

### The Bible a Lamp.

'I say, Jim,' said Harry to his brother, 'didn't you feel mad at noon to-day when mother kept us waiting half an hour for our dinner?'

'Well, Harry, I must confess I was a little restive at first, for I was as hungry as an alligator; but I held the lamp to my feet and thought of my Captain.'

'What do you mean by your lamp and your Captain?' asked Harry.

'The Bible is the lamp I'm trying to use,' said Jim. 'You know we read, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." And what's the good of having a lamp unless we use it to show us how to walk? When I felt like getting mad I thought of the words, "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." And then I said to myself, "How would Jesus act if he were in my place?" You know the Bible tells us that Jesus is "the Captain of our salvation." I want to be a good soldier of Jesus. To do this I must follow his example. So I prayed for grace to rule my own spirit, and follow the example of Jesus. This is what I mean, Harry,' said Jim, his eyes brightening with intelligence, 'by holding the lamp to my feet, and thinking of my Captain.'

### What a Book Said.

'Once on a time'—a library book was overheard talking to a boy who had just borrowed it. The words seemed worth recording, and here they are:

'Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little boy borrowed me.'

'Or leave me out in the rain. Books can catch cold as well as children.'

'Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks.'

'Or lean on me with your elbows when you are reading me. It hurts.'

'Or open me and lay me face down on the table. You wouldn't like to be treated so.'

'Or put in between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of thin paper. It would strain my back.'

'Whenever you stop reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place don't turn down the corner of one of my leaves, but have a neat little book-mark to put in where you stopped, and then close me and lay

me down on my side, so that I can have a good, comfortable rest.'

'Remember, I want to visit a great many other little boys after you are through with me. Besides, I may meet you again some day, and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy.'—  
'English Paper.'

### Only Six Years Old--Yet Useful.

Greta was only six years old and very small for her age. When she came into the Sunday-school she wished very much to do something for Jesus. 'Only I'm so little,' she sighed, 'and there isn't anything I can do.'

'Tut!' said grandfather, who had overheard. 'Who opens my paper and finds my spectacles and brings my book from the library table?'

'And who puts the ribbon in my cap, and gives puss his saucer of milk, and teaches him to play with a string?' added grandmother.

'Who is the little girl that carries my slippers and rolls my chair up nearer the fire?' asked father, his eyes twinkling.

'I know somebody who can do errands as nicely as any one,' said mother.

Then sister Belle told what she knew, and Greta's eyes beamed with delight.

'Every little task that we do willingly makes the Lord Jesus glad in heaven,' finished grandfather, patting Greta's brown curls.—The 'Sunbeam.'

### The Golden Rule.

Suppose that you were heathen children, living in Africa or Japan, then try to think what you would like to have the boys and girls in the American Sunday-schools do for you. Many of those far-away lands are dark, oh, so dark! Many there have never seen a Bible, never heard the sweet name of Jesus. Little children are often thrown by their heathen mothers to the alligators, or left on lonely mountains to die. A poor man in India, troubled by his sins, had a blacksmith make a huge iron cage, and rivet it about his head, and thus he wore it for seven long years, hoping for pardon and a happy heart; then he lived seven other years up in a tree, but at last he heard of Jesus, and took him as his Saviour. If you

lived in those heathen lands, with no schools, no homes, no Bibles, how glad you would be to have the Sunday-school boys and girls here send you all those good things. Do ye even so to them. Will you not all learn the following little poem on the golden rule?

'To do to others as I would

That they should do to me,  
Will make me honest, kind, and good,

As children ought to be.

'We never need behave amiss,  
Nor feel uncertain long,  
As we can always tell by this,  
If things are right or wrong.

'I know I shall not steal or use  
The smallest thing I see,  
Which I should never like to lose,  
If it belonged to me.

'And this plain rule forbids me  
quite  
To strike an angry blow;  
Because I should not think it right  
If others served me so.

'But any kindness they may need,  
I'll do whatever it be;  
And I am very glad indeed,  
When they are kind to me.

'Whether I am at home, at school  
Or walking out abroad,  
I never shall forget this rule  
Of Jesus Christ, the Lord.'  
—Rev. Geo. W. Brooks.

### What Can I Do For Jesus.

I can't do much for Jesus,  
For I am only a few years old;  
But I can shine brightly for him,  
Though I am not very strong nor bold.

I can speak a word to a school-fellow,  
Or a verse of a hymn I might sing;  
And thus I could sow the good seed,  
When only a weak little thing.

And when by Satan I'm tempted,  
And feel inclined to give in;  
Then Jesus comes to the rescue,  
And I'm able to conquer the sin.

And thus with my Saviour to help me,  
I fight for Him day by day;  
And he gently whispers into my ear,  
'My child, always watch and pray.'

—'Sunday Companion.'