

JESUS LOVES ME.

OR, THE STORY OF SARAH GLEN.

LITTLE Sarah Glen went tripping down among the rocks near her home one bright afternoon.

"We want to have our Sabbath school hymns real nice," she said, "so I'm going to sing them over and over—all to myself."

"Jesus loves me, this I know," sang Sarah sweetly.

"What a horrid noise! Call that singing, do you?" cried a coarse voice; and to Sarah's dismay, two rough looking boys came around the big rock.

"You'd better not sing that nonsense while we are here; do you hear?" added the other, with a threatening look.

"But it is true—Jesus *does* love you and me," said little Sarah, in a sweet, firm voice.

"Shut up, will you?" and the boy raised the big stick in his hand. It is to be hoped that he did not mean to strike the child; but his foot slipped, and the stick fell heavily on Sarah's shoulder, making her cry out with the pain.

Several weeks later when her shoulder was nearly well, little Sarah sat by the window in her cozy home, singing her Sabbath-school hymns.

"Why, there's a boat adrift!" she said. Yes, and two boys on Death Rock, and the tide rising fast."

She took a spy-glass and looked anxiously through it.

"And there's nobody to help them. And I do believe they are the very boys who hurt my shoulder last summer. What will they do?"

Close by the stand on which the big Bible lay, Sarah kneeled down, and asked Jesus to show her what He wanted her to do, and to help her be willing and glad—if she ought to go.

In a minute or two the little girl rose up from prayer, put on her warm cloak, ran to the shore and unfastened her boat, rowed out of the cove, out where the water trembled

and hissed in the sharp wind, away out to her rock.

But the little girl's heart grew warmer and brave all the time.

A sharp pull around one corner of Death Rock, and then she was where the waves were smaller; and the boys with a shout of joy threw a long rope to her, and drew the boat to where they could scramble into it.

"What made you try to save us? How did you dare, when it was so rough? and—after we treated you so mean!" they asked, as they pulled toward the shore.

"I just thought of Jesus; and I did so want you to believe he loves you," said the little girl timidly.

"I thought it was all bosh the other time; but now it's plain you do care, even for bad ones like what we are. If I could be as sure. Him that you sung about cared—"

"Why, but it's a great deal surer," cried little Sarah. "It says, 'He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities.' Why, *he died*, you know, because he loved us so."

The next Sabbath two rough-looking boys sat in the Sabbath-school, the tears running down their cheeks as the children sang,—

"Jesus loves me—he who died
Heaven's gate to open wide:
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in."

—Pres. Journal.

A CONSCIENTIOUS BOY.

I heard of a boy who went to the head of his spelling class from the foot, because the teacher thought he spelled a word right that all the others had missed. Then the teacher wrote the word on the board, that each might see his mistake; but at once the boy raised his hand and said: "O, I didn't spell it that way. I spelled it with an *e*." Some of the boys asked him afterwards why he did not let it go, and he said he couldn't afford to dishonor his Master, Jesus Christ, for the sake of being at the head of his class.—*Family Treasury*.