

Old Jim has a large Bible now which Mary gave to him, and on the cover he has painted, "Signal lights for souls bound for heaven."—*Selected.*

WHERE JOHN FOUND HIS AFTER-NOON LUNCH.

JOHN was ploughing in the apple orchard behind the house. He liked to plough; it was a man's work, and he was proud of being tall enough and strong enough to do a man's work.

"That's fine, John," encouraged his father; "as straight as I could do it myself."

His father seldom praised his work, believing that praise made boys careless and conceited. John thought praise the sweetest thing in the world; it made him proud and glad, and ready to do even better next time. "Help me to do better next time," he prayed every night at bedtime. "I'm going to try not to do one wrong thing to-day," he said to himself, after his father passed on.

His father had been down to the spring for a drink of its pure, cool water; John was thirsty this hot afternoon, and hungry beside; on the top shelf in the pantry was a delicious something that was good for hunger and thirst this hot afternoon. Just after dinner he had seen Dora stand on tiptoe to hide a large piece of apple pie—harvest apple pie—under a milkpan on the top shelf. It was deep and juicy, and sweet and cool—his tongue longed for it, his lips coaxed for it—why should he not have it? True, he had eaten two pieces at dinner-time, and Dora had not taken any—he supposed she did not like it; anyway she did not like it as much as he did—nobody could. Ploughing was hard work, and hot work, even in an apple orchard; Tom and Jess would enjoy standing under this shady tree just two minutes while he ran in to see how the pie looked.

"Whoa," he shouted, and threw the leather reins over Tom's back; "just you two stand still and meditate a little, while I go and see about it."

It was there on the top shelf—deep, cool, juicy, and such tender brown crust. He looked. He touched. He held it in his hand and tasted. Then the milkpan went down and hid the empty pie-dish. There was no one in the kitchen, and he ran out between bites to Tom and Jess, who were taking bits of green leaves for afternoon lunch. Was ever pie so good? If there had only been two pieces!

"Git up!" he said to Tom and Jess, giving Tom a flap with the leather reins.

"Johnny! Johnny!" called Dora's voice at the kitchen window, "there's something I saved for you on the top pantry shelf. I'm going upstairs; I can't bring it to you."

Then how do you suppose Johnny felt?—*The Morning Star.*

STANDING IN GOD'S SMILE.



LITTLE boy, about two years of age, was in a room with his mother, when a bright ray of sunshine streamed in through the window on the floor. He went and stood in it, saying, "Me standing in God's smile, mamma." His mother said, "God grant that my darling boy may so live as to be always standing in His smile."

Many years passed away; the mother fell asleep, and the little boy grew to be a man. He grew in favor with the king, and tried to please him, and forgot to put God first. How to please the king was his great wish now; but God's smile was gone. One day he was looking over some old things in a drawer, and a paper parcel caught his eye. He opened it, and inside was a tiny pair of blue shoes, with this letter in his mother's hand-writing:

"These shoes were worn by my darling boy when he was two years of age. He stood in a ray of sunlight, saying, 'Me standing in God's smile, mamma.' God grant that he may so live as always to stand in His smile."

When the gentleman saw the little shoes and his dear mother's words, God spoke to him through them to show him how, instead of always standing in God's smile, he had stood in the king's smile and lost God's smile; and, asking God to forgive him, he turned to Him with all his heart, and again stood in God's smile.

"God is light, and in him is no darkness at all. If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." I. John i. 5, 7.

A Missionary Doll Club consists of fifteen girls. Each girl has her own doll. They meet once in two weeks to make dolls' clothes, read about missionary heroines, and plan ways to get money to purchase new dolls. These dolls, after they are dressed, are named after some woman missionary and are given away to poor girls. A short history of the lady whose name they bear is tacked on the clothes, with these words on a card: "If you want to know more about the lady the doll is named after, write to the Missionary Doll Club.—*Over Sea and Land.*"

THE Bible speaks more than once of the wings of the Almighty. Those wings are broad wings. They cover up all our wants, all our sorrows, all our sufferings. He puts one wing over our cradle, and He puts the other over our grave. Yes, it is not a desert in which we are placed; it is a nest.

EVERY good deed that is done simply and only to honor God will have something to do with making us more like Christ.