



## OUR BABY.

OUR baby boy sat on the floor,  
His big blue eyes were full of wonder;  
For he had never seen before  
That baby in the mirror door—  
What kept the two, so near, asunder!

He leaned toward the golden head  
The mirror border framed within,  
Until twin cheeks, like roses red,  
Lay side by side, then softly said:  
"I can't get out; can you come in?"

## BERTIE'S BIRTHDAY.

BERTIE LAMBERT was a little boy just six years old. His mamma wanted to give him a pleasant surprise on his birthday, so she sent him to the store for a little bundle. "You must not open it, Bertie," she said. As soon as Bertie had gone, his two little cousins, May and Lulu, ran out from where they had been hiding, and began to arrange the table for a tea-party.

When all was ready they watched and waited for Bertie, but he did not come. What had happened to him?

Ah! he thought, as he was on his way home from the store, he would take "just one peep" into the bundle he was carrying.

"No! no!" said Conscience, but he would not listen.

It was full of candy! Then of course, he wanted to taste the candy.

"No! no!" said Conscience again.

Did he obey? Not till there was very little of the candy left.

Poor Bertie! when he got home he was so ashamed of himself that he crept in at the laundry window, and went and hid in a clothes-basket that was standing in the empty room. I think next time he will obey Conscience and have a happier birthday.—*Our Lamb.*

## YOUR HEART.

"MAMMA," said little Lucy one day, suddenly looking up from her play, "what makes my heart go 'tick, tick,' all the time, like the watch papa holds to my ear? Have I got wheels inside of me that go round and round?"

"No indeed, dear," said mamma, "but you are more wonderful than any watch that was ever made." Then she took her little girl on her lap and told her how what she ate went to make warm, bright blood, and how the beating of the heart sent this warm bright blood all over her little body to make flesh and bones fat, and to keep her feeling strong and well.

"God set the little heart to beating, dear," she said as she kissed her, "and some day he will say: 'Stop, little heart,' and it will stop; but while it beats Lucy must keep it full of good, kind thoughts, and warm with love for the God who made it."

"But when it stops, what then?"

"Then your soul—that is, you—will live on. If you are trusting and loving Christ and trying to please him, you will be forever happy with him."

## CHILDREN AT WORSHIP.

THE question is often asked, how shall we get the masses to attend public worship? The answer may be supplied by an incident of my boyhood.

On the mantle shelf of my grandmother's best parlor, among other marvels, was an apple in a bottle. It quite filled the body of the bottle; and my wondering inquiry was, how could it have been got into its place?

By stealth I climbed a chair to see if the bottom would unscrew, or if there had been a joint in the glass throughout the length of the vial. I was satisfied by observation that neither of these theories could be supported, and the apple remained to me an enigma and a mystery. But as it was said of that other wonder, the source of the Nile,

"Nature well knows, no mystery remains,"

so was it here. Walking in the garden I saw a vial placed on a tree, bearing within it a tiny apple, which was growing within the crystal. Now I saw it all. The apple was put into the bottle while it was little and it grew there.

Just so must we catch the little men and women who swarm our streets—we call them boys and girls—and introduce them within the influence of the church, for alas! it is hard indeed to reach them when they have ripened into carelessness and sin.—*Spurgeon.*

## KEEP AT IT.

ONE step and then another,  
And the longest walk is ended;  
One stitch and then another,  
And the longest rent is mended;  
One brick upon another,  
And the highest wall is made;  
One flake upon another,  
And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral workers,

By their slow and constant motion  
Have built those pretty islands  
In the distant, dark blue ocean;  
And the noblest undertakings  
Man's wisdom hath conceived,  
By oft-repeated effort,  
Have been patiently achieved.

Then, do not look disheartened

On the work you have to do,  
And say that such a mighty task  
You never can get through,  
But just endeavour, day by day,  
Another point to gain,  
And soon, the mountain which you feared  
Will prove to be a plain!

## JESUS SHINING IN.

A VISITOR went one cold day last spring to see a poor young girl, kept at home by a lame hip. The room was on the north side of a bleak house. It was not a pleasant prospect without, nor was there much that was pleasant or cheerful within. Poor girl! What a cheerless life she has of it, I thought, as I saw how she was situated, and I immediately thought what a pity it was her room was on the north side of the house.

"You never have any sun," I said; "not a ray comes in at those windows. That I call a misfortune. Sunshine is everything; I love the sun."

"Oh," she answered, with the sweetest smile I ever saw, "my sun pours in at every window, and even through the cracks." I am sure I looked surprised. "The Sun of Righteousness," she said softly—"Jesus. He shines in here and makes everything bright to me." I could not doubt her. She looked happier than any one I had seen for many a day. Yes, Jesus shining in at the window can make any spot beautiful and any home happy.—*American Messenger.*

## IT STICKS SO.

GEORGE had been very stubborn and sulky one day, and his mother had to punish him severely. That night he prayed, "O Lord, do bless Georgie, and give him a new heart. Don't let him be naughty again, no never. For you know when he is naughty he sticks to it so. Help him to give up easy and make him a good boy, for Jesus' sake. Amen."