

poor, suffering stork could not save, though she did lay down her life—but Jesus died, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish but have everlasting life. He can save unto the uttermost all that come to God by him.

ROOM FOR THE CHILDREN.

Let the little children come
To the Saviour's breast!
Little souls feel weariness,
Little hearts need rest.

Jesus wants a tiny hand
In the harvest field;
To the touch of fingers small,
Giant hearts may yield.

Jesus wants a baby voice,
Praises sweet to sing;
Earth's discordant choruses
Shaming, silencing.

Heaven is full of little ones,
God's great nursery,
Where the fairest flowers of earth
Bloom eternally.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 13, 1886.

THE DOOR OF THE HEART.

JESUS knocks to-day at the door of your heart; do you not hear him? He has knocked there every day since you can remember. When you were naughty he knocked there and wanted to come in to clean the naughtiness out and make a home for his Spirit there. When you are good he knocks for you to open the door that he may make you better. Long ago he died to redeem you from sin and save your soul from hell; but he cannot do it unless you unlock the door and swing it wide open for him, that he may enter your heart and live there and be your king and master all your life. Open the door now and say "Come in, dear Saviour."

"I WANT TO BE A SOLDIER."

"UNCLE Bob, I want to be a soldier," said our little Bert, one day. "Whose company do you think I'd better 'list in?"

"Well," said Uncle Bob, "I think I would advise you to enlist under Corporal Try."

"And who shall I fight with, Uncle Bob?"

"You have a good many enemies," said Uncle Bob. "I've noticed General Sulks around a good many times lately. Suppose you try to conquer him first? His soldiers, Scowl and Fret and Pout and Black Looks, are always near him. And, really, I do hate this horrid old General with his ugly soldiers. Don't you, Bert?"

"Yes, sir; I do," said Bert, looking a little ashamed. "But do you think Corporal Try's company is strong enough to conquer General Sulks? He is an awful hand to hang on, you know."

"Yes, I know," said Uncle Bob. "But there is the Great Captain—the Captain of our salvation—who will help you always. One of his soldiers said: 'I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me.' If you enlist under Corporal Try, to fight General Sulks or any of your other enemies, you had better ask the Great Captain to help you, or you will be sure to fail"

"I will," said Bert.
Dear little folks, won't you do the same?
—Exchange.

AT THE TABLE.

YOUNG people do not always make as great an effort as they should to be at the table promptly. If a bell is rung, they begin to get ready when it rings; they should be ready to go instantly on the ringing of the bell. That is the only way—to be ready before the call is made. It is not only annoying to others, but it is disrespectful to parents, when the children are not promptly in their places at the meal-time. Be in your place at the right time, and be in your place with clean hands, hair neatly brushed, and clothes



PAPA'S LITTLE GIRL.

properly arranged—above all, with a pleasant temper and kindly words. One of the most strongly-marked distinctions between savages and civilized people is found in their table-manners. Savages eat animals; civilized people meet at the table for pleasant intercourse, and not merely to be fed.

PAPA'S LITTLE GIRL.

A CHILD all motion, fire and grace,
From fairy foot to floating curl,
With winsome smile and sunniest face,
Was "Papa's little girl."

All summer, where the glowing flowers,
Their dainty banners wide unfurl,
With laugh and song, through joyous hours,
Went "Papa's little girl."

But when the snows lay deep and cold,
And all the trees were frosted pearl,
Far out toward sunset's land of gold
Went "Papa's little girl."

And though she walk the golden streets,
And stand within the gates of pearl,
O will not God remember she
Was "Papa's little girl."

Aye, when his perfect heavenly peace
Shall follow all the earthly whirl,
Faith whispers glad, she will again
Be "Papa's little girl."