

Children's Corner.

GOD'S TREASURES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

News for little children!
Hark! how sweet the sound,
Rolling in its fullness,
To earth's furthest bound
News of God's salvation—
News with blessings rife—
Saving, helping, cheering—
Wondrous words of life.

Love for little children,
Sent from God's own throne;
Love—how sweet the tidings—
Each can make his own;
Love that maketh happy,
Love that maketh blest;
Love that gives the weary
Full and perfect rest.

Peace for little children,
Peace from God on high,
Brought by Christ, the Saviour,
When he came to die;
Made in Calvary's darkness,
Sealed with Jesus' blood,
To the world proclaimed—
Perfect peace with God.

Joy for little children,
Oh, such perfect joy,
Not like earth's enchantments,
Full of earth's alloy;
But a joy that resteth
On foundations sure,
Joy—for God hath said it—
Which must e'er endure.

Strength for little children,
Leading each along;
'Tis the weak and helpless
Jesus maketh strong,
On they journey singing—
Strong in Christ alone;
His right hand sustaining—
Every moment known.

Rest for little children,
Rest as passing on,
While the "rest remaining"
Beckons them along;
There the peace is perfect,
There the rest endures:
Hear it! All these treasures
Faith in Christ secures!

OLD SANDY'S STORY.

"I'd take it very kind, Miss, if you would give me a drink of water; I've travelled from Branton this morning—"

"Oh, yes, I'll bring you a drink this moment," cried little Amy, first looking at the old man who sat opposite the garden gate, and then running off to the house to get what he wanted.

Poor old Sandy sighed and leaned wearily against the trunk of the great beech tree under which he sat. He had trudged thirteen miles that morning along the hot, dusty road, with the July sunshine beating down on him all the way, and then, faint and parched, sat down under the first shade he came to, too tired even to pursue his usual trade and offer his buttons and lace at the cottage opposite.

In a minute the little girl came quickly down the garden again with a tumbler of whiskey and water in her hand.

"Here," she said, holding it out to him. "Mamma thought you'd like this better when you were so tired. Here!" she said again as the old man did not take it.

"No, no, thank you, little Miss, and thank your mother all the same; but if she had come through what I have, all owing to that stuff, she'd never offer it to any one again. But 'd take some water, and be thankful to you, Miss.

"Oh, very well," said Amy good naturedly, once more running off to the cottage, and coming back this time with a glass in one hand and a big jug of water in the other. Then, as she watched him drink, and again filled the tumbler, she said rather shyly, "What did you mean a little while ago, about coming through? Would mind telling me?"

The old man looked up sadly at the bright little face before him. "Ah! Miss, tales like these isn't for the like of you. But if you like, I'll tell you why I can't bear the sight of that stuff. I had a bounny, bonny boy once, just about five years old he was; he and his mother were as like as could be. Well, one night I stepped into the 'Raven,' just to hear the news like, for I never were bad for the drink, and while I were chattin' in the parlour, some fellows came into the bar. In a little bit there was such a roarin' and laughin' I went to see what was up. My little Jim had followed me, Miss, and they'd caught him, and given him the cussed stuff till he could hardly stand. I knocked two of 'em down, and took my boy home, but they'd poisoned him, Miss. He always were a delicate little chap, and had been aillin', and that finished him. He never were no better after that. Poor little Jim."