

LITTLE CHATTERBOX.

They call me little Chatterbox,
Although my name is May;
I have to talk so much, because
I have so much to say.

And, oh, I have so many friends—
So many, and you see,
I can't help loving them,
Because they all love me.

I love papa, and dear mamma,
I love my sisters too;
And if you're very kind and good,
I guess I will love you.

But I love God the best of all—
He keeps me all the night;
And when the morning comes again,
He wakes me with the light.

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CAMPBELL'S PRAYERS.

CAMPBELL is a dear little boy, four years old. One day he had a bad cold; that evening he prayed: "And now, dear God, will you please make my cold well; for I know you can." The next day his cold was no better; so when he said his prayers again that evening he said: "I guess, God, you must have forgotten about my cold, because it isn't well yet. Will you please 'tend to it at once?" You see Campbell was very sure that God would answer his prayer. And so he does always, though not always in the way we ask.

Another time, Campbell's mamma read to him about a poor little Hindoo boy. That night he prayed: "Good Lord, bless that poor little Hindoo boy; bless papa and mamma, and the rest of the Hindoos, for Jesus' sake. Amen." He got things a little mixed, but I think it was good for him to remember them all; don't you?



HELPING MOTHER.

FOUR LITTLE MARYS.

THEY all live in the same house, they all have the same room, and the fact is they are all in the same body. But they do not think the same thoughts or want to do the same things; so that it is often hard for them to live together without quarreling. In the morning the rising-bell rings. "We must get up," says Mary Loving. She always wants to please her mother, and she has not told anybody, but she has promised Jesus she would try to serve him. "I don't want to get up," says Mary Lazy. "O never mind the bell!" says Mary Selfish. "I won't get up!" says Mary Wilful. So they all lie together awhile longer. Then the mother calls. "Yes'm," says Mary Loving. "I hate to get up!" say the other three. But they all agree that they must mind mamma, and slowly arise. "We must put in a new shoestring," says Mary Loving. "O knot the old one!" says Mary Lazy. "No; we must have a new shoe-string," says Mary Loving. So the rest let her put it in. But Mary Wilful will not stop to sew a button on their dress; and Mary Lazy thinks their hair will do, if it isn't quite smooth. Did you ever meet these little girls?

ARE YOU SAFE?

Two little girls were playing with their dolls in the corner of the nursery, and singing as they played:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast;
There by his love o'ershadowed
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

Mother was busy writing, only stopping now and then to listen to the little ones' talk, unobserved by them.

"Sister, how do you know you are safe?" said Nellie, the younger of the two.

"Because I am holding Jesus with both my hands tight!" promptly replied sister.

"Ah! that's not safe!" said the other child. "Suppose Satan came along and cut your two hands off!"

Little sister looked very troubled for a few moments, dropped poor dolly, and thought seriously. Suddenly her face shone with joy, and she cried out: "O I forgot! I forgot! Jesus is holding me with his two hands, and Satan can't cut his off: so I am safe!"—*Day-Spring.*

"Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
And as long as ever you can,
For Jesus' sake."