly deed,
 Time by the way to scatter
 Many a precious seed.

Only ten little fingers !
 Not very strong, it is true,
 Yet there is work for Jesus
 Such little hands may do.
 What though it be but humble,
 Winning no word of praise ?
 We are but little children,
 Working in little ways.

Only ten little fingers !
 But little things may grow,
 And little hands, now helpless,
 Will not be always so ;
 And if we train them early,
 Unto His work alone,
 They will do greater service
 When they are stronger grown.

Only a band of children,
 Sitting at Jesus' feet,
 Fitting ourselves to enter
 Into more service sweet.
 Softly His voice is calling—
 " Little one come unto me !
 Stay not, though weak and helpless :
 Child, I have need of thee !"

Take us, dear Saviour, take us
 Into Thy heavenly fold !
 Keep our young feet from straying
 Out in the dark and cold.
 Call us Thy " Little Helpers,"
 Make us Thine own dear children,
 Worthy Thy name to bear.

Only a band of children,
 Sitting at Jesus' feet,
 Fitting ourselves to enter
 Into His service sweet ;
 Seeking His light to guide us
 Wherever the way is dim ;
 Learning His beautiful lessons,
 Longing to be like Him.

Oh, with pure hearts and lowly,
 Help us, dear Lord, to go ;
 Bearing the glad, sweet story
 Unto sad hearts below ;
 And reaching the pearly portals,
 May the welcome sweet be given—
 " Pass through the gates, my children,
 Of such is the kingdom of heaven."
 — *From Children's Work for Children.*

WHAT MOTHER LEFT.

When mother died she left some things
 here and they have made us rich.

Let me tell you, dear reader, what they
 were. She left her crutch here ; for seven
 years it helped her walk, but they don't have
 crutches in heaven. Think that out.

She could not see very well, and hence,
 wore glasses—but she left them here. No
 use for eye-helpers there. No dim visions in
 heaven. Think of it.

She left her Bible here. It was her chart
 and compass on the sea of life. It brought
 her safe home to God. She has no need of it
 now. We little think of love letters when
 the lover is near by.

She left her property here. It would have
 made a poor showing there in the King's
 palace in the city of gold. What earthly use
 of carrying aught to heaven when homes are
 furnished free ?

But, best of all, she left us the example of
 piety and prayer. I prefer it to a clean
 million.

What will you take with you, and what
 leave here ? — *Young Men's Era.*