



EASTERN HOUSE TOP.

THE HANDS OF JESUS.

BY REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

HANDS of my Jesus!
Toiled with a will,
Dear home in Nazareth
Guarding from ill;
Noble is labour,
Blest in all lands,
Jesus the Trades-man
Worked with his hands.

Hands of the Healer!
Sick and the sore,
Cured in a moment,
Their trouble is o'er;
The dead were revived,
Demons took flight,
Lame were all leaping,
Blind had their sight.

Hands for the children!
Lifted in love,
Blest be the dear babes,
Smiles from above;
Hands on their young heads,
Sweetest of touch;
Children for ever
Will love him much.

Hands of the Saviour!
Pierced for me,
Bleeding on Calvary,
Nailed to the tree;
Open and widespread
Taking us in,
Blood for all—cleansing
Souls from their sin.

LITTLE EVA.

R B M.

ANOTHER of our Sabbath-school scholars has passed away from earth. Little Eva Ross, of Boylston, N.S., has gone to be with Jesus. She loved the Saviour. She delighted in the Sabbath-school; and she found much pleasure and profit in reading our beautiful Sabbath-school periodicals. When her delicate body yielded to disease, and she was confined to her sick-bed, her young companions would sit beside her hour after hour, and read from the *Home and School*, *Pleasant Hours*, etc. Finding the following appropriate prayer in the *Happy Days*, she committed it to memory, and would quietly breathe it forth, as she lay there in weakness and distress:

"Almighty God, I'm very ill,
But cure me if it be thy will;
For thou canst take away my pain,
And make me strong and well again.
Let me be patient every day,
And mind what those who nurse me say;
And grant that all I have to take
May do me good, for Jesus' sake!"

She was very patient and resigned. She had no fear of death, and met it bravely when it came to release her from her sufferings, and bear her away to the arms of Jesus!

On the sunny seventeenth of April, we laid the precious form in the dust, while a youthful band stood around the open grave and sang:

"In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

MAMMA TO PHILIP.

ONCE a care-less little boy
Lost his ball at play,
And because the ball was gone,
Throw his bat away.

Yes, he did a foolish thing—
You and I agree;
But I know another boy
Not more wise than he.

He is old this other boy—
Old and wise as you
Yet, because he lost his kite,
He lost his temper, too.

"NEDDIE AND ME."

FOUR years ago, James Doe, a little orphan boy, joined a mission Sunday-school. Seeing the other children carry in their money for missions, he felt a desire to do something for poor heathen children himself. For several days he tried in vain to think of a plan to get money for Jesus. At last "a very nice thought," as he termed it, came into his mind. Would you like to know what thought that was? I will tell you.

James got his living by peddling fruit and vegetables round town in a little donkey-cart. So he said to himself, "I will save the profits of one day in each week, and give them to the heathen." This was James' "nice thought."

From that time the poor boy put by the profits of the day fixed on in a little brown bag. At the end of the year he carried it to the school. Placing it on the table he said:

"I give that for the missionaries, sir!"

The teacher found thirty dollars in that little brown bag.

"Stop!" cried the good man, as James turned to go away. "Tell me how you can afford to give so much!"

James told his simple story, and closed by saying:

"Please take the money, sir; I must make haste, for it is late, and Neddie and me get up before it is light in the morning."

"Tell me your name," said the teacher, "and I will put it down in the list of my juvenile collectors."

"No, sir," replied James, with beautiful truthfulness. "It would not be fair. I only do one-half and Neddie does the other. We are partners, sir. I give time and Neddie gives labour; so one name must not go into the book unless both names go."

"Who is Neddie?" inquired the teacher.

"My donkey, sir."

"Well," said the teacher smiling, "I shall put down 'Neddie and me.' Good night, my boy. May God bless you and what you have given."