

WATCHING FOR PAPA.

Up at the window are three little heads,  
Louie and Mamma's and two-year old Fred's,  
What are they doing there all in a row,  
Bobbing up, bobbing down, every way so?

Watching for papa to come home to tea;  
Dear is their papa to all of the three;  
Which pair of little eyes, sparkling and bright,  
Think you will be first to see him to-night?

Hark! who is that now whose footsteps they hear,  
Far out are heads stretched to see him draw near,  
Somebody's papa, perhaps, but not theirs—  
Up to the three eager faces he stares.

Back from the window bobs each little head:  
"Papa, make haste now," says dear baby Fred;  
Now they all see him just coming in sight;  
To the gate race the elder ones, wild with delight;  
Happy at last, not a moment to wait,  
Waving their hats and hands at a great rate.  
Joyfully papa the eager pair meets,  
Each rosy mouth with glad kisses he greets.

He finds on the walk and takes up little Fred,  
Louie and Mamma go dancing ahead;  
Into the house now all four of them come,  
Mamma stands smiling her bright welcome home.

Pulling and tugging they make him sit down,  
One brings his slippers, another his gown;  
Round him they hover and chatter with glee,  
While auntie is busy preparing the tea.

Little they know how their sweet loving ways  
Comfort him after the wearisome days;  
Arms full and laps full of dear little pets,  
All of his worries and cares he forgets.

THE GUIDING HAND.

A MERCHANT tells this story. "The patter of little feet on my office-floor and a glad voice exclaiming;—  
"Papa, I've come to scort you home!" made known to me the presence of my little six-year-old darling, who often came at that hour to 'take me home,' as she said. Soon we were going, hand in hand, on the homeward way.

"Now, papa, let's play I was a poor blind girl, and you must let me hold your hand tight, and you must lead me along and tell me where to step and how to go."

"So the merry blue eyes were shut tight, and we began. Now step up, now step down, here we go round the corner, and soon, till we were safely arrived at home, and the darling was nestling in my arms, saying, 'Wasn't it nice, papa? I never peeped once.'"  
"But," said mamma, didn't you feel afraid you would fall, dear?"

"With a look of trusting love came the answer: 'Oh, no, mamma! I had tight hold of papa's hand, and I knew he would take me safely over the hard places.'"

"Oh, that we might, with just this loving trust, clasp the hand of the Heavenly Father whom we cannot see, and go down the steep paths, round the sharp corners, and over all the rough places of this troublesome changeful life, never letting go, and never opening our eyes to wonder or doubt as to his way, knowing that it will at last bring us, when the weary walk is done, to rest in His loving arms for evermore."

"He leadeth me! O blessed thought!  
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me."

LITTLE DINA.

SOME people think a child is too young to be a Christian, too young to understand about Jesus and heaven. But this is a mistake. Children when very young can learn to love and obey Jesus.

Little Dina lived in England. She was only two years and five months old when she was taken very ill; and the constant cry of the little sick one was, "Mamma, I want to go home! I want to go home!"

"But, dear child, you are at home," said mother; "see, here am I, and your papa and brothers and sisters."

But this did not satisfy baby; she kept on crying, "I want to go home."

At last her mamma thought what little Dina might mean, and she said, "Do you want to go home to Jesus, dear?"

"Yes, mamma, yes, Jesus, home; I'm all ready."

Then she said, "Mamma, please sing. Sing, 'I'm a little pilgrim.'" This was the hymn her little brothers and sisters had learned at Sunday-school, and baby had liked it very much.

Mamma sang it, and when she stopped, little Dina said, "Please sing it again."

The last night she was alive, her brothers and sisters stood around her as she lay on mother's lap, and softly sang her favourite hymn. The little one listened quietly, and smiled, and a little while after she went home to be with Jesus.

Who will say that little Dina, though not three years old, was not a Christian? Even the babes may learn to love Jesus, and may understand that this is not our home, but that our true home is in heaven. And if such a babe could be a Christian, why not you?

LITTLE CHRISTIANS.

LITTLE feet may find the pathway  
Leading upward unto God;  
Little hands may learn to scatter  
Seeds of precious truth abroad.

Youthful hearts may be the temple  
For the Spirit's dwelling-place;  
Childhood's lips declare the riches  
Of God's all-abounding grace.

WHICH WILL YOU CHOOSE?

SOME little children were in the school-room talking.

Said Sue Langdon, "I wish I had a dress all silk and velvet, like Amy John's. It's lovely!"

"I wish I had a bag full of money," said her brother Tom, "and I'd buy it for you; and lots of things for myself, too."

"Book, and sleds, and tools, and everything," put in little Johnny. So all were telling what they wanted most. One little girl in the group said nothing, till the question was put right to her. Then she answered softly, "I'd rather have a clean heart. Mamma says that's worth more than silver and gold and diamonds; and we can get it by just asking for it."

The little girl was right in her choice, and right in her thought as to how it could be obtained. Of all the blessed things Jesus said we could have, none is more precious than this: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

OUR THOUGHTS.

"MOTHER," asked a child, "since nothing is ever lost, where do all our thoughts go?"

"To God," answered the mother gravely, "who remembers them forever."

"For ever," repeated the child, "I am frightened!"

Who would not be? Must all the silly thoughts, the unkind thoughts, the proud thoughts, the discontented thoughts, the unholy thoughts, all go into God's everlasting keeping? Let us pray, "Let the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer." And led us seek to fill our hearts with thoughts of good things, with pure and holy thoughts, with loving and kind thoughts.