



SUMMER IS COMING.

“NO SWEETER STORY.”

THERE is no sweeter story told,  
In all the blessed book,  
Than how the Lord within his arms  
The little children took.

We love him for the tender touch  
That made the leper whole,  
And for the wondrous words that healed  
The tired, sin-sick soul.

But closer to his loving self  
Our human hearts are brought,  
When for the little children's sake  
Love's sweetest spell is wrought.

For their young eyes his sorrowing face  
A smile of gladness wore—  
A smile that for his little ones  
It weareth evermore.

The voice that silenced priest and scribe,  
For them grew low and sweet;  
And still for them his gentle lips  
The loving words repeat:

“Forbid them not!” O blessed Christ!  
We bring them unto Thee,  
And pray that on their heads may rest  
Thy benedicite!

SUMMER IS COMING.

As soon as we hear the birds sing, we know that summer is coming. All winter long we cannot hear them, unless we have them in cages; but when summer comes, the air is just full of their songs.

There is a tree just by my window, and early in the morning I hear quite a concert, for a whole tribe of birds sit on its branches. If one flies away to a neighbouring tree, all the rest follow. One day I put some bread-crumbs on my eave-trough, and next morning they were all gone, so I supposed my friends the birds had eaten them up. About the first birds that appear in the spring are, I think, the robins. We see them sometimes hopping about on the snow, looking for crumbs, or something to eat. The other day, as I was walking up the street, there sat a robin on a gate-post, and a boy was standing by the post, and suddenly I thought I heard the robin sing, but it turned out to be only the boy whistling.

MIND your feet! Don't let them walk  
in the steps of the wicked.

SCHOOL.

HERBERT looks small for his age, for he is six years old, and goes to school. He used to think it was only boys and girls who learned lessons, but he knows better now. Shall I tell you how? There was a lazy dunce at Herbert's school (perhaps there is one at yours,) and one day this dunce said he should be glad when his school-days were over and he had 'done with lessons.' The master overheard him, and he told the whole school something which Herbert never forgot.

“Children,” said the master very solemnly, “so long as you are in this world your lessons will never be over. I, though I am old, am learning still. As you get older your school-masters will change, but you will still be at school. Do you understand me? Who is the Master of us all?”

The boys knew that, and many voices answered reverently, “God.”

“Yes, God,” replied the teacher; “and he has many under-masters, who try to teach his people the lessons he would have them learn. Sometimes poverty is the school-master, sometimes wealth, sometimes sorrow or happiness. All these things are sent to teach us something. There are dunces in God's school as in our schools here below—idle, selfish people, who do not care to please the great Master, they will be very sorry one day—that great day of account, when every man's work will be judged. Learn all you can, boys,” he concluded, “for all must learn, even the youngest of you; and those who will not learn in God's school, learn lessons all the same—sad lessons, wicked lessons, of a hard, bad master, whose wages is death.”

Herbert went home, and thought a great deal of these words; he quite made up his mind to learn in God's school; and Dolly, his little sister, she must learn too. None were too small, and he looked at little year-old Dolly sucking her thumb on the nursery floor.

“What could Dolly learn?” Suddenly he sprang up.

“Dolly must learn to walk;” she was too young to learn anything else yet, and very patiently and kindly did the little fellow support Dolly's trembling, tottering feet. Dolly was pleased to learn; perhaps when she gets older Herbert may guide her feet into God's paths, as now he leads her across the nursery floor. *Selected.*

WHILE seated on the hill-side,  
The hungry ones were fed,  
By him who said most truly,  
“I am the living bread.”  
'Tis he, the heavenly manna,  
Who doth our souls restore;  
By faith, of him partaking,  
We live for evermore.