CHILDREN'S GOOD DEEDS.

THINK of something kind to do,
Never mind if it is small;
Little things are lost to view,
But God sees and blesses all.

Violets are modest flowers,
Hiding in their beds of green;
But their perfume fills the bowers,
Though they scarcely can be seen.

Pretty bluebells of the grove
Are than peonies more sweet;
Much their graceful look we love,
As they bloom about our feet.

So do little acts, we find,
Which at first we cannot see,
Leave the fragrance pure behind
Of abiding charity.

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A JESUS-CHILD.

"How can I be like Jesus?" asked Harry of himself, as he went from church, where the minister talked about taking Christ for our example. "How can I be like Jesus, when he was a big man, and I am only a little boy?" "How can you be like Uncle Phil, then? Yet the other day when you had on your soldier-hat, and wore your sword in a belt, you said you were a soldier, like Uncle Phil." "I just meant that I was a boy-soldier, not a real big soldier." "Well, and do you think Mr. Smithson meant more than that you should be a boy-Christian, not a grown-up one? Jesus was once a child himself, but he was just as truly Jesus as when a man." Harry thought the matter over a minute, and then said, "O, I see! I can be a Jesus-child now, and a Jesus-man by-and-by." That is it, and that is just what Jesus wants of every child—to be a Jesus-child now.

CLEVER CHILDREN.

WHO has not noticed in large families that some of the children are more clever than others? When a stranger comes in, the less clever shrink into the background, conscious of inferiority, and admiring their brighter sisters and brothers—perhaps oftener envious of what they do not possess.

In a sweetly ordered household, patterned after the heavenly Father's family, where is the refuge of the less clever ones? To whom do they turn, confident of love, sympathy, and appreciation? To their loving, watchful mother. And it is truly wonderful, the clever things done, the heights reached by these same dull children, when stimulated by a mother's loving appreciation. Mothers, and fathers too, watch over your own selves while training your children, and be careful that you do not discourage the dull ones, or embitter their lives with jealousy by overlooking them or unduly praising the brighter ones. Into how many young hearts have fond parents unconsciously sown seeds of jealousy and vanity, that in after years have brought forth a harvest of bitter tears, aching hearts, and ruined lives!—*Advocate and Guardian.*

FOR THE VERY LITTLE ONES

IF our eyes are the windows of the soul, our ears are the doors through which visitors are passing every moment. There comes a knock: "Listen!" some one or something cries, and the little doors fly open—there is nothing to keep the visitor from entering in.

But once, when our Lord was talking to his disciples, he said, "Take heed what ye hear;" what did he mean by this?

He must have meant that the doors should not fly open at every knock; that sometimes when the cry "Listen!" comes, we should close them fast. All the visitors that come to these doors are not fit to enter into the house—that house of the soul which is to be kept pure and clean for the Holy Spirit of God.

Sometimes a little playmate comes and asks you to do a thing that has been forbidden. It may be a very pleasant thing, but good ears will not listen to the tempting whisper; the doors will be shut lest the naughty visitor should get in and make you do what you ought not.

Or some one speaks bad words when you are by—words that you would not like to repeat, that you would be ashamed to have your mother know that you had heard. Never listen to such words. You cannot close your ears too tightly when they are spoken.

I wish you might never hear God's holy name taken in vain; but be sure, if any one should speak that name lightly when you are near, to close your doors against the wicked words.

These are some of the sounds to which your ears should be closed; but to all good things they should be quickly opened. To God's holy word spoken in church and Sunday-school, to mother's voice, to all good lessons at home and at school, to all sweet sounds of happiness and joy, to the cries of all who are in trouble,—to these the ears that serve the Lord are ever open. —*Soldier.*

THE BRIDGE OF PRAYER.

FROM prayer-land to slumber-land
Is but a step, we know;
And o'er the bridge between the two
'Tis always safe to go.
When night comes, little Marion
Within her couch doth creep;
I hear her softly saying, "Now
I lay *me down to sleep.*"
This is the bridge o'er which she goes
To the silent realm of sleep;
No fears hath she since she hath prayed
The Lord her soul to keep.

CONFESSING.

ONE time, a little baby-girl was in a house that was on fire. The baby's mother begged the firemen to save her little girl; but they said they could not. Then the mother rushed in, and brought the baby out safely; but she was all scarred, and became blind, because the fire had hurt her eyes. The baby grew up to be a young lady, and married a very rich man, and had very fine friends. Then, one day, her old mother came to see her. And her daughter was ashamed of her. She would not tell her friends that this poor old woman was her mother, though she had lost her beauty and her eyes to save her.

Although Jesus has died for us, there are some people who will not tell others that Jesus is their friend, and that they love him. Jesus will not confess them when they die, either.

"LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

A LITTLE girl, three or four years old, learned the Bible text, "Love one another." "What does 'love one another' mean?" asked her next older sister, in honest doubt as to the meaning. "Why, I must love you and you must love me; and I am *one* and you're *another*," was the answer. Who can improve on that explanation?