



LOUISA AND MAY.

BY THE QUERIST.

I WOULD never speak to her again, the ugly thing!" said Louisa to her friend, who had been ill-used by their play-mate, Caroline Lee.

"No, Lou, I would not do that for anything," replied May. "I shall forgive and forget just as soon as I can."

Dear May, we all love you for that sweet spirit. As for you, my vengeance-loving Louisa, we advise you to study these words, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath!" and then ask yourself how dear little May could follow your counsel, and then at evening prayer say, "*Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.*"

THE Bible has never made a good man bad; but, by the blessing of God, it has made millions of bad men good.—*Fletcher.*

GOD'S CHILD.

DO you feel that you are one of God's children?" asked a lady of a Sabbath-school scholar.

"I do not know," he answered; "I only know that once my Saviour was a great way off, and I could not see him. Now he is near, and I love to do things, and love not to do things, for his sake, like as I do for my father's or my mother's sake."

Here, indeed, was that sweet spirit of obedience which is the root of all true piety in the heart.

THE BEE.

BO and fro there quickly flew,
Once a little bee that drew
Sweetness rich from all the flowers.

Thus beneath the garden bowers,
Rose a kind, inquiring strain:
"Poison many cups contain,
And you sip from all the flowers?"

"Yes," the bee replied with care,
"But I leave the poison there."

SLUMBER SONG.

WHEN courting slumber,
The hours I number,
And sad cares cumber
My weary mind;
This thought shall cheer me,
That thou art near me
Who-e ear to hear me
Is still inclined.

My soul Thou keepest,
Who never sleepest;
Mid gloom the deepest
There's light above.
Thine eyes behold me,
Thine arms enfold me,
Thy Word has told me
That God is love.