

JESUS AND NICODEMUS. *John 1:16.*

TRUE LIFE.

BY PHILEA A. HOLDER

Not what we have, but what we are,
Makes blessed life and sweet,
The inner self a templed shrine,
For holy presence meet.

Not simply for the present joy
Are earthly treasures given
But to unfold the richer life,
And make us meet for heaven

The secret of true joy is found
Not in the sunny hour,
Not to escape the toils of life
Or sorrow's heavy power.

But to go forth in cheerful faith
To find them in our way
To overcome in Jesus' name
As nears the heavenly day.

HOW MOTHER FELL THROUGH.

"LET go of me, Mary; go away. Becky; I am not going on but a little way, just to try. Don't be so silly; turn me loose."

And being a pretty strong chap, Phil jerked away, and slid over the ice. He did not mean to go far; but it was too slick to stand still, and somehow all the shoves he made were away from shore.

It was the first ice of the season; winter was not ready for skaters yet, and Phil soon came to a thin place, and went up to his knees in ice-cold water. With splashing and spluttering and pounding and scrambling he got back to the bank, and the anxious little sisters ran him home between them.

Now a ducking does not hurt a small, stout boy; but there was one thing that was very dangerous about this affair; Phil

had promised his mother not to go on the ice at all!

He thought maybe he'd get a whipping, but he didn't. Mother would scold him then. Not a word, and Phil wondered what she was going to do about it. He found out that evening.

"Mother," said the little boy, "let me run round to Ned Moore's to see how high his snow-fort is?"

"It is too late," said his mother.

"Why, mother, it isn't dark yet, and I will only stay a few minutes."

"I ventured on a little boy's promise this morning," said the mother very gravely; "but it broke with me and I fell through. I am going to keep off it for a while now."

When at last Phil got mother to trust his promise again, he was so glad that it seemed as if it would be a long, long time before he broke another.

FATHER WATCHED ALL NIGHT.

LITTLE Ella and her father were once travelling together, and in order to reach their home, it was necessary for them to travel all night. When it became too dark for them to look out of the windows, and the lamps were lighted inside, the father laid aside his little girl's hat, and spreading out cloaks and shawls, said, "Now we rest."

But a little troubled face peered out upon the strange scene, a mist was gathering in those blue eyes, and the cheery tone of voice changed to a very plaintive one, as she asked, "Father, how can we go to bed here?"

"This is your bed, darling," he said, drawing her to his heart; "and a warm one you will always find it." And then he tucked her in so carefully that, in place of what had been a little girl there seemed only a great bundle of shawls. But every now and then there was a movement inside the bundle, and a voice would say: "Oh, father, I am afraid to go to sleep here!" Then the father reminded her that he was taking care of her, and would do so all night. So at last, soothed by this assurance, and worn out by unwonted fatigue, she fell asleep. When she opened her eyes again, after what seemed to her only a few moments, the sun was shining brightly. The train stopped, and there, just in sight, was her own dear home. She could even see her mother standing in the open door, with arms outstretched to welcome back her loved ones. Their first meeting was too full of joy for many words to be spoken; but after those close embraces and warm kisses were over, the mother asked: "And so my little girl has been travelling all night! Did she find it a long and weary time?"

"Oh no, mother, not at all; I had such a

good sleep, and father watched over me all night. Only think of it—all night, mother, he watched over me! At first I was afraid to go to sleep in that strange place; but he told me to lean against him, and shut my eyes and rest easily, for he would stay awake and take care of me. So I crept close to him, and before I knew it I was really and truly sound asleep."

Then the mother told her child of the other good Father who watches over each of his children, not only one night, but every night of their lives. And though grown to womanhood now, Ella still remembers them, and never lies down to sleep without the glad feeling. "My Father will be awake to watch over me." And her first thoughts on waking to the beauties of the morning light are of the dear Father in heaven, whose loving care has made her rest so safe and pleasant to her.

BETH AND THE KITTEN.

BETH could not go out to play one day when it rained, and she felt a little cross about it.

By-and-bye she walked over from the window where she had been watching the rain, to where her great gray Maltese kitty was asleep on the rug, and she picked up kitty rather roughly. Kitty did not enjoy this at all, so she growled and spit at Beth.

When mamma came into the room presently, Beth had kitty tucked into her dolls' crib so tight that she could not get out, and poor kitty looked very unhappy indeed.

"What's the trouble with kitty?" asked mamma.

"She is a most distempered cat, mamma, and I put her to bed to cure her," said Beth, who loved big words.

Mamma laughed. "Is it the kitty or you that is cross, I wonder?" she said, taking her sewing.

Beth thought about it for awhile, and by-and-bye she took kitty up, and kissing her, put her down on her own rug in front of the grate fire.

"Please do excuse me, kitty. I felt cross, and I thought it was you, and I am a pretty mean thing, I think," she said.

Kitty only yawned and purred, as she curled up before the fire, but Beth went to singing and playing with her dolls very happily.

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT.

If sin called for the death of Jesus, what an enormity sin must be! Jesus was crucified with thieves, but he prayed for his enemies while they railed on him. The cry of a true penitent is always heard. The rending veil tells of man's closer approach to God through a dying Saviour. Even the heathen centurion was compelled to see that Jesus was a just man. With Jesus out of this world what a darkness would settle on it!