

WHAT THE LORD FOR YOU HATH DONE.

EVERY moment of the day,
While at work or merry play,
With our happy mates at school
Or at home 'neath mother's rule,
Oh, remember, little one,
What the Lord for you hath done—

How he left the mansions bright
Of that world beyond our sight,
Left its glories all behind,
Care and toil on earth to find;
This and more, my little one,
Christ our Lord for you hath done.

Cruelly was he received,
Sadly was his kind heart grieved,
By the ones he came to save,
For those souls his life he gave;
And his sorrows, little one,
Show you what the Lord hath done.

Now he reigns once more on high,
Yet looks down with loving eye;
Often comes he to your side,
Tries your tender feet to guide;
He remembers, little one,
What for you he once hath done.

WHAT THE CHURCH-BELL DID.

ONE Sunday morning, as the people of God in the pleasant little village of M were gathering in his sanctuary, a boy of some twelve summers was seen to go half-way up the church steps, stop, hesitate, go down again, away toward the fields. He was walking briskly when the clear, silvery tones of the church-bell rung out on the still morning air. The boy started, and a troubled look swept across his face. "Has that old bell got a voice?" he thought to himself; "it certainly said, 'Come, come, do come!'"

"You promised to spend a day in the woods," whispered the tempter; "and was George Gray ever known to break his word? And besides, it is dreadfully warm up there in the church, and so cool and pleasant out here among the clover and the daisies."

"Come, come, do come," chimed the bell.

"Cannot you worship God just as well among the grand old trees and beside the running brook?" suggested the wily one.

"Come, do come," urged the bell.

George sat down on a stump, and such a battle as he fought there! He was just on the point of yielding to the tempter, when there came up before him the many times he prayed at his mother's knee, "Lead us not into temptation," and of the night when his dear father went "over the river" to the

better land, how he called him to his bedside, and laying his hand lovingly on his head, with his dying breath said: "Love God, my boy, and do right always."

Getting up he began to run toward the church, and never once stopped until he reached the church steps. As he went in, these words fell upon his ear: "My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother; bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck." When, a few months after, God visited the church with bountiful showers of heavenly grace, George was among the "first fruits."

He is an old man now, with locks white with the frosts of many years, and feet trembling on the borders of the grave, but he never wearies of telling how God made the bell of the sanctuary to praise and honour him.—*Good Words.*

WHAT CAN RUB IT OUT.

"My son," said his mother to a flax-haired boy, five years old, who was trying to rub out some pencil marks he had made on paper, "My son, do you know that God writes down all you do in a book? He writes every naughty word, every disobedient act, every time you indulge in temper, and shake your shoulders, or pout your lips; and, my boy, you can never rub it out."

The little boy's face grew very red, and in a moment tears ran down his cheeks. His mother looked earnestly at him, but she said nothing more. At length he came softly to her side, threw his arms around her neck, and whispered, "Can the blood of Jesus rub it out?"

Dear children, Christ's blood can rub out the record of your sins, for it is written in God's holy word, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin!"—*Selected.*

WHAT ROBBIE LOST.

ROBBIE'S mother was sewing by the window where he stood, cross and sulky because it rained. A ragged boy, going by, looked up as if he envied the warm shelter and mother love which Robbie was forgetting. And what do think Robbie did? He made an ugly face at the poor fellow. His mother put down her work, and drawing her boy closer to her said: "A little girl about your age, whom the Lord took to live with himself, a few years ago, was once watching the rain and the people when a wretched looking girl with no rubbers or umbrella to protect her from the storm, going by, looked up as if she longed for the blessings of a comfortable home. Do you suppose

she saw such a disfigured face as yours was a moment ago?"

"Spose not," growled Robbie.

"No, indeed. With a sweet smile the dear child threw her a kiss, and such a look of pleased surprise as came into the poor girl's face was worth seeing. You have lost a chance to give a smile, my boy. Try to look and speak as you want to be remembered."

Robbie, softened by the story of his little cousin in heaven, thought that he always would.

A SHIPWRECK.

WERE you ever on the water in a storm? And did you not feel like shrinking down in the boat close to papa or uncle, who was rowing?

The sailors have left the ship in the distance and are trying to reach the shore. There has been a storm at sea and although the waves are not so high now, their ship is not safe, and they have to forsake it.

If you were on the shore, dear children, could you not sing to cheer them? Yes? And I can guess what you would sing. Would it not be that familiar, ringing song which I have heard you sing

"Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore!
Heed not the rolling waves, but bend to the oar;
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, cling to self no more!
Leave the poor old stranded wreck, and pull for the shore."

OUR SAVIOUR'S BIRTHPLACE.

THERE is no place in all the world to which Christians look at this time with so much interest as to Bethlehem. The cause of this great interest in that old town—one of the oldest in Palestine—is the birth in one of its mangers, eight-en hundred and eighty-eight years ago, of a child who became the greatest man this world has ever seen. Every one of our readers knows that his name is Jesus, the dear Christ Child whose birth angels celebrated with one of the grandest songs ever heard on earth. If you wish to know how the people of Bethlehem lived in those early times, you can find out by reading the book of Ruth. It was also there that David lived with his father when Samuel was sent by the Lord to anoint him to be King of Israel. It will be a good exercise in Bible-study to take a concordance and find all the passages relating to this noted place. Many interesting things in Bible-history occurred there.