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DAVID AND JONATHAN.

ONE of the most beautiful descriptions of human friendship in Holy Scripture, or indeed anywhere, is that of David and Jonathan. Just read the beautiful words: "And it came to pass that the soul of Jonathan was knit to the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul. Then Jonathan and David made a covenant, and Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his sword, and to his bow, and to his girdle." This is the scene shown in the picture. See how tenderly the young friends embrace, and how lovingly they look into each other's eyes. It may, perhaps, be thought that the artist has made the friends too youthful looking; but we read that when Saul saw David he said, "Inquire whose son this stripling is?" So he must have been at this very time only a lad.

When in later stormy days in Israel Jonathan fell upon the field of battle, David lamented for him with bitter lamentation. "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan," he cried; "very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman." A true friendship is one of the richest possessions of this world. Let each of my young readers be a true and faithful friend to your youthful companions, and so "knit them to your soul" as Jonathan was knit to David.

HE that thinks he hath no need of Christ hath too high thoughts of himself; he that thinks Christ cannot help him hath too low thoughts of Christ.

THEY that deny themselves for Christ shall enjoy themselves in Christ.

THE PLEDGE.

I'VE signed the grand old temperance pledge,
And I will keep it, too;
Of me it never shall be said
That I have been untrue
Unto the vow upon the card
Or to the ribbon blue.'

"God helping me"—I know He will,
As I shall trust in him;
His faithful hand shall lead me still
Through twilight shadows dim.
The demon drink shall not enslave
My soul in hateful sin.

WHAT RUM WILL DO.

SOME years ago, in one of the counties of New York, a worthy man was tempted to drink until he was drunk. In the delirium of drunkenness he went home and murdered his wife in the most brutal and barbarous manner. He was carried to jail while drunk, and kept during the night. Awaking in the morning, and looking around upon the walls, he exclaimed, "Is this a jail?"

"Yes, you are in jail," answered some one.

"What am I here for?" was the earnest inquiry.

"For murder," was the answer.

"Does my wife know it?"

"Does your wife know it?" said one.

"Why, it is your wife you have killed."

On this announcement the man suddenly dropped to the floor as if he had been struck dead.

Let it be remembered that the constable who carried him to jail sold him the liquor which caused his drunkenness, the justice who issued the warrant was one of those who signed his licence, and the sheriff who hung him also sold liquor and kept a ten-pin alley.—*Women's Tribune.*

REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.



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?”

JESUS’ NAME.

ALITTLE girl, with golden head,
Asked me to read a minute,
“A pretty story,” as she said,
“For Jesus’ name was in it.”

The pleasant task was soon complete,
But long I pondered o’er it,
That Jesus’ name should be so sweet
That e’en a child should love it.

Oh! sweetest story ever told!
What tongue would dare begin it,
If it were riven of its gold,
And Jesus’ name not in it?

CHRIST’S CHILDHOOD.

“Thy holy child Jesus.”—Acts iv. 30.

IF I asked, “How old are you?” you would all give me an exact answer. “Six;” “Seven and a half;” “Just turned eight.” Now you have thought of God’s “holy child Jesus” as a little baby, and as twelve years old in the temple, but did you ever think of Him as being *exactly* your own age? that He was once really just as old as you are this very day? He knows what it is to be six, eight and nine years old, or whatever you may be. God’s word has only told us this one thing about those years, that He was a *holy* child.

What is “holy?” It is everything that is perfectly beautiful and good and lovable, without anything to spoil it. This is just what He was when He was your age. He was gentle and brave, and considerate and unselfish, noble and truthful, obedient and loving, kind and forgiving,—everything you ever admired or loved in any one else was all found together in Him, and all this not only outside but inside, for He was “holy.”

Why did He live all these holy child-years on earth instead of staying in heaven till it was time to come and die for you? One reason was, that He might leave you a beautiful example, so that you might wish to be like Him, and ask for the Holy Spirit to make you like Him. But the other was even more gracious and wonderful—it was “that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.” That is, that all this goodness and holiness might be reckoned to you, because you had not any of your own, and that God might smile on you *for His sake*, just as if you had been perfectly obedient, and truthful, and unselfish, and good, and give you Jesus Christ’s reward, which you never deserved at all, but which He deserved for you.

He took your sins and gives you His righteousness; He took your punishment

and gives you His reward; it is just changed over, if you will only accept the exchange!

"I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be.
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so."

A LITTLE HERO.

A LITTLE boy seven years old broke one of his legs, and was brought home on a stretcher. His poor mother, who was at that time ill in bed, tried to get up, but presently sunk back almost fainting. They had to put the poor little fellow to some pain before they could set his leg, for the flesh was torn as well as the bone being broken, and the wound had to be sewed up; but not a single cry did the brave child give. When asked why he had borne his suffering so patiently,—if it was because the pain was not so great,—he answered quietly, "It hurt a good deal; but I would not cry out, because I thought it might make mamma worse to hear me cry."

NEVER FORGET TO PRAY.

NEVER, my child, forget to pray,
Whate'er the business of the day.
If happy dreams have blessed thy
sleep,

If startling tears have made thee weep,
With holy thoughts begin the day,
And ne'er, my child, forget to pray.

The time will come when thou wilt miss
A father's and a mother's kiss,
And then, my child, perchance thou'lt see
Some who in prayer ne'er bend the knee;
From such examples turn away,
And ne'er, my child, forget to pray.

LESSON NOTES.

A.D. 27.] LESSON VIII. [Feb. 22.
GIVING AND PRAYING; or, The Christian Offering.
Matt. 6. 1-13. Commit to memory verses 3-6.

THE LESSON STORY.

When Jesus lived on earth there were some men who used to sound a trumpet when they were giving money or food to the poor, so that everybody would know of their good deeds. Jesus told his disciples that when they were giving to those in need they should do it quietly and without show, for God would see their good deeds and reward them. Then there were some men who used to pray on the corners of the streets, where people could see them. Jesus said, "Let your place of prayer be secret and alone, where nobody can disturb you nor hear your words. There pray to God, who sees everywhere, and he will hear and answer you." He told us also how we should pray, not with empty words, but with earnest desires. The prayer which he taught his disciples is called "The Lord's Prayer," which we should all learn and use.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. *Matt. 6. 6.*

A.D. 27.] LESSON IX. [Feb. 29.
OUR FATHER'S CARE; or, The Christian Trust.
Matt. 6. 24-34. Commit to memory verses 31-34.

THE LESSON STORY.

In this sermon Jesus told his followers that whatever we choose as the object of our life is a master whom we serve. We may serve God, or we may serve mammon—that is, worldly riches, after which so many are seeking. But we cannot serve both of these at once. So we should seek God with all our hearts, and have no higher aim than to serve him. If we are thus living for God he will care for us, and we may trust fully in him. We need not feel anxious nor troubled about our life, if we have put our trust in God. Just as the birds in the air have no fear for the future, so should we be free from anxious cares, for God who watches over them will care for us, since we are of far greater value. Nor should we feel anxious about house or clothing, for if God clothes the flowers in beauty he will also supply all our needs, if we try to do his will. Let us, then, take the service of God as our first and greatest aim, and we will find all our real wants supplied. Of course, this does not mean that we should do no work, but that while working our best we should trust in God, and not let ourselves feel worried or anxious.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you. *1 Pet. 5. 7.*

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