



AMY'S PSALM.

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DARLING little Amy,
 Only two years old,
 Sitting on the hearth-rug,
 Hears the story told
 Of the tender Shepherd
 Who his loved ones leads
 By the pleasant waters
 Through the flowery meads.
 Listening intently
 To her sister's voice
 Conning o'er the lesson,
 Not a bit of noise
 Makes the tiny maiden
 Close by mamma's side;
 But at length she rises,
 Opens blue eyes wide,
 Little arms uplifts she,
 "Take her!" baby cries,
 "Amy say a lesson!"
 And she looks so wise.
 Saying words most holy
 In her childish way;
 "The Lord, he is my Shepherd!"
 "Aye of such," we say.
 "He maketh me," she murmurs
 As if from vague alarms,
 The golden head is hidden—
 "To lie down in mamma's arms."

FLY AWAY JACK!

BY MRS. GEORGE ARCHBOLD.

DID you ever play "Two little blackbirds?" I learned how when I was a child, and I am sure I had a hundred good times mystifying my playmates by the simple little trick. If you would like to try it learn first this easy rhyme:

"Two little blackbirds sitting on a hill,
 One named Jack and the other named Jill;
 Fly away Jack! Fly away Jill!
 Come again Jack! come again Jill!"

Take two small pieces of black court plaster, and stick fast to the nails of the index fingers. If you haven't the plaster tie on black thread.

Now you are ready.

Shut your thumbs and all your fingers except the first, which you lay with their conspicuous black spots on the table or stand in front of you. Then repeat with a lively sing-song the above rhyme, keeping time with your outstretched fingers, lifting one as you lower the other. When you say, "Fly away Jack!" throw your right hand suddenly back over your shoulder, and shut your fingers into your palm, straightening at the same time your middle finger, and bringing it to the table. When you say, "Fly away Jill!" do precisely the same thing with your left hand.

At "Come again Jill!" toss back your right hand again, doubling up the middle finger and straightening the first, quickly following with the left at "Come again Jill!"

You will be surprised to find how few children will see through the innocent fraud, and how you will be asked many times to "do it once more," by some little one who hates to give it up. But you must be quick or you will be caught.

When I played it for a little girl the other day she thought it the most wonderful performance in the world, and even her father, watching it over her curly head, looked somewhat puzzled for a moment.

CHILDREN'S EASTER

BREAKS the joyful Easter dawn,
 Clearer yet, and stronger,
 Winter from the world has gone:
 Death shall be no longer.
 Far away good angels drive
 Night and sin and sadness,
 Earth awakes in smiles, alive
 With her dear Lord's gladness.

Rousing them from dreary hours
 Under snowdrifts chilly,
 In his hand he brings the flowers,
 Brings the rose and lily.
 Every little buried bud
 Into life he raises;
 Every wild flower of the wood
 Chants the dear Lord's praises.

Open, happy buds of spring,
 For the Sun has risen!
 Through the sky sweet voices ring
 Calling you from prison.
 Little children, dear, look up:
 Towards his brightness pressing,
 Lift up every heart, a cup
 For the dear Lord's blessing!

—Lucy Larcom.

THE CROOKED PATH.

Two boys set off on a snowy day to run across a field. At the end of their race, they looked back at their foot-marks in the snow.

"Why, Edward," said one, "you have left a line as straight as an arrow! Mine is all crooked and irregular."

"That is easily accounted for," said the other. "When we started, I made for this large tree, and ran straight to it, for I didn't take my eyes off it. You must have been looking about you."

"Yes," replied John, "I was. First at my own feet, and then at some birds that were passing."

Only by "looking unto Jesus" can we "make straight paths for our feet."