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A PRETTY
PICTURE-BOOK.



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Those little girls are listening to their mother, who is sitting in the chair, and reading to them. I dare say they are very happy to hear her, and I am sure she is much pleased to see them so attentive. I hope you will give as good attention, if your mother should read to you.



There appears to be plenty of fruit on this tree. Do you remember the parable of the tree that had no fruit on it? Read the 13th chapter of Luke, from the 6th to the 9th verses, and try to bring forth fruit to the glory of God, lest you be cut down like the barren fig-tree.



See the lamb in that beautiful meadow : how soft the grass is for him to lie upon, and how sweet for him to eat. But he has not a soul, and does not know that God made all these things. How sad it is, when little boys and girls are so ignorant of their kind and heavenly Father,

Who keeps from harm, and does them good,
And gives them every day their food.



Lord, teach a little child to pray :
Thy grace betimes impart ;
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my infant heart.

A sinful creature I was born,
And from my birth have strayed :
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without thy mercy's aid.



Here is a tree quite full of blossoms, but perhaps they will all fall off, and by and by there will be no fruit on the tree. Sometimes little boys and girls appear to be very good children, and very promising; but after all they do not turn out well. Pray that God may enable you to bring forth good fruit to his glory.



The clock has struck, I cannot stay,
Oh let me rise and haste away ;
I'll take my books and leave my home :
The hour of school at length is come.

I would be there when prayer begins,
To seek the pardon of my sins ;
I'd ask the favor of the Lord,
And pray to understand his word.



This man looks very thin and sickly, and I see he has lost one of his legs. Poor man! I dare say he wishes he had never been a soldier. What a dreadful thing it is! If people only remembered that they must give an account to God for every thing they do, I am sure they would not kill each other as they do in a time of war.



Sally Meanwell's mother continues very sick: she seems to be giving Sally some good advice, which I hope she will remember, especially if the Lord should take her mother from her. It is a solemn thing to die. Little children should think of this, for they must die as well as their fathers and mothers.



Fierce passions discompose the mind,
As tempests vex the sea;
But calm content and peace we find,
When, Lord, we turn to thee.

If at his feet our souls have sat,
His gracious words to hear,
Contented with our present state,
We cast on him our care.



See how the winter's bitter cold
Has stripped the trees, and froze the
ground;
But spring this scene will quickly
change,
And spread new beauties all around.

Our souls a sharper winter feel:
Barren and fruitless we shall prove,
Till Christ, the Sun of life, shall rise:
'T is his the frozen heart to move.



“Come, buy my images!” “Yes, they are very pretty, and some of them would look well on our mantelpiece; but only as an ornament.” In India, and other parts of the heathen world, the people buy images and set them up in their houses, and worship them. Can you repeat the Second Commandment?



When Jesus, our Saviour, was born, he was laid in a manger, and was visited by shepherds, who had been informed by angels from heaven of his birth. Whenever I think of this, may I reflect how much he humbled himself, and how much suffering he endured, to save poor sinners like myself.



The grass and flowers which deck the
field,
And look so green and gay,
Touched by the scythe, at once they
yield,
And fall and fade away.

Like grass, we all of us must die ;
But die to live again :
Beware, lest death should prove the
door
To everlasting pain.



Bestow, O Lord, upon our youth
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.



There is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in
white,
Adore the Lord most high.

And hark! amid the raptured songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite, and perfect praise.