



TOMMY'S MONKEYS.

THE TENDER SHEPHERD.

A LITTLE lamb one afternoon
Had from the fold departed.
The tender shepherd missed it soon,
And sought it, broken-hearted.
Not all the flock that shared his love
Could from the search delay him,
Nor clouds of midnight darkness move,
Nor fear of suffering stay him.

But night and day he went his way
In sorrow till he found it;
And when he saw it fainting lie,
He clasped his arms around it.
Then, safely folded to his breast,
From every ill to save it,
He brought it to his home of rest,
And pitied and forgave it.

And thus the Saviour will receive
The little ones who love him,
Their pains remove, their sins forgive,
And draw them gently near him.
Blest while they live and when they die,
When flesh and spirit sever—
Conduct them to his home on high,
To dwell with him for ever.

"WAS IT OUR JESUS?"

A LITTLE three-year-old girl stood at the window one pleasant Sabbath, watching for papa, who was at church. She soon spied him coming, and as he entered the door she raised her dark eyes and said: "Papa, what did Mr. Roberts preach about this morning?" Her father replied, "He preached about Jesus." "Papa, was it our Jesus?" she asked. "Yes," said her father, "it was our Jesus." The dark eye brightened at the thought that papa's minister knew her Jesus, and talked about him to his congregation.

Do you, my dear child, claim this Jesus as yours? I hope so; for it is a most

blest thought that every little girl and boy may have him for "their own" Saviour. No matter how much he loves other children, there is room in his heart for you.

TOMMY'S MONKEYS.

TOMMY GILMAN was cabin-boy on Captain Potter's clipper-ship, the *Hotspur*. He got the captain's permission to bring four cunning little monkeys on board ship, once, when the *Hotspur* lay at anchor in the East Indies. And on the voyage home he tamed and trained them until they learned many cunning tricks.

Sometimes, as you may see in the picture, they played tricks upon Tommy. He went ashore one day when the *Hotspur* was at Rio Janeiro and brought back a fine lot of grapes and peaches. These, of course, were for the captain, but Tommy had his share; and when he had eaten what he wanted he strung up three or four bunches of grapes over his berth for safe-keeping. It was a warm afternoon, and there was nothing particular to do, so Tommy tumbled into his berth for a nap. And while he slept the monkeys came around and helped themselves to the fruit. When he waked up he found his grapes gone.

FOR ME.

"MAMMA," asked little Annie, "did Jesus die for me?" "Yes, my dear. The dear Jesus died for little Annie, and for all the people in the world. He died that we might be saved from our sins, and go to heaven." "Why did Jesus die for us, mamma?" "Because he loved us, my dear. And we ought to love Jesus with all our hearts. I want my little Annie to love the dear Saviour, and obey all his commandments."

A TRUE STORY.

"PAPA, can you please give me fifty cents for my spring hat? Most all the Academy girls have theirs."

"No, May, I can't spare the money."

The above request was persuasively made by a sixteen-year-old maiden as she was preparing for school one fine spring morning. The refusal came from the parent in a curt, indifferent tone. The disappointed girl went to school. The father started for his place of business. On his way thither he met a friend, and being "hale fellow well met," invited him into Mac's for a drink. As usual there were others there; and the man that could not spare his daughter fifty cents for a hat treated the crowd. When about to leave he laid half a dollar on the counter, which just paid for the drink. Just then the saloon-keeper's daughter entered, and going behind the bar, said "Papa, I want fifty cents for my spring hat."

"All right," says the dealer, and taking up the half dollar from the counter, handed it over to the girl, who departs smiling.

May's father seemed dazed, walked out alone, and said to himself: "I had to bring my fifty cents here for the rum-seller's daughter to buy a hat with, after refusing it to my own daughter. I'll never drink another drop." And he kept his pledge.

SOMETHING TO DO.

THERE is something to do,
There is something to do,
There is something for children to do.

Retta's voice rang out clear and sweet as she sang; but all that she was doing was to draw funny-looking men on a piece of paper. She was not even trying to do her best at that; if she had been, it would have been teaching her to draw; but it didn't do herself or anybody else any good to make such ugly-looking pictures. Still, she kept on singing.

Just then brother Tom came along. "Well, why don't you do something, then?" he asked. "What shall I do?" asked Retta. "Why, the 'something' you're singing about—whatever that is. Maybe mother could tell you."

Retta put away her paper and pencil, and asked mamma if she had anything for her to do. "Why, yes, dear," mamma replied. "It will help me a great deal if you will stand on a chair and put these dishes on the dresser shelf. Mamma is very tired this morning."

Then Retta went on with her song; and she thought it was a great deal prettier than before. Don't you think she was a great deal happier, too?