



THE MUSIC LESSON.

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"THE Music Lesson" shows a diligent little girl trying to master something of the difficult but beautiful musical art. The value of music in the home and social circle cannot be too highly estimated, and young people who have the advantage of facilities for acquiring a degree of proficiency in the science should consider themselves fortunate and should apply themselves industriously to its pursuit.

## A BRAVE BOY.

LOTTIE PAUL, a little black girl on the island of Jamaica, had told a lie in school. A lie is a very bad thing, for it is something we can never take back. The teacher called her up to receive her punishment—seven strokes on her hand. But her cry of pain after receiving the first blow so struck the master's heart that he could not strike her again; yet he knew her sin must be punished. So he asked, "Is there a boy here who will receive the other six strokes?" At once a little boy came forward and took her place.

How much more has Jesus done for us! "He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth. He was taken from prison and from judgment," and there were none to comfort him. He passed under the heavy strokes of God's wrath to save us.

## THE CHILDREN'S DISOBEDIENCE.

MAX and Ethel were sent on an errand by their mother to carry some good things to a poor woman. "Do not stop to play on your way," she said as they started off, "but go straight to Mrs. Green's house."

The children promised to obey, but before they had gone very far a little girl came running to meet them, saying, "O! come and see the bir'dday present my papa brought me from the city."

Ethel stopped, but Max said, "Mamma told us we must not s'p on our way, so we must wait until we come back."

"I do not think mamma would care if we stopped just a minute," said Ethel, putting down her pail. "Come, Max, let us see

Susie's present now." So Max yielded, and they went into the house with Susie to admire her pretty doll.

When they came out again they found that a big dog had upset Ethel's pail of milk and eaten up the cake that Max had carried in his hat.

Ethel began to cry. "That bad dog to do so much mischief!" she said angrily.

Max answered: "No, Ethel; it is we who were bad, because we did not mind mamma."

So the poor woman lost the nice supper that had been sent her, and mamma was made very sad because of Max and Ethel's disobedience.—*Exchange.*

## BABY WILLIE'S SUNBEAMS.

LITTLE Willie laughed and clapped his hands, and then stretched them out to catch the pretty sunlight that streamed in upon his bed in the crib. All the children laughed, and Charlie said, "Silly baby!"

"Not so silly after all; it is a very pretty thought," said mamma. "It is what God wants his children to do—catch the sunbeams. Look at baby's face, and see." And sure enough the little fellow had bent his head forward until the golden light was on his rosy cheeks and bright curls.

"I think I know what she means," said Louise, looking into the baby's laughing face. "She means catch the—the—happy, and be glad instead of cross."

"That is it," said mamma. "There 'is happiness all around us. If we try to catch it for ourselves and make others happy too, won't that be like sunshine?"

"Yes; and if things don't go just right, we can call it cloudy weather, but we can be cheery, and so make sunbeams of our own."

"And then you will be my sunbeam," said mamma with a pleasant smile. —*Srl.*

## ROOM FOR THE CHILDREN.

LET the little children come  
To a Saviour's breast!

Little souls feel weariness,  
Little hearts need rest.

Jesus wants a tiny hand  
In the harvest field;  
To the touch of fingers small  
Giants hearts may yield.

Jesus wants a baby voice,  
Praises sweet to sing;  
Earth's discordant choruses  
Shaming, silencing.

Perhaps amidst the crowding throng,  
No one else might see  
That some little faces asked,  
"Is there room for me?"

Heaven is full of little ones,  
God's great nursery,  
Where the fairest flowers of earth  
Bloom eternally.

—*Selected.*

## LOVE MAKES THE DIFFERENCE.

"O it is just as different as can be!" said one of my young friends.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Why, being a Christian. Everything is so different from what I expected."

"What did you expect?"

"When you used to talk with me about being a Christian, I used to say to myself: 'No, I can't now; for I should have to do so many hard things, and I never can do them.'"

"What hard things?"

"O I used to think: 'Now, if I become a Christian, I shall have to walk just so: shall have to go to church and prayer-meeting; shall have to pray and read the Bible.' It is so different from what I thought?"

"Why, James, what do you mean? You go to church and to prayer-meeting; you read the Bible and pray."

"O yes; but then I love to do them. That makes all the difference. I love Jesus, and love to do all he wishes me to."