

## LOOK TO JESUS.

Every naughty thing I do,  
Every naughty word I say,  
Every naughty feeling too,  
Makes God angry every day.

Who can take my sins away?  
Who can cure and who forgive?  
Hark! I hear our Father say,  
"Look to Jesus, look and live."

Jesus, Saviour, Son of God,  
On the cross uplifted high,  
In thy agony and blood  
Dying that I need not die—

Blessed Jesus, I believe—  
Save me, cure me, bid me live!  
Precious Saviour, now receive,  
Strengthen, help me and forgive!

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 2, 1889.

## A CUP OF COLD WATER.

ONE day, seven years ago, when a preacher went into the pulpit to preach, he found that the sexton had forgotten to put a glass of water on the pulpit table. His throat was dry and he felt that he could hardly preach without a drink of water. He was in a strange church, and did not know how to get the water without interrupting the services.

Just then one of the little girls in the congregation noticed the empty glass. Without disturbing any one, she rose and brought a full glass of water to the preacher. It relieved his throat, and helped him to preach a better sermon.

That preacher has never forgotten that cup of water, nor the little girl who brought it. And sometimes he says that if he can remember one cup of water so many years, it will be very easy for Christ to remember the little things that his little ones do for him.

## PATCHES AND HEROES.

"THREE! four! five! How funny!" cried the girls. "Hurrah!" shouted the boys. What were they counting? Yes—the patches on poor little Constance's dress. She heard every word, and the boy's loud laugh. Poor little heart! At first she looked down, and then the tears came with a great rush, and she tried to run home.

"Cry-baby!" said the boys.

"Don't want her to sit next to me," said Ella Gray.

"What right has she to come to our school?" whispered proud Lillie Gross.

"There! Don't mind a word they say," exclaimed Douglas Stewart, leaving the group of rude boys, and trying to comfort Constance. "Let me carry your books," he continued. "Cheer up! It's only a little way to your home, isn't it?"

Constance looked up through her tears to see the bravest boy in the school at her side.

"I live in the little house under the hill," said Constance. "It isn't like your grand house."

"No matter for that. It has pretty vines and climbing roses, and it's a very nice house to live in," said Douglas. "I dare say you are happy there."

"Yes. I don't want to come to this school again," said Constance, softly.

"Oh, things will be all right in a day or two," said the boy, kindly. "Never mind them just now."

The scholars had been talking of heroes a little while before; they had been wishing to be like Alexander and Cæsar and Napoleon. There was not a hero among them except this same Douglas Stewart, who dared to stand out before all his school-mates and befriend this poor forlorn little girl.

## THE BRAIN OF CHILDHOOD.

DOCTOR William H. Hammond, in considering, in *Popular Science*, the subject of brain forcing in childhood, states that the brain of a child is larger in proportion to its body than is that of an adult. A fact somewhat astonishing to those not aware of it is that the head of a boy or girl does not grow in size after the seventh year, so that the hat that is worn at that age can be worn just as well at thirty. In the meantime the rest of the body has more than doubled in magnitude. Not only is the brain larger, but it is more excitable and impressionable in the child than in the adult. At the same time the structure is immature. What it possesses in size it lacks in organization; consequently, it is not at its maximum for severe and long

continued exertion, and when subjected to a strain of this kind, it is certain to suffer.

We have all seen children become mentally fatigued from very slight causes, even when they have been at the same time greatly interested. How much more, therefore, must their brains be fired when they have been forced to concentrate their attention upon subjects the importance of which they do not understand!

"The child," says Doctor Hammond, "should be taught how to acquire knowledge by the use of his senses, and there are facts enough surrounding him to keep him as much engaged as is proper. If he does not begin to look at books till he is ten years old, he will, by the time a year has elapsed, read better than the child that has begun to learn his letters at three or four."

## AMBER BEADS.

It was Fannie's birthday and she felt very old indeed, for besides being seven years old, her uncle John had given her a pretty amber necklace.

Fannie thought it very beautiful. She stood in the sunshine for a long time watching the rainbow colours come and go as she gently turned the beads about.

Fanny did not know much about amber, so she went downstairs to find Uncle John. He was pleased to have the little girl want to know more, so he lifted her up on his knee and this is what he told her:

"Amber comes from a great many places, but your necklace came from the shore of the Baltic Sea, hundreds of miles away. A great many years ago the coast of this sea was covered with a pine forest. But the trees died one by one and fell into the sea. The amber is the gum of these pine-trees, changed to a beautiful yellow crystal. It is washed upon the shore in small pieces, and many children as well as older people collect it. They sell it to men who cut it into beads."

The good Lord takes care of his little ones. This is the means of clothing and feeding many little ones who work all day on the shore gathering the little pieces of amber.

## A BASKET OF NUTS.

NUTS! Nuts! Chestnuts, brown, and ever so sweet and nice. The sharp frost opened the prickly burs, and the strong wind shook the nuts out of their little beds. They dropped down to the ground, and the brown leaves covered them. And now the little folks turn over the leaves, and gather them into baskets, and take them home. They are a luscious nut, and all the children like them.