

children. His little hand was taken by every member of the session, while a fervent "God bless the child" fell from every lip.

"PLEASE HELP ME."

Four-Year-Old Johnny was rearing a wonderful castle of building-blocks in the sunny corner of the nursery. His mother sat near with her sewing, but he was too much engrossed in architecture to notice her. The finish was just being put to the chief tower, when down came the whole with a crash. Johnny surveyed the ruins with a flushed, disappointed face, and folding his little hands, said devoutly: "Dear Lord, please help me." The next effort was as unsuccessful. Scarcely was it finished when the fabric came tumbling down. Hot tears rushed to Johnny's eyes; but repressing any word of impatience, to his mother's great joy he went down upon his knees above the scattered fragments of his childish ambition, and raising his eyes said earnestly, "Please, Lord, help me so it won't tumble down, and don't let me get mad." With careful fingers he again began, and this time completed his work.

Johnny is "John" now, striving for college honors; but he finds help just where and just as he did then.—*Child's Paper.*

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

In a little white house on a hillside green,
Lives a beautiful woman as ever was seen;
In the sixty-five years that she's lived, I may say,
She's been growing more beautiful every day.
You do not believe it? Ask Susie, my sister,
She's the very first person that ever had kissed her.
And if she'd not nursed her by night and by day,
Poor Sue would have been in a very bad way.
I can bring other witnesses whom you may face,
They will tell you the same—they were in the same case.
"Has she lovers?" Yes, surely! No less than eleven!
She has seven on earth, and four more up in heaven.
Her hair is so beautiful—faded and thin;
There are beautiful wrinkles, from forehead to chin;
Her eyes are as charming as charming can be,
When she looks o'er her glasses so fondly at me;
And I know by her life, which has beautiful been,
She is like "the king's daughter"—"all glorious within."
Ah! you've guessed who it is! It could be no other,
I'm sure, than my beautiful, darling old mother.