



CHRIST AND NICODEMUS.  
(Read JOHN 3. 1-21.)

"NO."

BY ELIZA COOK,

Would ye learn the bravest thing  
That man can ever do?  
Would ye be an uncrowned king,  
Absolute and true?  
Would ye seek to emulate  
All ye see in story,  
Of the noble, just, and great,  
Rich in real glory?  
Would ye lose much bitter care  
In the world below?  
Bravely speak out when and where  
'Tis right to utter "No!"

Learn to speak this little word  
In its proper place;  
Let no timid doubt be heard,  
Clothed with sceptic grace;  
Let thy lips, without disguise,  
Boldly pour it out;  
Though a thousand dulcet lies,  
Keep hovering about,  
For be sure our lives would lose  
Future years of woe,  
If our courage could refuse  
The present hour with "No!"

#### ABOUT CRADLES.

BABY ROSE'S WINTER NAP.

LAST fall when the cold frosts came one brave little bud that was trying to be a rose grew quite black and fell off the stem. Very soon the leaves fell too, and the children all said, "This frost has killed the rosebush." They did not know that there were baby-roses snugly sleeping on the old rosebush.

If they had looked closely they would have found tiny little brown cradles, quite different from the one in which Baby Crocus took her winter nap. They were very little and brown, and were made of a good many layers of something like a very thin, tough brown paper. The whole was made snug by these layers being stuck tightly together.

When the weather grew very, very cold the gardener covered Mother Rosebush, Baby Rose, cradle and all with a warm coat of straw.

When the spring sun grew quite warm and Baby Crocus was quite wide awake, the straw was taken off. Then a tiny little green hand was thrust out of each little cradle. Old Mother Rose was kept busy feeding each waking

baby with a kind of juice which she brought up from the ground in some wonderful way. Then the babies grew stronger, and stretched a great many green hands out to the sun and air.

At last, one June morning, a sweet little pink face, all washed in dew, was lifted up, and the children said, "Why, the rosebush is not dead! Here is the sweetest rose that ever was seen."

#### THE GOLD DISH AND THE RAINBOW.

BY MRS O. A. LACROIX.

AFTER a gentle and refreshing shower had passed over, little Lina went to the window of the sitting-room, and looked with delight at the beautiful colours of the rainbow. "Dear mamma," cried she, suddenly, "is it really true that every time there is a rainbow a golden dish falls from it to the earth, and that only some child that was born on Sunday can find it? Are there, indeed, such playthings as that in the sky; and for what children are they placed there?"

Her mother replied to her thus: "There is no doubt, my child, but that there is a heavenly jewel of so much value that all the wealth of earth may not be compared with it. The children who are to share this jewel, however, have no need specially to be born on Sunday. The only essential condition is, that every day, and at all times, and in all places, they should be as comely, modest, and good in their behaviour as they are in church on the Sabbath. If you seek to be a child of this

character you will soon find this precious jewel."

Lina applied herself diligently to become gentle in heart and pure and good in her conduct, and then every time there was a rainbow she hastened to hunt over the field, under the rainbow, for the gold dish. All the little folks that read this story know as well as I that Lina never found the dish, but in becoming every day more gentle and more virtuous she formed a character ever more and more amiable and lovable to everybody. When she became several years older, and her mind was quite matured, her mother said to her pleasantly one day when there was a rainbow, "Lina, why do you not run to find the gold jewel that has fallen from the bow?"

"Dear mother," said Lina, "when I did that I was a little child, which believed everything without thinking, but now I understand what your words meant. You wished to make me mindful of a treasure more noble and more precious than gold, and which is really the gift of heaven."

"Yes, Lina," replied her mother, "this gift of which I spoke, and which surpasses all the riches of earth, makes man's true happiness. We seek it entirely in vain in the world which is all around us; it is within us, in a pure and good heart, that we must hope to find it."

#### LEANING ON JESUS.

A LITTLE girl lay near death. She had been brought low by a sad and painful disease. Not long before, her step had been as light and her heart as joyous and gay as any of her companions; but now her body was racked with pain, the icy hand of death had touched her, and she was about to go into eternity.

"Does my little one feel sad at the thought of death?" asked her papa, as he watched the look of pain on her face.

"No, dear papa," she said smiling; "my hand is all the while in the hand of Jesus, and he will not let me go."

"Are you afraid, dear child?" asked her minister at another time.

"No, I cannot fear while Jesus supports me," she replied, quickly.

"But are you not weary with bearing pain?"

She said, "I am leaning on Jesus, and don't mind the pain."

And so this one of Christ's lambs went to the fold above, leaning on the Good Shepherd, who "gathers the lambs in his arms."

We, too, shall all die. Shall we be found leaning on Jesus, so that we shall not mind pain or fear death.