



BEHOLD THE MAN.

THIS picture shows our blessed Lord after He was mocked, and scourged, and crowned with thorns. Pilate brought Him forth and presented Him to the Jews, saying, Behold the man. We may indeed look upon Him whom our sins have pierced and be touched to repentance by His infinite compassion and everlasting love. How meek, how patient, how loving He was. Dear children, give Him your hearts, love Him with all your soul, and serve Him with all your powers.

A MOUSE IN THE PANTRY.

"WHEN I used to be out of temper, or naughty in any way, if grandfather was here he would call to me, 'Mary, Mary, take care! there's a mouse in the pantry!'"  
 "I often used to cease crying at this, and stand wondering to myself what he meant. I often ran to the pantry, too, to see if there really was a mouse in the trap, but I never found one. One day I said, 'Grandfather, I don't know what you mean. I haven't a pantry, and there are no mice in mother's, because I have looked ever so often.' He smiled, and said,  
 "'Come, little woman, sit down here in the porch by me, and I'll tell you what I mean. Your heart, Mary, is the pantry. The little sins are the mice that get in and nibble away all the good, and that make

you sometimes cross and peevish and fretful, unwilling to do as your mother wishes. and, if you do not strive against them, the mice will keep nibbling till the good is all eaten away. Now, I want to show you, my little girl, how to prevent this. To keep the mice out you must set a trap for them—the trap of watchfulness, and have for bait good resolutidus and firmness.'"

"But, mother," said Nancy, now quite interested in the story, "wouldn't they nibble the resolutions away after a while?"

"No, Nancy, not if the watch was kept strictly and the bait a good one. I did not exactly understand it when grandfather first told me, for I was such a very little girl, but I knew it was told for me in some way, and after a while I began to find out what he meant. He told me, too, that I might store my pantry with good things if I watched it well. Do you know what that means, Nancy?"

"To be full of good always," said Nancy, whose tears were dried now.  
 "Yes, to store it with good principles, good thoughts, and kind feelings.—*Early Days.*

"ALL THE WAY."

BUT a youthful pilgrim, I,  
 My journey's just begun;  
 They say I'll meet with sorrow  
 Before my journey's done.  
 The world is full of trouble,  
 And trials too, they say,  
 But I will follow Jesus  
 All the way.

Then, like a little pilgrim,  
 Whatever I may meet,  
 I'll take it, joy or sorrow—  
 And lay at Jesus' feet;  
 He'll comfort me in trouble,  
 He'll wipe my tears away;  
 With joy I'll follow Jesus  
 All the way.

Then trials cannot vex me,  
 And pain I need not fear;  
 For when I'm close by Jesus,  
 Grief cannot come too near;  
 Not even death can harm me,  
 When death I meet one day;  
 To heaven I'll follow Jesus  
 All the way.

TEN LITTLE TOES

BABY is clad in his nightgown white,  
 Pussy-cat purrs a soft good night,  
 And somebody tells, for somebody knows  
 The terrible tale of ten little toes

RIGHT FOOT.

This big toe took a small boy Sam  
 Into the cupboard after the jam  
 This little toe said, "Oh, no ' no '"  
 This little toe was anxious to go;  
 This little toe said, "Tisn't quite right."  
 This little tiny toe curled out of sight

LEFT FOOT.

This big toe got suddenly stubbed,  
 This little toe got ruefully rubbed;  
 This little frightened toe cried out, "Bears!"  
 This little timid toe, "Run up stairs!"  
 Down came a jar with a loud slam ' slam '  
 This little tiny toe got all the jam '

SPINNERS AND WEAVERS.

DID you know that all the silk in the world is made by very little worms? These creatures have a machine for spinning it. They wind the silk, too, as well as spin it. The curious cocoons the worms make are wound with silk. Men take them to factories, where they are unwound and made into the beautiful silks you and your mother wear.

The spider is also a spinner. His thread is much finer than the silkworm's. It is made up of a great many threads, just like a rope of many strands. This is the spider's rope, that he walks on. He often swings on it, too, to see how strong it is. Did you ever see a spider drop from some high place? How his spinning machine must work!

The wasp makes his paper nest out of fibres of wood. He picks them off with his strange little teeth, given him for the purpose, and gathers them into a neat bundle.

When he has enough, he makes them into a soft pulp in some strange way. This pulp is very much like that used by men in making our paper. Very likely the wasps taught them how, because they are the oldest paper-makers in the world.

This pulp he weaves into the paper that forms his nest. You must look for one, and see how much it is like the common brown paper we use to wrap bundles in. The wasps work together, so that it takes but very little time to build a nest.

A FRENCHMAN is teaching a donkey how to talk. What we want in this country is a man to teach donkeys not to talk.