

THE CHILD'S WISH.

I WISH I could see Jesus
And look into his face,
Behold his wondrous beauty,
His Majesty and grace.
Oh, if I could but hear him
Just as he spoke to men,
I'm sure I should believe him;
Ah, yes, and love him then.

But now he is so distant,
So very far away;
How can he ever hear me
When I attempt to pray?
Or, if he heeds my asking,
How can he answers send?
And how can one who's absent
My Guardian be and Friend?

O Jesus, blessed Saviour,
Please show thyself to me;
I long so much to know thee,
I long thy face to see,
To clasp my arms about thee,
And on thy bosom lean!
Oh, if I could get near thee,
I know I should not sin.

Dear child! thy loving Saviour,
Though now by thee unseen,
Lives, and is ever near thee
To save thy soul from sin.
Receive the gospel message,
Believe his holy Word,
And thy heart eyes will open
To see thy blessed Lord.

LITTLE MARY VANCE.

MR. JONES was a very wicked man. He made and sold the strong drink which is just like poison to those who take it; and, besides, he drank it himself, and was often seen reeling through the streets. He was very violent in his temper, too, so that almost everybody was afraid of him.

Once as he was staggering along the village street he met little Mary Vance. Mary was the minister's little girl, and was going with her father and mother to the Wednesday afternoon prayer-meeting, and had tripped along quite ahead of them. She was a dear, loving little girl, and would not hurt anybody if she could help it; so when she saw the drunken man coming she crept up as close to the fence as she could, but did not run lest he might think she was afraid of him. But as he came along he spoke.

"Well, now, my little dear," he said, in his thick drunken speech, "how are you, and where are you going?"

"I'm going to meeting up in the meeting-house," she answered. "Won't you go, too, Mr. Jones?"

"Well, I don't know but what I will seeing it's you," said the man. "But where shall I sit?"

"Oh, you shall sit in our pew," said Mary; she led the way, and when she had shown him into the pew she sat down beside him. "Surely he won't hurt me in church," thought the dear child.

The father and mother came in. The father took his place in the desk, but the mother, seeing their pew strangely occupied, walked into one a little distance behind, where she could watch Mary and see that no harm came to her.

After prayer the minister said, "Now we shall be happy to hear from any one who has a word to say."

The poor drunkard rose. "I have a few words to say," he said. "I wish you'd pray for me; for I'm awful wicked."

The people looked at him, and seeing he was half drunk, were really frightened lest he should do some strange, bad thing; and they began to move away from him, some this way and some that, until he and Mary sat almost alone in the middle of the church. He noticed this. "See how they all hate me," he thought, "because I'm so wicked; and perhaps God will forsake me too! Oh, how dreadful!"

The thought took such hold of him that he began to cry, and rose again, and said, "Won't you pray for me?"

They did pray for him, and the dear Saviour pardoned his sins and gave him a new heart. He went home a different man, gave up his wicked business, left off drinking, and began to serve God. He always loved little Mary Vance for leading him, in her sweet, childish way, to the house of prayer that Wednesday afternoon.

A BIRD STORY.

LAST spring, one of the old birds in Dr. Prime's collection—a gray sparrow—became blind. Straightway a little dark brown-and-white bird, known as a Japanese nun, and named Dick, became the sparrow's friend. The sparrow's home had a round hole as a door-way. Little Dick would sit down on a perch opposite the hole and chirp. The blind bird would come out, and guided by Dick's chirps would leap to the perch, and so on to the seed-cup and water-bottle. But the most curious part of the performance was when the blind sparrow would try to get back into the house. Dick would place the sparrow exactly opposite the hole by shoving him along the perch. When opposite, Dick would chirp, and the blind bird would leap in, never failing.

OUR MAUD.

ONE May, when pinks were all a-flame,
Perfuming garden closes,
A little city maiden came
To gain her cheeks' lost roses.
She grew the dearest dimpled thing,
With voice sweet as wood-robin;
She tried at least his notes to sing
A-riding our gray Dobbin.

She had such quaint and dainty ways,
With blue eyes full of wonder;
She made us merry through the days
With many a little blunder.
"Your beans were growing wrong end up!"
She said, one day, half crying;
"I pulled 'em out and turned 'em up,
And now I think they're dying."

"What woollen things are those?" she said,
When through the pasture straying,
She saw the young lambs frisk and feed,
Beside the old sheep playing.
Once in the farmyard, dressed in silk,
She views the cows milk-laden;
"Two handles to pump up the milk"
She called their horns, our maiden.

THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME.

A CHILD who had a mother asked of one who had none:

"What do you do without a mother to tell all your trouble to?"

"Mother told me to whom to go before she died," answered the little orphan. "I go to the Lord Jesus; he was my mother's friend, and he is mine."

"Jesus Christ is in the sky. He is away off, and he has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It is not likely he can stop to mind you."

"I don't know anything about that," replied the orphan. "All I know is, he says he will, and that's enough for me."

What a beautiful answer that was! And what is enough for the child is enough for us all.

HELPING ONE ANOTHER.

LAURA and Ada are two little sisters. Laura is the elder, and Ada is the younger. Laura has learned to read nicely. Ada is trying to learn too. She looks at the pictures in the books, and Laura reads to her what is said about them. Then Ada reads after Laura. Ada cannot help Laura by showing her how to read, but she helps her to sweep, and wipe the dishes. They both go to Sunday-school, and learn the Bible lessons.

GOOD Sunday-school superintendents, like poets, are born, not made.