



THE HIGH-PRIEST.

ONLY NINE YEARS OLD.

I AM mamma's little helper,
She has only me,
So I rise up in the morning
Early as can be.

I have learned to dress the baby,
Wash him, comb his hair,
Make him sweet as rosy-posy.
In his little chair.

I have learned to set the table,
Wash the dishes, too.
O, I wonder if you know
All that I can do.

I can hem my mamma's apron,
Papa's socks I darn;
I can knit a pair of mittens—
Mamma bought the yarn.

Don't you wish you had a helper
Only nine years old?
Yes my precious—then I kissed her—
'Twas the truth I told.

PIPING FOR PRINCES.

Now and then comes a new anecdote giving us a glimpse, whether accurate or otherwise, of some great personage when he has, for the moment, cast off ceremonious restraint. The following story of Prince Bismarck is said to be an authentic one; otherwise, one might suspect it of having been coined for the sake of the home truth which it illustrates.

The Chancellor recently visited his young sovereign for the purpose of holding a consultation, and while waiting in the ante-room, he heard children's voices from the

next apartment. Opening the door, he looked into the Imperial nursery, where the little Crown Prince was grinding away at a small organ, while the younger princes danced. As soon as the two dancers noticed the Chancellor, the eldest rushed up to him, crying: "Please, please, Prince Bismarck, come and dance with us!"

The Prince shook his head.

"No, no," he said smiling. "I am too old. I really cannot dance, but if the Crown Prince would like to join, I will grind the organ for you all."

This was a most welcome proposal. With a shout of delight, the Crown Prince left his task, and the Chancellor became musician. While he was grinding away, in the sweat of his brow, the door opened and the Emperor appeared. Surprised and touched, he stopped on the threshold to observe the strange scene.

"Well, I must confess," he said, finally, to the Chancellor, "that it is kind of you to notice the children in this manner. But, my dear Prince," and he raised his hand in pretended sternness, "you begin early to make the heir-apparent dance to your pipe. Why, this is the fourth generation of Hohenzollerns for whom you have done it."

HOW TO BE SAVED.

MARY, a little niece of mine, sat beside me in the twilight last week, and we had a pleasant talk together which I think we shall never forget.

"Aunt Sarah," said Mary, "will you tell me what it is to be saved? Mr. Goff said last night it was three years since he was saved."

"If the house were on fire and there was no way for you to get out, and a fireman should put up a ladder, and spring in at the window and snatch you in his arms and carry you down into the street, you would be saved. You understand that?"

"Yes, indeed, Aunt Sarah."

"Supposing we were out on the lake in a boat and you should fall into the water. Papa or Richard would in a moment jump in and seize you and swim with you to the shore. You would be saved."

"Why, yes."

"Well, Mary dear, you are a sinner, and God has said, 'The soul that sinneth it shall die.' How can you help yourself?"

"I can't; I must be saved."

"Who can save you?"

"Jesus Christ is the Saviour."

"Yes, he alone can save any one of us from eternal death."

"But how, Aunt Sarah? Oh, do tell me how."

"Jesus came into this world and died upon the cross for us, that is, instead of us. And God says to every sinner, 'I will accept the death of my Son for you, if you will also.' The sinner comes and says, 'I am a sinner, I deserve to die, I cannot save myself. But Jesus died in my stead. For his sake please forgive my sins and make me holy. This is what Mr. Goff meant by saying that three years ago he was saved. At that time he confessed his sins, accepted Jesus as his Saviour, and gave himself to Christ. He believed and accepted Jesus; God gave him a new heart, and ever since he has been a new creature.'

"Aunt Sarah, can I be saved so?" asked Mary softly.

"My dear, there is no other way."

"I will now confess my sin and accept of Jesus as my Saviour with all my heart. I will, Aunt Sarah. Am I saved?"

"If you mean what you say, and are determined to forsake your sins and to be his obedient child from this time, you are."

"O Aunt Sarah, can this be all! It seems so easy and so sweet. Dear Jesus! how I love him! How happy I am!"

BRIGHTENING ALL IT CAN.

THE day had been dark and gloomy, when suddenly toward night the clouds broke, and the sun's bright rays streamed through, shedding a flood of golden light upon the country. A sweet voice at the window called out, "Look, O look! papa, the sun is brightening all it can!" "Brightening all it can? so it is," answered papa; "and you can be like the sun if you choose." "How, papa? tell me how." "By looking happy and smiling on us all day, and never letting any tearful rain come into the blue of those eyes; only be happy and good, that's all."

MORNING THOUGHTS.

JAMES has awakened from his night's sleep. The sun is already up, and is shining into his chamber. James is glad to see the beautiful light streaming in. And now his first thoughts are of God. He is glad that God is good and great, and in his heart he praises and loves God.

WHEN every little hand
Shall sow the gospel seed,
And every little heart
Shall pray for those in need;

When every little life
Such fair, bright record shows,
Then shall the desert bud
And blossom as the rose.