

## THE LITTLE ONES AT CHURCH.

"In the morn of the Holy Sabbath  
I like in the church to see  
The dear little children clustered,  
Worshipping there with me.

"Faces earnest and thoughtful,  
Innocent grave and sweet,  
They look in the congregation  
Like lilies among the wheat.

And I think that the tender Master,  
Whose mercies are ever new,  
Has a special benediction  
For dear little heads in the pew."

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 27, 1886.

## LOST HIMSELF.

"WHAT is the matter, Johnnie? You haven't broken your wagon, have you, or lost your ball?"

"No—o; but I've lost myself!"

"Lost yourself? Well, that is very bad indeed; for you are worth far more than horse and wagon—yes, and Tip, too. Come, then, and I will help you find yourself. You are not very badly lost, but I will show you the way home."

Johnnie had gone a little farther than mamma allowed him, and this was the cause of all his tears. I think he will stay in his own play-yard after this.

There are a great many people who, like Johnnie, have lost themselves. And the worst of it is, they do not know that they are lost, as he did. We have all strayed away from our Father's so far that we could never find the way back ourselves.

If sinners will stay away from Jesus, and not come back home when he asks them, they will one day find themselves out in the great storm of God's wrath. Then they will want to go home to him and find a shelter in his love. But it will be too late. The door will be shut,—*Olive Plants.*

## "DIED FOR HIS COUNTRY."

As I was recently strolling through a cemetery I came across a grave-stone on which were the words quoted above. Here slept a soldier who had given his life in battle for the land of his birth. And then I thought of those infinitely greater sacrifices that had been made, and of those infinitely greater sufferings that had been endured, for our sin-ridden race. I thought of the great love that God had shown in giving for us his Son, and of the great love that the Son had shown in giving himself. Were that pierced body, which was crucified for us, buried in some earthly cemetery, and were some stone erected to mark the spot, upon it might appropriately be inscribed the words,

## "DIED FOR THE WORLD."

And as the writer and reader of these lines might stand by and read the inscription, we might each of us make the matter personal, and with the great apostle say, "Who loved me, and gave himself for me."

It is an affecting thought that the Son of God "tasted death," and the death of the cross, "for every man," and so for you and for me. And for such love, who can measure the depth of gratitude that we owe him? Well may we each and all of us say:

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an offering far too small:  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

## FRANK'S LITTLE THOUGHT.

"I've a little thought, papa," said Frank Warren the other day.

"Well, my son, tell it to me," said his father.

"It is this, papa:

"Troubles come to women,  
Troubles come to men,  
Troubles come to children.  
Amen."

Frank's papa smiled; but he told the little boy that his thought was good and true. "But," said he, "now let me give you another to go with it:"

"Whenever you have troubles  
Or trials by the way,  
Go tell them to Jesus,  
And don't forget to pray."



## TELLING STORIES.

HERE are Alice and Lou and Maud, sitting on the door-step, telling stories. Lou is telling the story that her mamma read to her from her Sunday-school library. Mamma read the story to Lou, because there were so many hard words in it that Lou could not read it herself. And whenever mamma came to a hard word Lou would say, "What does it mean, mamma?" and her mamma would tell her, and she remembered, and thus she learnt a great many words. She was not like some children, who read and pass over the words they do not know without finding out the meaning of them.

## "MAKING TRACKS FOR SISTER."

JANUARY sent "all sorts of weather," of the severe kind, to our states. Even the sunny South was frozen up. A missionary of the American Sunday-School Union in North Carolina, on his way to an afternoon meeting, came up to a small boy who was working his way through a snow drift on a mountain side. The heroism of this little fellow warmed up the zeal of the missionary as the boy waved his hand down the rugged slope towards a little girl, saying, "I'm making tracks for sister to step in, so she can get to the school-house. Yonder she comes singing. Don't you hear her?"

Yes, indeed! the sweet Sabbath song could be distinctly heard, and on reaching the school-house the missionary joined with Susie, Sammy and others in singing, "Nearer, my God, to thee."