

## A GOOD RESOLVE.

If any little word of mine  
 May make a life the brighter,  
 If any little song of mine  
 May make a heart the lighter,  
 God help me speak the little word,  
 And take my bit of singing  
 And drop it in some lonely vale,  
 To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of mine  
 May make a life the sweeter,  
 If any little care of mine  
 May make a friend's the fleetier,  
 If any lift of mine may ease  
 The burden of another,  
 God give me love, and care, and strength  
 To help my toiling brother.

—Exchange.

## THE SABBATH TO BE KEPT.

One morning a gentleman was going to church. He was a happy, cheerful Christian, who had a great respect for the Sabbath. He was a singular man, and would sometimes do and say what children are apt to "funny things." As he was going along he met a stranger driving a heavily-loaded wagon through the town. When this gentleman got right opposite the wagoner, he stopped, turned around, and lifting up both hands as if in horror, exclaimed, as he gazed under the wagon: "There, there you are going over it! There, you have gone right over it!"

The driver was frightened. He drew up his reins in an instant, crying "Whoa! whoa!" and brought his horses to a stand.

Then he looked under the wheels, expecting to see the mangled remains of some innocent child, or, at least, some poor dog or pig that had been crushed to death. But he saw nothing. So, after gazing about, he looked up at the gentleman who had so strangely arrested his attention, and anxiously asked: "Pray, sir, what have I gone over?"

"The Fourth Commandment," was the quiet reply. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."—Exchange.

## A MISSION ROMANCE.

"Is it worth while to hold a meeting to-night, do you think?" asked a Londoner of his friend one raw December night in 1858.

"Perhaps not," answered the other doubtfully; "but I do not like to shirk my work, and as it was announced, some one might come."

"Come on, then," said the first speaker; "I suppose we can stand it."

That night was as black as ink, and the rain poured in torrents; but the meeting of the English Missionary Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was held, in spite of the elements, in a brightly-lighted chapel in Covent Garden. A gentleman passing by, took refuge from the storm, and made up half the audience that listened to a powerful plea for the North American Indians in British Columbia.

"Work thrown away," grumbled the Londoner, as they made their way back to Regent Square.

"Who knows?" replied the missionary. "It was God's word, and we are told that it shall not fall to the ground unheeded."

Was it work thrown away?

The passer-by who stepped in by accident tossed on his couch all night, thinking of the horrors of heathenism, of which he had heard that night for the first time. And in a month he had sold out his business and was on his way to his mission work among the British Columbia Indians under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society.

And thirty-five years afterward we found him, surrounded by "his children," as he loved to call them the centre and head of the model mission station of the northwest coast, a village of civilized Indians. It is the romance of missions.—*Sunday School Times*.

## MARY'S PRAYER.

Dear God, bless my two little eyes, and make them twinkle happy. Bless my two little ears, and make them hear my mother calling. Bless my two little lips, and make them speak kind and true. Bless my two hands, and make them do good, and not touch what they musn't. Bless my two feet, and make them go where they ought to. Bless my heart, and make it love Je-sus, and my mother and father, and Georgia and ev-er-y-bod-y. Please let my sin nev-er get hold of me—nev-er, nev-er, for Christ's sake. Amen. (*Liv-ing.*)