

Children's Corner.

COME.

Come to the fountain, come!
See, where it stands, invitingly;
Its streams all gushing forth for thee,
In mercy boundless as the sea;
Come to the waters, come!

Come to the fountain, come!
Thy heavenly Father calleth thee,
He sent His Son to die for thee,
In loving words He speaks to thee,
O hear His voice, and come.

Come to the fountain, come!
The Spirit now outcreateth thee,
In gentlest tones He pleads with thee,
Accept the grace He brings to thee,
To-day, He bids thee come!

Come to the fountain, come!
Jesus Himself is calling thee,
His precious blood was shed for thee,
Pardon and peace He offers thee,
Believe, repent, and come!

Come to the fountain, come!
Earth's joys are now attracting thee,
Its glittering charms alluring thee,
Its hopes and smiles deluding thee,
O heed them not, but come!

Come to the fountain, come!
And if the way seems long to thee,
Through desert paths unknown to thee,
Safe guidance He has promised thee,
O trust His love, and come!

Come to the fountain, come!
And when thy strength seems failing thee,
Hunger and thirst consuming thee,
The fountain floweth free for thee,
Come to its waters, come!

Fear not, for Jesus leadeth thee,
From storm and tempest shieldeth thee,
With "hidden manna" feedeth thee,
Come to the fountain.

THE ROSE AND THE CATERPILLAR.

"Tell us a story! Tell us a story!" cried the four small voices in various accents, imploring, demanding, entreating, as Aunt Evelyn came into the school room.

It was just the pleasant time, after tea and before bedtime, when the red light of the dying sun shone into their little room.

Aunt Evelyn generally paid a visit upstairs at

this hour, sometimes for a game, sometimes for a story, and as there was only half an hour before bedtime, the play and the story were necessarily short.

"So it is to be a story to-night?" asked Aunt Evelyn, as she took a chair by the window.

"Yes, Auntie," answered Harry; "we're all tired to-night, because we have been out on the river this afternoon, and it was a long way."

"What sort of a story shall it be?" asked Aunt Evelyn.

"One of your funny ones, with 'meanings,'" answered Connie; "we always like those best."

"Very well then! Once upon a time," their aunt began, "a lady was walking in a beautiful garden. The morning was bright and sunny, and a summer breeze was blowing through the leaves. All the flowers began fluttering and rustling as it passed; and as the lady knew this was the way the flowers had of talking, she stopped and listened carefully.

"Presently she heard an old, bent elder tree say, in a thin, cracked voice, 'Flowers! flowers! shake off your caterpillars.'"

"'Why?' came from a dozen flowers all together (for flowers, like some children, have now and then a very ugly habit of asking 'why?' when they are told to do anything).

"The old elder tree answered, 'If you don't get rid of them, they will eat you up.' So the flowers in a great fright shook themselves until all the caterpillars fell off.

"In one of the centre beds was a beautiful yellow rose; and at first, being very frightened at the elder's words, she gave herself a terrible shake, and down tumbled several caterpillars. But then she grew less alarmed, and seeing one caterpillar left, she took no further trouble, but said to herself, 'He's such a beauty! I'll keep just that one!'

"The elder overheard her, and cried out, 'Don't! one caterpillar is enough to spoil you.'

"'But,' said the rose, 'look at his brown and crimson fur; and his beautiful black eyes; and his dear little feet. I want to keep him. Surely one won't hurt me!'

"The elder shook her head, but the rose gave no heed, and hugged the caterpillar to her fair bosom.

"A few days after, the lady walked in the garden again. She looked for the rose, but there was