

GOD BLESS THEM!

God bless the little girls!
With their sunny, golden curls;
With their many winsome ways
In their pretty childish plays:
God bless the little girls!

God lead the little girls:
Thro' the wintry blast that whirls,
Thro' the clouds that come and go
O'er their checkered path below:
God lead the little girls!

God bless the little boys:
Their hands now full of toys,
Their hearts of merry glee,
How innocent and free!
God bless the little boys!

God lead the little boys:
Through the sorrows and the joys
Of their warfare here below,
May they onward, upward go:
God lead the little boys!

God take the boys and girls
When their sunny, golden curls
In the coffin bed are laid;
To the home no hands have made:
God take the boys and girls!

THE GREAT LAMP.

A VENERABLE minister smiled down on his congregation, composed of Sunday-school boys and girls and said: "Dear children, can you tell me what a lamp is?"

And they looked at him and at one another, and murmured, some of them, confused answers, and hung their heads shyly.

"What! Does nobody know what a lamp is?" he exclaimed with surprise.

All at once he heard a voice: "Something to hold a light, sir."

"That's just right," was the minister's glad reply. An empty lamp is of no use in the dark. Can you repeat a text which mentions the Bible as being like a lamp?"

Without waiting a moment the same young voice rang out again. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet."

"Ah, yes," said the aged minister. "The Bible is a lamp giving light to the whole earth. And how about the light of children—where shall we find that?"

"In the Lord Jesus. He says 'I am the Light of the world.'" And again it was the same voice.

"One child answers well," said the minister, and he scanned the sea of faces to discover who it was.

A little girl told him it was blind Arthur. Yes, it was blind Arthur Beatty who

answered so correctly about God's glorious light. The minister told his little hearers never to try to go, even a few steps, on life's journey without their precious lamp, or they would stumble into trouble and sin. He asked them, as I also ask you, dear children, to learn all they possibly could of God's word, so that they might not at another time be so unready with their answers, and more than all, because the light shines brightest on the path of those who study the Lamp, and know it best.

A MOTHER'S PICTURE.

A POOR woman lost her only daughter in the vicious whirlpool depths of London life. The girl left a pure home, to be drawn into the gulf of guilty misery and abandonment. The mother, with a breaking heart, went to Dr. Bernardo, and, telling him the story, asked if he could do anything to help find the lost one.

He answered: "Yes, I can; get your photograph taken, frame a goodly number of copies, write under the picture, 'Come home,' and send them to me."

The doctor sent the photographs to the gin-palaces, dance halls and other places, which wretched outcasts are in the habit of frequenting, and got them hung in conspicuous places.

One night the girl, with some companions in sin, as she entered one of these dens of iniquity, saw her mother's picture. Struck with astonishment, she looked closely at it, and saw the invitation, "Come home," written underneath in her own mother's hand. To whom was it addressed? To her? Yes. She saw by that token that she would be forgiven, and that very night she returned to her mother's arms just as she was.

This is God's loving cry to every wanderer—"Come home!"—and there is a loving welcome, full of sweetest forgiveness, for all who cheerfully respond to it. Erring child, come home! Think of your sins, ask forgiveness in the name of Jesus, and you will be at once welcomed and pardoned. Will you come home?

HOW TO GO TO JESUS.

ONE evening, after a children's service, a teacher was talking to a young girl who was weeping for her sins, but could not feel that she was pardoned.

"Suppose," said he, "that Jesus was in this room, what would you do?"

"I would go to him at once," she replied.

"And what would you tell him?"

"That I was a lost sinner."

"And what would you ask him?"

"O I would ask him if he would forgive me."

"And what would Jesus answer?"

She hesitated for a moment, and then she looked up, smiling through her tears, for at once she saw it all. "Why," she said, "he would answer, 'Yes.'"

And, simply trusting in the Saviour's word, she went to him there and then, and Jesus said, "Yes."

BEING WATCHED.

"I WON'T be watched all the time," said one boy to another.

"I won't either," said his companion, with a laugh.

These two boys meant different things by the same expression. One could not be trusted away from his father. He needed a watchful eye to guard him constantly and keep him in the right course. He rebelled at this, and wanted to be free to do as he pleased. The other boy was honourable; he did not need watching; his father was confident that he would not wilfully do a wrong thing, and he trusted him. His manliness scorned the idea of having some one compel him to do right.

THE CHRIST-CHILD.

HAS he come to you, and to you, and to you, dear little one? If he has, how glad you must be! For the holy Child could not enter your heart without making it light and clean and sweet, could he?

If he has not come, why is it? Be sure he wants to come and live in your little heart. Open the door, this very hour, and let him in. Remember it is your enemy, Satan, that wants you to keep him out, and do not listen to him any longer. Will you not say to him now:

"Jesus, thou art great and high,
Just a little child am I;
But I come at thy dear call,
Give to thee my little all."

THE NEW KEY.

"AUNT," said a little girl, "I believe I have found a new key to unlock people's hearts and to make them so willing"

"What is the key?" asked her aunt.

"It is only a little word; guess what."

But her aunt was no guesser.

"It is please," said the child. "If I ask one of the great girls in school, 'please show me my parsing lesson,' she says, 'Oh yes,' and helps me. If I ask Sarah, 'Please do this for me,' no matter, she will take her hands out of the suds and do it. If I ask uncle, 'Please,' he says, 'Yes, Puss, if I can.' And then if I say, 'Please aunt—'"

"What does aunt do?" said aunt herself.

"Oh, you look and smile, just like mother, and that is the best of all," cried the little girl, throwing her arms around her aunt's neck, with a tear in her eye.—*Selected.*