

"Poor Lizzie! her missionary spirit threatened to depart. But finally she said, solemnly, 'Yes, grandma, I'll piece blocks, or anything else, for Jesus' sake, amen.' That bed-quilt is finished now; and there is an earnest little worker for missions in that home."

Would that some older children who shrink from laborious and disagreeable work would get a little more of this spirit, and say, "I'll do anything for Jesus' sake, amen."—*Little Christian.*

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### PARENTAL AFFECTION.

A nobleman, who died a few years since, had a chest all locked up, but marked, "To be removed first in case of fire." When he died his friends opened the chest, supposing, of course, that some valuable documents or deed of property, rich jewels or costly plate, would be found in it. But what did they find? They found the toys of his little child, who had gone before him—richer to him than the world's wealth, richer than his coronet, brighter than the jewels that sparkled on his crest. Not his estate, not his jewels, not his equipage, nothing glorious and great in this world: but the dearest objects to him were the toys of his little child.—*Children's Friend.*

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### THE EXTENDED HAND.

A mother once said with tearful eyes, "There is one reminiscence of my early motherhood which I can never recall without bitter regret, trifling as the circumstance may seem to others. It happened when my first child was with me. At five years old she used to go to church with me, and usually sat very quietly by my side. Occasionally, however, she would grow fidgety and restless, and then it was her habit to slip her little hand in mine and hold it, fancying it helped her to be quiet. On one or two of the last Sabbaths we sat together, not wishing to change my position at all, I pretended not to see the little hand that was laid coaxingly in my lap, and I can still hear the low sigh of disappointment as she removed it. Not many weeks after, God took my little one's hand, and led her away! And ever since I have felt as if I must say to mothers, "Always see your children's hands when they reach out towards you."—*Selected.*