



THE FIRST RIDE.

JESUS DIED.

JESUS died upon the cross,
Full of tender love for us;
He can wash our sins away,
He can teach our hearts to pray.

Jesus watches all we do,
All we say, and think of, too;
When our friends we disobey—
When we're selfish at our play.

He the smallest effort sees
Of the child that tries to please;
Hears and answers every prayer
Of the child that seeks his care.

And he will our sins forgive—
His good Spirit to us give;
Fill our hearts with joy and love,
Take us soon to dwell above.

A KINGDOM OF PEACE

"MAMMA," said Roy, with flashing eye and crimson cheek, "I felt just like fighting when he said that." He had heard one of the boys speak insultingly of the Saviour; he had been taught to kneel to and love. "That would have been a brave thing to do," said mamma, "if Jesus wants you to do it. But if he wanted Jack Hill struck, why could he not send the lightning or paralysis to do it? I hope my little boy would not be a Peter." Roy began to hang his head. "Why, brother," chimed in Alice, "suppose you had knocked Jack over and hurt him, it would have been just like Jesus to pick him up and cure his hurt; don't you remember how he made the ear grow on that Peter cut off?" "And don't you remember," asked mamma, "that he told Pilate, 'if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight?'" "I'm glad now that I didn't strike him, 'cause Jesus wouldn't want me to."

DOING ERRANDS FOR CHRIST.

"MAMMA" said a little five-year-old boy, "I wished Jesus lived on earth now."

"Why, my darling?"

"Because I should have liked so much to have one 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 did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me.'" So remember, 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 the earth and you were doing it for him.—*The Illustrator.*

WHAT A LITTLE WORM DID.

"PAPA," said a six-year-old boy one morning, as he and his papa walked through an orchard, "what made the leaves of that tree all turn yellow?" "True enough," said papa, "they are turning very fast; there must be a worm at work somewhere." So he went and examined about the roots, and he found that one worm had dug its way into the heart of the tree and had killed it. "See," he said, after he found it out, "what one sin in the heart will do. How much we all need the Holy Spirit to take away all sin from the soul!"

A LETTER FROM THE BIRDIES.

BY AUNT FRANCES

ONE morning after breakfast, the little birdies met together to talk of their troubles. One birdie said: "I built a pretty little nest in the currant bushes. I worked many days to make it soft and nice. Then when I had laid in it five lovely blue eggs, a little boy came and took my nest and all my pretty eggs away." Another bird said: "And I had in my nest four of the dearest and sweetest little babies, and I did love them so much. Then one day when I had gone away to get food for my dear babies, a cruel boy came and stole them all away." Then still another bird said: "And a boy stole from me all my dear little babies, and when I cried, and called to him to bring me my babies again, he threw sticks and stones after me, and almost killed me."

And so the birdies, one after another, told their stories of suffering and sorrow. Then at last one birdie said, "Let us write a letter to the little boys, and perhaps they won't be so cruel any more." So this is the letter the birdies wrote:

"Dear Little Boys—We are so sorry that you take away from us our pretty eggs, and our dear little babies. We love our babies so much, and they are so sweet to us. We would not, if we could, take away the sweet baby from the crib in your home. It would make your mother so sad, and you would be so sorry too. Our babies are very dear to us like the baby in your home to your dear mother. So please don't take them from us any more. And we will sing for you the sweetest songs, and our babies, when they are bigger, will sing for you too."
"THE BIRDIES."

BRAGGING.

HAVE you not heard how some boys brag about what they are intending to do? They are always going to do wonders.

"You just wait," say they, "and we will show you, some day, what we can do."

Now is your chance, we would say to you. You are old enough now, and you will never have a better time. Better begin now; we are anxious to see your first effort. Let us at once see you animated by the practical purpose, not by the dream of doing, and then we will compute your future for you.

Make an effort. Even if you fail the first time, still continue to try. The result is inevitable. It is only those who falter who come to grief. Patience and perseverance have accomplished wonders.

Miriam, happen, down, among, raids to beautiful loved it, bring a light the 'harah's and take or wages. ess, who i Moses, ause she
Sabbath-blue-eyed and sweet rite with the soft, d so earn- to impress el plan of : n you die before the all the sins ion as she will hide ok at me. d. will go well