

GOD EVERYWHERE.

God—that great God who made us,
And keeps us by His power;
Whose arms of mercy shade us,
And guard us every hour;

Who formed each sea and river,
Each flower, and field and tree;
The kind and gracious Giver
Of every good we see;

That God is near to guide us,
By day or darksome night;
And nothing can divide us
From His all-piercing sight.

Whatever may be near us,
We have no cause for fear:
And this one thought may cheer us,
"My God, my guard, is here!"

A SERPENT AMONG THE BOOKS.

One day a gentleman in India went into his library and took down a book from the shelves. As he did so he felt a slight pain in his finger, like the prick of a pin. He thought that a pin had been stuck by some careless person in the cover of the book. But soon his finger began to swell, then his arm, then his whole body, and in a few days he died. It was not a pin among the books, but a small and deadly serpent.

There are many serpents among the books now-a-days. They nestle in the foliage of some of our most fascinating literature; they coil around the flowers whose perfume intoxicates the senses. People read and are charmed by the plot of the story, by the skill with which the characters are sculptured or grouped, by the gorgeousness of the word painting, and hardly feel the pinprick of the evil that is insinuated. But it stings and poisons. When the record of ruined souls is made up on what multitudes will be inscribed, "Poisoned by serpents among the books."

TRUST IN A PROMISE.

A little girl whose mother had always told her the truth, and taught her to trust in her promises, went with her one day to a large town. The child had been used to living in the quiet country, and the noise and bustle of the city were not pleasant to her. A great crowd was gathered to see some show in the street, and Lucy pressed her mother's hand, for she felt afraid.

"Don't be afraid, my child," said her mother. "I won't take you into any danger. Keep hold of my hand, and nothing shall hurt you."

Lucy believed her mother, and was happy.

After awhile it began to rain. The mother looked at her delicate little girl, and said:

"Lucy, dear, I am afraid to take you any further on account of the rain. I have some business in another part of the town. I must leave you in this store. Don't go away from it, and I will come for you as soon as I get through my errands."

The child looked into her mother's face, and said:

"You won't forget me, I know."

Then her mother kissed her, and left her in the care of the storekeeper.

At first she was amused at seeing the gay ribbons measured, and in watching the ladies coming in to do their shopping; but after awhile she grew tired, and wished for her mother to come. Then a little girl, older than she, came in, and they began to talk together. Lucy told her she was waiting for her mother, who had promised to come for her when she got through her errands.

"Aren't you afraid your mother may forget you?" asked the little girl.

"No I'm not afraid. I'm sure she won't do that," said Lucy.

"How can you be sure? She may you know."

"She promised," was the child's reply, "and I never knew my mother to break her promise."

Another hour passed away. How long it seemed to Lucy! The customers had all gone home. The people in the store were putting away their goods. It was growing dark, and the gas lamps were lighted; but still her mother did not come. A lady came into the store whom Lucy knew. She lived near her father's house, and offered to take her home in the carriage.

"No thank you, ma'am," said Lucy: "mother said she would come for me, and I know she will keep her promise."

At length her mother came. How glad Lucy was to see her! And when they were sitting by the fireside in the evening her mother told her this was just the kind of trust that God wanted His children to exercise. He gives us promises in His Book, and expects us to believe them, just as we believe the promises of our parents and dear friends.

THE WOLF AND THE BOAR.

One very cold day the wolf found it hard to get a meal. In this state he met with the fox. "Ah," said the fox, "I have good news for you. If you are as fond of pork as I am, I can tell you where an enormous pig is to be met with. He's rather more than I can manage myself, so if you like we will go shares in him."

The wolf was delighted. There was nothing he liked better than pork, and many a young pig had fallen victim to his appetite, to the great annoyance of farmers in those parts.

"He knows my voice," said the fox, "so he won't come out of his den for me; but if you will tap gently and say a friend wishes to see him, he will be out at once. Then you must pin him by the throat, and I will come up and help you. If you get a firm grasp and hold on, there will not be the slightest difficulty."

"Never fear," replied the wolf, "I am a match for a pig any day; and, besides, I am ravenous with hunger, and shall make an extra exertion to get such a delicious meal."

"Well, good fortune to you," replied the fox, "and I hope you will rid the world of the creature, for he is quite a nuisance."

Away went the wolf, and did exactly as the fox had directed, but, instead of the fine fat pig, out rushed a fierce wild boar.

The wolf was so astonished that he fell back as if shot, and then recovering himself made the best use possible of his legs, and by good fortune arrived home in safety.

When he told his mother, a wise old wolf, what had happened, she said:—

"My son, when a stranger tells you of something that is to be greatly to your advantage, always inform yourself that all he tells you is true. If the boar had been only a fine, fat pig, you may be sure that the fox would have told you nothing whatever about him."

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EVENING SONG.

Sleep, my baby, sweetly sleep;
God the Father thee will keep;
Quickly now thy eyelids close,
Softly, peacefully repose.

All without, in winds of night,
Sway the lillies tall and white;
Far above thee, to and fro,
Move the angels white as snow.

Come, ye angels, bright and blest,
Soothe my little one to rest;
Sway his heart and move his mind,
As the lillies in the wind.

Sleep, my baby, sweetly sleep;
God the Father thee will keep;
For his angel guards shall spread
Shelt'ring wings above thy bed.

King James I. was given to swearing and using improper language, for which he had been seriously reproved by the pious and fearless John Welsh, a Scotch minister. The king could not but esteem him, and feared him not a little, although he disliked him. When Welsh was present he tried to govern his tongue in some degree, and if an oath escaped him when he thought Welsh might be within hearing, he would say to his attendants, "Is Welsh there? Do you think he heard me?" Do we remember that there is One who always hears every word we say?—*Ezek. xxxv. 12, 13.*

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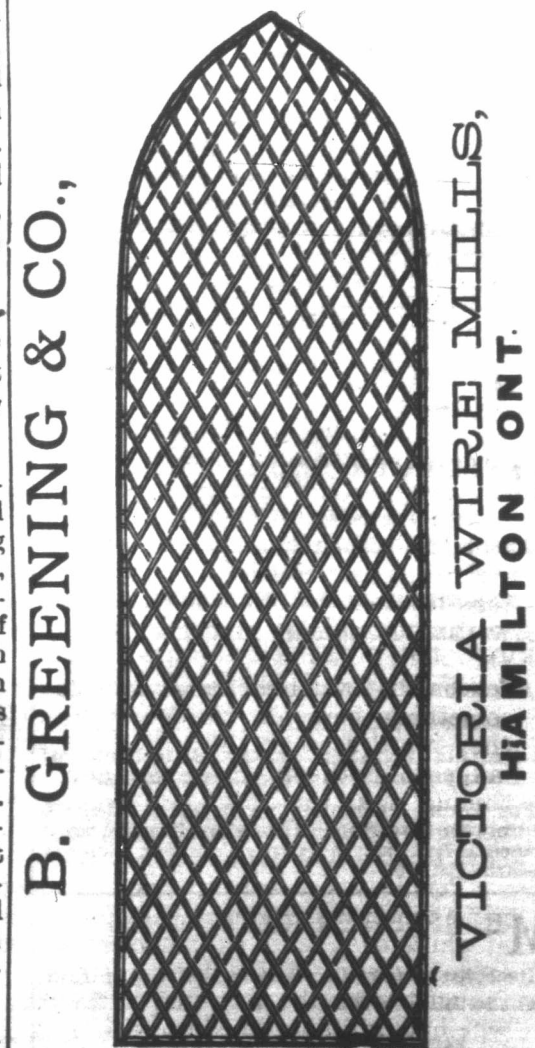
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