



HARRY'S BREAKFAST.

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HARRY loves to rise early. He wakes up when the sun begins to peep through the window. Then he calls for mamma or nurse to come and help him dress. After he is washed and dressed he says his morning prayer, and then he is ready for his breakfast. He loves potatoes, but he loves bread and milk the best of all. On Sunday morning Harry rises earlier than on other days, so that he may get ready in good time for Sunday-school.

THE CLOSED DOOR.

"BEHOLD, I stand at the door and knock!" The day's work was over, and in the stillness of a summer's evening John Madden, a sturdy Christian, sat at his cottage door reading this beautiful verse aloud to his wife, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock!" Suddenly there was a pause in the reader's voice. Two little hands had imprisoned his knee, two eyes full of wonder were raised to his face, and a child's tone asked feelingly: "But, father, why didn't they let him in?" Little Jack, busy tossing his ball up and down against the cottage wall, had caught the sweet sound of our Saviour's gracious words, and, full of surprise, had run to his father with the eager question, "Why didn't they let him in?" Young reader, I am sure that, again and again, the Lord Jesus Christ has knocked at the door of your heart. It may have been when you attended some children's service; and as you listened to the preacher's earnest pleading, felt almost persuaded to be a Christian, too. Or it may have been when some dear little relative or friend was

borne away from you to the dark grave, and the solemn truth has come before you that you too must die.

In one way or other, he has knocked—is knocking still. Have you let him in? If not, hesitate no longer. Open the door: yield your heart to the Kingly Visitor, who has purchased the right of admission with his blood.

SNAILS.

THE snail is a small creature, but it lives in a house. The house you would call a shell. Some of these shells are very pretty. Snails move slowly. We say when little folks are lazy, or when it takes them a good while to run on an errand for mother, "Don't be such a snail." But then, snails carry their houses around with them, so no wonder they move slowly. The food of the snail is green leaves of almost any kind.

In some places the folks eat snails, but it must take a great many to make a good dinner. In France and Italy they make soup of them. Perhaps you would not like the idea of "snail soup," but is that any worse than oyster soup?

WHOSE ERRAND?

"Do you want to do an errand for me, Charlie?" said Mrs. Grey to her son. Charlie did not look very pleasant. He wanted to stay by the fire and read. Mrs. Grey waited a minute and then she said: "Will you do an errand for God, Charlie?" He could not say no to that, but he wondered what his mother meant. She did not tell him; but she gave him a basketful of nice things to eat, and an armful of wood to carry to a little house down the street; and when Charlie saw how glad a poor, sick woman was to get these things, he said to himself: "Now I know. Going on errands of kindness, is going on errands for God."

LITTLE ONES LIKE ME.

Just as, when he left the sky
And for sinners came to die,
In his mercy passed not by
Little ones like me.

Mothers then, as mothers ought,
In some places where he taught,
Unto him the children brought,
Little ones like me.

Did the Saviour say them nay?
No! he kindly bade them stay,
Suffered none to turn away
Little ones like me.

Children then should love him now,
Strive his holy will to do,
Pray to him and praise him too—
Little ones like me.

"I AM"

LITTLE Pierre began to go to school when he was six years old. He learned so rapidly that it was only a few weeks before his teacher said to him one morning during the opening exercises: "Come here, Pierre, and look on my Bible. I think you can read this verse; it looks as if it were meant for you."

The little fellow did his best and hesitatingly read, "I am the bread of life."

Miss Sheldon told him those were the words of Jesus, that just as we need bread to keep us from being hungry and starving to death, so we need Christ's love and favor to keep us from suffering.

The school was reading in the Gospel of John, and each morning after that, when they came to a similar verse, Miss Sheldon would say, "There is another verse for Pierre," until the child had not only read, but learned, seven verses or parts of verses, which the scholars called "Pierre's I Am's."

There is another little verse in the tenth chapter which he liked very much; and the teacher said, because that was so grand, they would always recite it last.

Are there not many little boys and girls who would be glad to know these "I Am's" that fell from the lips of Jesus when he was upon earth? Who shall learn them and repeat them every day?

- "I am the bread of life."
- "I am the light of the world."
- "I am the door of the sheep."
- "I am the good shepherd."
- "I am the resurrection and the life."
- "I am the way, the truth, and the life."
- "I am the true vine."
- "I and my Father are one."