

CHRIST AND THE CHILDREN.

LITTLE children, how he loved them!  
 Passing all the grown folks by,  
 Just to raise the little children  
 On his breast to let them lie.

Do you think you would have loved him?  
 Would have tried to win his smile?  
 Jesus' arms to-day will take you,  
 Hold you all the life-long while.

Let them come! that is, to love him  
 And to do his bidding sweet;  
 He has many little errands  
 Fitted well for little feet.

"He it is," he says, "who loves me  
 That will my commandments do."  
 There are many he has left us  
 That are plain enough for you.

"Overcome with good the evil"—  
 When some little playmate strikes,  
 If you give a gentle answer,  
 That will be what Jesus likes.

Let this Loving Saviour, children,  
 Teach and lead you all your days,  
 In green pastures, by still waters;  
 Jesus' ways are pleasant ways.

LITTLE SAILOR JEM.

"How is it I don't hear you speak bad words?" asked an "old salt" of a boy on board a man-of-war, as they were sitting together up on the rigging.

"Oh, because I don't forget my Captain's orders," answered the boy, brightly.

"Captain's orders!" cried the old sailor; "I didn't know he gave any."

"He did," said Jem, "and I keep them safe here," putting his hand on his breast. "Here they be," said Jem slowly and distinctly: "I say unto you, swear not at all: neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by the head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

"Them's from the good old log-book, I see," said the sailor; "which I don't know much about these days."

"Then, I'm afraid you've lost your reckoning, sir," said Jem, "and are drifting on to the breakers."

"What then?" asked the old man.

"You'll be wrecked," answered Jem, "wrecked for ever."

The old sailor had been wrecked. He knew what it was to be in a ship breaking

up and going to pieces on a wintry coast. He knew what it was to be lashed to a spar, half naked, hungry, cold, benumbed, tempest-tossed. He had heard the shrieks of the perishing. Yes; he well knew what being wrecked was.

"Wrecked for ever," said the old sailor, slowly; "that's a long time, boy."

"Yes, sir," said Jem; "it is so."

Jem looked wistfully at him, and the old man turned away his head. "That wrecking for ever is a bad business," said he.

"Yes, sir," said Jem, "it is so."

"And is there no way of escape?" said the old man.

"Our minister that used to preach at the Bethel, I'll tell you what he says. He says the Admiralty of heaven has got out a Life-boat for poor souls. That Life-boat is Jesus Christ. It was launched on Calvary, and has been round picking up poor souls lost in the stormy waters of sin ever since; and he used to tell us, 'Stretch out your arms to get in; and pray, Lord, save me, or I perish.'"

"And does he?" asked the man.

"I know about myself," said the boy, humbly. "I was going down, and cried to the Lord, and he had mercy on me, and took me in, and I've shipped with him ever since. He is a good Captain, the Captain of our salvation, sir. Won't you ship too?"

"I should be a poor hand for that craft," said the old man, feelingly.

"Besides saving you, He'll fit you for his service," said Jem. "There's no difficulty on that account. He's good—very good."

"Thank ye, boy, a thousand times," said the old man, with a tear on his weather-beaten cheek. "I'm afraid we old sinners are too water-logged and sin-soaked to be worth saving; but you young ones jump into the Life-boat before it's too late, and ship for the port of heaven. It's a blessed chance."

A BOY TO BE TRUSTED.

THE Rev. Richard Cecil, who lived to be a greatly useful minister, was born in London, in 1748. When a boy he was strong-willed, but brave, straightforward and thoroughly to be trusted, hating all that was mean, shuffling or deceitful. One day his father, who had business in the city, took little Dick with him, and left him at the door of the East India House, telling him to wait there till he should finish his business and return to him. Taken up with other matters his father forgot all about him, and left the house by another door. Richard in the evening was missed by his mother. His father, now remembering

where they had parted, said, "Depend upon it, he is still waiting for me where I left him." Immediately returning to the spot, there, to be sure, he found poor Dick faithfully waiting as he had been for hours, and as he had been ordered to do!

THE NEST UNDER THE WOODSHED.

"WHEN I get to be a man," said Frank to his grandma, who was winding up the tall clock, "I'll do that for you! I'll do lots of things. I wish I was a man now."

"Frank!" called Uncle Will from the yard, "come here."

Frank ran out, and found his uncle standing beside the woodshed with a large dish partly filled with eggs.

"I want you to help me," he said. "The old speckled hen has made a nest under the shed, and I don't want her to sit there. I'm too big to get into such a small place, but you're just about the right size to reach under. Take this stick and push the hen off as gently as possible."

Frank lay down flat on the ground, and with the stick made the hen get off the nest. She was very angry, cackling and flying around at a great rate. But Uncle Will caught her as Frank drove her out, and shut her up in a coop. Then Frank crawled under the shed, and got all the eggs without breaking a single one.

When they went into the house Uncle Will said to grandma, "I don't know how I should have got that hen off the nest and the eggs out, if it hadn't been for Frank."

"Now," said grandma, "you see you needn't be in such a hurry to be a man. There are some things little boys can do better than grown-up folks—that is, little boys who are willing and careful."

WILLIE AND KITTIE.

POOR little Willie had neither father nor mother, but kind friends did all they could to supply his great loss. He was spending a week at a house where a poor little friendless kitten came creeping in day after day. She would get into various places where she was not wanted, and the cook would send her whirling out of the door or window. This grieved Willie very much. Taking the little thing in his arms, he gently smoothed its fur, and said to the woman, "You must be kind to this little kitten, for it hasn't got any mother!" He knew how sad it was to be motherless.

Children, take the side of the weak and ill-treated whenever you can. The Bible teaches us to help the suffering and those who have no helper. "Open thy mouth for the dumb," it says. God's dumb creatures cannot complain when badly treated, but we can speak for them.