

that the insect was unable to draw out its sting, and in an exhausted state crawled slowly down my mother's arm.

"My mother, who felt the sting very sharply, was a little taken aback; but looking at the bee crawling down her arm, a thought struck her, which was the means of my salvation.

"She said to me, 'There, you may come out now; the bee has stung mother instead of you; come out and look at it crawling on mother's arm. It cannot hurt you now.'

Timidly I lifted the apron, and put my head out, to see if it really was so. Sure enough, there was the bee crawling still slowly down my mother's arm; and my mother, pointing to the sting higher up, said, 'There it is; it has stung mother instead of you.'

"Half afraid and much astonished, as well as not a little sorrowful for my mother, I looked out from under the apron at the sting. My mother then explained to me how it was a picture of what for long she had told me about Jesus having taken my place, and been punished in my stead.

"I had learned and often repeated that verse, 'By His stripes we are healed,' but I never understood it till my mother went on to explain to me, with the bee and the sting before us, that it was just a picture of what Jesus had permitted to be done to Himself—to be punished instead of us, who deserved to be punished. Yes, sir, it was when the bee stung mother I saw it all, and I have rejoiced ever since in believing and being assured that Jesus died for me on Calvary."

"Dear children, have you looked to Jesus? Have you seen him as wounded for you? If not, look now. "He was wounded for your transgressions."

### The Wasted Pin.

A LITTLE girl picked up a pin, which she threw in the fire. Half an hour after, a lady's carriage came to take her to ride. She was all ready, only she wanted a pin,—only one pin, to pin her shawl. She raced here and there for it, and searched the carpet, and tried everywhere to find a pin, until the lady got tired of waiting and drove away; and so she lost her ride in the park by simply wasting a pin.

The proverb says, "Waste not, want not;" and Jesus said, "Let nothing be lost."

### Hold On.

A MOTHER, with her three children, was clinging to the wreck of the steamer *Bohemia*, when the mother said she must let go and be drowned. Her little girl replied, "Hold on a little longer, mother. Jesus walked upon the water and saved Peter, and perhaps He will save us." The little girl's words so strengthened her mother that she held on a few minutes more, when a boat was sent to their rescue.

### The Bible Says I May.

I AM a little soldier,  
And only five years old;  
I mean to fight for Jesus,  
And wear a crown of gold.

I know he makes me happy,  
And loves me all the day;  
I'll be His little soldier—  
The Bible says I may.

I love my precious Saviour,  
Because He died for me,  
And if I did not serve Him,  
How sinful I should be.

He gives me every comfort,  
And hears me when I pray;  
I want to live for Jesus—  
The Bible says I may.

I now can do but little,  
Yet when I grow a man,  
I'll try and do for Jesus  
The greatest good I can.

God help and keep me faithful  
In all I do and say;  
I want to live a Christian—  
The Bible says I may.

### "They are Brothers."

A LITTLE boy seeing two nestling birds pecking at each other, enquired of his elder brother what they were doing.

"They are quarrelling," said he.

"No," replied the child, "that cannot be, they are brothers."

What a blessed thing if all children could remember that brothers should never quarrel. God has made them of one blood, and of one life, and they should always be kind and tender to each other.

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is, for brethren to dwell together in unity."

### God Counts.

O I WANT one of those cakes!" cried a little boy, jumping up as his mother left the room, after placing a plate of cakes upon the table.

"No, no," said his sister, pulling him back.

"Mother won't know it; she didn't count them," he cried.

"If she didn't, perhaps God counted," was the little sister's prompt reply; and the little boy's hand was stayed.

Ah, children, you may be certain that God counts, and sees, and knows everything you do. No night so dark that He cannot see, and no sin is so small that He does not observe it. God counts, and weighs, and notices everything we do. "The eyes of the Lord are in every place." Let us ever live as in His sight.