



MISS JONES' PICTURE.

HOW TO DO IT.

THE fields are all white,
And the reapers are few;
We children are willing,
But what can we do
To work for our Lord in his harvest?

Our hands are so small
And our words are so weak,
We cannot teach others;
How then shall we seek
To work for our Lord in his harvest?

We'll work by our prayers,
By the pennies we bring,
By small self-denials—
The least little thing
May work for our Lord in his harvest.

Until, by and by,
As the years pass at length,
We too may be reapers,
And go forth in strength
To work for our Lord in his harvest.

MISS JONES' PICTURE.

I HAVE just been looking at Miss Jones' picture. How do you think Miss Jones looks?

She wears a shawl pinned close up to her throat, a cap tied under her chin, and a pair of spectacles over some very wise-looking eyes. What a funny-looking picture! I call it a funny picture, because the clothes are an old lady's clothes; but the face is a little girl's face, round, and plump, and rosy. If I could take off the cap, and the shawl, and the spectacles, I should see a girl of four years, with a white dress, a pink sash, and long curls hanging down over her shoulders.

Her name is Edith May. Her mamma

calls her Edie. Edie likes to fix herself up, and "play people," as she calls it. She takes many different parts.

Sometimes she is an old lady, and sometimes she is a young lady. Sometimes she plays she is mamma, and then she runs round taking care of her dollies, and says she doesn't know what she shall do now that Tilly has the measles, and Hannah has the chicken-pox; and she verily believes that the baby has the measles too.

The other day, she said she was going to be Miss Jones, and go down to the saloon, and have her picture taken.

So she fixed herself up with cap, and spectacles, and shawl, and went down to the photograph-room, and told the artist that she was Miss Jones, and she called to have her picture taken.

Then the artist placed a chair for her, and she sat up as straight as she could. When the pictures were finished, he sent them to her mamma, who has sent one to me; and here you have it in the HAPPY DAYS.

KEEP THE DOOR.

Doors have always been a trouble to me. When a child I was often stopped in my eager, heedless haste, by "My child, shut that door." But harder yet to shut, and still harder to keep shut, was this door of the lips, which leads into the presence of the unruly member. At every jar, almost every sound, this door has been ever flying open, and it has cost me more trouble and time, more anxiety and tears to keep it shut than all those creaking doors in the old house at home. It is not the fault of the door, I must allow. There is a certain something behind the door that seems to act like a spring; at any rate, it is ever ready to spring out and open the door I have closed so securely.

One day, long, long ago, I heard this saying of Solomon, "Keep the door of thy lips;" and I resolved then that I would watch this door very carefully. Sometimes I even kept my hand upon it, determined it should not open. I have bitten the tongue that pushed so hard till the unruly member almost bled; but it was all to no purpose. Then I read this rule of an ancient or modern philosopher: "Count ten, twenty, or even a hundred before you open the door when angry." I tried, but I generally forgot till my door was open, or, if I did keep it closed a little for once, it swung back just as easily the next time.

I resolved and re-resolved. I prayed at least I thought I did—and still I did not, could not succeed.

One happy day I found this prayer—"Keep thou the door of my lips." "Ah, this is just what I want," my heart cried out. "I have tried and failed. I want some one to do it for me. Lord I give up the task to thee. Keep thou the door of my lips, keep thou the heart behind the lips." And now, whenever I trust him, he does what all my trying and counting and resolving could never do. *S S Times.*

A FEW CLEAR THINGS FOR LITTLE READERS.

It is very clear that if I never drink intoxicating liquors, I shall never become a drunkard.

It is very clear that if I never use intoxicating drink, I shall never be guilty of helping to make others drunkards.

It is very clear that if I never go into drinking companies, I shall escape many of the temptations and snares that are laid for the young.

It is very clear that if I drink intoxicating liquor frequently, I may learn to like it, and so become a drunkard.

It is very clear that all drunkards were once moderate drinkers, and only became drunkards by degrees.

It is very clear that moderate drinking is the fountain from which all drunkenness flows, the school in which all drunkards are trained.

It is very clear that if there was no moderate drinking, there would be no drunkenness.

It is very clear that if the drunkard would be reclaimed, he must abstain from that which has made and that which keeps him a drunkard.

KEEP TRYING TO DO RIGHT.

Do not give up trying to be good after one mistake. Begin anew every morning, and see how much better you can do each day. A tree never grew to be a tree in a single day; first it was a seed, then a slender sprout, then a weak sapling, and at last a stout tree. So you will grow if you will keep trying to do right; from a fearful, helpless disciple of Jesus, you will go on till you become a brave and successful soldier in his cause. And yet he loves the little ones who try to serve him just as well as the bearer of the cross; he sees the love in the heart which prompted the action. Remember how he watches your movements! So never give up.

Dr. Waugh tells us of a converted Hindu who, when too weak to kneel to pray, said: "I cannot kneel to pray, but I keep up a sweet talking with Jesus in my heart."