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Children's Department.

NEVER OUT OF SIGHT.

I know a little saying  
That is altogether true.  
My little boy, my little girl,  
The saying is for you.  
'Tis this, O blue and black eyes,  
And gray—so deep and bright—  
No child in all this careless world  
Is ever out of sight.

No matter whether field or glen,  
Or city's crowded way,  
Or pleasure's laugh, or labor's hum  
Entice your feet to stay;  
Some one is always watching you,  
And whether wrong or right,  
No child in all this busy world  
Is ever out of sight.

Some one is also watching you,  
And marking what you do,  
To see if all your childhood's acts  
Are honest, brave, and true;  
And watchful more than mortal kind,  
God' angels pure and white.  
In gladness or in sorrowing  
Are keeping you in sight.

O bear in mind, my little one,  
And let your mark be high!  
You do whatever thing you do,  
Beneath some seeing eye;  
O bear in mind, my little one,  
And keep your good name bright.  
No child upon this round, round  
earth,  
Is ever out of sight.

JUST PLAY.

Alice had a teddy bear and a go-  
cart and a doll—oh, many dolls!—and  
a long list of other playthings. Poor,  
pale-faced little Kitty looked down  
longingly upon her from the upper  
verandah. "I wish she would come  
up and play with me!" sighed Kitty.  
"Perhaps she would if you asked  
her," said Kitty's mother encourag-  
ingly. So Kitty leaned over the rail-  
ing and called down in a very coax-  
ing voice: "Please come up here  
and play with me." Alice looked up.  
"Won't you?" said Kitty. "I am  
lonesome. And I'm sick." A frown  
puckered Alice's forehead and a cloud  
came over her face. She shook her  
head. "There'd be so much to move.  
And I like this place. I'd rather play  
by myself." "She's mean!" said Kit-  
ty to her mother. And Bobby Hat-  
field, who had seen her on the steps of  
the lower porch and heard, said to  
himself, "She's mean! She ought to  
be ashamed to behave like that to  
such a poor weak little girl." Bobby  
was going to the beach. He had his  
pail and his spade. And besides  
them, he had a hope. He hoped that  
the same nice man that had helped  
him to build a tower yesterday would  
help him build a bigger tower to-day.  
Bobby put his foot down on the next  
step and there he stopped. "Pooh!  
What could I do?" he asked himself.  
"What good would a spade and a pail  
be for playthings on an upper veran-  
dah?" Then, any way, Bobby knew  
that it would spoil the hope entirely.

Of course a boy would rather play  
with a big, brown man, than a pale,  
thin girl who was two whole months  
younger than he was. "Alice ought to  
go," scowled Bobby. "She could  
just as well as not." Suddenly he  
started down the steps on a run. He  
went to the beach and gathered  
shells. When his pail was full a  
voice behind him said, "How is it,  
partner? Are we building more tow-  
ers to-day?" Very slowly Bobby  
turned around. His face was very  
sober. "No, sir. Thank you. I  
guess I can't," he said. "I've got to  
play with a girl that's sick." Bobby  
ran back faster than ever. He was  
afraid to stop. He wished that he  
had told the brown man that he was  
sorry; it was not very polite not to  
tell him that he was sorry. But he  
was afraid to go back. "I can't  
help Alice's meanness. But I can  
help mine," he panted. "But maybe  
I couldn't if I went back." "Here I  
am!" he announced when he had  
reached the upper porch. Kitty  
brightened rather uncertainly. "I've  
come to play with you," said Bobby.  
Then she brightened very certainly  
indeed. They had an astonishingly  
nice time. Kitty was fine, for a girl,  
at planning games. Really, Bobby  
thought that if she had been a boy  
she would have been fine at it. When  
it was lunch time two men stood in  
the hall window and saw them. One  
of the two was Kitty's father. The  
other was a big brown man. "It  
takes very small things to make chil-  
dren happy," said Kitty's father.  
"Sometimes," said the big, brown



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Incorporated 1855

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177 BROADWAY, N.Y. CITY.  
**BELLS**

man; but he said it, without speak-  
ing, to himself. "Sometimes it takes  
unselfishness, and that is about the  
largest thing there is." The big  
brown man was going boating that  
afternoon and he wanted company.  
—The Sunday School Times.

THE DIAMOND'S BRIGHTEST  
GLOW.

Can it be that the diamond ever  
loses its luster? We like to think  
that this precious stone always looks  
up into our faces with just the same  
fascinating glow, and always shines  
just the same, no matter where it is  
or how old it may be.

And yet, there comes to us the  
strange story that the wonderful Is-  
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