



THE PICNIC BY THE SEA.

## A NURSERY LESSON

SAY, little child, who gives to thee  
Thy life and limbs so light and free?  
Thy moving eyes to look around,  
Thy ears to catch the softest sound?  
Thy food and clothing, friends and home?  
'Tis God from whom those blessings come;  
And what shouldst thou do! canst thou  
guess?

To prove to him thy thankfulness  
For life and friends, for clothes and food?  
"Be good."

And tell me, little one, I pray,  
Who gives thee pleasure in thy play?  
Who makes the happy girl and boy  
To run and leap and shout for joy  
When looking on the clear blue sky,  
The clouds that float, the birds that fly,  
Trees, flowers, and every pretty thing?  
'Tis God from whom these blessings spring;  
And in return what shouldst thou do?

"Be good, and love him too."  
—*Johanna Baillie.*

## A BOY'S INFLUENCE.

SOME time ago I attended a religious meeting, and at the close of the exercise the audience was asked to participate in testimonies. A middle-aged man arose and said, in substance, "I've been saved from intemperance by my little boy," pointing to a bright lad in the audience. I owe my conversion under God to my little son. Religion has made me a sober man and helps me to live an honest, industrious life. It was not always so. On one occasion I was absent three or four days from my home, and my poor wife and boy were nearly broken-hearted. On the fourth day my dear child asked his

teacher to let him go home at recess, as he was not feeling well. The boy was sick at heart on my account; when he reached home he burst into tears, and said to his mother, "I can't study in school. I can't sleep at night, my head aches and my lips are parched praying to God to send home father. Mother, does God hear?" His mother strove to comfort him, but her faith was beginning to waver, for through her married life her unceasing prayer had been for my reclamation. After wandering from one saloon to another, at the end of the fourth day I returned home intoxicated. Did my boy turn from his drunken father? No, he ran to me, clasped his arms about my neck, and wept tears of joy. After his emotion, his first words were, 'Father, I almost feel I can never pray again, for God has let you come home drunk.' The words struck me to the heart, and I said, 'Don't lose your faith in God, and your poor, miserable father will never get drunk again.' God heard that promise, and has enabled me to keep it.' This man is amongst one of the most earnest workers in the temperance cause to-day. He had lost all self-respect and had sunk very low, but could not bear to see his child lose confidence in God, therefore the boy became the means of the father's reformation. The exertions put forth on behalf of children in temperance instruction will not be lost in the home, but will produce lasting fruitage.

ONCE a minister asked the poor children before him, 'What is holiness?' A poor little Irish boy, in dirty, tattered rags, jumped up and said, 'Please your reverence, it is to be clean inside.' Could anything be truer?

## GIVEN IN LOVE.

A LITTLE girl about seven years old, died in Philadelphia some years ago. When the doctor told her she could not live, she bade her mother send for the pastor of the church and gave him her little savings bank.

"Open it," she said.

There were four dollars and a few cents. "Take them," said the child, "and build a church for poor people, poor people, mind who sit in back seats of our church. They must not pay anything, I want all the seats to be free."

The clergyman took the money. "My child," he said solemnly, "it shall be done with God's help."

When the child was dead he placed her little bank and the pittance it contained on the pulpit, and told her story. Tears were in every eye. One wealthy man after another came forward with his offering. Children came, women also; and the poor with their mites.

The completed church, ready for its poor occupants, was dedicated to the service of that God who willed that the widow's mite and the poor little child's offering should not fail of their errand.

For such is the kingdom of Heaven.

## THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

ONE day, when Bishop Wilberforce was travelling by rail, a young man in the carriage said to a companion that he would like to meet his Lordship.

"Would you?" said the bishop, speaking under the shade of his newspaper; "and why?"

"I should like to give him a poser," rejoined the youth.

"What would it be?" asked the bishop.

"Why, I should ask him to tell me the way to Heaven."

'And the bishop's answer would be, 'Turn to the right and go straight on,' was the prelate's response, looking up with a twinkle in his eye to his interrogator.—*Young Reaper.*

## THE REASON WHY.

AT an inn in Pennsylvania a man who had arrived the evening before was asked on the Sabbath morning whether he intended to pursue his journey on that day. He answered, 'No.' He was then asked, "Why not?" "Because," said he, "I am going a long journey, and wish to perform it as soon as I can. I have long been accustomed to travel on horseback, and have found that if I stop on the Sabbath my horse will travel farther during the week than if I do not."