

## A WONDERFUL CHILD.

I've read somewhere about a girl  
Whose cheeks are rosy red,  
With golden tresses, curl on curl,  
Bedeck her pretty head.  
Her eyes I'm told are bright and blue,  
Her smile is kind and sweet;  
The errands she is asked to do  
Are done with willing feet.

'Tis said that when she goes to school  
She's just the sweetest lass!  
So quick to mind the slightest rule  
And prompt in every class.  
To girls and boys she's never rude  
When all are at their play;  
Her "conduct"—be it understood—  
Is "perfect" every day.

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## "FOR ME."

LITTLE Carrie was a heathen child, about ten years old, with black eyes, dark skin, curly 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?"

"Oh, 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, "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 word 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.

## HIDE AND SEEK.

LITTLE May Merryweather is playing hide and seek with her father. She has hidden behind the chair while papa pretends to be very anxiously looking under the table. Cunning old fellow, he knows where baby is, but he wants to give her the pleasure of thinking that she can hide from him. Presently he will discover where she is, and then there will be a scream of delight and an exchange of kisses as baby pays the forfeit for being caught. Happy father! happy May!

## THE PRETTY DRINKING CUP.

MILLIE has a dainty silver cup which auntie gave her. She is very proud of it, and one day, when Cousin Belle was visiting her, she said,

"No one has such a pretty cup as this!"

"I saw a bird drinking from a prettier one than that one day," said papa.

"Birds don't drink from cups, do they?" asked Belle.

"Yes, sometimes. This was a leaf-cup, the cup of the pitcher-plant, and it has a lid, and holds water as well as your cup."

"And do the birds really drink out of it?"

"Yes; the rain and the dew gather in the cup, and by and by a thirsty bird comes along. 'Now I will have a drink,' says Birdie, and he sips from the leaf-cup, and lifts up his head as if to thank God for the drink. No wonder; the heavenly Father loves and cares for the birds, as well as for the children!"

"CEASE, my son, to hear the instruction that causeth to err from the words of knowledge."



HIDE AND SEEK.

## COME HOME, FATHER.

FATHER, dear father, come home with me now!

The clock in the steeple strikes one; You said you were coming right home from the shop,

As soon as your day's work was done. Our fire has gone out—our house is all dark—

And mother's been watching since tea, With poor brother Benny so sick in her arms,

And no one to help her but me. Come home, come home, come home! Please father, dear father, come home.

## CHORUS.

Hear the sweet voice of the child, Which the night-winds repeat as they moan,

Oh, who could resist this most plaintive of prayers? "Please, father, dear father, come home, come home."

Father, dear father, come home with me now!

The clock in the steeple strikes two; The night has grown colder, and Benny is worse—

But he has been calling for you. Indeed he is worse—Ma says he will die Perhaps before morning shall dawn; And this is the message she sent me to bring,

"Come quickly, or he will be gone." Come home, &c.

Father, dear father, come home with me now!

The clock in the steeple strikes three; The house is so lonely—the hours are so long

For poor weeping mother and me. Yes, we are alone—poor Benny is dead, And gone with the angels of light; And these were the very last words that he said,

"I want to kiss Papa good night." Come home, &c.