

A SONG FOR THE CHILDREN.

I'm not afraid of Jesus,
 Though I am but a child;
 And he, the King of glory,
 The Lord, the undefiled.
 He calls the children to him,
 Each little girl and boy;
 And in his arms he rests them,
 And gives them love and joy.

I'll go and talk with Jesus,
 And this is what I'll say—
 "Oh, bless and keep me, Saviour,
 And ever with me stay."
 For oh, it must be pleasant,
 In times of grief and fear,
 To feel his arms around me,
 And know that he is near.

I'll go and walk with Jesus,
 Along the King's highway,
 He'll hold my hand securely,
 And help me every day.
 And when we reach the city
 Whose gates are open wide,
 What happiness to enter
 With Jesus by my side!

DAISY'S GOOD WORDS.

LITTLE Daisy and her mamma waited on the platform for the cars to get ready to take them to grandpa's. The engine, a few yards off, was puffing and sissing pleasantly, as though it was glad to get a rest, for this was a "half-way station," and here those who travelled expected "ten minutes for refreshments."

The eating-house had swallowed all the passengers but one. This one was a fine-looking, middle-aged gentleman, but his head was bent low, and his face looked as the sky does when thick clouds cover it. He walked up and down with long steps, but did not once look at Daisy. He muttered to himself, but did not seem to hear or see anything.

Little Daisy saw the trouble in his face, and her baby heart (she was only a year and a half old) longed to comfort him. She slipped her hand from mamma's, and when he again came near she took a step or two forward, made a quaint little bow, and cooed out in her sweet tones, "How do?"

The gentleman stopped and looked at her, the trouble still in his eyes.

"How do?" Daisy again lisped, as her sweet, grave face looked up at him.

"How do you do, my little lady?" he asked in pleased surprise, as he held out his hand to her.

"Pitty 'ell," she returned, putting her tiny hand in his.

The darkest clouds had all gone from his face now.

"Ou solly (sorry)? I solly, too!" were her next words.

With a flash of light in his eyes, and something like a sob in his voice, the stranger caught her up in his arms tenderly.

"I 'ove 'ou," she said; and she laid her soft cheek lovingly against his.

"Her sweet words have done me more good than I can ever tell, madam," the gentleman said, as he put Daisy in her mother's arms, and hurried into another car.

What battle was going on in his soul that this little one helped him to win, or what trouble she had lifted from his heart, we will never know this side of heaven; but we cannot doubt that God sometimes makes children "ministering spirits to them who shall be heirs of salvation." How true that "heaviness in the heart of man maketh it stoop, but a good word maketh it glad."—
Jessie McGregor.

ANSWERING OUR PRAYERS.

A BOY, hearing his father pray for the missionary cause, especially for the wants of the missionaries, and that their institutions might be supplied with abundant means, said to him, "Father, I wish I had your money."

"Why, my son, what would you do with it?" asked the father.

The boy replied, "I would answer your prayers."

Do we not often ourselves possess the ability to answer our own prayers? You ask God to bless your friends. Is there any way you can help him to answer your prayer? If there is, you should avail yourself of it.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Most people would succeed in small things, if they were not troubled with great ambitions.

If we would bring a holy life to Christ, we must mind our fireside duties as well as the duties of the sanctuary.

We are all parts of a beautiful garden, and may have rich harvests for our Master if we love him enough.

When you feel that you should perform some duty to-day, do not permit Satan to persuade you to put it off till to-morrow. If you do you may never perform it.

"The Lord is thy keeper," but not thy jailer. His keeping is not confinement, it is protection. When you commit your ways to him, he does not abridge your liberty, he only defends you against the evil.

If there is to be work accomplished, it is to be done through human as well as divine efforts. God could put a man on the top of an Alpine peak, and have him preach one sermon that would convert the whole world; but that is not his way of doing things. God wants our hearts.

Ah! the many foolish ones who, with lamps untrimmed, are in no plight to meet the exigence of circumstance, or the flash of opportunity, but are swayed hither and thither into ways that were never planned for them in God's projection of their lives, but wherein they stumble, or are led darkly, while his golden moment goes by.

"PART OF THE CONCERN."

A MINISTER, on his way to a missionary meeting, overtook a boy, and asked him about the road, and where he was going.

"Oh," he said, "I'm going to the meeting to hear about the missionaries."

"Missionaries!" said the minister; "what do you know about missionaries?"

"Why," said the boy, "I'm part of the concern. I've got a missionary box, and always go to the missionary meeting, belong."

Every child should feel that he is "part of the concern," and that his work is just as important as that of any one else. Can you say, "I always go to the missionary meeting; I'm part of the concern."—*Exchange*

DOING THESE THINGS.

"WHAT is the use of being in the world unless you are somebody?" said a boy to his friend.

"Sure enough, and I mean to be," answered the other. "I began this very day. I mean to be somebody."

Ashton looked George in the face. "Began to-day? What do you mean to be?"

"A Christian boy, by God's help, and I grow to be a Christian man," said George. "I believe that is the greatest somebody for us to be."

George is right. There is no higher manhood: and it is in the power of every boy to reach that. Every boy cannot be rich, every boy cannot be a king, every boy cannot be a lord, but God asks you all to be a Christian manhood.

THEY ARE SAFE.

Six little children got into a boat, and were swept away to sea. All who could were put out in search of them. Great anxiety filled the place. All night the children were drifting on the cruel sea. Next day, a fisherman discovered and rescued them. The cry, "They are safe!" ran through the town. The work of the Sunday-school is to rescue not six but millions of children who are drifting to ruin.