



SELLING ICE CREAM IN CHINA.

IF! IF!

If every boy and every girl,
Arising with the sun,
Should plan this day to do alone
The good deeds to be done;

Should scatter smiles and kindly words,
Strong, helpful hands should lend,
And to each other's wants and cries
Attentive ears should lend;

If every man, and woman too,
Should join these workers small—
O what a flood of happiness
Upon our earth would fall!

How many homes would sunny be,
Which now are filled with care!
And joyous, smiling faces, too,
Would greet us everywhere.

I do believe the very sun
Would shine more clear and bright,
And every little twinkling star
Would shed a softer light.

But we, instead, must watch to see,
If other folks are true,
And thus neglect so much that God
Intends for us to do.

It is good to be children sometimes,
and never better than at Christmas, when
its mighty founder was a child Himself.
—Dickens.

THE DREAM-LESSON.

AN old lady was telling me how happy she was with her Bible and her God, even though she had to work hard, and had but few of what people call the comforts of life. She often longed to leave this lower world for the bright home above, where is perfect rest and bliss.

One night she dreamed she saw a beautiful angel come through the scuttle of her attic room. She was dressed in a white robe, and had a crown of gold upon her head. She flew down, and clasping the little old woman in her arms, flew up with her as far as the opening in the roof; and then seeming to receive some sign from above, returned and set her down in the old place.

"Oh, take me, take me with you," cried the poor, disappointed little woman, as the beautiful angel soared up,

and was vanishing from her sight. The angel turned one gentle look toward her, and said, "A little while longer you are to stay upon the earth, and when all your duty is done, God will send to take you to your rest and reward. Be patient and earnest and cheerful."

So my aged friend plods on in her daily toil, rejoicing in the thought that she will surely one day rise to the immortal life. She loves to hear the dear Saviour's words in her much treasured Bible: "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

MIND THE DOOR.

HAVE you ever noticed how strong a street-door is?—how thick the wood is, how heavy the hinges, what large bolts it has, and what a firm lock? If there was nothing of value in the house or no thieves outside, this would not be wanted; but as you know there are things of value within and bad men without, there is need that the door be strong; and we must mind the door, especially as to barring and bolting it at night.

We have a house: our heart may be called that house. Wicked things are forever trying to break in and go out of our

heart. Let us see what some of these bad things are.

Who is at the door? Ah! I know him. It is Anger. What a frown there is on his face! How his lips quiver! How fierce his looks are! We will bolt the door and not let him in, or he will do us harm.

Who is that? It is Pride. How haughty he seems! He looks down on every thing as though it were too mean for his notice. No, sir; we shall not let you in, so you may go.

Who is this? It must be Vanity, with his flaunting strut and gay clothes. He is never so well pleased as when he has a fine suit to wear and is admired. You will not come in, sir; we have too much to do to attend to such fine folks as you.

Mind the door! Here comes a stranger. By his sleepy look and slow pace we think we know him. It is Sloth. He likes nothing better than to live in my house sleep and yawn my life away, and bring me to ruin. No, no, you idle fellow! work is pleasure, and I have much to do. Go away; you shall not come in.

But who is this? What a sweet smile! what a kind face! She looks like an angel. It is Love. How happy she will make us if we ask her in! Come in! come in! We must unbar the door for you.

O if children kept the door of their hearts shut, bad words and wicked thoughts would not go in and come out as they do. Open the door to all things good; shut the door to all things bad. We must mark well who comes to the door before we open it, if we would grow to be good men and women. Keep guard; mind the door of your heart.—*Sunday.*

SINS BLOTTED OUT.

"ACCORDING unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions." —Psalms 51. 1.

A little boy was once much puzzled about sins being blotted out and said, "I can not think what becomes of all the sins God forgives, mother."

"Why, Charlie, can you tell me where are all the figures you wrote on your slate yesterday?"

"I washed them all out, mother."

"And where are they, then?"

"Why, they are nowhere; they are gone," said Charlie.

"Just so it is with the believer's sins they are gone—blotted out—'remembered no more.'"

"As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us."