

see how well you write; and I shall be more glad to hear from Gent and your other friends that you are a good girl, that you read your Bible, say your prayers, and love the blessed Lord Jesus Christ. May He ever be with you!—Your affectionate friend,



Years passed away, Tiny grew up and went to service, Lord Shaftesbury grew feeble with age, but, as ever, he spared no effort for the good of his homes, and he presided at a meeting during which prizes were to be given to the boys and girls who had remained a certain time in their places. It was told him that Tiny was to receive a prize. Immediately the venerable chairman started up exclaiming with outstretched hand, "Is it you, Tiny, my dear? I am so glad to see you."

His efforts on behalf of the costermongers, that is, people who go about the streets pedling vegetables, etc., gained him their love and admiration, and as a token of these, they presented him with a donkey named "Coster," who enjoyed a peaceful life drawing his master's chair at St. Giles's, Lord Shaftesbury's country house, and occasionally visiting him in town. Our picture shows "Coster" with his master, and Lady Shaftesbury.

The donkey was not the only token of grateful affection from those whom he had helped. The girls knitted socks and made night-shirts, the boys offered clocks, albums, and chairs. At a meeting of the Ragged School Union in Exeter Hall, Lord Shaftesbury told the girls present that he was wearing the socks they had made, "not put on because I was coming here, but because they came in the ordinary course of wear and tear."

Perhaps in some future issue we shall tell you of his work among the Shoe Blacks, and how the little boys liked the Earl.

Remember dear little children that you can "do good" and "be good" although you are not great as was the Earl. But you will never "do" or "be" unless you accept of Jesus your Saviour. That is what the Earl did when he was only a little fellow. Will you not do as he then did, and do it "Now."

Jesus.

THE Compassionate Saviour,
Hope of Israel,
Righteous Judge,
Infinite One.
Son of God.
True Deliverer.

Our New Year's Letter.

DEAR "LITTLE READERS,"

I WISH you a "Happy New Year." Wise King Solomon said, "He that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he." "Whoso trusteth in the Lord happy is he." To be wise, loving, and good is to be happy. Jesus said, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." By "these things" he meant the very words you will be learning from Sabbath to Sabbath, out of God's Holy Word. May he help you to both "know" and "do" them! Be honest, earnest, true. Try to make this year better than the last, remembering,—

"The years are the stairway
On which you must climb to the skies;
And strive that your standing be higher
As each one away from you flies."

But remember too, we cannot climb at all unless we ask Jesus to help us.

Our Scripture Prize.

THE prize offered in our last issue has been awarded to Master Herbert Clarke, 38 Pembroke St., Toronto. In our next number we shall offer another prize for Bible study, and shall expect many of our young readers to compete.

The Sugar Last.

NEAR me at the table sits our baby boy,
Forehead fringed with curls, bosom full of joy;
To his lips of ruby, deftly spooning up
Juicy morsels floating in his silver cup.

Mouthful after mouthful quickly disappears,
While his luscious lip-smack falls upon our ears;
Many a snowy milk drop moistens bib and chin,
As the dripping spoonful each is taken in.

Bread and milk now vanished, lo! before his eyes.
Snugly at the bottom, all the sugar lies
Thus our little shrewdness deals at each repast,
Cunningly devising to have the sugar last.

Come, now, all ye children, of whatever age,
Come and learn a lesson from our baby sage,
So sup from your life-cup that as days go past
You may find it sweetening, sweetening to the last.

Oft this theme I ponder as around I gaze
On the legions straying far from virtue's way.
Surely, ah! too surely, when the life is past,
Shuddering they will find it bitterness at last.

Give the heart to Jesus, give the hours to God;
Heed the Spirit teaching in the blessed Word.
Then when life is over, all its sorrows past,
You in heaven shall find it sweetness at the last.