

## CHIMES OF THE CLOCK.

WHAT says the clock when it strikes one?  
Watch, says the clock, oh, watch, little one.

What says the clock when it strikes two?  
Love God, little one, for God loves you.

Tell me so'tly what it whispers at three.  
It is, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Then come, little lambs, and wander no more;  
'Tis the voice of the Shepherd that calls you at four.

And, oh! let your young hearts with gladness revive,  
When it echoes sweetly, "God bless you!" at five.

And remember at six, at the fading of day,  
That your life is a vapor that fadeth away.

And what says the clock when it strikes seven?  
Of such is the kingdom—the kingdom of heaven.

And what says the clock when it strikes eight?  
Strive, strive to enter in at the beautiful gate.

And louder, still louder it calls you at nine—  
My son, give me that heart of thine.

And such be your voices, responsive at ten,  
Hosanna in the highest! hosanna! Amen!

And loud let the chorus ring out at eleven,  
Of such is the kingdom—the kingdom of heaven.

When the deep strokes at midnight the watch-word shall ring,  
"Lo! these are my jewels—these, these," saith the King.

—Nail Heads.

## A LITTLE MISSIONARY.

"WHAT is a missionary, Aunty?" asked little Emma. "I will tell you, said Aunt Jane. "A missionary is one who goes to far-away places to tell the people about Jesus. But we have some missionaries right at home. There is little Jimmie Patton, one of the boys of my Sunday-school class. He often tells the boys on the street about the Sunday-school, and persuades them to come to the school. I think there are at least five boys in the school that he has brought in. I call him a little missionary."

## THE STORY OF A QUARREL.

"I SHAN'T!" shrieked Lou.

"I shall!" shrieked Jule.

"Then I won't play," said Lou, with an angry pout, "and you're the meanest girl that ever lived; so there!"

A window slid softly up somewhere behind the honeysuckles.

"Children," called grandmamma, "come here a moment."

They obeyed shamefaced enough. Grandmamma, dear, gentle grandmamma, had only since Uncle Charlie's death come to live at the farm, and the girls, though they had learned to love her very dearly, stood a little in awe of her.

But they went straight in, and stepped one to either side of her high-backed chair.

"Well," said grandmamma, kindly.

"I wanted to play keep store," volunteered Jule.

"And I wanted to play house," said Lou.

Grandmamma smiled and closed a wrinkled hand over the small brown one on each chair-arm.

"And so you quarrelled," she said. "Would you like a little story?"

"O, yes'm!" cried Lou and Jule exactly together; and then they hooked their little fingers above grandmamma's head and wished. What make girls always do that, I wonder? Boys never do.

"A long time ago," began grandmamma, "there lived in far-away England two maiden sisters. They were all alone in the world, and very wealthy, and as time went on, and they grew gray and wrinkled with years, they began to think of death, and of what they would do with their money.

"At length they decided to build a church of solid stone, which might endure for centuries and tell the name and fame of the Orme sisters to future generations. The stone was quarried and the builders came. Then whether tower or spire should adorn their church, the sisters could not agree.

"They wrangled and argued for days and months—neither would yield; and in the end each had her way. The tower and spire were erected side by side."

"There they stand through storm and shine as they have stood for ages: the square, strong tower and the slender, tapering spire—a quarrel fixed in stone. And the story of those two stubborn sisters is told to strangers who visit the place over and over again."

Grandmamma paused. Lou and Jule looked across into each other's eyes and laughed.

"Weren't they funny?" said Lou.

"We'll play store if you'd rather, Jule."

"And then we'll play house," said Jule.

So then the sun shone again. But they lost the wish; for, you know, if one speaks before one is asked a question, the charm is broken.—*Youth's Companion*.

## A LITTLE BOY'S SERMON.

Two little brothers were left at home on rainy Sunday. Johnnie said: "Let us play church. You be the minister and I'll be the congregation." So Sammy took down the big Bible and looked over it a little while, and then said: "Now, Johnnie, here's a nice little text with only four words in it; and as you are a little boy four years old, there'll be a word for each year of your life. This is the text, 'I am the door.' You see the first word is 'I.' It has only one letter in it. The 'I' means the Lord Jesus, the good Saviour who loves little children. The second word is 'am.' This has two letters in it. When Jesus says, 'I am the door,' of course he doesn't mean that he really is a door like that through which we come into this room, but only that he is like a door. The third word is 'the.' Jesus says, 'I am the door,' because he is the only door by which we can enter into heaven. The fourth word is 'door.' This has four letters in it. A door lets us into the house. If there was no door we could not get in at all. A door keeps out the rain, and the dogs, and the thieves; so Jesus keeps away all dangerous and hurtful things out of his beautiful heaven. If we want to get into his house we must go straight to the door; and if we want to get to heaven we must go to Jesus and ask him to let us in.—*Selected*."

## LITTLE SWEEP'S PRAYER.

ONE Sabbath a little boy of ten years of age came into a Sunday-school class. He led a very uncomfortable life as a chimney sweep in the service of a hard master. The teacher was talking about prayer, and turning to this little fellow, asked him:

"And you, my friend, do you ever pray?" "Oh, yes, sir." "And when do you do it?" "You go out very early in the morning, do you not?" "Yes, sir, and we are only half awake when we leave the house.

"I think about God, but cannot say that I pray then." "When then?" "You see, sir, our master orders us to mount the chimney quick, but does not forbid us to rest a little when we are at the top. Then I sit on the top of the chimney and pray." "And what do you say?" "Ah, sir, very little! I know no grand words with which to speak to God. Most frequently I only repeat a short verse." "What is that?" "God be merciful to me a sinner."