



PUTTING THE PROPHET JEREMIAH IN THE PIT.

SABBATH BELLS.

RING on, sweet Sabbath bells;
For as your music swells
Unto the heart it tells
Of worship due to him
Who did our souls redeem—
Calls to the house of prayer,
And thither we'll repair.

Cease now, sweet Sabbath bells;
For sweeter music swells,
Where the Holy Spirit dwells—
Where the voice of prayer is heard,
Where we listen to God's word,
And with highest rapture raise
To him our songs of praise.

Ring again, O Sabbath bells;
For as your music swells,
Fond recollection dwells
On the blessings that we found
When we hearkened to your sound,
Calling to God's house of prayer—
For the Saviour met us there.

Cease again, O Sabbath bells;
For the sweetest music swells
Where the Saviour ever dwells:
We shall go to meet them there,
And with saints and angels share
In the everlasting praise
Of his redeeming grace.

"SAM," said one little urchin to another, "Sam, does your schoolmaster ever give you any rewards of merit?" "I s'pose he does," was the rejoinder; "he gives me a thrashing every day, and says I merit two!"

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THEN took they Jeremiah, and cast him into the dungeon of Malchiah the son of Hammelech, that was in the court of the prison: and they let down Jeremiah with cords. And in the dungeon there was no water, but mire: so Jeremiah sunk in the mire. (Jer. xxxviii. 6.)

ROSIE'S KISS.

ROSIE brought father his dinner. "Poor tired papa!" she said, and then she kissed him and ran away to school.

John Randall thought more of his little girl's kiss than he did of the nice dinner she had brought him. No one can tell how much good it did him. Perhaps it kept him from going with evil companions to the liquor saloon. Love works wonders!

Little girls can do a great deal for their fathers if they try. Many are learning nowadays how to cook, and when their fathers come home from work at night a good supper is ready for them which Rosie or Susie has prepared. And they can get a good breakfast for them, too, in the morning. "My papa says he can work so good when he has had one of my nice omelets in the morning," said Frida. Frida was not quite twelve years old, but she was an excellent little cook. She had learned at school. In this way she helped her mother, too, and thus made all the family happy.

If you try to make home comfortable and pleasant, fathers and mothers would not so often be tempted to go to liquor saloons.

FAITHFUL ELSIE.

"O MAMMA," said Elsie, "aren't you glad it's such a beautiful day?"

It was Saturday afternoon, and she was going to a lawn party at Mabel Hall's. Mamma smiled as Elsie put her arms around her neck, saying between her kisses, "Won't we have a lovely time?"

"I hope so," said the mother. "Remember, dear, to be unselfish and make some one else happy."

"Yes, mamma," she replied, "I'll try good-bye." And off she skipped.

Just as she reached the bottom of the hill, and could see Mabel's house at the top, a little bareheaded child toddled around a corner and came up to her. She knew the washerwoman's baby at once, and she exclaimed, "Why, Johnny Murphy, are you running away?"

"Doin' walk," said Johnny, gleefully.

"Where is your mother?" said Elsie.

"Doin' walk," said Johnny again, and off he started.

Elsie looked up the hill and saw children running on the lawn. Her heart beat fast as she thought, "The party has begun."

But Johnny—what would become of him if she left him? She ran out into the road, brought him back to the sidewalk, and turned down the street leading to the washerwoman's.

"Doin' to walk wid oo," said Johnny, as he trotted along by her side, holding her hand.

It was a long distance, but she thought, with a little sob, "If I run back, I shan't be very late."

When she reached the house the door was open, but nobody was there. Johnny was tired and cross and wanted a "djink." She got him some water in the big tin dipper, but as he raised his head, he bumped it against the dipper, and the water was spilled over Elsie's fresh white gown, drenching the front of it.

Poor Johnny and poor Elsie! They both cried, but Johnny's tears were soon forgotten in a nap. Dear, patient Elsie sat and watched till his mother came home, worn and worried with her long search for the little runaway.

Elsie lost the party, but after she had sobbed out her disappointment in her mother's arms, mamma said, "Repeat your verse for to-day, darling."

With a trembling voice Elsie repeated, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—S. S. Advocate.

Be true to the dream of thy youth.