

## RESCUE THE PERISHING.

Rescue the perishing,  
Care for the dying.  
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;  
Weep o'er the erring one,  
Lift up the fallen,  
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

Though they are slighting him,  
Still he is waiting,  
Waiting the penitent child to receive.  
Plead with them earnestly,  
Plead with them gently,  
He will forgive if they only believe.

Down in the human heart,  
Crushed by the tempter,  
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;  
Touched by a loving heart,  
Weakened by kindness,  
Chords that were broken will vibrate once  
more.

Rescue the perishing,  
Duty demands it;  
Strength for thy labour the Lord will  
provide;  
Back to the narrow way  
Patiently win them,  
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

## LITTLE SINS.

CHARLIE was spending a winter with his married sister. Every one thought him a good boy; indeed, he himself was quite sure he could do nothing wrong. One day, as he was passing the pantry, he saw a box of raisins; they were the largest raisins he had ever seen. He stepped in slyly and took bunch after bunch, and then slipped away, feeling like a thief, and yet thinking, "It is only a little thing." This he did day after day, till there was quite a hole in the box of raisins, still, no one seemed to notice it. One day a visitor told the following story at the dinner-table.

Walking through a fine park two years before, he had seen a large sycamore tree. A wood-worm about three inches long was forcing its way under the bark of the trunk. "Ah!" said the gentleman who was with him, "in time that worm will kill the tree."

"A hard thing to believe," said his friend.

"By and by you will see," replied the other.

Soon the worm was found to have gotten quite a distance under the bark. The next summer the leaves dropped off earlier than usual. Something serious seemed the matter. When the next summer came—just two years from the time the worm began its work—the tree was dead. The

hole made by the worm could be seen in the very heart of the trunk. "You were right," said the gentleman. "The tree was ruined by the worm only three inches long." If a worm could do such harm, what may not what persons call "little sins" do to a man or woman, a boy or girl?

Charlie felt the blood rush into his face. He was sure every one must know about the raisins, and that the story was told on purpose. He did not dare look up from his plate. After dinner they all went into the parlour; but as no one took special notice of him, Charlie concluded he must have been mistaken. Still, he began to feel now, as never before, that God knew all about it. The next time he was tempted to take from a basket what was not his, he remembered what the worm did to the tree. "That is just what sin is doing to my soul," he thought. He drew back in fear and ran away as fast as possible; nor could he rest till he had told his sister the whole story. Then he went with a lowly, penitent heart to his heavenly Father, asking that all his sins might be forgiven, and that for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ a new spirit might be put within him.

## "LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

1 JOHN 4. 7.

WOULD you like to hear what Jesus wants you to do? He loves little children very much, and he tells them to love one another. Now, if you are cross to the little boys and girls who play with you, if you try to get their playthings away from them or do anything to make them feel bad, you do not love them, and the dear Saviour who looks down from heaven to see if you try to please him is sorry that you are so naughty. But if he sees you kind and pleasant to your little playmates, he is glad.

You know he gave up his beautiful home to come and die for you because he loved you so much, and now he wants you to love other children and try to make them happy. You will learn this nice little verse and do as it says, won't you?—"Let us love one another."

"The Saviour loved us all so much,  
He came down here to die;  
And now he looks at every child  
From his bright throne on high.

"He wants to see me kind and good,  
And showing others love;  
Then I will try to do and be  
What Jesus will approve."

IN poem "My Rule," in HAPPY DAYS of March 20, for "As long as I live, wherever I am," read—"wherever I can."

## "IT IS SO COLD."

"JAMES, I wish you would fill up the wood-box for me."

James drew up his shoulders with a shiver, and moved his chair closer to the stove, as he said: "O mother, I can't. It is so cold."

His mother left the room just then, and did not at once notice that he did not go to do as she had requested.

"Presently one of James's playmates came and asked him to go coasting. The little boy said he would like to go, and would ask his mother.

"Why, James, it is so cold," she said.

"O I see! The wood-box is empty," said James. He soon had it filled, and after that he went coasting.

## GOD'S SPARROWS.

A CHRISTIAN woman was visiting among the poor in London one cold winter's day. She was trying to open the door of a third story in a wretched-looking house, when she heard a little voice inside say: "Pull the string up high." She looked up and saw the string. She pulled it, when it lifted the latch and the door opened into a room where she found two little half-naked children all alone. They looked cold and hungry. "Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?" asked the woman, "No, ma'am; God takes care of us," replied the elder of the children. "You have no fire on this cold day. Are you very cold?" "Oh, when we are cold we creep under the quilt, and I put my arms around Tommy, and he puts his arms around me, and then we say: 'Now I lay me down to sleep, I'll sing my Maker's praise,' and then we get warm," said the little girl. "And what have you to eat, pray?" asked the visitor. "When granny comes home she brings us something. Granny says we are God's sparrows, and he has enough for us; and so we say, 'Our Father,' and 'daily bread' every day. God is our Father."—*Faithful Witness.*

## "CAN'T RUB IT OUT."

"DON'T write there," said a father to his son, who was writing with a diamond on the window: "you can't rub it out."

Did it ever occur to you, my child, that you are daily writing that which you can't rub out?

You made a cruel speech to your mother the other day? It wrote itself on her loving heart, and gave her great pain. It is there now, and hurts her every time she thinks of it. You can't rub it out.

You whispered a wicked thought one day in the ear of your playmate! it wrote itself on his mind, and led him to do a wicked act. It is there now; you can't rub it out.—*Early Dew.*