

JESUS HELPED.

I've news to tell you, mother,
For I am head at school;
I have not missed a single word
Or broke a single rule.

Now, let me whisper, mother—
For I think I ought to tell—
'Twas Jesus helped me study
And keep the rules so well.

I asked him how to do it,
And you see he taught me how,
And I shall ask him always
To help me just as now.

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WHY EVERYBODY SHOULD LOVE JESUS.

It is related of one of Dr. Doddridge's children, who was a general favourite, that she was one day asked by her father why everybody loved her? when she simply but beautifully replied, "I do not know, unless it is because I love everybody."

Is not this sweet child's answer the very reason why everyone should love Jesus, because he loves everybody? Was it not a great proof of his love shown in a wonderfully earnest way when he came down from heaven, took upon himself our sins; yea, verily, bore our sins in his own body on the tree, so that by his stripes we are healed? Let us add to this the remembrance that, while we were yet sinners, rebels, cold-hearted toward him; when not a spark of holy love lodged in our hearts, nor a thought was lifted up toward him; nay, more, were hardening our hearts against God's truth and love, even then he loved with a yearning love, and "gave himself for us."

THE WATCH MENDED.

A LITTLE boy had a very nice watch, but it would not go right. It had a very pretty case and face; but it sometimes went too fast and sometimes too slow. He asked his mother what he should do about it. She told him to take it to the watchmaker's. He did so, and he said, "Master John, (the little boy's name was John Wilson,) it has its hands all right, but it will not go right. Therefore, leave it with me, and come again in a few days, and I will tell you what is the matter with it." John went again to him in a few days, and the watchmaker said to him, "I opened your watch, and I found there was the right number of wheels, and pins, and screws; but I found a little part called 'the spring' which was wrong—it had a bad spring—and because the mainspring was wrong it sometimes went too fast, and sometimes too slow."

Boys are like watches. Something within them goes tick—tick—and they have hands, and inside works. But how do they go? Sometimes too fast, and sometimes too slow. Does not the tongue sometimes go too fast or too slow? Are not the feet sometimes too fast or too slow? Are not the hands sometimes going wrong? How is this? Let us examine. We must look at the main-spring—the heart, "for out of it are the issues of life." Everything depends upon the "heart." God always looks most at the "heart."

PLAYING ON THE STREET.

WHEN I was a boy my father moved to a nice house on the outskirts of the city. The neighbours were good ones, and I had plenty of playmates.

One evening, just after dark, we were running races—the other boys and I—up and down the sidewalk. After a while father came to the door, and called "Come in, my son!"

When I went in he told me that I must not be out on the street at all after sunset.

I wondered why. I could not see any harm in running races up and down the walk.

But he told me not to do it, and I had to obey.

Now that I am a man, I have looked to see how those other boys turned out. Their fathers let them spend the evening on the street, and nearly all of them became bad boys and brought sorrow to their parents.

Boys, the place for you after sunset, is at home.



SUMMER SPORTS.

WILLIE, and Fred, and Carrie, are playing "team." Fred has put a string round Willie and Carrie, and he is the farmer driving his team to the market on a Saturday morning. Fido quite enjoys the fun too, for there he runs along beside them, and barks just as if it were a real team. I am afraid Willie is running too fast, for Carrie can hardly keep up to him. He forgets Carrie is a little girl, and not a strong boy like himself.

These are very good horses, for they do just as their driver tells them, and do not run away, or get frightened at things by the roadside.

UP OR DOWN—WHICH?

"Up or down, which way?" Uncle John said to little Harry, as they started out for a walk. One way led up a hill-side; the other down into a valley.

"Let's go up, Uncle John," said Harry.
"But you must climb to go up," said Uncle John.

"I know it, but it's nicer when you get there," was the little boy's answer.

Which way will Harry go on his life-path? we wonder. It isn't so easy to go up, but it's nicer when you get there. Go up, Harry. Be sure and go up. Look up to the good God, and ask him to teach you how to climb, and then do just as he tells you.

WHAT Christ procured at the expense of his labours, sufferings, and death, we are invited to come and receive, "without money, and without price."