



ALL'S WELL

Lie still in the darkness,
 Sleep safe in the night,
 The Lord is a Watchman,
 The lamb is a Light.
 Jehovah, He holdeth
 The sea and the land—

The earth in the hollow
 Of His mighty hand.
 All's well in the darkness,
 All's well in the light,
 The Lord is a Watchman,
 The Lamb is a Light.

—The Children's Missionary Magazine

THE BOYS IN CLYDE'S WORLD

Clyde is seven, and the facts of his life are ugly facts. To be sure, father, mother, home, neighbors, are terms in his vocabulary, but, being interpreted, their practical synonyms would be drunkenness, discouragement, dirt, deviltry.

Clyde's life—otherwise his seven years' conflict with these untoward elements of existence—has developed in him the countenance of an imp, the creed and conduct of an Ishmaelite, and the conscience—but of this who shall speak? A child's conscience is sacredly his own and God's.

On Sundays, Clyde faces me in the Mission, and on one particular Sunday he, with a dozen others, all similarly impish and Ishmaelish, constituted my class. The lesson was a beautiful one for "nice children"—the story of the child Samuel, the boy whom