



THE SLEEPY NURSE.

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SANTA CLAUS brought Kitty a lovely wax doll at Christmas, and she nurses it, and pretends to feed it, just as if it were a real baby; only it is a very good baby, and never cries.

Here she is in the picture, with her dolly, which she calls Rose.

Kitty has been rocking and singing Miss Rose to sleep, but now you see she has fallen asleep herself. Do they not make a pretty picture? Kitty has a nice little bed for her doll, and every night she tucks her in it, before nurse puts Kitty herself to bed.

IN THE HOUR OF TEMPTATION.

THE chief source of strength in the hour of temptation is prayer. And one reason why sin so often gets the advantage of the Christian, is found in the neglect of this blessed privilege. Instead of relying upon his own strength, he should cast himself into the arms of his heavenly Father. It is not necessary that he should retire to the privacy of his own room in order to do this. God can hear our thoughts as well as our words; our silent but strong yearnings for his aid can be heard by him as distinctly as if we were to cry aloud; so, at all hours and in all places, when the soul needs strength, it can turn to him who alone can give it.

Who can resist the pitiful pleading of his own children? What man so hard of heart, so relentless of purpose, who will not yield when he feels his little children tugging at his heart-strings? Ah! the sword is sharp, the arrow is swift, and the dagger is keen, but there is nothing that goes so

surely to the heart as the voice of a child. And will God not hear his children when they cry to him? Ah! that he will. Has he not said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee."

Call upon the Lord as a child calls upon its parent, and he will hear.—*Selected.*

DANCING.

You think I am hard upon dancing, and I have a reason. "Two years ago," said a young girl to me, "you told me that if I went on doing these things I should myself change; that I should not do them and keep myself. I was almost angry then, but do you know it has come true? I have changed. Things that I minded and shrunk from then I never notice now. I have got used to them, as you said; it frightens me when I think of it." Poor child! neither fright nor warning have staid her course since then. A ceaseless thirst for excitement, and an endless round of unsatisfying pleasure—so called—a weary, old, disappointed look on the young face; broken engagements, forgotten promises, a wasted life. This is what it has all come to. "Hard upon dancing?" "Yes; certainly I have reason. Do I not find it right in the way of my Bible-class who might else become Christian? Do I not know how it tarnishes the Christian profession of others? Do not the careless young men in the class boast that they can get the church members to go with them anywhere to dance? Or how would you like to have a young girl come to you, frightened at the things she had permitted at the ball the night before, entreating to know if you thought them very bad?"—*Homes and School.*

THE WILD WHITE ROSE.

It was peeping through the brambles,
That little, wild, white rose,
Where the hawthorn hedge was planted
My garden to enclose.
All beyond was fern or heather
On the breezy open moor;
All within was sun and shelter,
And the wealth of beauty's store;
But I did not heed the fragrance
Of flower or of tree,
For my eyes were on that rose bud,
And it grew too high for me.

In vain I strove to reach it,
Through the tangled mass of green—
It only smiled and nodded
Behind its thorny screen.
Yet through that summer morning
I lingered near the spot—
Oh! why do things look sweeter
If we possess them not?
My garden buds were blooming;
But all that I could see
Was that mocking little wild rose
Hanging—just too high for me.

So, in life's wider garden,
There are buds of promise too—
Beyond our reach to gather,
But not beyond our view;
And like the little charmer
That tempted me astray,
They steal out half their brightness
Of many a summer day.
O hearts that fail for longing
For some forbidden tree,
Look up and learn a lesson
From my white rose and me!

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

"You are a naughty girl. I hate you!"
"And I hate you! There! take that!"
And Jane struck the girl who had spoken to her.

Then they both began to strike and beat each other, until both began to cry, and went home to tell their mothers how they had been abused.

Is that the way that Christ taught us? Ought we to behave so?

"Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

What a beautiful verse that is! What a happy world this would be if we obeyed this Bible precept!

Dear children, be kind to each other and tender-hearted, and your friends will love you.

THE boy who was kept after school for bad orthography said he was spell-bound.