

## Children's Corner.

### Counting the Pennies.

Ah, what shall I do with my pennies,  
For see, I have such a store!  
I never have sold my basket  
Of walnuts so soon before.

How often I've trudged for hours,  
And taken a secret cry,  
Because I was tired and hungry,  
And nobody cared to buy!

I dreaded to think how mother  
Would look, as I came and said  
That I hadn't enough of pennies,  
To bring her a loaf of bread—

How Nellie, my little sister,  
Would watch at the door and say,  
"I've thought and thought of the apple  
You promised to bring all day!"

But, now, I can fill my basket,  
For there's never a nut behind;  
One loaf—two loaves—and a dozen  
Of apples—the sweetest kind—

And a pat of that yellow butter;  
Its dainty and fresh, I know;  
How good it will taste to mother!  
And Nellie will like it so.

Five pennies—ten—fifteen—twenty—  
And thirty—and thirty-five;  
Just think of it!—here are fifty,  
As certain as I'm alive!

It must have been God who helped me  
To sell my nuts so soon,  
Or else I'd been trudging, trudging,  
The whole of the afternoon.

But now I would like to thank Him,  
So kind He has been—so true!  
Let's see if I cannot spare Him  
A few of my pennies too.

Why, surely I can, here's forty  
For mother and Nelly—and then,  
*Dear Jesus, to help Thy heathen,  
I give Thee the other ten.*

### Damascus—The Oldest City in the World.

**D**AMASCUS is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sydon have crumbled; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is a desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and the

Euphrates. Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a centre of trade and travel, an isle of verdure in the desert, "a presidential capital" with martial and sacred associations extending over thirty centuries. It was near Damascus that Saul of Tarsus saw the light above the brightness of the sun; the street, which is called Strait, in which it was said he prayed, still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did thousands of years ago; there is still the sheik, the ass, and the water-wheel; the merchants of the Euphrates and the Mediterranean still occupy the streets "with the multitude of their wares." The city which Mohammed surveyed from the neighbouring height, and was afraid to enter, "because it was given to man to have but one paradise; and for his part he was resolved not to have it in this world," is to-day what Julian called the "Eye of the East," as it was in the time of Isaiah, "the head of Syria."

From Damascus came the damson, our blue plum, and the delicious apricot of Portugal, called damasco; damask, our beautiful fabric of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised upon a smooth, bright ground, the damask rose introduced into England in the time of Henry VII.; the Damascus blade, so famous the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried the artist into Persia. It is still a city of flowers and bright waters; the streams of Lebanon still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of the Syrian gardens.

### Joining the Church.

**T**HUGHT I to make a public confession of faith and join the Church? This most important question is, no doubt, agitating the minds of hundreds among the readers of these columns. The first person with whom most of you would discuss this question would be your own pastor. He would probably say to you—yes, my friend, you had better do so, provided that you had already *joined Jesus Christ*. If the Son of God be within your heart then you are spiritually alive; you have experienced the new birth; you are prepared to live the Christian life because He liveth in you. If you only make membership of a church the