

LORD, REMEMBER ME.

Jesus Christ, my Lord and King,
Help a little one to sing;
Poor as is the praise I bring,
Thou wilt smile on me.

Children may proclaim thy praise,
As of old hosannas raise;
Now as then, their simple lays
Are not scorned by thee

Blessed Lord, enthroned above,
Let me not unmindful prove
Of thy great and precious love
To a child like me.

Love shall guide me in thy way,
Teaching me from day to day
Still in all I do or say
To remember thee.

May I fear to grieve thee, Lord,
May I love thy holy Word,
Find that it can joy afford,
Holiest joy to me.

May I love to bend the knee,
Love to get alone with thee,
Praying till thy face I see—
Lord, remember me.

THE CROSS-BOX.

BY A. GOODWILL.

It was a rainy day, and all the children had to stay in the house. Ned had planned to go fishing, and Johnny wanted to set up a windmill he had made. Susie wanted to get her flower-seeds, and Pet was anxious to hunt for her white kitten in the barn. So all were disappointed, and before night, had become cross and peevish and snappish. Mamma called all to her and talked very gravely. They were quiet for awhile after it. In half an hour Ned brought a small box and showed his mother. He had got a little hole in the top, just large enough to let a penny through, and under it was the word "cross-box."

"Look, mamma," he said, "supposing whenever any of us speak cross, we make ourselves pay a penny for a fine. Susie and Johnny and Pet are so cross it would be a good thing. We'll try who can keep out of the box longest."

Mamma laughed, and said it might be a very good plan if they all agreed to it, but if they did agree they must do as they promised.

"I'll agree," said Susie: "I'm not going to be cross any more."

"And I," said Johnny.

"And I," added Pet.

"What shall we do with all the money?" asked Susie.

"We'll buy a magic lantern," replied Ned.

"No, we'll buy a whole lot of sweets," said Johnny.

"No," added Susie, "we'll send it for a bed in the Children's Hospital."

"I tell you," said Ned, angrily, "if you

don't do as I want to, I'll patch the box out of the window."

"Where's your penny, Ned?" asked mamma.

Ned looked very foolish, but brought the first penny and dropped it into the box.

Mamma thought the box really did some good. The children learned to watch against getting angry, and little lips would be shut tight to keep the ugly words from coming through. When school began they were so busy that the box was forgotten. Weeks later, mamma was putting a room in order one Saturday.

"Here's the cross-box," she said.



THE GOOD SHEPHERD.—(SEE LESSON FOR MARCH 19.)

"I'm going to see how much money there is," cried Ned. "Seventeen pennies. That's enough to buy oranges and nuts. Let's do it."

"O!" said Susie, "there goes poor little lame Jimmy. I think it would be nice to give it to him."

"I say," whimpered Pet.

"I won't," whined Johnny.

"I—"

No one knows what Ned was going to say, in a very crabbed voice, for just then he clapped one hand on his mouth, and, with the other, held up a warning finger. "Look out," he half whispered, "or there'll be more pennies in the cross-box for Jimmy."

IN THE BREAKING OF THE DAY.

In the gray of Easter even,
When the light begins to fade,
Fly two angels out of heaven,
Veiled in vesper shade!
And they watch by those that sleep,
As they watched Immanuel's rest:
And they comfort all who weep,
As they soothed sad Mary's breast.
Soft they whisper through the night,
"Wait until the morning light!
From your sorrow look away
To the breaking of the day."

In the Easter dawn victorious,
When the stars in rose-light fade,
Rise those angels, plumed and glorious
Like the sun arrayed.
And they gather up the flowers
From the purple plains of morning,
Far and wide in bloomy showers,
Graves of midnight woe adorning—
Saying, singing, "Christ is risen!
Watch no more the open prison!
He has led your loved away
In the breaking of the day!"

THE CAMEL.

The camel is not a pretty beast, as any one can see, but he is very useful.

There are two kinds of camels. The dromedary has but one hump on his back, and is a much swifter and more graceful animal than the other kind. The other, and perhaps more common species, has two humps, and to our eyes is a most homely and awkward beast, though he may seem cautious to the Arabs and other people who care for him, and love him for his service to them.

The value of the camel lies in the fact that he can travel on the desert a long time without food or drink. His hump or humps is food stored up in the form of fat, and this he draws on to support his life, just as the bear and ground-hog go into their burrows and caves in the winter and stay until spring, living on the gathered fat of summer. His stomach is also arranged to hold large quantities of water, which is used up as it is demanded.

It is said to be very tiresome to ride a camel, as the body of the rider must move constantly as the hump sways to and fro. But this is perhaps true only of those who are not used to him. We can accustom ourselves to almost anything. The Japanese boy sleeps with his neck in the hollow of a block, but no doubt enjoys it.

One day when Lillian was scarcely three years old she made up her mind to run away, and go to see her little cousin; so when the others were all too busy to notice her, she slipped out of the back door and started up the hill to Chicspee, but very soon came back, crying bitterly. Her father met her at the door, and asked why she did not keep on. The little girl answered between her sobs, "Cause I met a wasp coming."