

## FAR ABOVE, IN HIGHEST HEAVEN.

FAR above, in highest heaven,  
 Jesus reigns, our Lord and King;  
 He his life for us has given,  
 He did life eternal bring.  
 Sing, then, children, sing with gladness,  
 Loud let grateful anthems ring!  
 Jesus is the children's Saviour,  
 Jesus is the children's King.

Once on earth the children praised him,  
 And "Hosanna" was their cry:  
 Now that God to heaven has raised him,  
 Loud they praise him in the sky;  
 Shout, then, children, shout your praises,  
 Loud let grateful anthems ring!  
 Jesus is the children's Saviour,  
 Jesus is the children's King.

Come, then, early, come to Jesus,  
 As the children did of old;  
 He from sin and sorrow frees us,  
 Never will his love grow cold.  
 Daily let us learn to love him,  
 Daily let us join to sing  
 Praises to our Lord and Saviour,  
 Praises to the children's King.

Then, when life's short days are ended,  
 If we've served our Saviour well,  
 By his angels gently tended,  
 In his kingdom we shall dwell;  
 There we'll shout our joyous praises,  
 There the song of victory sing:  
 Jesus is our Lord and Saviour,  
 Jesus is the children's King.

## A LITTLE GIRL'S LOGIC.

A LITTLE girl, six years old, was on a visit to her grandfather, who was a New England divine celebrated for his logical powers.

"Only think, grandpa, what Uncle Robert says!"

"What does he say, my dear?"

"Why, he says the moon is made of green cheese. It isn't at all, is it?"

"Well, child, suppose you find out yourself?"

"How can I grandpa?"

"Get your Bible and see what it says."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Begin at the beginning."

The child sat down to read the Bible. Before she got more than half through the second chapter of Genesis and had read about the creation of the stars and the animals, she came back to her grandfather, her eyes all bright with excitement of discovery: "I've found it, grandpa! It isn't true, for God made the moon before he made any cows."

## DIDN'T MEAN TO.

"I DIDN'T mean to," said Benny, the other day when he left his sled lying in the gateway after dark, so that old Mr. Marvin fell over it and broke his leg. The dear old clergyman will never walk without a crutch again.

We shall miss his gray head and wise counsel and solemn prayer in our sick rooms. He will be obliged to lie many weeks in bed before he can sit up or walk a step, and all because Benny "didn't mean to."

The careless nurse that held little Gracie, when she was a lively, strong, rosy baby, six months old, jumping and throwing herself about in all directions, tried to read a story book and tend baby at one time. Gracie gave a jump, and fell back over the arm of the sofa, and injured her spine, so that from being the pride and joy of the house, she became a puny, wailing, deformed child, whom no doctor could cure. It was little comfort, as her mother sat up at night and soothed her distress, and her father tried all that wealth could do to make her straight and strong, to hear the nurse say, "I didn't mean to."

When little Johnny shocks his mother by saying bad words and using coarse slang phrases, it does not make the matter much better to have his big brother, from whom he learned it all, say, "I didn't mean to say such things before the children."

Some young girls were working in a powder factory one day, full of life and happiness. They all expected to lie down in their homes as usual that night. Death seemed as far off to them as it does to you. One of them carelessly threw a pair of scissors to a friend sitting near. They hit a cartridge, and caused a terrific explosion, which sent a large number of young girls and men into eternity in an instant of time. When the relatives were weeping and wailing, and trying to find the dead bodies of their dear children among the charred remains of the victims of the accident, how little consolation was it to hear one say, "She didn't mean to."

I heard a father tell his son one day, "My boy, that's no excuse; don't let me hear that again; mean not to."

Very few mean to scatter sorrow and distress and woe in the path of others. None mean to lose their own souls, and few wish to ruin those about them. When the mischief is done, how poor the excuse, "I didn't mean to!" How much better to mean not to!—*Southwestern Methodist.*

To pity distress is human; to relieve is God-like.

## TAKE CARE.

LITTLE children you must seek  
 Rather to be good than wise;  
 For the thoughts you do not speak  
 Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be  
 Cross and cruel, and look fair,  
 Let me tell you how to see,  
 You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass,  
 And some ugly thoughts contrive,  
 And my word will come to pass,  
 Just as sure as you're alive.

What you have, and what you lack,  
 All the same as what you wear,  
 You will see reflected back;  
 So my little folks take care!

And not only in the glass,  
 Will your secrets come to view;  
 All beholders as they pass,  
 Will perceive and know them, too.

Goodness shows in blushes bright,  
 Or in eyelids drooping down,  
 Like a violet from the light;  
 Badness, in a sneer or frown.

Cherish what is good, and drive  
 Evil thoughts and feelings far;  
 For, as sure as you're alive,  
 You will show for what you are.

## THE DISOWNED LAMB.

AT Uncle Norris' farm they have a great many sheep. They have a pleasant pasture to be in during the day, and a nice warm house for the night, where they are safe from all danger. Some of the sheep had names which little Nellie Norris had given them. There was one big old sheep, that Nellie named Whiteface, and of which the girl was very fond.

One time Whiteface had two little lambs. How pleased Nellie was when she knew that! But then Whiteface did a very strange thing. She loved and cared for one, but she would not pay any attention to the other. Nellie came out to see them. "Why, Whiteface, it's your own little lambie. You ought to love it; it is naughty for you not to love it," said Nellie. I don't think Whiteface understood. At any rate, she would not care for the other lamb at all. Nellie felt very bad, and cried a good deal when she told her mamma. "Now I can't love Whiteface any more, because she did not love her very own little lambie. I didn't think she could be so naughty."

We ought to love our own. We ought to love Jesus when he is willing to be called a man with us.