

THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY REV. J. LAWSON.

SEE the loving mother
Bring her infant child
To the blessed Saviour,
Loving, meek, and mild;
To its mother's bosom
See the infant pressing,
While for it the mother
Seeks the Saviour's blessing.

See the blessed Saviour,
Graced with beauteous charms,
Take the little infant
Gently in his arms;
To his loving bosom
Tenderly he presses,
And in sweetest accents
He the infant blesses.

Joyfully the mother
Takes her little one,
See! there comes another,
Eager pressing on,
Others now encouraged
By his look and word,
Bring their little children,
Welcomed by the Lord.

Still the blessed Saviour
Loves the youthful race,—
Bids the little children
Early seek his face;
All should come to Jesus,
Little children, come,
And in death he'll take you
To his heavenly home.

GRANDFATHER'S WATCH.

LITTLE Fred is listening to grandfather's watch. What does it say? Tick, tick, tick. Grandfather is very fond of little Fred, and always lets him hear what the watch says, when he promises to be a good boy. But, alas! Fred is not always a good boy, although he looks so smiling and pleasant in the picture, for sometimes he gets into a bad temper, and then he cries and makes a great noise. Grandfather has promised him a watch for himself, when he grows up to be a big boy like his brother Will, who is away at sea. So, often when grandfather comes, Fred will stand with his back to the wall and say, "See how big I am, grandpa," and then grandfather says he is getting *very* big. Grandpa is very fond of repeating the following verses to little Fred:

Two little hands so busy at play,
Hunting for mischief all of the day.
Two little feet that never have walked,
One little tongue that never has talked.
Two little ears that hear the least sound,
Two little eyes that look wisely round.

Two little cheeks all dimpled and red,
A little pug nose, a great round head.
Two little lips, soft, rosy, and sweet,
Looking like cherries ready to eat.
Say, has it happened you've ever met,
Daintier boy than grandpa's pet?

MAMMA'S JEWELS.

"MAMMA, have you any money this morning? I forgot to ask papa before he went away, and I want some very much."

"No, Annie, I have not one cent of money in my purse, I am very sorry to say."

"You see, Annie, we are poor!" exclaimed practical Lilian, two years younger than Annie, who liked to have all things clear and straight.

"O no! not poor!" said mamma. "You see we have a good home, with plenty of food and clothing, warm and comfortable, if not quite so fine as some wear. And then, I have jewels, besides—two very precious ones."

Aunt Ida glanced at mamma and saw the meaning of her look at the beautiful children. "You might pawn your jewels," said she with a smile.

The children caught the conceit, and laughed heartily. "Yes," continued Aunt Ida, "your mamma has two jewels—a diamond and a pearl."

"I am the pearl," said sweet Lilian, softly. "Only think of it! I am dear mamma's pearl!"

"I must be the diamond, then," said Annie; "a diamond in the rough, I suppose; but I hope to be polished some day."

"We have a jewel, too," said Lilian, after a moment's pause; "a larger and finer one than the others; and it is an opal!" Then she looked at mamma with loving eyes.

"Yes, mamma is our opal," said Annie, "for an opal is a pearl with a soul in it, and I am quite sure she has that."

It was indeed a case of precious jewels that will some day shine in the crown of the Master.—*Little Ones.*

THE GOOD-NIGHT KISS.

"ALWAYS send your little child to bed happy. Whatever cares may trouble your mind, give the dear child a warm good night. Kiss it as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this, in the stormy years which may be in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds; and welling up in the heart will rise the thought: "My father, my mother loved me." Lips parched with fever will become dewy at this thrill of useful memories. Kiss your little child before it goes to sleep."

"I'LL PUT IT OFF."

SOME little folk are apt to say,
When asked their task to touch,
"I'll put it off—at least to-day;
It cannot matter much."

Time is always on the wing—
You cannot stop its flight;
Then do at once your little tasks:
You'll happier be at night.

But little duties still put off
Will end in "Never done;"
And "By-and-bye is time enough
Has ruined many a one.

JESUS'S SHINING IN.

A VISITOR went one cold spring-day to see a poor young girl, kept at home by a lame hip. The room was on the north side of a bleak house. It was not a pleasant prospect without, nor was there much that was pleasant or cheerful within. "Poor girl! What a cheerless life she has of it," I thought, as I saw how she was situated; and I immediately thought what a pity it was her room was on the north side of the house.

"You never have any sun," I said; "not a ray comes in at those windows. That I call a misfortune. Sunshine is everything; I love the sun."

"Oh," she answered, with the sweetest smile I ever saw, "my Sun pours in at every window, and even through the cracks." I am sure I looked surprised. "The Sun of Righteousness," she said softly—"Jesus. He shines in here and makes everything bright to me."

I could not doubt her. She looked happier than any one I had seen for many a day. Yes, Jesus shining in at the window can make any spot beautiful and any home happy.—*American Messenger.*

DOING NOTHING.

THERE was a boy in school once who was very lazy. He would sit on his seat all day and do nothing. He never made any noise nor disturbed any one. He never whispered nor got into any mischief. The master never caught him at tricks.

One day, as he sat still and quiet, the master came along and struck him a smart blow with a ferule. The boy jumped at the unexpected blow and cried out, "I ain't doing nothing!" "That's just it," said the master, "I want you to do something."

So with some people. They think like this boy, that if they do nothing wicked, they are right. We must not only "cease to do evil," but learn to do well.—*The Children's Friend.*