

lonesome little smile. Snow covered the great plain. No church bells rang out a sweet invitation to come to the house of the Lord. Mrs. Martyn burst into tears.

Mr. Martyn, lying back in his chair pale and weak, said, "We do miss our Sundays, Melissa. In Plainview our friends are gathering in the church. It is a real hardship this being cut off from blessed privileges, but Melissa, the friends in Plainview are praying for us. Mebby, in time, we will enjoy real Sundays in this new home we have chosen. I have faith to believe we shall."

"O mamma," cried Ruthie, "I hear sleigh-bells! Can you wheel my chair close to the window? I want to see the people in the sleigh. Perhaps they are going to church somewhere."

The merry *jingle, jingle* of the bells came nearer. Good motherly Mrs. Main saw the little girl at the window.

"It's the newcomers, David, 'n we've never visited 'em, 'n them liven' only five miles from our place!" she said. "I've heard the Martyns had a little cripple daughter 'n there's the blessed child at the window. Instead of goin' to Dick Johnson's we'll all get out 'n spend the day here. We've got dinner plenty in the basket."

"Come, children, we'll get out here, 'n go right into the house, 'n prove 't we're well wishers 'n neighborly."

The Main family invaded the Martyn home without ceremony. Mrs. Main took Ruthie in her arms and kissed her tenderly, and in less than ten minutes the neighbors were "acquainted."

Ruthie's treasure chest contained attractively bound Bibles, and Prayer Books, and hymnals with the music that children love, in addition to the delightful mementos, souvenirs of the happy past in Plainview. Melissa Martyn and Miranda Main turned the leaves of a hymnal together, and then everybody sang,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name."

The visitors did not leave the Martyn cottage until evening, and there was an understanding that in future Sunday must be kept as a holy day, though Kingman's Corner "lacked Sunday privileges."

"We've been in the habit of makin' it a holy-day instead of a holy day," said Mrs. Main; 'n makin' it a day of feasting 'n visitin'. Folks t' lives' way off from a church must make their dwellin'-houses a meetin' place, 'n children can't begin too early to learn of God 'n His mercies. We mayn't have a church jest now, but it'll come in time, 'n in the meantime the Lord'll abide right here in Kingman's Corner if we do our part. I'm thankful Ruthie's smilin' face moved me to stop here to-day. Seein' the children interested in those pretty books has brought me new ideas. We've be'n so taken up with


work 'n tryin to get along, we've grown a little careless in many ways in our Christian duties, excusin' lacks 'n omissions by sayin' we haven't the opportunity.

"I think, dear, you are a little sunshiny soul," she added, stooping to kiss Ruthie good-bye.

"We gave Ruthie into God's keepin' when she was a tiny mite; Melissa 'n me count her our greatest comfort," said the father, fondly.

"Jest so, Neighbor Martyn. The little ones can be a blessed comfort to tired 'n tried folks. Thank God that little children are Jesus' own beloved," said Mrs. Main, softly.

BETHLEHEM TOWN.

 HERE burns a star o'er Bethlehem town—
See, O my eyes!
And gloriously it beameth down
Upon a virgin mother meek
And Him whom solemn Magi seek;
Burn on, O star! and be the light
To guide us all to Him this night!

The angels walk in Bethlehem town—
Hush, O my heart!
The angels come and bring a crown
To Him our Saviour and our King,
And sweetly all this night they sing;
Sing on in rapture, angel throng!
That we may learn that heavenly song!

Near Bethlehem town there blooms a tree—
O heart beat low!
And it shall stand on Calvary!
But from the shade whereof we turn
Unto the star that still shall burn
When Christ is dead and risen again,
To mind us that He died for men.

There is a cry in Bethlehem town—
Hark, O my soul!
'Tis of the Babe that wears the crown!
It telleth us that man is free—
That He redeemeth all and me!
The night is sped—behold the morn—
Sing, O my soul, the Christ is born.

Learn to give, and learn to love;
Only thus thy life can be
Foretaste of the life above,
Tinged with immortality.

Give, for God to thee hath given;
Love, for He by love is known;
Child of God, and heir of Heaven,
Let thy parentage be shown.

Our best helper is Jesus. We are apt to think we must only go to Jesus in great things. That is not so. It is little things that we have most to do with. Little things worry and fret us. Jesus will help all who ask Him to resist temptation. He will help you to repent and believe in Him and forsake all bad ways. He will help you stick to the right.—*Apples of Gold.*