

**"I'M SURE THE SAVIOUR SMILED."**

Some one said one day that we do not read that our Saviour when on earth was ever seen to smile. A little girl heard the remark. "What!" she said, "didn't Jesus say to the little children, 'Come unto Me! and they would never have come unless He had smiled!'"

I'm sure the Saviour smiled,  
Or else no little trembling child  
Had dared to venture near  
No darkening frown, no angry word,  
Was ever seen, or ever heard  
While Jesus sojourned here.

I'm sure the Saviour smiled,  
And all the children's hearts beguiled  
By his heart-winning ways;  
His tender welcome, loving voice,  
Made little hearts in hope rejoice  
To meet his loving gaze.

I'm sure the Saviour smiled,  
He calmed the tempest fierce and wild,  
Of sin and sorrow sored,  
And by his sweet, sad look of love,  
Charmed careless souls to Heaven above  
To worship and adore.

I'm sure the Saviour smiled,  
And though I'm but a little child,  
I dare to seek his love,  
I have no fear, I have no doubt,  
He will not, cannot cast me out,  
But welcome me above.—*Sel.*

**BOYS, PERSEVERE!**

A poor woman had a supply of coal laid at her door by a kind neighbour. A very little girl came out with a small fire-shovel, and began to take up a shovelful at a time, and carry it to a sort of bin in the cellar. The child was asked by a stranger, "Do you expect to get all that coal in with that little shovel?" The girl replied cheerfully, "Yes sir, if I work long enough." So let us persevere with whatever we attempt, and we may, by God's, help, depend upon success.

**BOYS, READ THIS.**

Many people seem to forget that character grows--that it is not something to put on readymade with womanhood or manhood, but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength. until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business--prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When he was a boy. Let me see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is too late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot; I don't think," will never be a reliable man; and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman.—*Busy Bee.*

**LOOK UP.**

A little boy went on a sea voyage with his father to learn to be a sailor. One day his father said to him:

"Come, my boy! you will never be a sailor if you don't learn to climb; let me see if you can get up the mast."

The boy, who was a nimble little fellow, soon scrambled up; but when he got to the top and saw at what a height he was he began to be frightened and called out:

"O father! I shall fall—I am sure I shall fall! I am sure I shall fall! What am I to do?"

"Look Up! look up, my boy!" said his father. "If you look down you will be giddy; but if you keep looking up to the flag at the top of the mast you will descend safely."

The boy followed his father's advice and reached the bottom with ease.

Learn to look more to Jesus and less to yourselves.—*Sel.*