

CHRIST FOR ME.

For me He left His home on high;
 For me to earth He came to die;
 For me He in a manger lay;
 For me to Egypt fled away;
 For me He dwelt with fishermen;
 For me He slept in cave and glen;
 For me abuse He meekly bore;
 For me a crown of thorns He wore;
 For me He braved Gethsemane;
 For me He hung upon a tree;
 For me His final feast was made;
 For me by Judas was betrayed;
 For me by Peter was denied;
 For me by Pilate crucified;
 For me His precious blood was shed;
 For me He slept among the dead;
 For me He rose with might at last;
 For me above the skies He passed;
 For me He came at God's command;
 For me He sits at His right hand;
 For me He now prepares a home;
 For me He shall in glory come.

THE SEA CAPTAIN'S STORY.

I had a little vessel on the coast. She had four men besides myself. I had my wife and two children on board. The night was stormy, and my brother was to stand watch that night. The seamen prevailed on him to take "one glass," to help him perform his duties; but, being unaccustomed to liquor, he fell asleep, and in the night I awoke to find my vessel a wreck. I took my wife and one of my little ones in my arms, and she took the other, and for hours we battled with the cold waves. After hours of suffering, the waves swept my little one from my embrace; then, after more hours of suffering, the waves swept the little one from my wife's arms, and our two dears were lost to us for ever. After more battling with the storm and waves, behold, she was cold in death. I made my way to the shore, and here I am my wife, my children, and all my earthly possessions, lost for "one glass" of rum! Oh, beware of the intoxicating cup! S.L.

SONG FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Jesus said of little children,
 Let them all now come to me.
 On the cruel cross he suffered,
 Shed His blood to set them free.

Hear His gentle voice now saying,
 I will take your sins away;
 Come to Me with all your sorrows;
 I will hear you when you pray.

Far away in heathen countries,
 Bowing down to wood and stone,
 Little children know not Jesus,
 That He saves, and He alone.

But He died for those poor children
 When He died for you and me.
 Let us send the gospel to them.
 That they, too, His own may be.

DOING ERRANDS FOR CHRIST.

"Mamma," said a little five year old boy, "I wish Jesus lived on earth now."

"Why, my darling?"

"Because I should have liked so much to have done something for him."

"But what could such a little bit of a fellow as you are, have done for the Saviour?"

The child hesitated for a few moments, then looked up into his mother's face and said: "Why, mother, I could have run on all his errands for him."

"So you could, my child, and so you shall. Here is a glass of jelly and some oranges I was going to send to poor old sick Margaret by the servant, but I will let you take them, instead, and do an errand for the Saviour, for when upon earth he said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto me.'

So remember, my dear children, whenever you do any kind act for anybody because you love Jesus, it is just the same as if the Saviour were now living on earth and you were doing it for him. *The Illustrator.*