

BABY THANKFUL.

ROAMING in the meadow,
Little four-year old
Picks the starry daisies,
With their hearts of gold;

Fills her snowy apron,
Fills her dimpled hands;
Suddenly—how quiet
In the grass she stands!

"Who made flowers so pitty—
Put 'em here? Did God?"
I, half heeding, answer
With a careless nod.

Dropping all her blossoms,
With uplifted head,
Fervent face turned skyward,
"Thank you, God!" she said.

Then, as if explaining,
(Though no word I spake),
"Always mus' say 'thank you'
For the things I take."

MY SAVIOUR.

THE sun's rays stole through the windows of the school-house, gently lighting on many a fair face. It was Sunday, and the children were listening again to the old story of the Saviour's love. With tears in eye and voice, a lady was picturing something of what our dear Lord suffered and bore for us.

The lesson had been brought to a close, school was dismissed, teacher and taught passed forth into the scented June air, when the lady caught sight of one little loiterer, all alone and silently weeping.

"Jessie, what is the matter?" she asked.

"O ma'am, I never felt before what my Saviour went through for me! O what can I do for him?"

There was a moment's silence. The lady knew the wayward heart to which she spoke.

"Jessie, darling," she said, "you can try to be the very best girl in all the class and school, for his sake."

That week the lady was called for some months to a distant country. On her return she was speaking with the school-mistress, when the latter, knowing nothing of that Sunday afternoon's talk with the child, said suddenly: "I can't think what has come over Jessie Brown. She used to be so troublesome; now she is the best child in all the school."

Little reader, this is true. Resting on and trusting in Jesus' love did indeed work this great change in Jessie's life. Has it

done the same in yours? Have you ever said, like her, "What can I do for my Saviour who did so much for me? Ah! perhaps not; perhaps the reason is you do not yet know or love him, though he loves you and is calling you to himself. Will you obey his call? "Hear, and your soul shall live!"

THE PRECIOUS HERB.

TWO little German girls, Brigitte and Wallburg, were on their way to the town and each carried a heavy basket of fruit on her head.

Brigitte murmured and sighed constantly; Wallburg only laughed and joked.

Brigitte said: "What makes you laugh so? Your basket is quite as heavy as mine, and you are no stronger than I am."

Wallburg answered: "I have a precious little herb on my load which makes me hardly feel it at all. Put some of it on your load as well."

"O," cried Brigitte, "it must be a precious herb! I should like to lighten my load with it; so tell me at once what it is called."

Wallburg replied, "The precious little herb that makes all burdens light is called patience."

FORGIVE ONE ANOTHER.

IN a school a big boy was so abusive to the little ones that the teacher took the vote of the school whether he should be expelled. All the small boys voted to expel him except one, who was scarcely five years old, yet he knew very well that the bad boy would probably continue to abuse him.

"Why, then, did you vote for him to stay?" said the teacher.

"Because if he is expelled perhaps he will not learn any more about God, and so he will be more wicked still."

"Do you forgive him, then?" said the teacher.

"Yes," said he; "papa and mamma and you all forgive me when I do wrong, God forgives me too, and I must do the same."

WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

"I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand."

Jenny sang loud and clear, and Cousin Ray, who sat sewing on the piazza, looked up, smiling as she said: "Then, Jenny, dear, if you truly want to wear a crown among the angels, you must begin to make it while you live on earth."

Can any of our little folks guess what Cousin Ray meant?

OPENING PRAYER FOR PRIMARY CLASS.

DEAR Father in heaven, on this thine own day,

We little ones meet here to praise and to pray;

O help us to please thee in all that we do,
And worship aright, with hearts loving and true.

God bless our dear teachers, and help them to be

Both patient with us and obedient to thee;
And in thine own time may we all, young and old,

Be gathered above in the heavenly fold!

SINS BLOTTED OUT.

A LITTLE boy was once much puzzled about sins being blotted out, and said: "I cannot think what becomes of the sins God forgives, mother?"

"Why, Charlie, can you tell me where are the figures you wrote on your slate, yesterday?"

"I washed them all out, mother."

"And where are they, then?"

"Why, they are nowhere; they are gone," said Charlie.

"Just so it is with the believer's sins—they are gone; blotted out; "remembered no more."

"As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us."

COME TO JESUS.

TWO little girls came home from Sunday-school, saying: "Mamma, our teacher said to us to-day that we must come to Jesus if we want to be saved; but how can I come to him when I cannot see him?"

"Did you not ask me to get you a drink of water last night?" replied the mother.

"Yes, mamma."

"Did you see me when you asked me?"

"No; but I knew that you would hear me, and get it for me."

"Well, that is just the way to come to Jesus. We cannot see him, but we know that he is near us and hears every word we say, and that he will get us what we need."

A HEART OF PRAISE.

WHEN Charlie was four years old his mamma took him to church one day. The minister prayed a long time—too long, Charlie thought, for he stood up and said out so loud that all could hear, "Now let's stop and sing 'Beulah Land.'"

Charlie wanted to praise more and pray less, but he ought not to have talked in prayer-time.