



LITTLE AMY.

LITTLE fingers ever willing,
 Never idle all the day;
 Little footsteps softly treading,
 Rarely finding time for play;
 Little wise head always pondering,
 Thinking what can best be done—
 What could I e'er do without you,
 Little Amy, darling one?

Better than all other nurses
 You are to me lying here;
 All the place seems glad with sunshine
 When I hear your footstep near.
 Little daughter, He who sent me
 Sickness by His own good will,
 Sent thee also in His pity
 All my days with joy to fill.

A CHILD being asked what were the
 great feasts of the Jews, promptly
 not unnaturally replied:—"Breakfast,
 dinner, and supper."

KEEP SINGING.

WHE had a servant once who
 always used to be sing-
 ing—whether outside the
 door whitening the steps, whether
 washing the linen, cleansing the
 tea-things, or cooking the dinner,
 she would be constantly singing or
 humming over something. I said
 to her one day, "Betsy, what makes
 you sing so?"

"Well," she answered, "I think
 it keeps bad thoughts away; and if
 I didn't sing, sometimes I should
 get so low-spirited I shouldn't know
 what to do with myself!"

A good deal of philosophy in
 Betsy; because you know that
 boys, if they have to go through a
 church-yard at night, always begin
 whistling to keep their spirits up.
 —*Spurgeon.*

FLOWERS FOR MAMMA.

WHAT cares that mother if the
 flowers are not exactly what *she*
 would have culled, or that they
 are not arranged with strict regard to
 harmony of colours? It is the desire to
 please the mother whom she loves, and who
 loves her, that makes the gift acceptable.
 A good type this of our offerings to God.
 One has said, "Ah! well it is for us that
 God is a loving Father, who takes our very
 prayers and thanksgivings rather for what
 we mean than for what they are; just
 as parents smile on the trailing weeds that
 their ignorant little ones bring for flowers."

THE violet cannot become the rose, the
 daisy cannot be the lily; and if each could
 be the loveliest flower, earth would lose
 half its beauty. Be content in thy proper
 sphere; thou mayest be the violet or the
 daisy; but envy not the rose or the lily; all
 are beautiful when in their appointed places.