



THE EVENING PRAYER.

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THIS tired little girl is going to bed and her mother has just undressed her, but before her little eyes are closed in sleep she folds her hands and repeats a short prayer which she has learned from her mother's lips. She may be too young just now to understand all she asks for, but soon she will be old enough to value very highly the simple words of praise and thanks to her heavenly Father which she was taught at her mother's lap as soon as she could speak.

IN THE SWING.

MOST children are fond of the swing. The sport, however, is not always safe. Sometimes the insecure fastening of a rope, or some lack of skill in management, leads to a fall and painful injury. When everything is arranged with reference to perfect safety, and the person swinging takes good hold on the ropes, the exercise is exhilarating and pleasant.

But have you ever thought how many of the companions of our life take to the swing with the freest courage and poise themselves with safety in the highest altitudes. The birds are more at home in the trees than on the ground. Many of them, indeed, as our domestic fowls, and some others, spend most of their lives on the ground, and some are at home only on the water. But there are many species of

birds that seldom come to the ground at all. They obtain their food on trees or catch it in the air, and when at rest they are up in the branches of the trees.

Most of the birds build their nests in the trees, some securing them among the firmer forks or heavier branches, while others, as the beautiful Baltimore oriole for example, suspend their temporary homes by a delicate attachment from the slender outer branches. Here in a nest most ingeniously woven they lay their eggs, and when the young are hatched they swing to the motion of every passing breeze, while the mother bird contentedly sings:

"Rock-a-by babies, in the tree-top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will
rock."

It is wonderful that these creatures should feel so perfectly at ease in so elevated positions. But such is the structure of their bodies—of wing, foot and breathing apparatus—that they are quite as much at home in the tree-tops as we are on the ground, or as the fish are in the water. Besides the birds, there are many other creatures, especially in the vast family of insects, that are at home in positions where we could not remain for a single moment. So wonderful are the thoughts and ways of God, for in wisdom he has made them all.—*Children's Friend.*

THEIR RESOLUTIONS.

THERE were three little folks long
Who solemnly sat in a row
On a December night,
And attempted to write
For the new year a good resolution

"I will try not to make so much noise
And be one of the quietest boys,"
Wrote one of the three,
Whose uproarious glee
Was the cause of no end of confusion

"I resolve that I never will take
More than two or three pieces of cake
Wrote plump little Pete,
Whose taste for the sweet
Was a problem of puzzling solution

The other, her paper to fill,
Began with, "Resolved, that I will
But right there she stopped,
And fast asleep dropped
Ere she came to a single conclusion

JESUS LOVES ME.

LITTLE Carrie was a heathen child about ten years old, with bright black eyes, dark skin, curly brown hair, and a neat form.

A little while after she began to go to school, the teacher noticed one day she looked less happy than usual.

"My dear," she said, "why do you look so sad?"

"Because I am thinking."

"What are you thinking about?"

"Oh, teacher! I do not know whether Jesus loves me or not."

"Carrie, did Jesus ever invite his children to come to him?"

The little girl repeated the verse, "Summon little children to come unto me," which she learned at school.

"Well, what is that for?"

In an instant Carrie clapped her hands with joy, and said, "It is not for you, teacher, is it? for you are not a child. No; it is for me! for me!"

From that hour Carrie knew that Jesus loved her; and she loved him back again with all her heart.

Now if the heathen children learn that Jesus loves them, and believe his words as soon as they hear them, ought not we, who hear so much about the love of our Saviour, to believe and love him? Every one of us ought to say, "It is for me! it is for me!" and throw ourselves into the arms of the loving Saviour.
Morning Light.