

him papa," persisted the baby. The lady then took the little one by the hand and led her along, saying, "You had better come with me. I guess you came from this way." "Yes, but I don't want to go back. I want to find my papa," replied the little girl, crying afresh as if her heart would break. "I want to kiss him." Just then a sister of the child came along looking for her, and led her away. From subsequent inquiries it appears that the little one's papa, whom she was so earnestly in search of, had recently died. In her lonesomeness and love for him she got tired of waiting for him to come home, and had gone to find him and greet him with the accustomed kiss.—*Poughkeepsie Eagle.*

#### A BROTHER'S CHARGE.

One day a little boy asked his mother to let him lead his little sister out on the green grass. She had just begun to run alone, and could not step over anything that lay in the way. His mother told him he might lead out the little girl, but charged him not to let her fall. I found them at play, very happy, in the field.

I said, "You seem very happy, George. Is this your sister?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can she walk alone?"

"Yes, sir, on smooth ground."

"And how did she get over these stones which lie between us and the house?"

"Oh, sir, mother charged me to be careful that she did not fall, and so I put my hands under her arms and lifted her up when she came to a stone, so that she need not hit her little foot against it."

"That is right, George; and I want to tell you one thing. You see now how to understand that beautiful text: 'He shall give His angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.' God charges His angels to lead and lift His people out of difficulties, just as you have lifted little Annie over these stones. Do you understand it now?"

"Oh, yes, sir, and I shall never forget while I live."

Can one child thus take care of another, and can not God take care of those who trust him? Surely He can. There is not a child who may read this story over whom He is not ready to give His holy angels charge.

#### GOD LOVES BAD CHILDREN.

"What kind of children does God love?" said a Christian, one day, to the children of a Sunday-school.

"Good children, good children," was the answer from several voices.

The teacher was silent, and the scholars were perplexed to know what answer he desired them to make.

Presently he said, "Jesus loves bad children."

The children were surprised at this, and one girl anxiously asked whether it was really true.

When she was assured that it was really true, because it was written that God loved the world, and in it "there is none that doeth good, no not one," she burst into tears and said:

"I am so glad, then, for I am a bad child."

Thus the "gospel of the grace of God" melted a rebellious spirit into tenderness and tears.

#### LITTLE KINDNESSES.

A little boy has a hard lesson given him at school, and his teacher asks him if he thinks he can get it. For a moment the fellow hangs down his head, but the next he looks brightly up.

"I can get my sister to help me," he says.

That is right, sister; help little brother, and you are binding a tie round his heart that may save him in many an hour of dark temptation.

"I don't know how to do this sum, but brother will show me," says another one.

"Sister, I've dropped a stitch in my knitting; I tried to pick it up, but it has run down, and I can't fix it."

The little girl's face is flushed, and she watches her sister with a nervous anx-