



A GOOD BOOK.

A good book is one of the best of companions. One can never be lonesome while he has a good book to read. James has a nice book sent him by his Aunt Julia. It has pretty pictures and pretty stories. One of the nicest of the stories is about Jesus blessing little children. James says he wants such a friend as Jesus.

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL DID.

THE number of waifs in a large city is much greater than we have any idea of. Left to grow up amid scenes of poverty and crime, these little ones would find their way to the prisons and often to the gallows. In London, active measures are taken to rescue the poor neglected ones from their wretched surroundings. They are gathered into various institutions, fed, clothed, and taught, and, when sufficient progress has been made, sent away to homes in Canada and other countries where they are assured of kind treatment. They often take a blessing with them to these homes. Dr. Barnardo, the manager of the various institutions, relates this instance. "I sent a little girl out some time ago to Canada from our Village Home, a little thing eight years of age. You may say, 'What good was she?' The Canadians will tell you. The eight-year-old mites get into the hearts quicker than the fifteen-year-olds do. Well, when I sent this little girl out she was met by a farmer at the nearest station—a big fellow, about six feet two inches in his stockings. The child, timorous but trustful, went away with him, and when they arrived at home they were about to have their midday meal. There sat his wife, as big as the father almost; and there were sons also, all young giants: they all sat around the table. The meal was just being brought in, and my little Jessie was put in a chair. Presently the dinner was on the table. One son helped himself to a piece, and another son took hold of his share and began to eat, but the little girl sat still and quietly covered her face with her hands, while with bowed head she said her simple grace. The farmer rose up—he told me

this himself—and wiping away his tears, said. 'Wife, we have never had anything like that in our house before.' While he was speaking, the wife, as much and as deeply moved herself, had gone round and taken the child in her arms and embraced her. 'God bless you, my dear!' she said. And what do you think followed? They said to my little maid, 'Say your prayer out loud, my dear, and we shall say it with you.' Yes, 'a little child was leading them.' There was the little London child saying aloud her simple prayer, inviting the Lord Jesus to be at their meal and bless them; while the others with bowed heads and closed eyes, were repeating it after her, the tears coursing down their faces."

YOUR GARDEN.

WHO has a garden to plant? I know—
Each little boy and girl: and so
Each little boy and girl must get
Good seeds to sow, good grafts to set,
And when they have set and sowed, take
care,
To trim them and weed them till they shall
bear
Such good and beautiful fruit, that they
Will be glad for all they have done some
day.
Each little garden is each little heart,
Where the good deeds with the bad will
start.

LEANING ON JESUS.

A LITTLE girl lay near death. She had been brought low by a sad and painful disease. Not long before, her step had been as light and her heart as joyous and gay as any of her companions; but now her body was racked with pain, the icy hand of death had touched her, and she was about to go into eternity.

"Does my little one feel sad at the thought of death?" asked her papa, as he watched the look of pain on her face.

"No, dear papa," she said smiling; "my hand is all the while in the hand of Jesus, and he will not let me go."

"Are you afraid, dear child?" asked her minister at one time.

"No, I cannot fear while Jesus supports me," she replied quickly.

"But are you not weary with bearing pain?"

And so this one of Christ's lambs went to the fold above, leaning on the Good Shepherd, who "gathers the lambs in his arms."

We, too, shall all die. Shall we be found leaning on Jesus, so that we shall not mind pain or fear death.

PATIENT WILL.

DEAR little patient Will was only ten years old, but he knew a great deal about pain and suffering. He had been sick many months, and often could not sleep at night, but he was always quiet and cheerful. How could he be? I will tell you.

One day he looked up very sweetly and said, "Mother, I can say 'Thy will be done to God.'"

"Could you, my dear boy, if he should send you more suffering?"

"Yes," he replied.

His father one day told him in a bright way, "Willie, when spring comes maybe you will be able to go out."

"Papa," he replied, "I would much rather talk about dying."

To-day mother has left him alone for a few minutes, and he has climbed into a chair by the window to look out. It is winter-time and the snow is falling. Everything is covered with a pure white mantle and he can hear the merry shouts of the boys at play.

"Do you wish you were skating and coasting with the boys, dear?" asked mother when she returned and saw his wistful look.

"No, mamma. I was thinking how white the snow is, and of something that whiter; you know Jesus makes us 'whiter than snow.'"

"No, mamma," he said afterward, "I don't want to play any more. I'm going to heaven and there we shall be so happy we shall need play. I'm satisfied!"

He only lingered a few days after this. When he was dying he asked his mother to sing. She tried to sing one of the hymns he loved so much, and got as far as the second verse.

"I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive."

Willie looked up and smiled. "But Jesus will forgive," he repeated. A beautiful light fell over his face, and his mother asked, "Can you see Jesus, Willie?"

"Yes," he said with a smile. Then lifting his hands he cried out, "He's coming! he's coming!" and in a few moments he had gone to live with the dear Saviour forever.

Dear children, do not be afraid of this of dying. Dying is but going home to be with Jesus. He has said, "I will come again, and receive you to myself." In that happy home we shall never sin or suffer. If you are sick, we hope you too will try to say, "Thy will be done," and be a patient little sufferer like Willie.