

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,
Giant hearts may yield.

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

Perhaps amid 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.

STORY OF A CHILD'S SOUL.

THE child's soul was very happy when he knew that his sins were all washed away. He felt clean and bright in his soul. He loved to listen to the pleasant voice of Conscience. When he looked through the windows of his soul at the blue sky and the white clouds, he had happy thoughts of his mamma, and God, and the angels. When he lay down to sleep at night, he always folded his hands and prayed the prayer that his mamma taught him:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Then he slept with a happy heart, while his Guardian Angel watched him all through the night.

It seemed to him that the birds sang more sweetly, the sun shone more brightly, and his friends were more pleasant. Do you know why? Because his own heart was happy. He began to wish to know more about God's book, so papa would often take him in his arms and read to him about Jesus and the angels and heaven and the people who loved God.

He learned many new things in those days.

The evil spirit was very angry, and said, "I must not let this child leave me so. I must try to get him to listen to me. Can I not appear like his Guardian Angel?"

As long as the child kept the Spirit of

God in his heart, the evil one could not harm him, for he was

WALKING IN THE LIGHT.

One day the child's papa came in and said, "My little son, if you finish your lesson in half an hour, I will take you to ride."

"All right; thank you, papa," said the boy, and he worked very busily at his lesson. He was performing some tiny questions in the first part of his little arithmetic. There were six in all. He performed four of them without any trouble, for his kind teacher had explained them to him; but when he came to the fifth, he could not remember how it was done. He tried once or twice, but the answer would not come right. He left that and performed the last question, and just then his papa called to know if he were ready.

Now the evil spirit had been watching for this very moment; so had Conscience. She said, "You are not ready, for there is the other question to perform."

"No matter," said the evil one, close to his ear, "you can finish it when you come back and no one will ever know about it."

The child listened to the evil spirit and said, "I have just finished, papa; I will wash my hands and get my hat."

The ride was over a pleasant road and in a pleasant country. There were beautiful trees and flowers, the sun shone brightly, and the sky was clear; but why did every thing look so dark and unhappy to the little one? Why was he so silent? Why did he wish that Conscience would stop speaking to him in her soft voice? Because there was sin in his soul which came because he listened to *sudden temptation*.

A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

A LITTLE German girl, about twelve years of age, became a Christian. Full of joy and wonder, she ran home to tell her father. But, to her surprise, he became very angry, and beat her cruelly. She asked that she might join the Church. Her father said that if she did, he would beat her to death. But she felt that she ought to do what Jesus commanded, even if her father was not willing. She "obeyed God rather than man," and joined the Church, trusting in the Lord's promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." When she told her father what she had done, he beat her very cruelly and put her out of the house, telling her never to come back, unless she would give up being a Christian. Christians, however, took her to their homes, and she often came to her father to ask him to be a Christian, only to

be answered with blows. She said, "I do not care for the blows—my poor father's soul is all I care for." After eighteen months of praying for him and pleading with him, he was at last converted and became an earnest Christian.

WANTED—A LITTLE GIRL.

WHERE have they gone—the little girls,
With natural manners and natural curls,
Who love their dollies and like their toys,
And talk of something besides the boys?

Once in the beautiful long ago,
Some beautiful children I used to know—
(Girls who were merry as lambs at play,
And laughed and rollicked the livelong day.

They thought not much of the style of their
clothes;

They never imagined the boys were "beaux,"
"Other girls' brothers" and "mates" were
they—

Splendid fellows to help them play.

Where have they gone to? If you see
One of them anywhere, send her to me.
I would give a medal of purest gold
To one of these dear little girls of old,
With innocent heart and an open smile,
Who knows not of the meaning of "flirt"
or "style."

GOD'S HEARING.

"How do you think God can hear, so far off?" asked a child of his mother.

"O, my darling, God can hear, not only the words that rise from your lips, but the thoughts that rise in our heart. He has not ears such as we have, but the ears of feeling and sympathy. He is not far from any of us. He is everywhere, and fills all space; and he wants to fill your heart. If you only let him in, don't you think he will be near enough to know all that goes on there, and to guide you, and to hear your prayer before they are spoken?"

"But, mamma, he does not always do what I ask him."

"Perhaps not. I do not always do what you ask me. But it is because I know better than you do what is good for you, and I sometimes say no. When God does not do what you ask him, never think he does not hear. He says: 'No, you do not ask the thing that is good for you, or go the right way to attain it. What I will do for you is to open the right way to reach the right thing. But trust me; I hear all that call on me in spirit and in truth. I hear, and I love to hear, the cry of my children.' In all difficulty and perplexity, call on him."