

PURE IN HEART.

"The pure in heart are ever blest,"
Our loving Saviour said;
Their hope and promise is that they
Shall "see God" when they rest.

The clean of hand and pure in heart,
It is declared to us
A blessing from the Lord shall have,
And God shall be their part.

Then Jesus, do Thou grant that we
So pure in heart may live,
That we may see Thee when we die,
Still living—live to Thee.

BIRDIE.

COMING TO JESUS.

"Mother, what does it mean to come to Jesus? I cannot see Him, and how can I go to Him?"

"You cannot see Him, but you can speak to Him, you can pray to Jesus."

"If He were on earth, as He once was," said the child, "there is no trouble I would not take to go to Him. I would set off at once. I would travel hundreds of miles. I would push my way through the biggest crowd, and fall down before Him and cry, 'Oh, Lord, give me a heart to love and serve Thee.' But now, how can I go to Jesus?"

"Without all this trouble you can come to Jesus. *Coming to Jesus is the desire of the heart after Him.* Call to Him as the blind man, who, though he did not see Him, cried out, 'Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me!' You are really better off than those men who lived when He lived on the earth. They often had to travel very far. They sometimes could not get near Him for the crowd. But you may have Him as much to yourself as if there was no other person but yourself in the world. He is always within your call. He sees you, knows all you feel, and hears all you say. If you feel a desire for His forgiveness, for the support of His friendship, for the comfort of His love, and pray, 'Jesus, save me; Jesus, help me; Lord, I am ignorant, teach me; my heart is hard, soften it; help me to love, believe, and obey. Save me from sin, and fit me for heaven'—this is coming to Jesus. Can you not do this?"

THE FOUR P'S.

"If only I may succeed!" exclaimed the beginner in a useful work which at first did not seem to promise much success.

"You will if you do not leave your P's out of your plans," said a gray-haired friend who was at hand.

"What do you mean?" asked the other, unable to understand him.

"The four P's stand for prayer, pains, patience, and perseverance," was the reply; "and I know of nothing which these will not conquer."

Are you ever inclined to be faint-hearted in any work that is put into your hands to do for God? Then mind that you, too, take the four P's into your plans, and I have no doubt at all that you will succeed.

TRUST IN OUR FATHER.

"Johnny, don't you think you have got as much as you can carry?" said Frank to his brother, who was standing with open arms, receiving the bundles his father placed upon them. "You've got more than you can carry, now."

"Nevermind," said Johnny, in a sweet, happy voice, "my father knows how much I can carry."

How long it takes many of us to learn the lesson that Johnny had by heart!

"Father knows how much I can carry." No grumbling, no discontent, but a sweet trust in our Father's love and care that we will not be overburdened. Our heavenly father never lays a burden upon us that we cannot bear. So we will trust Him, as little Johnny did his father.



THE LESSON ABOUT THE BIRDS.

THE LESSON ABOUT THE BIRDS.

It was very interesting to us, last summer, to witness the scene depicted in the picture. A little sparrow fell out of its nest, a distance of nearly thirty feet, and yet it was not killed.

The kind-hearted wife of a gardener ran to take up the poor fledgling, and after warming it at the fire she put it into a cage outside the window, hoping that the old birds would come and feed their nestling. In this expectation she was not disappointed. The parent birds, evidently missing their little one, began a diligent search for it. Their chirpings of distress were soon heard by the poor bird, for in a few moments the parents flew to the cage, bringing it food. They continued this attention; and for days the children of the school took great delight in witnessing the feeling of the little bird, and we are glad to add that Miss Hills, the schoolmistress, wisely embraced the opportunity of giving the children some useful and interesting hints on the importance of kindness to God's dumb creatures.

THE BLACK VALLEY.

STORY FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

The sun was gilding the rugged mountain-tops with softening light, and sparkling on the distant waters of the lake, as a party of tourists rode along by a narrow winding road towards a deep dark valley enclosed by surrounding hills.

"Herbert," said little Katie, as her pony toiled up the steep path, "how dreadful it would be to live in that dismal place! I heard the guide tell papa, that for many months of the year the sun never shines there."

"Well, I don't know about that," replied her brother, "but I hear the river's full of fine fish, and I'd like to run

down and take a look at it next time we stop."

"Papa said particularly we were all to keep together."

"Oh, never mind; I dare say I'll not go. Don't make a fuss about it."

Presently the whole party dismounted, and, after rest and refreshment, the children began scrambling about in search of ferns and mountain flowers.

"Where are you going, Herbert?" asked little Katie, as she saw her brother descending a rugged path towards the valley.

"Hush!" he whispered. "Don't say anything about it. Papa thinks there will not be time to explore the valley, but I'll be back long before the horses are rested."

"Of course I'll not tell," replied Katie; "but indeed, Herbert, I wish you would not go, when papa said not to."

"Oh, he'll never miss me," answered the boy, as he hurried on, swinging himself from rock to rock, till a sudden turning hid him from his sister's view.

But Katie's pleasure was gone. She had found many pretty plants, but they no longer interested her. The sun had got behind a cloud, and everything looked less bright as she returned to her father's side, and hoped he would not ask for Herbert. Time passed slowly to poor Katie, who could think of nothing but her brother, until at length, to her dismay, she heard some of the party say they had better set off soon, as the boat would be waiting to take them across the lake to their hotel. At these words the child alighted, unobserved, found the projecting rock, and hurried to the place where she had last seen Herbert, hoping to catch a glimpse of him in the distance and hasten his return; but, though she watched and waited, he was nowhere to be seen.

"I must find him," she thought, "or papa will be so displeased," and climb-

ing down from her high position, she scrambled along the rocky path by which her brother had descended. "I'm sure he has gone to the river, and is so taken up watching the fish, he has forgotten how late it is; but it doesn't seem very far. I'll try and make my way there too."

It was a more difficult matter than Katie imagined, however, to reach the stream which flowed through the black valley. On, on, by rocky passes and steep and rugged paths the child scrambled, until she found herself on the borders of a broad stretch of swampy ground, lying at one side of a deep river, which in winter overflows its banks, changing the hollow into a kind of lake.

Still Katie persevered in her endeavors to find her brother. Picking her steps across the soft spongy moss, where here and there a large stone afforded a steady resting-place, she stood and gazed around; but Herbert was not to be seen. "What shall I do now?" thought the child. "Papa will miss us both, and that will be worse still; I'm afraid I must go back without Herbert." Stepping down from her post of observation, Katie tried to make her way out of the swamp and return to her father as quickly as possible. But the shapes of surrounding mountains seemed so very different from her present position, that it was difficult to decide what direction would be best to take in order to rejoin her party, and poor puzzled Katie looked from one to the other in perplexity.

"It was surely near the foot of the purple-colored cliff that Herbert and I stood in the sunshine looking down at this dark place. Yes, I'll make for that spot of light, though it seems further off than I thought."

And so indeed it was, further than poor little Katie, with eyes unaccustomed to measure distance, could conceive; while every step she took involved her more and more in the wide morass. She tried hard to regain firm ground, but met fresh difficulties at every turn.

"Oh! what am I to do? Is there no one to help me?" cried the poor child, as, worn out and frightened, she threw herself down on a lichen-covered stone.

All around was wild and dark. The mountains in their rugged grandeur stood like gigantic sentinels guarding every pass of this black valley, where Katie believed herself to be the only living creature. All was so still, so very still, that she could hear her own heart beat. No bird sang, no leaf rustled; even the river flowed silently along. A feeling of awe crept over the heart of the little girl, alone in such desolate solitude, when suddenly a thought flashed across her mind, which seemed to bring light even into this place of perpetual shade.

She was not alone, after all. No mountain so high, no valley so dark, that the eye of God cannot penetrate it.

How strong must He be, who could form those wonderful hills, and set them each in their own place, and how much more could he take care of a little wandering child, and bring her back safely to her friends!

"O God, Who made the mountains," prayed Katie, "tell my papa where I am, that he may find me. And take care of Herbert, too."

Then hope began to revive, and it occurred to her that it was possible her brother might also have lost his way, and was perhaps not very far off. At all events, she would call him as loud as ever she could.

(To be continued.)

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES and DEATHS.

Not Exceeding Four Lines, Twenty-Five Cents.

DEATHS.

At the Rectory, Newcastle, on Thursday, 8th inst., Ethel Frances, third daughter of the Rev. Canon Brent, aged two years.