

A CHILD'S IDEA.

O for the warm and simple faith
An infant's breast pervading,
When all that charms or pains it here
Is from its eye-sight fading !

Familiar with the Saviour's name,
And with His life's sad story,
No doubts or fears it knows, to cloud
Its hopes of future glory.

"My bonnet !" cried a little maid,
Upon her death-bed lying ;

"Why ask for it ?" her mother said,
"My darling, you are dying."

"Do bring it me," the child replied,
With look and accents steady ;

"Christ Jesus comes to take me home,
And I shall not be ready !"

"GOD HAS MADE THEM ALL."

This was a child's thought, when a town missionary once had led her through a wretched, crowded, dismal part of the district where he laboured. Half-naked children were playing in filthy gutters ; fierce-eyed women were quarrelling ; old people, wasted with hunger and misery, were leaning sadly in the entrance to narrow courts. The dear child had never seen so much poverty and wretchedness before. For some time she was silent, when her companion asked her what she was thinking about. She heaved a deep sigh in answer, then slowly said, "*God has made them all.*"

This is the thought with which we, too, must look over the world in which we live. All are children of the one great Father. He cares for all, however ignorant, wicked, or miserable. And there are none so great or wise, so rich or happy, as not to need His love.

"THAT VOICE IN ETERNITY."

A minister, while attending church in a strange city, was struck with the surpassing sweetness of the voice of a young lady who sat near him. Being afterwards introduced to her, he inquired whether she loved the Saviour. She replied, "I am afraid *not*." "Then, my dear young friend," said the minister, "what will you do with that voice in eternity ?"