

### Good News for All in the Ark.

OH, fancy being shut indoors and seeing nothing but water, water, water everywhere for months! How dull it must have been! And so it would have been, had not *God remembered Noah*. He never forgets His children; but He took *special* care of the ark and its contents. Besides, God gave Noah and his family something to do—to look after and care for the living creatures in the ark, so that the time did not hang heavily on their hands.

Still they must have been glad when the rain left off, and the wind began to blow away the clouds, and they could see the waters getting lower and lower. At last Noah, anxious to find out if any part of the earth was drying up, sent forth a raven, but the raven did not come back. He then sent forth a dove, which returned to him, and he pulled her in. He sent her out a second time, and she came flying back with an olive leaf in her beak. This was good news for all in the ark! "THE WATERS WERE ABATING!" But Noah's family must be patient. The ark will be their home for two months longer, and then God will set them on dry land again.

### My Saviour.

THE sun's rays stole through the windows of the school-house, gently lighting on many a fair face. It was Sunday, and the children were listening again to the old story of the Saviour's love. With tears in eye and with tender voice, a lady was picturing something of what our dear Lord suffered and bore for us.

The lesson had been brought to a close, school was dismissed, teacher and taught passed forth into the scented June air, when the lady caught sight of one little loiterer, all alone and silently weeping.

"Jessie, what is the matter," she asked.

"Oh, ma'am, I never felt before what my Saviour went through for me! Oh, what can I do for Him?"

There was a moment's silence. The lady knew the wayward heart to which she spoke.

"Jessie, darling," she said, "you can try to be the

very best girl in all the class and school, for His sake."

That week the lady was called for some months to a distant country. On her return she was speaking with the school-mistress, when the latter, knowing nothing of that Sunday afternoon's talk with the child, said suddenly, "I can't think what has come over Jessie Brown. She used to be so troublesome; now she is the best child in the whole school.

Little reader, this is true. Resting on and trusting in Jesus' love, did, indeed, work this great change in Jessie's life. Has it done the same in yours? Have you ever said, like her, "What can I do for my Saviour who did so much for me?" Ah! perhaps not; perhaps the reason is you do not yet know or love him, though he loves you and is calling you to himself. Will you obey His call? "Hear, and your soul shall live."

### Bad Books

NEVER, under any circumstances, read a bad book; and never spend a serious hour in reading a second rate book. No words can overstate the mischief of bad reading. A bad book will often haunt a man his whole life long. It is often remembered when much that is better is forgotten; it intrudes itself at the most solemn moments, and contaminates the best feelings and emotions. Reading trashy second-rate books is a grievous waste of time also. In the first place, there are a great many more first-rate books than ever you

can master; and in the second place, you cannot read an inferior book without giving up an opportunity of reading a first-rate book. Books, remember, are friends—books affect character; and you can as little neglect your duty in respect of this as you can safely neglect any other moral duty that is cast upon you.

### Watch.

My soul be on thy guard,  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.

Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,  
The battle ne'er give o'er,  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.

