



STREET IN JERUSALEM.

THESE pictures show the strange kind of streets they have in Jerusalem. See how narrow they are, and how strangely arched and walled in. In most eastern cities the streets are like these, partly to keep out the sun and heat, and partly to save space.

## A LOVELY MAMMA.

"WON'T you come and see my mamma? I's got a lovely mamma!"

The speaker was a fair little maiden, and the lady so charmingly invited was her new Sunday-school teacher, whom she had just overtaken on the street.

"A lovely mamma!" The thought lingered.

We had never seen the mamma so sweetly praised: we did not know whether or not she would seem beautiful to the eyes of strangers; but we did know that she was gentle and lady-like in manner; that she wore pretty house-dresses and dainty ruffles and laces, and sometimes a flower in her hair; that she had a never-failing supply of sweet old stories and quaint old nursery-songs; and had a gift for dressing dollies, and tying sashes and shoulder-knots.

We were certain that she had a merry, tender way of coaxing the tangles out of flaxen ringlets, and of hissing the hurt out of bruised little fingers, and because of all this, she reigned the undisputed queen of her child's loving heart.

Happy and blessed are the children who can say, "I've got a lovely mamma!"

## THE "THY-WILL-BE-DONE" SPIRIT.

SUSIE wanted to join a picnic. She wanted to go very much indeed. Her mother knew it. She was sorry not to let her go, but there were good reasons for refusing. Susie asked her mother, and she said: "No, Susie, you cannot go."

Mrs. Barnes expected to see a sorrowful disappointment in her daughter's face, instead of which she bounded away, singing merrily as she went.

"I was afraid of seeing you grievously disappointed," said her mother, much relieved at her daughter's behaviour.

"I have got the 'Thy-will-be-done' spirit in my heart, dear mother," said the child sweetly.

## DECISION.

"I CAN'T decide," says the rain-drop as it comes down, "whether I will fall on the meadow, or in the garden among the flowers, or out on the wide ocean. I can't make up my mind."

"I can't decide," says the streamlet as it rushes out of the mountain, "whether I will flow toward the great river yonder, or whether I will go straight down the valley and into the sea at once."

"There is plenty of time for me," says a young girl as she comes away from the Bible-class on Sunday afternoon. "Teacher wants us to decide at once, but surely there is no hurry. I must think about it some day, I know, but not now; I can't decide."

But the rain-drop comes on, and so does the streamlet; while they are hesitating they are coming on, on, somewhere. Presently it is too late to choose. They would not decide in time, and now it is no use deciding. They have gone too far; they cannot change their course now.

Take care, young people! take care, boys and girls! Your life is just like that falling rain-drop, just like that rushing stream. You do not decide the way your life shall go, but all the time it is going. Is it going toward heaven? Have you thought? Will you not decide at once which way it shall go? If you do not choose now, the time may soon come when you cannot choose.

## DURING THE FAMINE.

ONCE during a famine a rich man permitted the poorest children of the city to come to his house, and said to them: "There stands a crate full of bread. Each of you may take a loaf from it, and you may come every day until God sends better times."

The children at once surrounded the basket, striving and quarreling over the bread, because each desired to obtain the finest, and finally went off without even a word of thanks.

Only Franziska, a clean but poorly clad little girl, remained standing at a distance, then took the smallest of the loaves left in the basket, kissed her hand gratefully to the man, and went quietly and becomingly home.

On the next day the children were equally ill-mannered, and Franziska this



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time had a loaf which was scarcely half large as the others. But when she reached home and her mother broke the bread, there fell out a number of new silver pieces. The mother was frightened, and said: "Take the money back at once, for it certainly got into the bread by accident."

Franziska did as she was bid; but a benevolent man said to her: "No, no, was not an accident; I had the silver baked in the smallest loaf to reward thee, thou good child. Ever remain as peace-loving and satisfied."

He who would rather have a smaller loaf than quarrel about a greater will always bring a blessing to the home, even though no gold is baked in the bread.

## ON THE OTHER SIDE.

A HAPPY home suddenly became sad, the light grew dark, for the joy of the whole house—baby—was dead. In the evening the children gathered round their tearful mother. They were all sorrowful and wondering, as little ones are when such good things come.

"Mother," said one, "you took care of the baby when she was here, and you carried her in your arms all the time she was here, but who took her on the other side?"

"On the other side of what, dear child?"

"On the other side of death. Who took the baby on the other side? She was so little, she could not go alone."

Then answered the mother: "Jesus took her there—he who took little children in his arms and blessed them." And she told them the story of Jesus, and of his love for the little ones.