

What would they suffer for Christ's sake?

What promise is given?

What Have I Learned?

1. That God will punish the nations that disobey and dishonor him.
2. That if we neglect our privileges they will be taken from us.
3. That men show their hatred of Christ by their hatred of his people.
4. That God will help his people in time of trouble.
5. That the followers of Jesus shall receive a great and gracious reward.

Westminster Question Book.

TRUSTING IN GOD.

A bold Frenchman, while hunting in the Alps for the mountain goat, fell over a precipice upon a ledge, back of which was a cave. How to get away he knew not. A day and night passed and he was still a prisoner, expecting to be starved to death. But just as his heart began to fail, he saw a tiny tuft of the *blue fringed-gentian*.

That little flower saved his life! How? He knew that wind must have borne the seed from a distance, and that God's sun and rain must have made it grow. He said to himself, "God has cared for that little wild flower which grows where no one can see it but Himself. Shall he not care for me also?"

Filled with this thought he grew happy, and began singing a song. His voice was heard by some shepherds on the mountain-top.

They shouted. He answered Guided by his voice, they lowered ropes down to his prison-house and drew him up. And thus, you see, his life was saved by the little blue fringed-gentian—one of the slender wild flowers which you may find in the woods. For the little flower taught him to trust in the good God who cares for all.

A BOY'S STORY.

"I was out in the garden one day," said a boy, "when a bee came buzzing all around me; and being afraid that I should be stung, I called out 'Mother! oh, Mother!' She quickly came to my help and led me in doors; but the bee came in too, and there it was buzzing about mother and me; so she lifted up her apron and covered my head with it, and the bee could not get near me.

"Well, while I was covered with mother's apron, the bee settled on her arm, and stung her. But it left its sting behind; and she took me from under her apron, showed me the sting still in her arm, and said the bee could never sting any one else, because it had left its sting in mother's arm.

"Then she said that like the way she had borne the sting for me, so Jesus had borne death for me; that he had destroyed the power of Satan, our enemy; and that if I believed that he had really done this for me, all my sins would be gone. I did believe, then, sir; and so I am a Christian boy."

This was a little boy's story; and the gentleman to whom he told it could not say Nay to it; he could only add, "May God bless you, boy," as he bade him good-bye.

SAVIOUR, BLESS A LITTLE CHILD.

Saviour, bless a little child;
Teach my heart the way to thee;
Make it gentle, meek and mild;
Loving Saviour, care for me!

I am young, but thou hast said
All who will may come to thee;
Feed my soul with living bread;
Loving Saviour, care for me!

Jesus, help me, I am weak,
Let me put my trust in thee;
Teach me how and what to speak;
Loving Saviour, care for me!

—*Little Soldier.*