

Childrens' Department.

A CHILD'S HYMN.

God, make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow—
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God, make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all;
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God, make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad—
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the sinner glad.

God, make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest;
That so when health and strength I have

May serve my neighbors best.

God, make my life a little hymn,
Of tenderness and praise—
Of faith that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways.

—Good Words.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

A DECIDED BENEFIT.

Dr. John H. Wheeler, Hudson, N. Y., says: "I have given it with decided benefit in a case of innutrition of the brain, from abuse of alcohol."

BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

Keep Cool.

Fans? Iced water? Lemonade? Darkened rooms? A perch in the apple-tree? A nook in the orchard? A seat under the bridge, with a fishing-rod, and an eye on yonder pool where the trout lies far down under the gentle rippling wave?

Yes, I know that my bit of advice to keep cool suggests all these pleasant things to your minds on this hot midsummer day. And you are glad, now that you think of it, that there is a Fresh-air Fund, and that hundreds of little city children are enjoying the pleasures of rolling on the grass, riding on the hay, and driving home the cows.

But keep cool! How can we, Aunt Marjorie, with the thermometer at ninety degrees in the shade and every breeze off duty? What is there to do but fret, and to fuss, and to fidget, getting warmer every minute.

Shall I tell you my way? I try, so far as possible, to go on with my work just as though there was no weather to be considered. Dressed loosely, with the sun screened from my window by blinds and curtains, or, better still, seated out on the piazza or under a vine, I read, sew, knit, or write, and think nothing about my feelings. I wish you could all understand that the mind has even more than the body to do with our comfort or discomfort.

Those who have read "Don Quixote" may remember how that worthy, sitting astride his bony

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nag Rosinante, went forth in search of adventures. So filled was he with a persuasion that he was a knight-errant, like those of whom he had been reading, that he fancied every inn he came to a grand castle, every peasant girl a beautiful and high-born lady, and every shepherd and carter a foeman whom it was his duty to challenge.

Now, children, when next you are very much tried with the heat of the day play that you are comfortable. Make believe that this temperature is just the one you like best.

Instead of fanning furiously, and drinking quantities of iced water, copy that poem which mamma wants to send to Aunt Amanda, write the letter you are owing Uncle John, read the book which papa brought home last night, mend your fishing-tackle, finish the doilies you are embroidering for Cousin Nellie's bridal present, solve the puzzles in the post-office box, or cover little Jamie's ball. If baby is fretful, and baby's mother looks in need of a nap, take the darling to your room and amuse him while she gets the rest she requires. Take my word for it the best way in the world to keep cool is to go on with the day's duties and pleasures, and think nothing about the heat.

—Harper's Young People.

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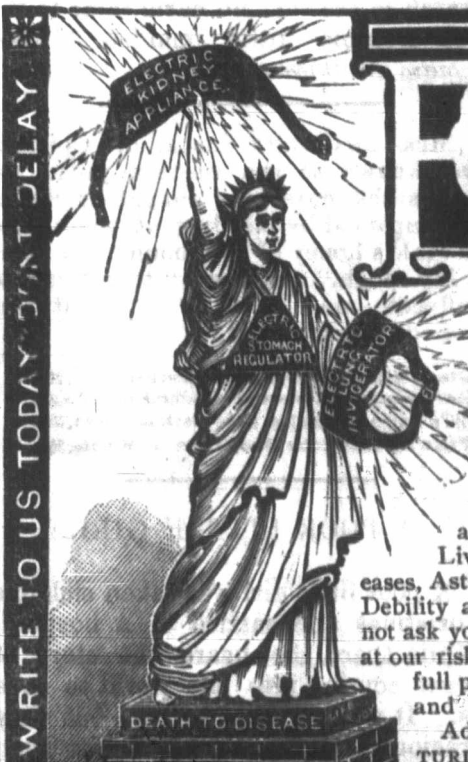


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THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

BY M. K. A. STONE.

This is the beginning of King David's shepherd psalm: *The Lord is my Shepherd.* When he was a boy, David used to take care of his father's sheep and lambs. He would watch them while they were feeding in the green fields, and keep the wild beasts from coming to trouble or frighten them.

Once, when there came a lion and carried away a dear little lamb from the flock, David went after him, and saved the little lamb's life, and brought it back to its mother. Besides this, he caught the lion, and killed him. Another time he killed a great bear that was prowling about, ready to devour the sheep.

So when David says the Lord is his Shepherd, we know God took care of David, even as David cared for his flock. And David trusted the Lord to do all that a kind and strong shepherd does for his little flock. Sheep and lambs are very timid creatures, very foolish creatures too; always ready to go astray and not able to defend themselves as other animals are. But the Lord Jesus Christ is our Good Shepherd, who will keep us from

harm. He even laid down his own life for the sheep of His flock.

So when the Evil One comes to do you harm, remember that Jesus is stronger than he, and that He will keep you quite safe, if you only look to Him. Satan is afraid of the name of Jesus.

And when you are tired and troubled, call to Jesus and He will take you in His loving arms, and carry you in His own bosom, as the kind shepherd does with the little ones of his flock. "The Lord is my Shepherd."

"When the ninety and nine were in the fold,

And I, poor wanderer, far away,
In a region of sin and fear untold,
With every thought and wish astray
The Lord my shepherd with tender care,
Sought me and found me, even there,

He set my feet in His chosen road,
And then the waters of joy and peace
He on my weary soul bestowed,
And bade their measure still increase.
The Lord my Shepherd! alas, how far
Below His mercy my praises are!

He ever leadeth His little flock,
He gave His life their life to buy,
Their flowing fountain, and shadowing rock,
They cannot faint while He is nigh,
The Lord my Shepherd! O I will be
Forever devoted unto Thee!"