

## GOD IS LOVE.

THE sun is shining on the hill,  
And on the water, bright and still,  
That scarcely ripples in the breeze  
So gently stirring through the trees.

The sky above us looks as fair  
As if no clouds were ever there,  
And happy voices join to say,  
"How perfect is the summer day!"

'Twas God who gave the sky its blue,  
And formed this rippling lakelet too,  
Where little boats may glide along,  
While oars keep time with mirth and song.

He made the beauty of the day,  
And led us in this pleasant way;  
On every leaf and blade of green  
The work of God's own hand is seen.

And many lessons we are taught  
By all the wonders he has wrought,  
For they are traced in lines as clear  
As if the words were printed here.

Though some are written on the sky,  
And some in depths of ocean lie,  
To-day our lesson from above  
Is plain and easy—'GOD IS LOVE'

## A LITTLE RAG PICKER.

A HEAP of little bits of calico and linen lay just ahead of Phenie's broom. It was a very cunning new broom, and it swept as clean as new brooms always do. The sitting-room had to be swept a good many times in a day, for Miss Poor, the dress-maker was there, snipping and making all the litter she could—Phenie thought. But she liked to sweep it up very well indeed.

"I'd pick those pieces out and save them for paper-rags," said Aunt Anna, coming in just at that minute.

"There's such a little of 'em," said Phenie. "I don't believe it's a cent's worth. I want to sweep the veranda, too."

So Phenie sidged for a minute with her new broom, and when she found Aunt Anna didn't say any more, she left the bits of cotton in a corner of the wide brick hearth, and went out to sweep the veranda floor. And when she went in again the rags were all out of the way.

All through the summer there were a good many bits of cloth and paper to pick up, but Phenie didn't touch them very often. There was always such a little, and she didn't like to any way. But in the fall a tin-peddler drove up to the door in a shiny green cart, lettered with gold, and among other beautiful things he had some little tin pails, painted and lettered too.

"O Auntie!" screamed Phenie in the greatest of delight, "Can't I have one?"

"Thirty cents, only," said the peddler.

After one look at Aunt Anna's face, Phenie felt, with dreadful sinking of her heart, that he might as well have said thirty dollars.

"I'll take rags," said the peddler, swinging one of the pails on his finger, "four cents a pound."

Aunt Anna's eyes began to laugh.

"Have you got any rags, Phenie?" she asked.

"No'm," said Phenie, solemnly.

"If you had only saved them, Phenie!"

"But there was such a little," said Phenie.

Aunt Anna laughed. Then she brought in from behind the shed door a bag stuffed full of rags.

"Here they are, Phenie," she said.

Phenie opened her eyes, and the peddler began to laugh. In a minute he had weighed the rags. "The pail's yours," he said; "and two cents over. Many a little makes a deal, little girl. Now, I'm coming round again next spring. Can't you save some rags for me?"

"Yes, sir," said Phenie, hugging her pail with her two jingling coppers.—*Temperance.*

## SAY "NO."

"Alice, what will you say when they offer you wine at dinner?" asked Dick.

"I shall say 'No, thank you.'"

"Suppose for politeness sake, we take a sip."

"O Dick, you don't mean it! Think how we promised mamma we wouldn't! Think of the trouble intemperance brings!"

"I'm not talking about intemperance," said Dick, impatiently. "just about a sip."

"But one sip might lead to more, don't take a sip, dear brother."

"Cousin Mary will look, and Louis will think 'How curious!' and Albert will put up his eye glass. I hate to be looked at as a curiosity."

"So do I," said Alice. "Perhaps it won't be as bad as we think. I mean to say 'no' all the same. It would not be rude," she added eagerly. General Washington said it was not. One day near the close of our Revolutionary War, a young officer came to Philadelphia to see Washington on business. He was invited to a dinner party. A little before they were to leave the table, Washington, calling him by name, asked him to take a glass of wine. "No, thank you, sir," said he, "I have made it a rule never to touch wine."

Every one looked surprised that the young

man should refuse such an invitation from the General. He is rude, they thought. What I say "no" to Washington! Washington saw in a moment how they felt. He said "I do not want any one at my table to partake of anything against his inclination. I honour, you, sir, for refusing what you consider wrong"

"Good for the General!" exclaimed Dick.

"Good for the young man!" said Alice. "He was not sure what the General would think of him, and yet he was not afraid to do what he thought was right."

## HER MAJESTY CHRISTINE.

I AM seventy, gray, and staid,  
I love well a little maid,  
And she rules me like a queen.  
She has such a royal way,  
Whatever she may say,  
I am eager to obey  
Her small Majesty Christine.

She has robes of wondrous white,  
She has sashes gay and bright,  
Lace and ribbon for a queen;  
Golden crown is not so fair  
As her crown of golden hair.  
Ah, what maiden can compare  
With her Majesty Christine!

I have seventy summers told;  
She's exactly five years old;  
Promptly still obeys mamma.  
But no one has ever seen  
Such a slave to any queen  
As I am to sweet Christine  
When she calls me grandpapa.

—*Mary A. Barr.*

## THE TRUE TEST.

I HAVE read somewhere of a little girl who applied for membership in a church. She professed that a great change had come over her.

"Were you a sinner," asked the church-officer, "before you experienced this change?"

"Yes, sir," she replied.

"And are you a sinner now?" he inquired again.

"Yes, sir," she again answered.

"Then what has the great change of which you speak done for you?" asked the officer.

"I cannot exactly explain it," she answered, "but it is this way. Before I was a sinner *running after sin*, now I am a sinner *running away from sin*."

That is the true test. If you find yourself running away from sin instead of running after it, you are a child of God.