

"O," she said, "I just sit here, wi' my light and wi' my New Testament on my knees, talking wi' Jesus!"

JESUS OUR SAVIOUR.

WHEN we play or study,
When we wake or sleep,
He delights to bless us,
And his children keep.

He will always guide us,
Listen to our prayers;
For the loving Saviour,
For his children cares.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 20, 1886.

WHAT A CHILD CAN DO.

I CAN tell others of Jesus' love. I can praise God for all the good things I have or do. I can be careful to always speak the truth. I can keep from saying cross things. I can help others in trouble. I can be kind when others are angry. I can listen and obey when Jesus speaks to my heart. I can remember that God sees me. I can find something to do for Jesus. I can trust him for strength to do it. I can listen to the voice of conscience.

IF SHE HAD THOUGHT.

ONE day a lady heard of a poor woman who was in much distress, she was so very poor. So the lady took her a well-worn quilt, and two loaves of bread, a little stale. When she came home she opened her Bible to read, and these were the first words she saw: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me." "Oh," she said, "if I had thought it was Jesus I was helping, I would have taken a new quilt and fresh bread." Children, think about this.



THE MISSIONARY DOG.

THE MISSIONARY DOG.

CHARLEY Williams belongs to "The Little Workers." Not that Charley is an unusually industrious boy—for, to tell the truth, like most youngsters, he prefers to play. Still, when he undertakes a job of any kind he puts it through in a vigorous way that promises well for the future. What we mean is, that Charley belongs to a missionary society called "The Little Workers," and he never fails to do well any part assigned him by the president. Some time ago the society decided to raise twenty-five dollars to be sent as a missionary Christmas-gift. For this purpose little articles of various kinds were made by the members for sale. Mrs. Williams, to encourage Charley, and to help in the good work, made out of plush goods a cute figure that afforded much amusement and brought a handsome price. Mr. Williams paid for it with the understanding that his wife and Charley would never tell the neighbors how he tried to drive it out of the room the first time he discovered it. As the picture indicates, Charley was the author of the harmless joke; but whether he told just how he "earned" the money he paid into the society's treasury is not quite certain.

WEAVING SUNSHINE.

"YOU can't guess, mamma, what Grandma Davis said to me this morning, when I carried her the flowers and the basket of apples!" exclaimed little Mary Price, as she came running into the house, her cheeks red as twin roses.

"I am quite sure, darling," said mamma, "that I cannot; but I hope that it was something pleasant."

"Indeed it was, mamma," said Mary.

"She said, 'Good morning, dear: you are weaving sunshine.' I hardly knew what she meant at first, but I think I do now; and I am going to try and weave sunshine every day."

"Mother," concluded Mary, "don't you remember that beautiful story, 'Helpful Little Sunbeams,' you read to me one day? If that sunbeam could do so much good, I think we all ought to try to be little sunbeams!"

After a few moments' pause a new thought seemed to pop into Mary's little head, and she said: "O mamma, I have just thought. When Lizzie Patton was here, she told me that her Sunday-school class was named 'Little Gleaners,' and I know another class called 'Busy Bees.' Now, next Sunday I mean to ask our teacher to call our class 'Sunshine Weavers,' and then we will all go to weaving sunshine."

GOD HAS BEEN HERE.

"GOD has been here to-day, mamma! He's been down our lane," said a sweet little boy we call Bertie, one day last Spring. "What makes you think so, dear?" asked mamma. "Because yesterday there was not a single pussy willow, and now there are lots of them! Nobody could do that so quick but God, mamma." "No Bertie, all the great men in the world could not make a branch of pussy willow in a life-time—not make it if they lived a hundred years. And yet the great God in heaven brings the dead branch to life with his rain and sunshine in a few hours. While we are sleeping he brings out those lovely, furzy little buds, and covers the ground with violets and May-flowers. You are right, my dear; God has been here, making the world beautiful."