

Are you Safe?

Two little girls were playing with their dolls in a corner of the nursery, and singing, as they played,—

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast;
There by his love o'ershaded
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

Mother was busy writing, only stopping now and then to listen to the little ones' talk, unobserved by them.

"Sister, how do you know you are safe?" said Nellie, the younger of the two.

"Because I am holding Jesus with both my hands—tight!" promptly replied sister.

"Ah! that's not safe," said the other child. "Suppose Satan came along, and cut your two hands off!"

Little sister looked very troubled for a few moments, dropped poor dolly, and thought seriously. Suddenly her face shone with joy, and she cried out,—

"Oh, I forgot! I forgot! Jesus is holding *me* with his two hands, and Satan can't cut his off; so I am safe!"—*Day-spring.*

Swords and Guns.

Last spring there was a rebellion among the Indians and half breeds of the North West, and it cost our country nearly five millions of dollars, besides many precious lives, to put it down. The soldiers used guns. I want to tell you an easier way of overcoming these Indians, that is, to attack them with swords instead of guns. If we attack them with guns some of them will be killed, but the others will be ready to fight again. If we conquer them with swords they will not want to fight. But what kind of a sword must we use. "The sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God." A minister who was in the North West during the rebellion says that if Christian teachers had been among these Indians for the last ten years there would have been no rebellion. It is always cheaper and better to use that sword than guns.

Happy is the man *that* fineth wisdom, and the man *that* geteth understanding.

"Can't we do something?"

A missionary in Africa had established a school for coloured children, which gave him much joy, for they loved the Saviour. One day he told them that there were still a great many idolaters in the world, who did not know the Lord Jesus Christ, and that there were societies in England, Germany, and France which sent missionaries to these poor pagans. The little coloured children then said, "And cannot we do something else?"

"Reflect upon it," replied the missionary; "and come and tell me."

One morning, however, they came to the school full of joy, and said to the missionary, "We wish to form a little juvenile missionary society."

"That is very well," said the master; "but what will you give for missions?"

The eldest answered, "Each of us will oblige himself to collect as much money as he can without begging. As for those boys of us who are largest and strongest, we will go into the woods to find bark; and carry it to the tanner, who has promised us a florin for each load."

Another interrupted him and said, "And as for the rest of us, we will gather gum, and sell it for four shillings a pound."

"And we," exclaimed the smallest children, "will carry ashes and sell them to the soap-maker."

Then the girls said, "We will collect locks of wool, and sell them." Others said, "We will get hens, and sell the eggs and the chickens."

The children did not rest satisfied with making promises. They executed their plan, without neglecting school; and at the end of a year they held a meeting, under the direction of a missionary, and carefully paid over to him all they had raised. And how much do you think they put into his hands? More than *ten pounds!*—*Children's Friend.*

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.