

## CHILDREN'S GIFTS.

In token that I owe  
All that I have to Thee.  
I drop my little gift  
Into Thy treasury.

In token that the world  
Needs some of what is mine;  
The sad, the rich, the poor, I own.  
The gift is Thine.

In token that Thy Name  
Makes all men's needs Thine own.  
Father, I give my gift for them  
To Thee alone.

In token that I think  
That Thou art pleased by  
This gift, I give it Thee, though small,  
Father on high.

In token that I wish  
Thy happy child to be,  
By loving kindness I'll strive  
To grow like Thee.

-Sel.

## THE COMPLAINT OF THE PENNIES.

**H**EAR the complaint of the pennies in a little boy's missionary mite-box:  
This is a fine place to be in and we like it very much. We know where we are going, too, and we are glad of that. We would rather be missionary pennies than anything else, for we know they are the best sort. We hope to help buy Bibles for those across the sea who need them, and have never had them.

We don't complain of our place nor our work, not a bit. But we do complain about our lonesomeness. Why are there so few of us? We want to know that!

And why don't the nickels and dimes come to keep us company and help on the work we are going to do by and by? That's what we want to know!

Pennies are very good things, especially if there are plenty of them. One penny may do much good. We've heard that over and over. But there are the nickels and dimes that go from our little boy's pocket into the toy-shop, and into the candy-shop, and never come back. How much good do they do? Why should our little boy spend nickels and dimes on himself, and only put us pennies in here to do good with? That is what puzzles us. In the little boy's pocket we kept company with nickels and dimes, but they do not keep us company here, and it is this that we complain about. Can anybody tell us why? Surely, surely, our little boy does not care more for eating good things than for doing good to those who need it!

And yet we jingle and jingle in here, a few of us, and we wonder where the nickels and dimes are, and why they don't come too!

Listen to the complaint of the pennies. Can any one who owns a mite-box, or who ought to have one, explain these puzzling things?  
*Children's Work.*

## HOW THE FATHER WAS LIED.

**I**N the city of Brooklyn, a gentleman reared in a Christian home, a member and regular attendant at church, became interested in politics, through which he was brought into contact with a celebrated infidel lecturer, the result being that he soon found himself an infidel. Church services ceased to have any attraction for him, and his seat in God's house was always vacant. Severe sickness overtook him, and while fond of the visits of his pastor, to whom he was personally warmly attached, yet they failed to cause a return to his former belief.

Recovering his health, he moved to the West with his wife and little boy, four years of age. The latter, becoming acquainted with other little fellows who talked so much of their Sunday-school, asked permission to attend also. A loving father, anxious to please his child, took him to the school, returning for him at its close.

This continued for a month, when one Sunday the question was put to him. "Papa, my teacher says that she would like to have our mamas and papas come to Sunday-school sometime; won't you come in with me to-day?" He refused at first; but the importunity of his little one made him yield, and he entered, taking a seat on the side.

At the earnest words of the teacher, memory brought vividly before him his early experience, and made him feel very uncomfortable.

The next Sunday came the same question from the child with the same result, and what followed? At the cordial words of welcome from the teacher he could not refrain from telling the story of his past life, and her words were the means of causing a complete surrender of himself to Christ. A few years after found that man the assistant superintendent of the school and an officer in the church. Surely, "a little child shall lead them."

If you are tempted to lose patience with your fellowmen, stop and think how patient God has been with you.

No sham can stand in God's presence. His eyes search all pretensions to their very heart and core.