



JESUS AND THE CHILDREN.

LITTLE children, how he loved them!

Passing all the grown folks by
Just to raise the little children,
On his breast to let them lie!

Do you think you would have loved him?

Would have tried to win his smile?
Jesus' arms to-day will take you,
Hold you all the life-long while.

Let them come! that is, to love him,

And to do his bidding sweet;
He has many little errands
Fitted well for little feet.

Sometimes what he says is harder—

"Let the restless feet be still;"
If the little heart is patient,
That is doing Jesus' will.

"He it is," he says, "who loves me
That will my commandments do."

There are many he has left us
That are plain enough for you.

"Overcome with good the evil"—

When some little playmate strikes,
If you give a gentle answer,
That will be what Jesus likes.

Let this loving Saviour, children,
Teach and lead you all your days
In green pastures, by still waters;
Jesus' ways are pleasant ways.

ABOUT FRUITS.

It is known that in plants like the corn and pea, when the flower drops off its stem it leaves something like a "seedholder," crowded full of seeds, in the shape of the pod and ear of corn, and so it is with the fruits of the flowers. You could not eat a rose, but you could a pear, and yet the seedholder in both has very much the same appearance, only the seedholder of the pear is large and ripe and good to eat, as you know, and in the middle are stored away a good many seeds, which if planted, will bring a great supply of pears by and by.

So it is with the apple. This is even a larger seedholder than the pear.

Berries ripen in the same way—gooseberries, currants, blackberries, huckleberries, all have their seeds inside, but the strawberry, the most luscious of all, has its seeds upon the outside, which add very much to its beauty. Grapes, too, are made for eating, and they are seedholders as well. Then take the melon and squash. See what large seeds they have,

and what a seedholder to carry them. But if you look at the chestnut, hickory, and other nuts, they are very small seeds, for they are seeds too, to grow on such large trees. In warm countries some of the trees bear very large fruit, or seeds, like the coconut. Think of the coconut being a seed!

God might have made the fruit and vegetables to sustain us, and yet not given them the pleasant taste they have. And each kind of fruit has its own peculiar taste, too, just as each flower has its own delicious perfume.

Let us think what a good heavenly Father we have, who has so wonderfully provided for our wants in not only giving us beautiful things to look at, but useful ones to nourish our bodies and please our palates. Isn't it strange that anyone can accept these bounties at his hands, and yet have no gratitude towards the Giver of them all?

THE ANGEL IN IT.

EDDIE JOHNSON was very fond of music. His uncle Henry was spending his college vacation at his home, and had bought an accordion. Eddie had never seen anything of the kind, and was much delighted while his uncle played college songs and familiar hymns.

One hymn was Eddie's favorite, and he soon asked his uncle to play "Dear angel, ever at my side." The little boy was much pleased, and as he watched his uncle it seemed so easy to play the tune that he jumped from his seat and eagerly said, "Oh, uncle, do please let me take it? Let me play!"

His uncle laughing consented, and gave the instrument into the little boy's hands. Eddie took it with an air of great satisfaction, and began to play. He pulled the accordion out and pushed it in. He put his fingers on some of the keys, and then upon others. Of course he made a great noise; but there was very little music.

Very soon he stopped and looked quite hopelessly at the accordion as he handed it back to his uncle, saying, "Uncle, I can't get the angel out!"

"No, Eddie," said his uncle, laughing. "The music doesn't come until after many failures and much practice. I think that you will be a musician some day; but the angel of success does not come at our untutored bidding."

You will also learn that which so many of us have learned with disappointed hearts—that time, trial, and patience are needed to make successful Christians, that is, successful in the spiritual sense, even as they are needed to make successful musicians.

ELSIE'S THOUGHT.

"MAMMA," said little Elsie,

With very earnest look,
"The sky is like a story
In a very pretty book.

"The blue is all the cover,
The sun a picture bright,
Every star a twinkling page,
The moon makes up the sight.

"I love to read this story,
With its beauty ever new,
And all its changing pictures,
So wondrous and so true.

"Some day the story's ended;
For me each page has read;
Then I shall read a story—
A fairer one—instead.

"The sequel of life's story,
We read it far above,
Where every page hath splendor,
And all the theme is love."

—Anna D. Walker.

THE TONGUE.

"SINCE God made the tongue, and he never makes anything in vain, we may be sure he made it for some good purpose. What was it then?" asked the teacher one day of her class.

"He made it that we might pray with it," answered one boy.

"To sing with it," said another.

"To talk to people with," said a third.

"To recite our lessons with," replied another.

"Yes; and I will tell you what he did not make it for. He did not make it for us to scold with. He did not mean that we should say unkind or foolish, indecent or impatient words with it. Now, boys and girls, think every time you use your tongue, if you are using it in the way God meant you to. He wants you to honour him with your tongue.