



LOOKING OVER THE PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM.

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LOOKING through the album with her dear mamma,

Looking for the picture of her own papa,  
Pretty little darling sees her own face there;

Says she wouldn't know it 'cause she's got no hair.

'Twas taken when a baby, with long dress so white,

Sitting on her mamma's knee with papa at her right.

And then she comes to Cousin Tom and little Cousin Flo',

And lots of other people that baby doesn't know.

She sees her Auntie Lucy and her namesake Auntie Flo',

But then she'd hardly know them, they were taken long ago,

And when she'd finished looking, and the pictures were all done,

She said that she was sorry, and wish'd they'd just begun.

A LITTLE child who has been suffered to come to Jesus, shall lead many to the rest where the weary forget their toil, and the heavy laden lay their burdens down.

### POLLY'S QUEER ANSWER.

MOLLY and Polly belonged to the same Sunday-school and to the same class.

"Do you think, children," asked the teacher this morning, "that God has remembered to give us any blessings?"

"Yes'm," said Molly.

"Yes'm," said Polly.

"Well, when he has given us so many nice things, what ought we to do?"

"We ought to be glad about them, and enjoy them," said Polly.

"We ought to thank him," said Molly, giggling a little at Polly's queer answer.

Let me tell you something about Molly and Polly. When it rains, Polly remembers how bright it was last week, and what good times they had; but Molly forgets that it has ever been clear weather. When the sun shines, Molly thinks "it is so awfully hot," but Polly likes to "feel every thing grow." Molly does not see why she has to study such long lessons; she wishes she could play all the time. Polly says that working hard beforehand makes recess all the more fun when it comes. Molly wishes that she could have as many playthings and parties as her next-door neighbours, Polly says she wouldn't change places with anybody in the world, so many nice things are always happening to her.

That Sunday morning when Molly laughed at Polly's queer answer, the teacher said she thought it was a good one. She said she thought that being glad over our blessings was one very nice way to be thankful.

What do you think?

### TAKING CARE.

ONE day a little boy asked his mother to let him lead his little sister out on the green grass. She had just begun to run alone, and could not step over anything that lay in the way. His mother told him he might lead out the little girl, but charged him not to let her fall. I found them at play, very happy in the field.

I said: "You seem very happy, George. Is this your sister?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can she walk alone?"

"Yes, sir, on smooth ground."

"And how did she get over those stones, which lie between this and your house?"

"Oh, sir, mother charged me to be careful that she did not fall, and so I put my hands under her arms, and lifted her up when she came to a stone, so that she need not hit her little foot against it."

"That is right, George; and I want to tell you one thing. You see now how to understand that beautiful text: 'He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.' God charges his angels to lead and lift his people over difficulties, just as you have lifted little Annie over the stones. Do you understand it now?"

"Yes, sir; and I never shall forget it."

Can one child thus take care of another and cannot God take care of those who trust him? Surely he can. There is no child who may read this story over whom he is not ready to give his holy angels charge.

### ARTHUR AND NETTIE.

WHEN Aunt Jane came to visit Arthur and Nettie's mamma she brought for Arthur a nice red waggon and a blue whip, and for Nettie a new doll with a wax head. Arthur and Nettie loved to play with their nice presents. Arthur ran along with his waggon and cracked his whip in a lively way. I am sorry to say that Nettie let her dolly fall, and that its head was broken off. I think perhaps her mamma will be able to put a new head on dolly.