



THE YOUNG ENGINEER.

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CHARLIE'S papa is a railroad engineer. Charlie thinks he would like to be an engineer when he becomes a man. He has a toy engine and train. He draws it through the sitting-room and about the door-yard. He calls out the different stations as he goes along. If he becomes an engineer I hope he will meet with no bad accidents.

NO MORE SICKNESS.

ONE quiet Sabbath afternoon, sitting alone with my little ones, I talked with them of heaven, the land where comes no night, no care, no grief, not weariness.

Hearing the office-bell—their father is a physician—one of them exclaimed, "Will there be a bell there?"

"No," I said, "thank God, disease and death are there unknown. 'The inhabitant shall not say, I am sick.'"

Then I told them of the Great Physician who had with touch divine raised to life souls once dead in trespasses and sins; and in the resurrection morning would raise the body, healed and glorified, to receive the soul again, never more to be separated.

"What a happy time that will be!" said Charles.

We all thought the same as we sang our favourite hymn,

"Then let our songs abound  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer words on high."

Yes, it will be a happy time indeed, when, as the Bible says, "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying." But it is only for those who have been "washed in the blood of the Lamb," and whose names are written in his "book of life." Is your name there, little one?

JACK.

COUSIN FRANK has a little dog named Jack. He is small but very knowing, and the noisiest little creature I ever knew. He likes to go out in the street and bark at every carriage and waggon that goes by.

One day a gentleman who lives just across the way came over to say that his wife was very ill, and Jack's barking disturbed her.

"Is there any way to keep him quiet?" he asked.

"Oh yes," said Frank, "we'll tell him about it, and he'll mind."

So he called the dog: "Jack, Jack, come here, sir."

Jack came.

"Now, Jack, Mrs. Lincoln is very sick, and she can't bear any noise. Do you hear, Jack? You must keep still all day."

Jack wagged his tail, and trotted off. He ate his breakfast, and then went out into the garden, lay down under the pear-tree, and we never heard a sound from him the whole day—not a sound.

That little dog understood what was said to him, and he minded. Children, are you as obedient as Jack?

"FOR ME."

LITTLE Carrie was a heathen child, about ten years old, with black eyes, dark skin, curly brown hair and slight neat form.

A little while after she began to go to school, the teacher noticed one day that little Carrie did not look as happy as usual.

"My dear," she said, "why do you look so sad?"

"Because I am thinking."

"What are you thinking about?"

"O, teacher: I do not know whether Jesus loves me or not."

"Carrie, did Jesus ever invite little children to come to him?"

The little girl repeated the verse, "I suffer little children to come unto me," which she had recently learned at school.

"Well, who is that for?"

In an instant Carrie clapped her hands, and said:

"It is not for you, teacher, is it? for you are not a child. No it is for me—for me!"

From that hour Carrie knew that Jesus loved her; and she loved him back with all her heart.

Now if the heathen children learn that Jesus loves them and believe his kind words as soon as they hear him, ought not we, who hear so much about the dear Saviour, to believe and love him too? Every one of us ought to say, "It is for me—it is for me!" and throw ourselves into the arms of the loving Saviour—*Morning Light.*

THE LITTLE LEAVES.

BY GEORGE COLE.

WEE Topaz and Ruby  
And Garnet and Gold

Set out for a ramble

When winds whistled cold.

"Come back soon, my darlings,

And nestle by me!"

"At sunset," they whisper,

"Dear old mother tree!"

Then down they all fluttered,

And, dancing along,

They came where a brooklet

Was singing its song.

"Come, dears!" sang the brooklet,

"Each one be a boat;

It's jolly all day

Down the valley to float!"

They heard the blithe call

Of the quail 'mid the sheaves,

And the wan flowers whispered

"Farewell, little leaves!"

By meadow and woodland

They wandered all day,

With never a thought

Of their home far away.

But when the sun set

And the stars twinkled bright

How sadly they missed

Their own mother's good-night!

For never came back

From that brook deep and cold,

WEE Topaz and Ruby

And Garnet and Gold