



JESUS, MY SAVIOUR.

A PORTRAIT OF JESUS.

MANY attempts have been made to realize in art the face of our blessed Saviour. Of course all these pictures are purely ideal. It is not possible that any of them can be correct, since no likeness of Jesus was ever produced during his life on earth. Our illustration seeks to represent the characteristics of Jesus as manifested in his life. The picture presents an expression of dignity, purity, benevolence, and sweetness, with a tinge of sadness. The picture is correctly of a Jewish type, avoiding an error frequently fallen into by the Italian artists, who represented the disciples, and the Saviour as well, with decided Roman features. The famous picture of the "Last Supper," by Da Vinci, is a notable illustration of this fact.

It is quite certain that no artist will ever be able to produce a correct likeness of Jesus. But it is also true that every sincere believer and lover of the Saviour may have his likeness photographed on his heart. This is the best likeness of Jesus that we can have.

LITTLE BENNIE LEE.

It was raining very hard. Poor little Bennie Lee walked along the street all alone, and shivered in the cold, wet wind. His feet were bare, and his clothes were not very thick. Bennie's father had died so long ago that he did not remember him at all; and now his mother was dead, too. So

Bennie was all alone in the world. It is no wonder he felt so lonely and sad that he could not help crying as he walked in the rain. Then he saw a window, from which the light streamed brightly; and as he stopped, he heard people singing inside. The window was so high he could not look in; but he listened to the voices. Then he put his toes in the cracks of the stone wall and climbed up, so he could see who were singing. They were little boys and girls no older than he was; and they looked very happy as they sang:

Jesus loves me—this I know,
For the Bible tells me so.

When he got down, he stood there in the rain, and said: "I wonder if he loves me too? I guess he don't." He did not know that he had said this out loud, 'till somebody answered him. A pretty lady who was passing stopped right short, and did not seem to mind the rain at all, as she asked: "What makes you think he don't love you?" So Bennie told her how lonely he was, and that he had nobody to take care of him—not even Jesus, that he knew about. Then the pretty lady looked very sorry; and Bennie saw her wipe tears away from her eyes; but she only said, then: "May-be God sent me to take care of you. Come with me for to-night." Then he went with her into the very house in which he had looked. And God gave him good, kind friends in that house, who took care of him and taught him that Jesus did love him and everybody else.

A SONG OF EASTER.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

Sing, children, sing!
And the lily censers swing;
Sing that life and joy are waking, and the
death no more is king,
Sing the happy, happy tumult of the slowly
brightening spring:
Sing, children, sing!

Sing, children, sing!
Winter wild has taken wing,
Fill the air with the sweet tidings till the
frosty echoes ring!
Along the eaves the icicles no longer glit-
tering cling:
And the crocus in the garden lifts its bright
face to the sun,
And in the meadows softly the brooks begin
to run;
And the golden catkins swing
In the warm airs of the spring;
Sing, children, sing!

Sing, children, sing!
The lilies white you bring
In the joyous Easter morning for hope are
blossoming;
And as the earth her shroud of snow from
off her breast doth fling,
So may we cast our fetters off in God's
eternal spring.
So may we find release at last from sorrow
and from pain,
So may we find our childhood's calm, deli-
cious dawn again.

Sweet are your eyes, O little ones, that look
with smiling grace,
Without a shade of doubt or fear, into the
future's face!
Sing, sing in happy chorus, with joyful
voices tell
That death is life, and God is good, and all
things shall be well;
That bitter days shall cease
In warmth and light and peace,—
That winter yields to spring,—
Sing, children, sing!

I WON'T.

A MAN, looking up from sawing his wood, saw his little son turning two boys out of the yard. "What are you about, George?" asked the father. "I am turning two swearers out of the yard," said George. "I said I would not play with swearers, and I won't." That is the right time and place to say "I won't." We wish every boy would take the stand. No play with swearers. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."