

OFF FOR DREAMLAND.

THE tales are told, the songs are sung,
The evening romp is over,
And up the nursery stairs they climb
With little buzzing tongues that chime
Like bees among the clover.

Their busy brains and happy hearts
Are full of crowding fancies;
From song and tale and make-believe
A wondrous web of dreams they weave
And airy child romances.

The starry night is fair without,
The new moon rises slowly;
The nursery lamp is burning faint;
Each white-robed like a little saint,
Their prayers they murmur lowly.

Good night! The tired heads are still,
On pillows soft reposing;
The dim and dizzy mist of sleep
About their thoughts begins to creep;
Their drowsy eyes are closing.

Good night! While through the silent air
The moonbeams pale are streaming,
They drift from daylight's noisy shore,
Blow out the light and shut the door,
And leave them to their dreaming.

"SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG."

"WHY, that's not four o'clock! I'm certain it cannot be so late!" exclaimed Minnie, starting from the seat on which she had been amusing herself with a book, while her work lay neglected beside her. "I looked at the great clock not ten minutes ago, and I'm sure the long hand had not reached a quarter-past three."

"O did you not know that something is the matter with the great clock?" replied her aunt, who, with her bonnet and shawl on, had just come down-stairs, prepared to accompany her on a walk. "Since yesterday it has gone quite wrong; it strikes one hour and points to another. I think the hands must be loose."

"Something has gone wrong indeed!" cried the child with impatience, "and I will never trust it again!"

She looked up and saw a quiet smile on the face of the lady. "Aunt, what are you thinking of?" she said quickly.

Her aunt glanced down at the unfinished seam, from which the needle and thread hung dangling. "Did you not promise to have that ready before four?" said she.

"Yes," replied Minnie looking a little ashamed; "but—but—"

"But there is somebody, I fear, besides the great clock, whose hands are in fault, who is swift to promise and slow to perform, whose words say one thing and whose

actions say another. Shall I repeat her own words, Minnie, and say, 'Something has gone wrong indeed, and I will never trust her again?'"

Dear young reader, ever keep this in mind—that our words and our actions should agree, as the hands of a good clock with the chime of its bell. Never make a promise rashly, but if once made, let no pleasure, no feeling of indolence, tempt you for one moment to break it. Let no one ever be able to say, in speaking of the word which you had given but not kept, "Something has gone wrong indeed, I will never trust him again!"—*Child's Record.*

WORSHIP IN GIVING

ALLEN was digging into his Sunday-school lesson. It was long before the days of Quarterlies and Lesson Helpers and he had few helps.

"I can't make it out, anyhow!" he said, at last, impatiently,

"Can't make out what, my boy?" said grandpa, laying down his Bible.

"How 'covetousness is idolatry,'" said Allen. "I wanted to think it out myself, but I guess you'll have to tell me, grandpa."

"Yes, yes!" said grandpa. "You can't understand that too early, for God is a jealous God: he will have no other gods before him, nor along with him, for that matter. 'Ye cannot serve God and mammon' Mammon means money—the root of all evil, you know."

"Now, many people are so fond of money that they let their love for it absorb all their thoughts and energies. They so covet wealth that they give it the highest place in their hearts, the place that belongs to God only. They worship their money; they are idolaters."

"Thank you, grandpa. I should think I might have puzzled that out myself, it seems so plain," said Allen.

"May be you'd like to know a safeguard from that danger," said grandpa. "I know of nothing better than to take some of that same money which we were tempted to covet and bring it as an offering to the Lord. That is assailing mammon in the vital parts; pulling the temple of Dagon down over his head."

"And that's why the boxes go round every Sunday," said Allen, quickly.

"That's why they ought to go round," said grandpa, "and why we should always give something as a part of our public worship, and so give our money and God's rival blow after blow, till he is vanished. So, only, do we truly and fully worship Jehovah."—*Selected.*

TOMMY'S VERSE.

TOMMY TILSON was to go to church for the very first time, this bright Sunday morning. His heart was as full of sunshine as was the day, as he walked along with grandpa and grandma toward the meeting-house. Grandpa carried a book, so Tommy must have one, too. The book was almost as big as he, but what did he care for that? He was almost a man to-day.

Tommy walked to church very soberly, and tried to keep very still. But it was a tired little boy that went home at noon; for the seats were not made for little people like him, and Tommy was not used to sitting still.

But the little boy learned one thing that day that he never forgot. It was this short verse. "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me"

"Why," said Tommy, as with bright eyes he told his mother all the doings of the morning, "the minister said it over so many times, it wouldn't go away."

"Why, yes," said grandma, "that was the text."

Tommy went with grandma every Sunday after that.

RUNNING AND PRAYING.

ONE day a dear little baby of this city was sick, and its mamma sent its brother, four or five years old, after the doctor. He passed some boys at the corner of a street, but he did not stop to play with them. He ran on as fast as he could until he found the doctor. When he came back he said: "Mamma, I ran just as fast as I could. And"—putting his lips to her ear and whispering—"I did more than that." "What was that, my dear?" "I prayed to Jesus." "What did you pray to him?" "I prayed, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' That was not just what to say, for I wanted God to make Harry well, but I could not think of the other words, and I was sure he knew what I meant." And he was right. Even if he could not think of the words he wanted, God looked into his heart and saw what he desired.

WHICH DO YOU LOVE BEST?

Which do you love best? I mean yourself or mamma? You are playing with horse or doll, when mamma says, "Mary, Charley, come here, I want you to do an errand for me." But you answer, "In a minute, mamma, wait till I get through with this play." Does not this answer prove that you want to please yourself more than you want to please mamma? This is not like Jesus, for you know that "he pleased not himself."