



GOING TO SCHOOL.

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WHAT a cold wintry landscape this is. The little boy has been sick and his sister bravely takes him upon her shoulders and carries him through the snow drifts to Sunday-school.

DAISY UNDERSTOOD IT.

Do you think Jesus loves you, Daisy?" Oh, yes'm," she replied; "he loves me when I'm naughty and when I'm good. He loves me better when I do right, just as mamma do. They always love their little children, but of course they love them better when they are good. They are really angry when they are naughty."

Daisy understood. Yes, Jesus always loves us, but he cannot take joy and pleasure in us unless we obey him. If we do

wrong, his love becomes grief and pity for us.

"I am Jesus' little lamb,
And he knows how weak I am,
Prone to stray and die;
But he loves me just the same,
For to save my soul he came
From his home on high."

SHINING IN EVERY WINDOW.

We went one cold, windy day to see a poor young girl who was kept at home by a lame hip. Her room was on the north side of a bleak house. It did not look pleasant without nor cheerful within.

"Poor girl!" I thought, "what a cheerless life is yours, and what a pity your room is on the north side of the house."

"You never have any sun," I said; "not

a ray comes in at these windows. It's too bad! Sunshine is everything. I love the sun."

"Oh," she answered, with the sweetest of smiles, "my sun pours in at every window and through every crack."

I looked surprised.

"The Sun of Righteousness," she said, softly "Jesus, he shines in here and makes everything bright to me."

Yes, Jesus shining in can make any spot beautiful, and make even one bare room a happy home

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

ARE you almost disgusted

With life, little man?

I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment

If anything can—

Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you awfully tired

With play, little girl?

Weary, discouraged, and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest

Game in the world—

Do something for somebody, quick,
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though it rains like the rain

Of the flood, little man,

And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
You can make the sun shine

In your soul, little man—

Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though the skies are like brass

Overhead, little girl,

And the walk like a well-heated brick;
And are earthly affairs

In a terrible whirl?

Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

—Selected.

WHAT IS IT TO BE A CHRISTIAN?

A LITTLE girl was telling, in a simple way, the evidence that she was a Christian: "I did not like to study, but to play. I was idle at school, and often missed my lessons. Now I try to learn every lesson well, to please God. I was mischievous at school when the teachers were not looking at me, making fun for the children to look at. Now I wish to please God by behaving well, and keeping the school rules. I was selfish at home, didn't like to run errands, and was sulky when mother called me from play to help her. Now I love to help mother in any way, and to show that I love her."