

BEAUTIFUL.

BEAUTIFUL feet are those that go
On loving ministries to and fro.

Beautiful arms are those that bear
Burdens for those who are pressed with
care.

Beautiful hands are those that give
Blessings to those who in poverty live.

Beautiful lips are those that speak
Words to comfort the sad and weak.

Beautiful brows are those that wear
Virtue's signet engraven there.

Beautiful deeds are those that tell
That the Spirit of Christ in the heart doth
dwell.

Beautiful lives are those that shine
With love for the holy, the pure, divine

Beautiful angels such beauties see,
And chant them over the jasper sea.

Beautiful mansions the Lord will give
To those who beautiful lives will live.

—J. M. Hopkins.

CHILDREN'S WORDS AND WAYS.

A FATHER said to his five-year-old son, who came in late to dinner from school, "Robbie, why are you so late? Did you not hear the bell?" "Yes, father," replied Robbie, "but I didn't hear it plain."

"There is something in this cigar that makes me sick," said a pale little boy to his sister. "I know what it is," answered the little girl, "it's tobacco."

Bessie and Ellie were snug in bed, when mamma heard Ellie say, "Bessie, will you forgive everything I have done to-day?" "Yes," said Bessie, "if you will forgive me all I have done." Then they said "Good night!" and were soon asleep. Next day their mother asked them why they had asked forgiveness of each other, when Ellie said, "Does not the Bible say we must not let the sun go down on our wrath?"

DID JESUS SING.

At a gathering of children, on Christmas day, a gentleman present related a very interesting incident.

A little girl, about three years of age, was very anxious to know why Christmas greens were so much used, and what they were intended to signify.

So Mr. L—— told her the story of the Babe at Bethlehem—of the child whose name was Jesus.

The little questioner was just beginning to give voice to the music that was in her

heart, and after Mr. L—— had concluded the narrative, she looked up in his face and asked:

"Did Christ sing?"

Who had ever thought of that? If you will look at Matthew, twenty-sixth chapter and thirtieth verse, you will find proofs that Jesus sang with his disciples.

Is not that encouragement for us to sing, not with the understanding only, but with the heart also.—*Children's Friend*.

MISSIONARY TOMATOES.

At a Sabbath-school convention in Murphy's, California, a lad about fourteen years of age came to the superintendent and said:

"I've got some missionary money for you."

"Who gave it to you?"

"Oh, I earned it myself," was his reply, and his, bright eyes shone with joy.

"How did you earn it?"

"Last spring my mother had more tomato plants than she wanted, and I asked her to give me some. I planted them, and when the tomatoes were ripe I peddled them. At first I received three cents, then two, and by-and-by one cent a pound. Here is one dollar and a half, I want it all to go for missions."

"But, Herbert, who told you to do this?"

"I told myself."

"Didn't your mother ask you to do this?"

"No, but she encouraged me."

"Are you perfectly willing that all this money should go to missions, and none of it for marbles, toys, candies, etc.?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long are you going to keep this up?"

"I guess as long as I live."

EDITH'S PRESENT.

SOME years ago Col. Mason, an army officer, was stationed with his troops on the Western frontier. His wife and only child, Edith, were with him one summer. They enjoyed tent-life very much, with the prairie all about them so covered with grass and flowers that it looked like an immense garden. Friendly Indians were often at the fort, and one day an old chief brought Edith a pair of buckskin moccasins. They were beautifully ornamented with coloured beads, and were a present from the chief's daughter, but Edith's mother had to receive them, as the child could not be persuaded to go near him. How strange it seems that this great country of ours once belonged to the red men!

THE TWO ANGELS.

DAILY are two angels writing
What we do for good or ill;
One with smiles for good inditing
One the evil, sad and still.

Where repentance boweth lowly,
Long they wait at close of day,
Blotting out the deed unholy
Ere they bear the book away.

WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING?

A LITTLE girl went home from church full of what she had seen and heard. Sitting at the table with the family, she asked her father, who was a very wicked man, whether he prayed. He did not like the question and in an angry manner replied: "Is it your mother or your Aunt Sally who has put you up to that?"

"No, father," said the child; "the preacher said that all good people pray, and those who don't pray cannot be saved. Father do you pray?"

"This was more than the father could stand, and, in a rough way, he said: "Well, you and your mother and Aunt Sally may go your way, and I will go mine."

"Father," said the child, with great simplicity, "which way are you going?"

This question pierced his heart. It flashed upon him that he was in the sure way to death. He started from his chair, burst into tears, and began to pray for mercy.

DOING THINGS FOR JESUS.

It was for his name Paul said he was willing to give up everything; or, as we say, "for Jesus' sake." Papa says he will stop smoking for Jesus' sake, and give the money for missionaries. Mamma goes early every Sunday morning to teach a class in the Sunday-school though she has so much work to do and so many children to dress she hardly knows how to spare the time, but she says, "I won't give my class up; I will try to keep it for Jesus' sake."

Then sister Molly, she wanted a new sack this winter, and had a beautiful one picked out at Smith's; but when the news came of the poor starving people who could not work or get enough to eat, and papa asked, "What can you give them, Molly?" she thought hard about it, and then the next day said, "I'll give up my new sack and wear the old one."

"What!" said Nell, "wear that old one?"

"Yes," said Molly, "for Jesus' sake."

Now what can you do "for the name of Jesus?" If you drop some of your candy pennies into the missionary-box, won't that be for him? If you leave the play you like so well, to mind baby for mother when he is cross, isn't that for the name of Jesus? If you do it cheerfully and without pouting, Uncle Frank thinks it is.—*Our Children*.