

so happy. Sister, I wish I could give Him something."

"Mother says if we love Him, that is what He likes best of all," replied Leila.

"Yes, but I do want to do something for Him—something that would give me trouble. Can't you think of anything?"

Leila thought a little, and said—"Perhaps you could print a text for the flowers mother sends every week to the sick people in the hospitals. They are so glad to have the flowers, and then the text makes them think about our Father in heaven."

"Oh, I should like that! I will write, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not.'"

But Tiny was only six years old, and it was very difficult for her to hold a pen, so she only did two letters every day until it was finished. Then she went alone to her room and knelt down. "Please, God," she said, "I did this text for You. Please take it from Tiny, for Jesus Christ's sake." And God heard the prayer, for He always listens when little children truly pray.

So Tiny's text was sent up to London, and a lady put a very pretty flower into the card and took it to the hospital. She stopped beside a bed where a little boy was lying. His face was almost as white as the pillow on which he lay, and his dark eyes were filled with tears.

"Is the pain very bad to-day, Willie?"

"Yes, miss, it's dreadful. But it's not so much the pain as I mind; I'm used to that, yer know. Father beat me every day a'most, when he was drunk. But the doctor says I'm too ill for 'im to 'ave any hopes for me, and I'm mighty afear'd to die."

"If you had a friend who loved you very much, and you were well, should you be afraid to go and stay with him, Willie?"

"Why, no; I'd like to go, in course."

"I have brought you a message from a Friend who has loved you all your life long;

He wants you to trust Him, and to go and live with Him. He will love you always, and you will always be happy.

Then the lady read Tiny's text, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." She told him how Jesus had died, and then rose again and went to heaven to prepare a place for *him*, and many other children too. She told him how Jesus is still saying "Come," and His hand is still held out to bless.

So Willie turned to the Good Shepherd, and was no longer afraid.

A few days afterwards he whispered, "Lord Jesus, I am coming," and died with Tiny's text in his hand.

The little girl's work had helped to bring a soul to Jesus, and Willie is waiting for her in heaven.

OUR JESUS.

Happy are we, God's own little flock,
Sheltered so close in the cleft of the Rock,
Far above storm or danger or shock—
Happy are we in Jesus.

What shall we do for the Master so dear?
O, there are many in need of our cheer,
Souls that know nothing but darkness and fear,
Souls in the dark without Jesus.

Many He has who are not of His fold,
Out in the storm and the pitiless cold;
These we will win by our prayers and our gold,
Win them to love our Jesus.

Over the mountains and over the seas,
Lovingly, joyfully, speed we to these,
Seeking to save them by tenderest pleas,
Saved by the blood of Jesus.

Even a child, He has told us, may lead
Any to Him from their sorrow and need;
Any who come He will shelter and feed,
Any who come to our Jesus.

Joyfully, then, let us spread the glad news,
Never this service for Jesus refuse,
Never a moment to work for Him lose.
Joyfully work for Jesus.

SINCE I began to ask God's blessing on my studies, I have done more in one week than I have done in a whole year before.—*Payson.*