

### THE DEAR LITTLE HEADS IN THE PEW.

In the morn of the holy Sabbath,  
I like in the Church to see  
The dear little children clustered,  
Worshipping there with me.  
I am sure that the gentle pastor,  
Whose words are like summer dew,  
Is cheered as he gazes over  
The dear little heads in the pew.

Faces earnest and thoughtful,  
Innocent, grave and sweet,  
They look in the congregation  
Like lilies among the wheat.  
And I think that the tender Master,  
Whose mercies are ever new,  
Has a special benediction  
For dear little heads in the pew.

When they hear "The Lord is my Shepherd,"  
Or "Suffer the babes to come,"  
They are glad that the loving Jesus  
Has given the lambs a home—  
A place of their own with his people,  
He cares for me and for you,  
But close in his arms he gathers  
The dear little heads in the pew

So I love in the great assembly  
On the Sabbath morn to see  
The dear little children clustered,  
And worshipping there with me;  
For I know that my precious Saviour,  
Whose mercies are ever new,  
Has a special benediction  
For the little heads in the pew.

—MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

### TONY'S FAULT.

"TONY," said the father, "I wish you would bring some screws and fix the garden gate."  
"Yes, sir, I will," said Tony.  
"Be sure you do not forget it," said his father.  
"No, sir, I won't," said Tony.

Now, Tony had one great fault. In most things he was a very good boy: he obeyed his parents and was kind to his brothers and sisters; he never told what was not true, and never took what was not his own; and he was always obliging and well-behaved.

Do you wonder what great fault he could have?  
He was careless and heedless. And it would surprise you, perhaps, to know how much trouble such a fault can bring to a whole family.

Tony meant to do exactly what his father told him. But he was reading a story-book and did not go at once. Soon

his father drove away to town, saying again, "Go and do it now, Tony."

He went to get the screws, but on his way stopped to have a play with his dog. Then some boys came to see him, and he forgot all about the gate and went into the meadow to play ball.

When he got home he heard a strange noise in the garden.

He ran with all his might, but, alas! the garden gate was broken down. Cows and pigs were feeding on the nice peas and lettuce and cucumber-vines. With loud shouts he drove them away, but the mischief was done.

How do you think he felt when his father came home?

Carelessness seems a little fault, but in the eyes of God no fault is small. He has a blessing for those who are faithful in little things. Every little child can show love for him by doing small duties well for his sake.

### HOW ANNIE PRAYED.

SHE was a little girl, not quite three years old. Some people think that such little girls can hardly know enough to love God. But they can, if we will only take the trouble to teach them about him.

On Sundays Annie brings the book that has the pictures of Jesus in it, and asks her father or older sister to show her the pictures—of Jesus making sick people well, of Jesus blessing the little children, of Jesus preaching to the people, and of Jesus going up to heaven. And she loves to talk about Jesus.

She not only talks about him, but she talks to him. Often during the day she kneels down by her chair, and asks God to take care of her father and mother and not let them get sick.

She does not forget to ask a blessing when she sits down to breakfast or dinner. One day she was late to breakfast, and she wanted father to ask the blessing over again. But afterwards she decided to ask a blessing for herself. Yet she made it very short, so that she could get to eating quickly.

There is one verse that she loves above all others. It is "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." And every morning (she rarely forgets) when her father opens the Bible to have family prayers, she asks. "Father read my verse first." And so father always begins at morning worship by reading her verse first.

Can some of the older brothers who shall read this story to the little ones, plan so as

to make these little ones love to talk about Jesus and to make them love family prayers even while they are very young.

### TELLING JESUS.

IN Tennyson's poem of the child in the children's hospital, one little thing tried to tell another young sufferer about Jesus, urging her to ask him to help.

"If I," said the wise little Annie, "were you,  
I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me; for Emmie, you see,  
It's all in the picture there: 'Little children should come to me.'"

"Yes, and I will," said Emmie; "but then if I call to the Lord,  
How should he know that it's me? such a lot of beds in the ward!"

Annie was puzzled, but a moment after she said,

"Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em outside on the bed—  
The Lord has so much to see to; but,  
Emmie, you tell it him plain,  
It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counterpane."

*Morning came, and the little thing was dead, with her "dear, long, lean little arms lying out on the counterpane."—Sunday-School Times.*

### NAPOLEON'S HAPPIEST DAY.

WHEN Napoleon was in the height of his prosperity, and surrounded by a brilliant company of the marshals and courtiers of the empire, he was asked what day he considered to have been the happiest of his life. When all expected that he would name the occasion of some glorious victory, or some great political triumph, or some august celebration, or other signal recognition of his genius and power, he answered, without a moment's hesitation, "The happiest day of my life was the day of my first communion." At a reply so unforeseen there was a general silence; when he added as if to himself, "I was then an innocent child."

### WATER LILIES.

How lovely are the lilies which grow in the water! They never pine with thirst, for their roots are in the stream, their leaves float upon it, and their flowers peep forth from it. They are fit emblems of those believers who dwell in God, who are not occasional seekers of divine fellowship, but abide in Christ Jesus. Their roots are by the rivers of water, and therefore their leaf shall not wither.