

then and there, because it was not right to put her life in peril for that beautiful trifle—a water-lily. Do you understand?

LUTHER'S CRADLE-SONG.

AWAY in a manger,
No crib for his bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Lay down his sweet head;
The stars in the sky
Looked down where he lay—
The little Lord Jesus
Asleep in the hay.

The cattle are lowing,
The poor baby wakes,
But little Lord Jesus
No crying he makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus,
Look down from the sky.
And stay by my crib,
Watching my lullaby.

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A LESSON STORY.

A RICH man made a supper, and asked Jesus to eat with him. While at the table, Jesus spoke these words about the great supper God has made. Who would not be glad to eat at God's table? But he sent his servant to call men to the feast, and they all began to make excuses! They all had something else to do! See the rich man turning away from God's call, and going to his work. He has not time to hear what God says! Nothing is worth so much as a call to God's feast. He has sent Jesus to call us, every one, and if we want to be happy we must obey his call. When the rich and the wise would not come to the great supper, the servant was sent to call the poor, and lame, and blind. God has enough for all, and no one is sent away

because he is too young or too old, too rich or too poor. All we need is a good and loving heart, that makes us want to do just as God says. Do you not want to ask somebody to come to God's table? Tell some one about Jesus; ask some one to come to Sunday-school, and see if such work does not make you happy.

MOTHER'S DARLING.

BOUNDING like a football;
Kicking at the door;
Falling from the table-top;
Sprawling on the floor;
Smashing cups and saucers;
Splitting Dolly's head;
Putting little pussy-cat
Into baby's bed.

Building shops and houses;
Spoiling father's hat;
Hiding mother's bunch of keys
Underneath the mat;
Jumping on the fender;
Poking at the fire;
Dancing on his little legs—
Legs that never tire;
Making mother's heart leap
Fifty times a day;
Aping every thing we do,
Every word we say.

Shouting, laughing, tumbling,
Roaring with a will,
Anywhere and everywhere,
Never, never still.
Present—bringing sunshine;
Absent—leaving night;
That's our precious darling,
That's our hearts' delight.

—Early Days.

THE LITTLE FISHERMAN.

A VERY little boy was fishing. He tried to hide the hook, so that the fish might not see it. "They love to eat worms," he said, "I have fixed this bit of worm so that it shall look as if it were alive. I will wriggle it around in the water; the fish will think it is moving itself about; it will be hungry, and say to itself, 'Here is just the dinner I want;' a nibble, and the hook will enter its jaw; then I shall have my fish."

"Did you ever get cheated like the fish?" asked his father.

"I don't know. Do you mean the day I played truant? The boys said the woods were so cool, and the wild grapes were so thick, and we should have a good time—that was the bait. And I felt so bad, and the grapes made me sick, and I wished I had gone to school. Yes, I guess I got caught by the hook."—Mrs. V. C. P.

THE SPARROWS.

THOU smallest bird that wings the air,
The Master cares for thee;
And, if he cares for one so small,
Will he not care for me?
His eye looks on thee from above,
He notices thy fall;
And, if he cares for such as thee,
Does he not care for all?

He feeds thee in the sweet spring-time,
When skies are bright and blue;
He feeds thee in the autumn-time,
And in the winter too;
He leads thee through the pathless air,
He guides thee in thy flight;
He sees thee in the brightest day,
And in the darkest night.

Oh! if his loving care attends
A bird so mean and small,
Will he not listen to my voice
When unto him I call?
Will he not guide me with his eye,
And lead me by his hand,
And bring me, in his own good time,
Into the heavenly land?

Oh! he who feeds the little birds,
And guides them in their flight,
Will watch above a little child,
And guide her feet aright;
He'll take my feeble hand in his,
And lead me to the skies,
And feed me with the pleasant fruits
That grow in paradise.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

MARY has a pretty picture. It was a birthday present. Her brother Walter bought it, and Willy made the frame. It hangs in her own room by the foot of the bed. Mary has not learned to read yet, but she knows what the picture means. It is a shepherd: he sits under a tree in a green meadow, and the lambs and their mothers rest by him in the shade. Surely little lambs so tenderly cared for are never hungry, for the grass grows tall and thick; and never thirsty, for near by a stream of pure water gently flows.

Since Mary has had the picture she has learned these pretty Bible verses: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters."

WHEN you truly love any one you are willing to do anything for them. God is love. God's love to us is true love. God so loved us as to give his Son to die for us. Don't you love him?