



I AM SAFE.

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WE don't know what the game is the little girl is playing; perhaps some of our young readers do. It is a very pretty picture at any rate.

## "HOW OLD MUST I BE?"

A LITTLE child once said, "Mother, how old must I be before I can be a Christian?"

And the wise mother answered: "How old will you have to be, darling, before you can love me?"

"Why, mother, I always loved you; I do now, always shall;" and she kissed her mother. "But you have not told me how old I shall have to be."

The mother made answer with another question: "How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and my care?"

"I always did," she answered; and she kissed her mother again. "But tell me what I want to know;" and she climbed into her mother's lap and put her arms about her neck.

The mother asked again: "How old will you have to be before you can do what I want you to do?"

Then the child whispered, half guessing what her mother meant: "I can now, without growing any older."

Then her mother said: "You can be a Christian now, my darling, without waiting to be any older. All you have to do is to love and trust and try to please the One who says, 'Let the little ones come unto me.' Don't you want to begin now?"

The child answered, "Yes."

Then they both knelt down, and the mother prayed, and in her prayer she gave to Christ her little one who wanted to be his.—*Selected.*

## THE LOST KITE.

A VERY pretty anecdote is told of the late William Cullen Bryant, the poet, by a former associate in his newspaper office, which illustrates the man's simplicity of heart. Says the narrator:

One morning, many years ago, after reaching the office and trying in vain to begin work, he turned to me and remarked, "I cannot get along this morning."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Oh," he replied, "I have done wrong. When on my way here a little boy flying a

kite passed me. The string of the kite having rubbed against my face, I seized it and broke it. The boy lost his kite. But I did not stop to pay him for it. I did wrong. I ought to have paid him."

This tenderness of conscience went far toward making the poet the kindly, noble, honourable, and honoured man that he was, whose death was felt as a loss throughout the land.—*Little Christian.*

## SO HAPPY.

I'm really just as happy  
As ever a child can be—  
As happy as a spring bird  
When it sings up in a tree,  
And as happy as the little brook  
That dances to the sea.

I'm really just as happy  
As ever a child can be—  
As happy as the singing brook  
That dances to the sea,  
For everybody loves me so,  
And God is good to me.

ABLE TO WORK WHEN TIRED; OR,  
A WORD TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY MARY E. DUSTIN.

YOU have no idea, boys and girls, how much of the best work of the world is done by those who were tired before they began it. The nicely-ironed linen you wear, the clean and tidy room that welcomes you home from school, the nice stories you read are many of them the product of labour done by weary hands and heads. Almost any one can work when they feel fresh and rested, but it requires determination and force of will, moved by love or duty, to go right on after energy, bone, and sinews beg for repose. The people that are of most account in the world are those that can work when they are tired; they are those that parents, employers, and customers can depend on to keep their promises and be faithful in their duties. Now the ability to do this is, of necessity, partly physical. The strongest will and the most conscientious soul cannot give strength to the body when it is once entirely exhausted. So if you want that power of endurance which helps to make useful and reliable men and women you must not ruin your constitutions by rich and unhealthy food, the use of tobacco, and, above all, you must never touch anything that can intoxicate. Alcohol takes the power out of nerve and muscle, besides weakening the will and deadening the moral sense. Be self-denying and temperate, and you will leave far behind you in the race of life the self-indulgent and intemperate.