



THE BOOT-BLACK.

THE BOOT-BLACK.

THIS little boot-black seems to be listening to something very nice that the gentleman is telling him. I wonder if it is about the dear Saviour who loved boot-blacks just as much as any one else, and died to save them also. Perhaps he has no mother, and no home; but how glad he would be to hear about a beautiful home in heaven, where there shall be no cold, no hunger; only love, and peace, and joy forever.

SENDING THE LIGHT AWAY.

ONE day Willie was very naughty. His mamma sent him upstairs to think over his bad conduct. When it grew dark, she sent his sister Katie with a light to bring him down to supper. But he still felt ugly and cross, and told Katie to go away. "Mamma told me to show you down, because the hall is dark," said Katie.

"I don't want to go down," said Willie, crossly. And Katie went away with the light, leaving him in the dark.

But now he had nothing to do but to think. He saw what a bad boy he had been, and was glad to see his mother when she came in with a light. He told her he was very sorry for what he had done, and would try to be a good boy, if she would forgive him for being so naughty.

Dear children, Jesus comes to show you how to live good lives, and find the way to heaven. When you are unkind, selfish, and disobedient, you drive him away. If you wish him to stay with you, you must give up your bad ways, and try to please him. One of these days he will want to take you away with him, and then if you are not ready to live with him in heaven, he will send you away to be punished forever.

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Ten thousand children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.

What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love—
How came those children there?

Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away their sins;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean.

On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.

NOT AFRAID IN THE DARK.

THE little ones were playing happily in the nursery one evening all by themselves, but they were not afraid, for the room was brightly lighted. It looked just like daylight in there. By and by Albert wished for a toy he had left down stairs, but was afraid to go after it. There were those long stairs and a dark hall to go through, and he could not bring up his courage to run such a "risk." It would have been hard to tell what he was afraid of in that quiet, orderly house, but I suppose it was just the "dark." Did you ever hear of the dark hurting any one?

Albert would not go, but he kept on wishing for the toy more than all the other things he had.

"I'll go," said three-year-old Louie bravely; "I'll get it, Albert."

So he stepped out resolutely into the hall, and the children listened at the door to the patter of his little feet as he trotted down the steps, and they heard him say softly over and over again: "Lord, are you there? Lord, are you there?" He came back through the silent hall with the treasure, and said sweetly: "I wasn't afraid, for the Lord was there." That was the way Louie kept up his courage. If he had been sixty years old he could not have done better.—*Child's Paper.*

WORKING FOR JESUS.

"MAMMA," said little Clarence, "I wish Jesus lived on earth now." "Why, my darling?" "Because I could have done something for him." "But what could such a little bit of a fellow as you have done for the Saviour?" The child thought a moment, then looked up, and said: "Why, I could have run on all his errands for him." "So you could, my child, and so you shall. Here are some oranges and a glass of jelly I was going to send to poor old sick Margaret by the servant; but I will let you take them instead, and do an errand for the Saviour."

CHILDREN BROUGHT TO JESUS.

A CHRISTIAN mother was once showing her little girl, about five years old, a picture representing Jesus holding an infant in his arms, while the mothers were pushing their children toward him. "There, Carrie!" said her mother, "This is what I would have done with you if I had been there." "I wouldn't be pushed to Jesus," said little Carrie, with beautiful and touching earnestness; "I'd go without pushing."