



Ouch!

## PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

WE plead for the little children, who have  
opened their baby eyes  
In the far-off lands of darkness where the  
shadow of death yet lies;  
But not to be nurtured for heaven, not to be  
taught in the way,  
Not to be watched o'er and guided, lest  
their tiny feet should stray.

Ah, no! It is idol worship their stammering  
lips are taught;  
To cruel, false gods only are their gifts and  
offerings brought.  
And what can we children offer, who dwell  
in this Christian land?  
Is there no work for the Master in reach of  
each little hand?

O surely a hundred tapers which even small  
fingers can clasp  
May lighten as much of the darkness as a  
lamp in a stronger grasp;  
And then, as the line grows longer, so many  
tapers, though small,  
May kindle a brighter shining than a lamp  
would, after all.

Small hands may gather rich treasure, and  
even infant lips can pray;  
Employ, then, the little fingers—let the  
children learn the way.  
So the light shall be quicker kindled, and  
the darkness the sooner shall flee;  
Many "little ones" learn of the Saviour  
both here and "far over the sea."

## OUCH!

CARLO has got more than he bargained  
for. He finds what comes of meddling with  
what does not belong to him. He has been  
trying a basket full of lobsters, and has got  
his toes pinched for his pains. I wonder if  
little folks ever do that sort of thing.

## THE PANSY.

THERE is a fable told about a king's gar-  
den, in which all at once, the trees and  
flowers began to pine and make complaint.

The oak was sad, because it could not  
yield flowers; the rosebud was sad because  
it could not bear fruit; the vine was sad  
because it had to cling to the wall, and  
could cast no shadow.

"I am of the least use in the world," said  
the oak.

"I might as well die, since I yield no  
fruit," said the rosebud.

"What good can I do in the world?" said  
the vine.

Then the king saw a little pansy, which  
all this time held up its glad, fresh face,  
while all the rest were sad.

And the king said, "What makes you so  
glad, while all the rest pine and complain?"

"I thought," said the pansy, "that you  
wanted me here, because here you planted  
me; so I made up my mind to be as good a  
little pansy as I could be."

There are people, dear children, like the  
oak, the rosebud, and the vine. They look  
with envy upon those who are called to  
more important positions in life. They are

unhappy because God has not called them  
to a higher sphere. They will do nothing  
just because they cannot do all that other  
do. Reader, go to work where God has  
placed you, and in time he may say to you  
"Come up higher."

## WANTED—A GRANDMOTHER.

I've the dearest of papas, and the sweetest  
of mammas,  
And a darling little birdie that the finest  
songs can sing;  
And a cunning dog and cat, but I've wanted  
something else  
Ever since the time I knew enough to  
wish for anything.

And that's a silver-haired, dear old lady,  
who to all  
The children, whether rich or poor, says  
pleasantly, "My dear;"  
Who can lots of stories tell, and a lot of  
rhymes repeat,  
And never is too busy all the news I  
bring to hear.

Oh, how lovely it would be in the summer-  
time to see  
Her sitting in the garden when the sky  
was bright and blue;  
Or in winter by the fire, humming hymn  
tunes very softly,  
While knitting scarlet stockings for—I  
guess you can guess who!

It really don't seem right that I never  
should have one,  
When almost all the girls I know have  
two, and some have three;  
So if there should be any dear old grand-  
mother a-wanting  
A loving little granddaughter, why let  
her come to me.

## A HIGHER HAND.

A LITTLE boy sat in front of his father,  
and held the reins that controlled a restive  
horse. Unknown to the boy the reins  
passed around him and were also in his  
father's hand. He saw occasion to pull  
them. With artless simplicity the child  
looked around, saying; "Father, I thought  
I was driving; but I am not, am I?" Thus  
it is often with men who think that they  
are shaping a destiny which a higher hand  
than theirs is really fashioning. They do  
their own will, but they also do the will of  
God. A stronger hand guides them; a  
mightier power holds the helm of their  
vessel, and saves from rock and wreck.  
Happy are they who quietly yield to the  
guidance of an Almighty hand.