



AT THE GRAVE.

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THIS is a picture of a very common scene in a graveyard in France or Germany. The people of those countries have a very pretty custom of bringing flowers and wreaths to lay upon the graves of their departed friends. In the market you can buy these wreaths ready-made. They are sometimes made of "immortelles," a dry-leaved sort of flower which never fades—hence its name. You will see the wreaths and flowers and high stone wall in the picture. The little girl has lost some one very near and dear to her. See how sad her face is, and how lovingly she strews the flowers upon the grave—perhaps her father's or her mother's grave. Did it ever strike you, my dear children, in visiting a graveyard, how many of the graves were, and that there were more graves of the young than of the old? There are many sleeping in tiny graves younger than any who lived these lines. You, too, may be called to slumber in a little grave. But if you trust in Jesus you need not dread it more than a bed. Since Jesus died for us, and lay in the grave, and rose again from the dead, his disarmed death of its sting, and of the dear departed who die in the Lord we may sing—

"They sleep in Jesus and are blest,  
How kind their slumbers are."

CHING AND CHANG.

THIS wish to appear different from what we are sometimes brings people into trouble, and sometimes into a ridiculous position. The Chinese have a good story illustrative of this:

There were two short-sighted men in China, Ching and Chang, who were always quarrelling as to which of them could see farther. As they had heard there was to be a tablet erected at the gate of a neighbouring temple, they determined they would visit it together on a given day, and put the visual powers of each to the test. But, desiring to take advantage of the other, Ching went immediately to the temple alone, and, standing quite close to the tablet, saw an inscription with the words, "To the great man of the past and the future." Chang also went soon afterward, peering yet closer, and, in addition to the inscription, "To the great man of the past and the future," read, in smaller characters, "This tablet is raised by the family of Ling in honour of the great man."

On the day appointed for the contest, standing at a distance from which neither could read, Ching exclaimed: "The inscription reads, 'To the great man of the past and the future.'"

"True," said Chang: "but you have left out a part of the inscription, which I can read, but you cannot, and which is written

in small letters—'Raised by the family of Ling in honour of the great man.'"

"There is no such inscription," said Ching.

"There is," said Chang.

So they waxed wroth, and, after much abusing each other, they agreed to refer the matter to the high priest of the temple. He heard their story, and then said, quietly: "Gentlemen, there is no tablet to read, it was taken inside the temple yesterday."

Ching and Chang were both served right. They were a precious pair of hypocrites. They could not see half so well as they pretended. *E. S. C.*

A CHILD'S CREED.

I BELIEVE in God the Father,  
Who made us every one,  
Who made the earth and heaven,  
The moon, the stars, and sun.  
All that we have each day,  
To us by him is given;  
We call him, when we pray,  
"Our Father, who art in heaven."

I believe in Jesus Christ,  
The Father's only Son,  
Who came to us, from heaven,  
And loved us every one.  
He taught us to be holy,  
Till on the cross he died;  
And now we call him Saviour,  
And Christ, the crucified.

I believe God's Holy Spirit,  
Is with us every day,  
And if we do not grieve him,  
He ne'er will go away.  
From heaven, upon Jesus  
He descended like a dove,  
And dwelleth ever with us,  
To fill our hearts with love.

DON'T BE STINGY.

ONE day a little girl was standing by a window during a heavy thunder-storm. Her Aunt Annie was very much afraid of the lightning, and told her to come away, lest it might strike her. But Katy answered, "It is God who makes it thunder, and he will take care of me."

This same little Katy one day found her older sister crying very hard, and asked her what was the matter.

"I am crying because I am so wicked," was her answer.

"Why, don't you love God?" asked Katy.

"No, I am afraid I don't."

"O do love God, Lullie," said Katy, as she put her arms around her sister's neck. "O do love him, and don't be stingy any more."

So Katy thought every person who does not love God stingy, and I think she was just right. When we think of how many things God has given us, surely he must be stingy who will not let God have a place in his heart.