



## ELIJAH.

ELIJAH at proud Ahab's court  
No longer may abide,  
But refuge in the desert seeks,  
At lonely Cherith's side.

But though we wander far from men,  
The mighty God is nigh,  
And even there our prayers can hear,  
And there our wants supply.

And so the faithful prophet found  
In his lone desert home,  
For lo, with ample bread and flesh,  
The ravens daily come.

"Give us this day our daily bread,"  
Is no vain fruitless prayer,  
And, if we trust, we shall be fed,  
However poor we are.

## "IS GOD HERE?"

A YOUNG man, Lester M—, a graduate of a military school, had been extremely profane, and thought little of the matter. After his marriage to a high-minded, lovely wife, the habit appeared to him in a different light, and he made spasmodic efforts to conquer it. But not until a few months ago did he become victor, when the growing evil was set before him by a little incident in its real and shocking sinfulness.

One Sunday morning standing before the mirror shaving, the razor slipped, inflicting a slight wound. True to his fixed habit, he ejaculated the single word "God!" and was not a little amazed and chagrined to see reflected in the mirror the pretty picture of his little three-year-old daughter, as laying her doll hastily down, she sprung from her seat to the floor, exclaiming, as she looked eagerly and expectantly about the room, "Is Dod here?"

Pale and ashamed, and at a loss for a better answer, he simply said "Why?" to the eager little questioner.

"Cause I thought he was when I heard you speak to him." Then, noticing the sober look on his face and the tears of shame in his eyes as he gazed down into the innocent, radiant face, she patted him lovingly on the head, exclaiming, assuringly, "Call him again, papa, and I dess he'll surely come."

Oh, how every syllable of the child's trusting words cut to his heart! The still small voice was heard at last, though it sounded now in his ears like a voice of thunder. His mind was tempest-tossed, waves of humiliation and contrition swept through his soul. Catching the wonderful child up in his arms, he knelt down, and for the first time in his life implored of God forgiveness for the past offences and guidance for all future life, thanking him in fervent spirit that he had not surely come before in answer to some of his awful blasphemies. Surely, "a little child shall lead them."—*Christian Advocate.*

## IS THERE ANY MOTHER THERE?

A LITTLE girl once followed the workmen from her father's grounds where they went home to their dinner, because she was fond of a kind old man who was one of them. When he looked from his door he saw her sitting on a log waiting for him, and invited her to go into the cottage. She looked in, saw the strange faces around the table, and hesitated. When he urged her, she raised her sweet little face and inquired—

"Is there any mother in there?"

"Yes, my dear, there is a mother in here," he answered.

"Oh, then, I'll go in; for I'm not afraid if there's a mother there."

Her child experience had told her she could place confidence in a mother's sympathies. A home may be small and mean, but if it is the shrine of a mother's love, it is a happier place than a palace would be without this blessed presence.

## TEMPERANCE TALK.

Do you know why Jennie Ray does not come to Sunday-school, and why her mamma does not go to church? It is because Mrs. Ray cannot clothe herself and Jennie suitably for Sunday-school or church. Once Mrs. Ray had all the money and food and clothing she needed. Now she often has not enough for her table, and in winter her house is cold. Once she lived in plenty; now, though she works hard, she is poor. And why is all this? It is because Mrs.

Ray's husband has become a drunkard. He does not work now as he once did. When he does work, he spends most of his money for drink, and brings home but little for Mrs. Ray and Jennie.

"How good it would be," Mrs. Ray often says, "if there were no saloons." I quite agree with her. If there were no drinking-places, the young men would not learn to drink, and then there would be no drunkards. Then mothers and children would not live in poverty, and there would be plenty and comfort in every home. There are always sad hearts in the drunkard's home. If there were no saloons and no drunkards, there would be gladness and joy in every home. I want all the boys and girls to become strong temperance friends. They must never touch or taste any kind of liquors, and help all they can to put down the saloons and all places where drink is sold.

## TAKE CARE.

LITTLE children, you must seek  
Rather to be good than wise;  
For the thoughts you do not speak  
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be  
Cross or cruel, and look fair,  
Let me tell you how to see  
You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass,  
And some ugly thought contrive,  
And my word will come to pass  
Just as sure as you're alive!

What you have and what you lack,  
All the same as what you wear,  
You will see reflected back;  
So, my little folks, take care.

And not only in the glass  
Will your secrets come to view;  
All beholders, as they pass,  
Will perceive and know them, too.

Out of sight, my boys and girls,  
Every root of beauty starts;  
So think less about your curls,  
More about your minds and hearts.

Cherish what is good, and drive  
Evil thoughts and feelings far;  
For as sure as you're alive,  
You will show for what you are.  
—ALICE CARY.

THE mother had cut her little daughter's hair to make "bangs." Surveying her own work, she said, "Bessie, yesterday you looked as if you had no sense; to-day you look as if your mother had none."