

him nor cheat him. He knows the very thoughts and intents of our hearts. What we need to learn to do is to follow my teacher's advice and begin to

Serve the Lord of love and truth
In the spring days of our youth;
Yield to Him the flower and prime
Of our vigorous summer time.

Let the fruits of grace and praise
Crown the autumn of our days;
Then our winter will pass away
Into changeless, heavenly day

HOPEFUL BAND.

LITTLE CHILD'S MORNING HYMN

My Father, I thank Thee
For sleep and for rest,
For waking to keep me
So safe and so blest.

For giving me all things,
Gifts lovely and good,
Kind father and mother,
Warm clothes and nice food.

I thank Thee for eyes
To see the bright sun,
And Thy stars in the skies
And beautiful moon.

For my own pretty flowers.
So gay and so sweet,
For fresh cooling showers
Falling down to my feet.

I thank Thee for ears
To hear the birds sing,
To hear the waves roll
And Sabbath bells ring

For strong useful hands
To work or to play,
That I may not be idle,
Or useless all day.

For my feet that may run
When mother shall call,
For life, and for breath,
I thank Thee for all.

For my sweet little sister,
Whom dearly I love,
I heartily thank Thee
Our Father above.

How can I repay Thee
For what Thou dost give;
I must love and obey Thee
As long as I live.

I will try to be gentle
And loving each day;
Never naughty or idle,
In school or in play.

I will try to be good,
That my father may see
I do love Him and thank Him
Who first loved me.

—M. FELLOWS, ENGLAND.

Perhaps the very little ones may commit one little verse at a time to memory, to remind them that, "Every good and perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

MARTES, THE PERSIAN BOY.

I.

A beautiful boy stands in the door of his father's house, gazing earnestly towards a temple in the distance, whose lofty pillars are gilded with the rays of the setting sun. His delicate features, broad, high forehead and large, earnest eyes, cause many to turn and look again as they pass him near his father's dwelling or on the mountain side, and one high in authority had once said that Zoroaster himself could not have been more lovely or had a holier look in his eyes. As the boy lingers in the doorway his mother approaches him; there is a great resemblance between the two, but upon the mother's face there is a shadow as she lays her hand upon the boy's dark curls and says in a tone of anxiety "Martes, thou hast taken no rest to-day and I fear for thee to-night." "Why dost thou fear, mother?" Is it not almost a year since father's illness, and have I not watched the sacred fire every night in yonder temple? And never once has my stern father found one word of fault with me." "Hush child! who could find fault with such faithfulness as thine? But thou hast always rested some through the day, and when I think how this day has been passed I tremble for fear thy strength will fail to-night." "Do not speak so, mother; what I have done to-day must be good in the sight of our God. I saved the lives of my little cousins and surely nothing can ever make me regret the act. I can hear