

## MY JESUS.

My Jesus is my Shepherd,  
I am his little lamb;  
He leads my feet in pastures sweet,  
How safe and blessed I am!

My Jesus is my Saviour.  
He died on Calvary,  
To save my soul, and make me whole,  
From sin to set me free

My Jesus is my Teacher.  
How little do I know;  
He guides my youth in ways of truth,  
In knowledge makes me grow.

My Jesus is my Leader.  
He bids me take his hand;  
And he alone will bear me on  
Up to the better land.

My Jesus spent his life  
In kind and loving deeds,  
May I fulfil his blessed will  
And follow where he leads.

My Jesus is in heaven  
To intercede for me;  
His prayer of love poured out above,  
I know will answered be.

My Jesus soon will come  
To take me up on high;  
Oh may I be prepared to see  
My Jesus when I die.

## JENNIE'S INVESTMENT.

ONE day a pale-faced little girl walked hurriedly into a bookstore in Annasbury, and said to a man serving at the counter: "Please, sir, I want a book that's got 'Suffer little children to come to me' in it; and how much is it, sir? I am in a great hurry."

The shopman bent down and dusted his spectacles.

"And suppose I haven't the book you want, what then, my dear?"

"Oh, sir, I shall be so sorry; I want it so much." And the little voice trembled at there being a chance of disappointment.

The kind shopman took the thin hand of his small customer in his own. "Will you be very sad without the book? And why are you in such a hurry?"

"Well, sir, you see I went to school one Sunday when Mrs. West, who takes care of me, was away; and the teacher read about a Good Shepherd who said those words; and I want to go there. I'm so tired of being where there's nobody to care for a little girl like me, only Mrs. West, who says I'd better be dead than alive."

"But why are you in such a hurry?"

"My cough is getting so bad now, sir, and I want to know all about him before I die; 'twould be so strange to see him and not know him. Besides, if Mrs. West knew I was here she'd take away the six cents I've saved running messages to buy the book with; so I'm in a hurry to get served."

The bookseller wiped his eyes very vigorously this time, and lifting a book from off the shelf, he said: "I'll find it

words you want, my little girl: come and listen."

Then he read the words of the loving Saviour recorded in Luke 18. 16—get your Bible and find the place—and told how this Good Shepherd had got a home all light and rest and love, prepared for those who love and serve him.

"Oh, how lovely!" was the half breathless exclamation of the little listener. "And he says 'Come.' I'll go to him. How long do you think it may be, sir, before I see him?"

"Not long, perhaps," said the shopkeeper, turning away his head. "You shall keep the six cents and come here every day, while I read you some more from this book."

Thanking him, the child hurried away. Many days passed but she never came again. One day a loud-voiced, untidy woman ran into the shop and said:

"Jennie's dead. She died rambling about the great Shepherd, and she said you was to have the six cents for the mission-box at school. Here it is;" and she ran out of the shop.

The cents went into the box, and when the story of Jennie was told, so many followed her example with their cents, that at the end of the year "Jennie's cents," as they were called, were found to be sufficient to send a missionary to China.

## "DIDN'T I, DAN?"

"JIMMY, have you watered my horse this morning?"

"Yes, uncle, I watered him; didn't I Dan?" he added, turning to his younger brother.

"Of course you did," responded Dan.

The gentleman looked at the boys a moment, wondering a little at Jimmy's words; then he rode away.

This was Mr. Harley's first visit with his nephews, and thus far he had been pleased with their bright, intelligent faces and kind behaviour. Still, there was something in Jimmy's appeal to his brother that impressed him unfavourably, he could hardly tell why; but the cloud of disfavour had vanished from his mind when, two hours later, he turned his horse's head homeward. Just in the bend of the road he met his nephews, Jimmy bearing a gun over his shoulder.

"Did your father give you permission to carry that gun?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," replied Jimmy: "didn't he, Dan?"

"Of course he did," said Dan.

"And of course I believe you, Jimmy, without your brother's word for it," said Mr. Harley.

Jimmy's face flushed, and his bright eye fell below his uncle's gaze. Mr. Harley noticed his nephew's confusion, and rode on without further comment.

"This map is finely executed; did you draw it, Jimmy?" asked Mr. Harley that afternoon, while looking over a book of drawings.

"Yes, sir," replied Jimmy, with a look

of conscious pride, then, turning to his brother, he added, "Didn't I, Dan?"

Mr. Harley closed the book, and laid it on the table.

"Jimmy," he began, "what does this mean? To every question I have asked you to-day, you have appealed to Dan to confirm your reply. Cannot your own word be trusted?"

Jimmy's face turned scarlet, and he looked as if he would like to vanish from his uncle's sight.

"Not always," he murmured, looking straight down at his boots.

"My dear boy, I was afraid of this," said Mr. Harley, kindly. "The boy who always speaks the truth has no need to seek confirmation from another. Do you mean to go through life always having to say: 'Didn't I, Dan?'"

After a pause: "No, uncle, I am going to try to speak the truth, so that the people will believe me as well as Dan," said Jimmy, impulsively.

Mr. Harley spent the holiday season with his nephews, and before he left, he had the pleasure of hearing people say: "What's come over Jimmy Page? He never says now: 'Didn't I, Dan?'"

Mr. Harley thought it was because Jimmy was gaining confidence in himself by always speaking the truth. We think so too.

## WHAT NORMAN WROTE.

"WHAT shall I write in my new blank book?" said Norman to himself.

He could not write very well, but he did the best he could. This is what he wrote:

"A Good Boy."

He took it and showed it to his mother.

"That looks very well," she said, "that is a good thing to write. I hope you will write it in your big book."

"Why, mother," said Norman, "I haven't any big book."

"Yes, you have, son, a big book with a great many pages. Each day you have a fresh page. The name of this big book is Life."

"How can I write it on that book, mother?" asked the boy.

Can you guess what Norman's mother said?

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

APRIL 15.

LESSON TOPIC.—Joseph Sold Into Egypt.—Gen. 37. 23-36.

MEMORY VERSES, Gen. 37. 26-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Ye thought evil against me, but God meant it unto good—Gen. 50. 20.

APRIL 22.

LESSON TOPIC.—Joseph Ruler in Egypt.—Gen. 41. 38-48.

MEMORY VERSES, Gen. 41. 38-40.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Them that honour me I will honour.—1 Sam. 2. 30.