

## MY RULE.

BOY.

As long as I live, wherever I am,  
I'll go to the Sabbath-school;  
Not just while a boy, but when I'm a man,  
This shall always be my rule:  
'Tis there that I learn to sing and to pray,  
And read the good Word of God;  
They tell me of heaven, and teach me the  
way,  
And I love the narrow road.

GIRL.

As long as I live, if my time's my own,  
I'll go to the Sabbath-school;  
Not just while a girl, but when I'm full  
grown,  
This shall always be my rule:  
'Tis there that I hear of a Saviour's love,  
How he died for children like me;  
And I learn the way to that land above,  
Where we shall our Saviour see.

J. LAWSON, Cobden.

## HARRY'S MISSIONARY BOX.

"I CAN'T afford it," John Hale, the rich farmer answered, when asked to give to the cause of missions.

Harry, his wide-awake grandson, was grieved and indignant.

"But the poor heathen," he replied, "is it not too bad that they cannot have churches and school houses and books?"

"What do you know about the heathen?" exclaimed the old man, testily. "Would you wish me to give away my hard earnings? I tell you I cannot afford it."

"Grandfather, if you do not feel able to give money to the Missionary Board, will you give a potato?"

"A potato!" ejaculated Mr. Hale, looking up from his paper.

"Yes, sir; and land enough to plant it in, and what it produces in four years."

"Oh, yes," said the unsuspecting grandparent, setting his glasses on his calculating nose in a way that showed he was glad to escape from the lad's persecution on such cheap terms.

Harry planted the potato, and it rewarded him the first year by producing thirteen; these the following season became a peck; the next season seven and a half bushels; and when the fourth harvest came, lo! the potato had increased to seventy bushels; and when sold the amount realized was with a glad heart put into the treasury of the Lord. Even the aged father exclaimed, "Why, I do not feel the donation in the least. And Harry, I've been thinking that if there was a little missionary like you in every house, and each one got a potato, or

something else as productive, there would be quite a large sum gathered."

Little reader, will you be that missionary at home?—*Gospel in all Lands.*

## BEING A CHRISTIAN.

"We have queer girls at our school," said little Lou one day to her Aunt Bessie.

"Why? Do they wear old dresses or bonnets, or anything of that sort?" asked her aunt.

"No, auntie," was the reply; "but there are so many things they won't believe. There's Lucy Smith, for instance; she says there is no use in being a Christian, for those that she knows are no better than other people."

"Can't you show her that there is something real in being a Christian?"

"But I'm only a little girl, you know, auntie."

"Yes, darling; and yet I am sure there must be some way for little girls even to show their love for Jesus, by gentle, peaceful ways and works."

After this Lou began to be very careful of her words and acts. And she asked God to fill her heart with love to everybody, even to those who were unkind to her.

One day, not very long after this, Lucy Smith came to her at recess, and whispered, "Dear Lou, I want to take back all I said about Christians. You have been so kind to that disagreeable girl, Sue Nolan, though she does all she can to vex you, that I really believe Jesus helps you. After all, Lou, I would like to be a Christian."

There was a hard heart melted by the gentle flame of loving, peaceful ways, which a little girl had brought to bear upon it.

## HOW WE GROW.

ONCE a lady asked a little boy who made him. He answered:

"God made me so big and I grew the rest." As he said this he measured with his hands as long as he was when he was a wee baby.

How many of our little ones think he spoke truly? Do you think he ever would have grown at all, if God had not made him grow? No, no, dear children. It is God who makes you grow, and who even keeps you alive. You could not grow, or do anything else of yourself, without him. Ought you not to be very thankful to Him every day you live.

I once heard of a little boy who planted himself to grow. That is the way God makes flowers and trees to grow; but he has a better way for boys and girls. They can grow as they go about, Did you ever

stop to think that God made everything just the best way that it could be made?—*Sel.*

## HOW TO DO IT.

THE fields are all white,  
And the reapers are few;  
We children are willing,  
But what can we do  
To work for our Lord in his harvest?

Our hands are so small  
And our words are so weak,  
We cannot teach each others;  
How then shall we seek  
To work for our Lord in his harvest?

We'll work by our prayers,  
By the pennies we bring,  
By small self-denials—  
The least little thing  
May work for our Lord in his harvest.

Until, by and by,  
As the years pass at length,  
We too may be reapers,  
And go forth in strength  
To work for our Lord in his harvest.

## HELPED BY MOTHER.

"O, IT'S HOT! It burned me!"  
The cry brought Willie's mamma in haste from the other room. "Mamma told you to wait until it was cool," she said, stirring the porridge briskly. "I said it was too hot to eat now."

"I wanted to see for myself," said Willie. "Ah! that was the trouble. You did not trust me," replied his mother sorrowfully.

We know that some temptations seem so pleasant and harmless we think they cannot be wrong, until we have yielded to them, and then we wish we had seen the evil lying back of what seemed all right.

Mamma and papa are older and wiser than we, and they know how temptation comes and what it leads to. If, then, we trust them and listen to them when they tell us where danger is, we will be kept out of much sin and suffering.

## A NEW HEART.

THE old heart is a little slave of Satan, taking his orders and doing what he wishes. The new heart is a happy little child of Christ, listening to his orders, and doing what he wishes. The old heart likes to be naughty in some way or another. The new heart wants to be good, and would always like to be pleasing to the Saviour. The old heart is afraid of God, and would much rather he were not always seeing us. The new heart loves God, and is glad to hear about Jesus, and wants to come closer to him.