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BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

GOD'S hand has made each flower that
springs,
Each leaf upon the tree ;
He guides the bird on gladsome wings,
And little busy bee.

Much more His love and care provide
For us who think and speak ;
For whom the blessed Saviour died,
So gentle and so meek.

And those who, in life's early spring,
Their hearts to Jesus give,
Shall find it is a blessed thing
Beneath His smile to live.

Jesus will guide them with His love
Through all their days below,
Then take them to the land above
Where fadeless blossoms grow.

I AM GOING TO JESUS.

KATIE drew the bed-clothes
round her little sister and
left her alone. Annie had
been ill for a long time, and she often
grew weary lying there, and wanted
something to look at, for she was only
seven years old. So slipping out of
bed, she glanced round the room, and
seeing a paper on the table, she took
it up and began to read. It was

about a wicked man who did not believe
in God, and when he died, he said, "I'm
going, I'm going, I know not where!" He
did not believe in the home, nor in the
things that God has prepared for those that
love Him. The child did believe, so she