



THE SICK BOY.

EASTER.

GIVE flowers to all the children
This blessed Easter day—
Fair crocuses and snowdrops,
And tulips brave and gay.

And tell them, tell the children,
How in the dark, cold earth
The flowers have been waiting
Till spring should give them birth.

All winter long they waited,
Till the south wind's soft breath
Bade them rise up in beauty,
And bid farewell to death.

Then tell the little children
How Christ our Saviour, too,
The flower of all eternity,
Once death and darkness knew.

How, like these blossoms, silent
Within the tomb he lay,
Then rose in light and glory,
To live in heaven for aye.

So take the flowers, children,
And be ye pure as they,
And sing to Christ our Saviour
This blessed Easter day.

THE SICK BOY.

THIS poor boy has been sick all winter and not able to go out and play with the other boys at snow balling or "coasting" down hill. At last, as the soft spring weather has come, he is much better, although he is still unable to walk. But as he sits at the window how he does long to be out of doors to see the lambs skip in the meadows and the flowers bloom in the garden! So two of his old school companions have come to take him out for a walk. It is pretty hard for them to carry him, but they make what is called a "cat's cradle" by joining their hands, which makes for him a comfortable seat, and they carry him around the garden to a seat in the arbour. The fresh air brings the colour to his cheek and brightness to his eye, and he has laughed a merry laugh for the first time in weary months. Don't you think these big boys felt better than if they had gone off for a game of ball or marbles by themselves? I am sure they do. In blessing others they themselves were blessed.

THE Bible is a book worth all other books which were ever printed.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BABY-BEAR.

"This is very nice," said a baby-bear, as he floated down the river on a log he had found by the water's edge. "What a mistake my mother made when she told me not to get on it! It's the nicest time I ever had, and so I shall tell her when I get back."

And the log floated down the river.

"I wonder when it will go the other way?" cried the little bear, after a time, as the current bore him farther and farther from home. "I'm getting hungry." But the log floated on.

"I want to go back!" cried the little bear again; "I've been quite far enough, and I'm stiff and cramped." But the log floated on.

"O dear!" cried the little bear; "I believe she was right, after all, and when I get home I think I'll tell her so."

But, alas, the little bear never had a chance of telling her so, for he never saw his mother or his home again. He was seen and captured by some fur-traders, and many a time in his captivity did he mourn over the disobedience that cost him his liberty.

"TURN YOUR FACE TO THE LIGHT."

It had been one of those days on which everything goes contrary, and I had come home tired and discouraged. As I sank into a chair, I groaned, "Everything looks dark, dark!"

"Why don't you turn your face to the light, auntie dear?" said my little niece, who was standing, unperceived, beside me.

"Turn your face to the light!" The words set me thinking. That was just what I had not been doing. I had persistently kept my face in the opposite direction, refusing to see the faintest glimmer of brightness. Artless little comforter! she did not know what healing she had brought. Years have gone by since then, but the simple words have never been forgotten.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

"I WILL give that to the missionaries," said little Billy; and he put his fat little hand on a tiny gold dollar, as he counted the contents of his money-box.

"Why?" Susie asked.

"'Cause it's gold. Don't you know the wise men brought Jesus gold? And missionaries work for Jesus."

Susie said, "The gold all belongs to him, anyhow. Don't you think it would be better to go right to him, and give him what he asks for?"

"What's that?"

Susie repeated, "My son, give me thine heart."