

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

Little feet may find the pathway, Leading upward unto God, Little hands may learn to scatter Seeds of precious truth abroad.

Little ones, though frail and earth-born, Heirs of blessedness may be, For the Saviour whispereth gently, "Suffer such to come to Me."

"GOOD-NIGHT; BUT GIVE ME YOUR HAND."

Such were the words of a dear little girl to her father as he sat by her couch one evening, and had bidden her good-night.

"Good-night; but give me your hand." She wished to feel the clasp of that father's hand till she fell asleep.

How sweet to know that if an earthly father delights to take the hand of his little daughter as she is about dropping to sleep, much more does our heavenly Father love to hold our hand in His as we go at night into the silent land of unconsciousness.

How blessed to feel that, in answer to the prayer, "Good-night, Lord; but give me Thy hand," He will not leave or forsake us; that in the grasp of that Father's hand his children may sleep the sleep which God gives to his beloved.

If we take in ours that hand which was pierced for us upon the cross, even the night of adversity will be to us a good night. And in the valley of the shadow of death we will fear no evil.

A DOG WITH A CAGE.

I was struck with the appearance of another dog I saw to-day. This one was not small like the other animal. Oh no! It was somebody's great Newfoundland. It was not in a hurry either, like the other. By no means. It was standing stock still. Indeed, you would have taken it to be a wooden or bronze dog but for the wink of its eye.

It had the queerest thing on its head. It was something like a cage. Just as if some one had put a wire hood on its head, and it had slipped down over its nose. But this strange looking wire contrivance was not what called my attention to my canine friend. It was the sad, woe-begone look which was upon the countenance of the dog. Poor old fellow! He seemed to have lost his last friend.

Looking at the animal, you would say, "Surely, this poor dog will never bark, or skip, or play again. It knows well enough that the cage will not come off. It has spent several sleepless nights at work to find that out. It is fastened on too tight. So the old fellow has settled down to hopeless despair and misery. If it knew anything about suicide it would end its melancholy life at once."

Well, now, the dog does not know it, but that ugly cage is necessary to its existence. The police have orders to destroy any such dogs they find without it. The good master of old Ponto has put it on his dog to give it safety. How foolish of the animal to resist, and complain, and be sad!

And yet, I wonder again whether we young folks don't treat our good parents and the wholesome restraints they place upon us in something like the same way. We ought not to, ought we?

GOD'S LOVE.

"I have loved you; saith the Lord."—MAL. 1, 2.

Is this not a sweet pillow to rest upon? But a pillow is of no use if you only look at it; that does not rest you. You must lay your head down upon it, and then you rest. So, do you not only think, "Yes that is a very nice text;" but believe it, and lay your heart down restfully upon it; and say, "Yes he loves me!"

How different these words are from what we should have expected! We should have expected God to say, "I will love you, if you will love Me." But no! He says, "I have loved you." Yes, He has loved you already, poor little restless hearts, that want's to be loved! He loves you now, and will love you always.

But you say, "I wish I knew whether He loves me!" Why, He tells you so; and what could He say more? There it stands—"I have loved you, saith the Lord." It is true, and you need only believe it, and be glad of it, and tell Him how glad you are that He loves you.

But you say, "Yes, I know He loves good people; but I am so naughty!" Then He has a special word for you: "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we are yet sinners, Christ died for us." He says nothing about "good people," but tells you that He loved you so much, while you were naughty, that He has sent the Lord Jesus, His own dear, dear Son, to die for you. Could He do more than that?

When you lie down, see how many proofs of His love you can count up; and then go to sleep on this soft, safe pillow, "I have loved you; saith the Lord!"—Little Pillows.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

How pleasant it must have been to have God walk with them in the garden," said Susie, "I wish that such a thing would happen now-a-days!" "Why, Susie," replied her father, "don't you remember the promise of Jesus to His Disciples just before He went up into Heaven, 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.' That was meant for us too. Jesus' always seems so near when we are in the midst of His beautiful works?" "How kind and loving it was in God to give Adam the promise of a Saviour as soon as he became a sinner," said Mrs. Howard; "he no sooner felt himself in satan's power than he was told his enemy would one day have that power taken away from him, when Christ, the second Adam, should bruise the serpent's head. The Bible is full of God's love from beginning to end, and so are our lives from first to last. Why is it that we do not love Him more?"

PRAISING AND GIVING.

Many hundred years ago a rich youth in Rome had suffered from a dangerous illness. On recovering his health his heart was filled with gratitude, and he exclaimed, "O, Thou all-sufficient Creator; could man recompense Thee, how willingly would I give Thee all my possessions." Hermes, the herdsman, heard this and said to the youth, "All good gifts come from above; thither thou canst send nothing. Come, follow me." He took him to a hut, where was nothing but wretchedness and misery. The father lay on a bed of sickness, the mother wept, the children were destitute of clothing, and crying for bread. Hermes said, "See here, an altar for the sacrifice; see here the Lord's representatives." The youth assisted them bountifully; and the poor people called him an angel of God. Hermes smiled and said, "Thus turn always thy grateful countenance first to heaven and then to earth."

In these days there are some who would not adventure the tip of their little finger in the fire for Christ's sake, but it was not so of old time. When a

Roman emperor wanted amusement, he ordered Christians to be thrown to the lions. During the first three hundred years of the Christian Church there were ten persecutions. The last was during the reign of Diocletian, which continued for ten years, when "Diocletian's fiery sword worked busy as the lightning." He caused a medal to be struck, bearing the motto, "The Christian religion is destroyed, and the worship of the gods restored." In Spain two pillars were erected in his honor "for having everywhere abolished the superstition of Christ, and extended the worship of gods." But it was all to no purpose. Those who had been with Jesus triumphed; His Gospel spread as the leaven made the meal to swell, and as the mustard seed became a great plant. The gospel increased, its enemies decreased. The mighty emperor who persecuted the Church perished. Diocletian was driven from his throne and died a madman; Nero perished by his own hand; Domitian was murdered by his servants; Hadrian expired in agony; Severus, through his son's treachery, Decius, perished in a marsh; Valerian was flayed alive by the Persians; so the fighters against God were found to be liars, and perished, all the sort of them. Jesus, the little Babe of Bethlehem, Jesus, the worker in the carpenter's shop, the despised and rejected, the Man of Sorrows acquainted with grief, proved stronger than all the kings of the earth, although they and the rulers take counsel against Him. Jesus conquers because He is God as well as Man, and they who trust in Him are more than conquerors "through Him who loved us and giveth us the victory."

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MARRIED.

LIGHT-PRESTON.—At the Church of All Saints, in this city, on Thursday, 12th August, by the Venerable Archdeacon Wilson, uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev. Johnstone Vicars, Henry Wilfred Crofton-Light, of Gloucestershire, England, to Emmeline Matilda, daughter of the late Thomas J. Preston, Esq., of the city of Toronto.

RICKER-BLANDFORD.—In the Parish of St. Thomas, Hamilton, on the 11th of August, by the Rev. R. S. Radcliffe, Parish Priest in charge (pro tem), Emma, eldest daughter of Mr. H. Blandford, of Hamilton, to Mr. Joseph Lehman Ricker, of the same place.

DIED.

JOHNSTONE.—Died at Jarvis, Ont., on the 10th inst., Reginald Heber, infant son of the Reverend Gabriel Johnstone, aged 4 months and 17 days.

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