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GOD'S GOODNESS.

When in the morning I awake
To greet the glorious day,
The pretty flowers, the daisy fields,
And all things bright and gay,

My parents tell me Thy kind hand.
O Lord, hast made them all,
That my bright life and happy hours
From Thy good bounty fall.

Then when the shining sun is hid,
And stormy tempests blow,
When beats the rain on window pane,
And all the flowers lie low,

They tell me that Thy loving will
Permits the storm and rain,
That bye and bye the pretty flowers
Will all be bright again.

So little do I know, O Lord,
I cannot understand
Just now, how joy and sorrow, too,
Come from the same good Hand.

But I will learn, since Thou wilt teach,
For then my life will be
In darkest seasons full of light
That beams, dear Lord, from Thee.

—Charles Smith.

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JESUS LOVES ME

Jesus loves me, this I know.
Jesus loves me! This I know
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak, but He is strong.