

"MY THREE LITTLE TEXTS."

I am very young and little;
I am only just turned two;
And I cannot learn long chapters
As my older sisters do.

But I know three little verses
Which mother taught to me,
And I say them every morning
As I stand by mother's knee.

The first is, "Thou God seest me,
Is not that a pretty text?
And "Suffer the little children
To come unto Me" is next.

But the last one is the shortest,
It is only "God is love,"
How kind he is in sending
Such sweet verses from above!

He knows long chapters I can't learn;
So I think He sent these three
Short easy texts on purpose
For little ones like me.

—Selected.

WHERE TO GET A WELCOME.

A poor woman in India, weighted by sixty years, which in that land means very old age, toiled long over the decoration of a banner for a temple of Buddha in a distant town. After laboriously finishing it, she carried it twelve miles to the temple, only to be turned away contemptuously by the priest, with the remark that it was presumptuous in her to think that she could make a suitable offering to the god.

In her heart-broken disappointment, she heard from a passer-by of the "Jesus religion," preached in a neighboring village, and again she walked weary miles to hear it, and hearing, believed with great joy. Here was one who would not turn her away, nor refuse her love.

Are we as thankful as we should be over the willingness of our God to receive our poor offerings, and to take them so lovingly? Did he ever refuse anything we gave him? Did he ever send us away ashamed and hurt over our uselessness to him whom angels serve and to whom the treasures of the universe belong? We can never be grateful enough for all that our Father gives us, but in addition to other causes for thanksgiving, let us reckon this: his readiness to "take, for love's sweet sake," the offerings that we bring.

ILL-TEMPER.

When Ill-Temper comes to our house
With an army of Scowls at his back,
We call up good General Smile,
And bid him repel the attack.
Quickly the battle is won
By our leader's courage and art,
For Ill-Temper's disorderly crew
Are every one cowards at heart.

THAT SUNDAY SPIN.

And so, my boy, you were too tired, after a week of hard work, to go to church Sabbath morning, and mounted your wheel and went on a "century run" for a rest? And got home at 7 p. m. so dead tired that you couldn't go to church in the evening? And defending your way of spending the day, you quote the words of the Saviour, "The Sabbath was made for man."

So it was, my son; so it was. So was the buzz-saw. And not two years ago I saw a man with every one of his fingers and part of his thumb gone from his right hand, just because he made wrong use of a buzz-saw. The buzz-saw was in its place, doing good work for men, to which end it was made. It was fulfilling its destiny. It was doing the thing to which it was appointed. It didn't move out of its place a hair's breadth to do the man harm. It just kерт on "sawing wood," and the man couldn't—or rather didn't—wait until the buzz-saw was through its work.

He transgressed it (transgressus) — trans across; gradi, step—to step across); he reached over it when he should have gone around it. And when he drew back his hand, which he did immediately, he didn't have the thing he reached for, and he didn't have the fingers he reached with. He had not only not gained something, but he lost something. And, more than that, he had lost something that he will never get back again in this world.

"The Sabbath was made for man"; indeed it was; and so was Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. And it does seem to me that as God made all of them, he ought to have a goodly portion of at least one of them. "The Sabbath was made for man." So was corn, but not to make into whiskey. So was the sea, but not for piracy. The Sabbath and corn and sea were made for man, not for the devil. Remember that, my boy.—Robert J. Burdette.