

THE LITTLE LIGHT.

"Let your light so shine before men."

The light shone dim on the headland,
For the storm was raging high,
I shaded my eyes from the inner glare,
And gazed on the wet, gray sky.
It was dark and lowering; on the sea
The waves were booming loud;
And the snow and the piercing winter sleet
Weve over all a shroud.

"God pity the men on the sea to-night!"
I said to my little ones;
And we shuddered as we heard afar
The sound of minute guns.
My good man came in, in his fishing-coat,
(He was wet and cold that night),
And he said, "There'll lots of ships go down
On the headland rocks to-night."

"Let the lamp burn all night, mother,"
Cried little Mary then;
'Tis but a little light, but still
It might save drowning men."
"Oh, nonsense!" cried her father (he
Was tired and cross that night),
"The highland lighthouse is enough,"—
And he put out the light.

That night on a rock below us,
A noble ship went down;
But one was saved from the ghastly wreck—
The rest were left to drown.
"We steered by a little light," he said,
"Till we saw it sink from view;
If they'd only left that light all night,
My mates might be here, too!"

Then little Mary sobbed aloud;
Her father blushed for shame.
'Twas our light that you saw," he said,
"And I'm the one to blame."
'Twas a little light—how small a thing!
And trifling was its cost;
Yet, for want of it a ship went down,
And a hundred souls were lost.

A BED-TIME STORY.

"A STORY! I will soon be in bed," said
Birdie Brown, as her sister promised to tell
her a story. Her sister began:

"There was a king who had a little
daughter whom he loved very much. He
wanted to make her a beautiful and wise
princess; so he sent her to a country where
she was to pass through many schools and
learn lessons that would fit her for her
father's home. This kind father did not
send his little daughter alone. He gave
her ten servants to wait upon and care for
her.

"Two of these servants were to show her
all the beautiful and useful things that she

would meet with in her absence, and when
she got homesick they were to bid her look
up and tell it all to father, and he would
hear and comfort her. Two more were to
help the little girl to hear sweet music and
sounds that would give her joy and pleasure,
and that would tell her about what
she saw, and bid her always remember her
father's love. Two more carried her wherever
she went; and poor, indeed, she would
have been without these little servants.
Another told her all she wanted to say to
those around her, and sang hymns of praise
to her father, the king. Two more helped
her to do everything that would give happiness
to herself and others about her; but
the last servant was only seen by her father
and herself. When this one did his bidding
then all the other servants were faithful and
true, and the little girl was beautiful and
happy. The last servant always told his
little mistress to love her father dearly, and
not want to guide the other servants to do
what would displease him. Sometimes the
princess would say to herself, 'Father is not
here, and I will do what I please;' then in
spite of this servant's pleading, she bade
him guide the others into forbidden paths,
and thus brought upon herself trouble and
pain.

"You see that even a little princess, with
ten servants to wait upon her, may at times
do naughty things.

"At last the loving father gave a com-
mand to each of his daughter's servants,
calling them by name as he spoke. The
names and commands were these:

"Little Eyes, look up to God;
Little Ears, hear his word;
Little Feet, walk his ways;
Little Mouth, sing his praise;
Little Hands, do his will;
Little Heart, love him still.'

"When the little princess heard these
commands she made them into one great
message for herself, and when she was
tempted to bid her servants to do wrong,
she would say, 'No, no; I will not, for
there are

"Two little eyes to look to God;
Two little ears to hear his word;
Two little feet to walk his ways;
One little mouth to sing his praise;
Two little hands to do his will,
And one little heart to love him still.'

"Then her whole soul would be filled
with love to her kind father, and all wicked
thoughts would fly away."

"O sister, I understand your story. I
am the little princess, and God is my Hea-
venly Father. He has given me ten little

servants to help me do his will. Sister, I
think my little heart does 'love him still.'
Isn't it delightful that I am a little princess?
I am going to try to remember the King's
commands. Will you please teach me them
to-morrow?"

"Yes, darling. Now shut your eyes and
go to sleep, for the King likes his little
princess to be up in time in the morning."

"Good night, sister. I will not grumble
any more about servants when I have ten
of my own. We are going to be little
workers to-morrow for the King."

A HOLIDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

NELLY SQUIRE was a town-born and a
town-bred child. She had never seen a
green field, nor flower growing in a garden,
nor an orchard. Her father and mother
were poor, hard-working people, who loved
their little girl very much. They had be-
come very anxious about her. She was
sickly. The doctor told them she wanted
fresh air and some country life. But Mrs.
Squire said it was well enough to order that
for the children of gentlefolk, but the chil-
dren of the poor must pine and die in towns,
because their parents could not afford to
send them to the seaside or the country
place. One Sunday, when Nelly came from
school, she told her mother that the teachers
said that the scholars could be sent for a
fortnight to the country if their fathers paid
only a very little for them, because there
was a Country Holidays Fund that would
help. So her father and mother thought
about this, and made inquiries, and it was
soon arranged that Nelly should go. No
one could tell how much the child enjoyed
that holiday; the railway ride; the meeting
at the station; the nice cottage where she
stayed; the kind, motherly woman that took
her in; the hens and the chickens; the
bees; the trees; the flowers; the fields;
the new milk; the fruit; the bird that
hung in the cage; the birds that sang in
the trees; the brook at the bottom of the
garden; the blue sky; the fifty other things
that charmed her; all these Nelly could
never describe, but she wonderfully en-
joyed them. She played in the fresh air,
took her walks, made new friends, and was
quite sorry when the time came to bid
good-bye to all her new friends and new
sort of life. But when she got home, and
her father and mother heard what she had
to say, and when they saw how much better
she was in health, they were very thankful
for the Summer Holidays Fund of the Sun-
day-school, and they resolved to save their
spare pennies so as to give Nelly another
treat of the same kind next year.