

## Charlie's Book.

'Mother,' said little Charlie, 'Will Harnin says that his mother writes books. Is it very hard to write a book?'

'I don't know, I am sure,' said his mother.

'I'm going to write a book,' said this small man.

Just then the door bell rang and Charlie's mother went to see a caller. When she came back he was seated on her footstool busily writing.

'Now, mother,' said Charlie, 'I'm done with my book.'

'No, you are not done. God has given you a book to write. I hope that it is a long one, full of beautiful stories.'

'What is the name of my book?' he asked.

'Its name is "Charlie's Life," You can write only one page a day, and you must be very careful not to make any black marks in it by doing ugly things. When you pout and cry, that smears your page; and when you help mother and keep a bright face and don't quarrel with Robbie, that makes a nice fair page, with pretty pictures on it.'

'When shall I be done writing that book?' asked Charlie.

'When God sees that it is long enough he will send an angel to shut its covers and put a clasp on it until the great day, when all our life books are opened and read.'

Charlie sat very still for a while, and then said softly, 'Dear little Lucy finished writing her book when they put her in the little white casket and laid the white roses over her.'

'Yes,' said his mother; 'her life book was just a little hymn of praise to God. Its pages were clean and white, with no stains on them.'—'Zion's Watchman.'

## Marlin's Sermon to Aunt Meme.

(By Amelia Wilder.)

Marlin called her Aunt Meme. So shall I.

She was not too old to love birds and bright things and little children; but she was old enough to have gray hair, and sometimes she wore glasses.

Some people thought that so much trouble had helped to turn



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her hair from dark brown to gray so soon. There certainly had been many dark sad days in her life. But you know, children, that the darkness is safe when you are with Jesus.

One sad thing in Aunt Meme's life was the losing of her home. But God put it into the hearts of Marlin's parents to give her a place in their nice home, and so she often stayed alone with him. And whenever she looked sad Marlin would notice it and would come close to her and say, 'Aunt Meme, I love you.'

So of course she loved the tender-hearted little boy very much. He was only three years old, but he loved Bible stories, which his mamma often read to him.

One evening when they were alone Marlin preached a little sermon to Aunt Meme. Of course he did not know it, but Aunt Meme

did, and it helped her to be more trustful.

This is what he said as he crept up into her lap, and put his face close to hers:—

'It's growing dark, Aunt Meme, but you needn't be 'fraid, 'cause God makes the dark so we can sleep good. But I don't want to go to sleep now; I want to wait till my papa comes home. See the pretty stars. Aunt Meme, and that elgenit moon!' (He meant to say elegant.) 'God made them for me too, so my papa can see the way home to his little boy. I love God.'

Marlin's sermon came to a sudden ending, for he heard his papa's step on the porch, and he went flying to meet him as fast as his fat little legs could carry him.

And Aunt Meme thought of his sermon a long time and said to herself:—

'Even little children who love