

LIVE WITH GOD.

Breathe the day with God;
Kneel down to him in prayer;
Lift up thy heart to his abode,
And seek his love to share.

Open the Book of God,
And read a portion there,
That it may hallow all thy thoughts
And sweeten all thy care.

Go through the day with God,
Whate'er thy work may be;
Where'er thou art—at home, abroad,
He still is near to thee.

Converse in mind with God;
Thy spirit heavenward raise;
Acknowledge every good bestowed,
And offer grateful praise.

Conclude the day with God,
Thy sins to him confess,
Trust in the Lord's atoning blood,
And plead his righteousness.

Lie down at night with God,
Who gives his servant sleep;
And when thou tread'st the vale of death,
He will thee guard and keep.

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HIDDEN AND SAFE.

ONE morning a teacher went, as usual, to the school-room, and found many vacant seats. Two little scholars lay at their homes cold in death, and others were very sick. A fatal disease had entered the village, and the few children present that morning at school gathered around the teacher, and said, "Oh, what shall we do? Do you think we shall be sick, and die too?"



CHARLIE AND HIS TRAIN OF CARS.

She gently touched the bell as a signal for silence, and observed: "Children, you are all afraid of this terrible disease. You mourn for the death of our dear little friends, and you fear that you may be taken also. I know of only one way of escape, and that is to hide."

The children were bewildered, and the teacher went on: "I will read to you about this hiding-place;" and read Psalm 91: 1-10: "He that dwelleth in the secret places of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. . . .

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling."

All were hushed and composed by the sweet words of the psalmist, and the morning lessons went on as usual.

At noon a dear little girl sidled up to the desk, and said, "Teacher, are you not afraid of the diphtheria?"

"No, my child," she answered.

"Well, wouldn't you be if you thought you would be sick and die?"

"No, my dear, I trust not."

Looking at the teacher for a moment with wondering eyes, her face lighted as she said, "Oh, I know! you are hidden under God's wings. What a nice place to hide!"

Yes, this is the only true hiding-place for old, for young, for rich, for poor—all.

Do any of you know of a safer or a better?—*The Children's Friend*.

MRS. (Rev.) Geo. Robinson sends 1 from a little girl and two little boys of the Selby Sunday-school for Mr. Crosby's boat. God bless the dear children. They saved this out of their little pocket money. May they learn that it is indeed more blessed to give than to receive.

CHARLIE AND HIS TRAIN OF CARS.

CHARLIE is nearly five years old, has a mechanical turn of mind, and delves in anything having motion. On a visit to the fair, he was attracted by a miniature locomotive, worked by steam and drawing a long train of cars.

He watched it as it ran back and forth, and he had many questions to ask the operator. So when Christmas morning came, he found in his stocking a book telling about engines and cars, he was greatly pleased.

"Santa Claus knows," said he, "I want a train of cars, and he will give them next year."

Charlie little thought that there was a train of cars waiting for him in the house at that very time. But after breakfast a procession was formed of the household headed by Charlie and his little sister. They were directed into a room where he had a car-house, two feet by four, with double doors at each end, and a double track running through it.

Charlie opened the door of the car-house and there stood the engine and tender and a baggage-car on one track, and a passenger-car on the other.

Some boys would have hardly known what to do first with such a treasure. Charlie went soberly to work like a trained engineer. He drew out the locomotive on a line of extra track, and coupled it on the passenger-cars, making up a train eight feet long.

The locomotive is made of wood, and runs by spring power on an iron track. It is lettered "Charlie," and the cars are marked "Toronto to Montreal."

The little boy plays with his train of cars by the hour, and is so fond of it that we call him, "Engineer Charlie."