

# Children's Department.

## "LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

Evelyn and Lily were most loving sisters, and lived in a happy home. Evelyn was the elder, and from the time her little sister was born till the summer I am going to tell you about, they had never been separated.

Of course as Evelyn was older than her sister, she had lessons to do that Lily could not join her in; but the moment lessons were over, the sisters would be together and run off for a play on the lawn or a bright walk along the road and under the trees in the park. They always slept in the same room, and had many a merry talk in the morning before any one else was awake.

Knowing this, you will understand how troubled poor Lily was, when one day mamma said she was going to send Evelyn on a week's visit to Aunt Agnes.

"And not me, too?" asked Lily, with anxious face.

"Not you this time, love," said mamma, kissing the upturned face. "But I can't leave Evelyn."

"Evelyn is going to leave you darling; but it will only be for a week and auntie has not asked you; you are too young yet to leave mamma, and your cousins are all older than you."

The blue eyes filled with tears, and the rosy face looked quite mournful.

"It will not be long," said Evelyn kissing her sister lovingly; "and I shall think of you all the time and bring you back some present."

"I don't want presents," sobbed Lily. "I only want you."

"I am going to get a little companion for you," said mamma, smiling, "which you will find in the nursery after Evelyn is gone."

"Who is it, mamma?"

"You will see."

Next day Evelyn went, after many warm goodbyes and kisses, and with many tears from Lily; and indeed Evelyn's eyes were not quite dry, for she loved her little sister dearly.

At first Lily could not be comforted; but presently mamma said, "Now let us go and see who is in the nursery."

They went upstairs, and at first Lily could see no one, but soon found a tiny snow-white kitten asleep on a rug.

"There is your companion, Lily," said mamma.

"Isn't it a beauty!" said Lily, drying her eyes, and taking the kitten in her arms; "only it can't talk like Evelyn; she does tell me such beautiful stories."

"And she will have all sorts of new stories to tell you when she comes back," said mamma.

"Shall we do something to surprise her? We will write her name in the garden on her flower-bed, and fill it up with cress-seeds, and by

the time she comes home there will be her name written in green letters."

"Oh yes, that will be nice!" said Lily, clapping her hands.

The days passed quickly by and Lily tried to be happy with her little kitten, who grew very frolic some, and followed her wherever she went.

Every day too she went down to see the seeds, and was rather disappointed that they did not come up more quickly. But the day before Evelyn was expected, she found to her joy that they were just beginning to peep above the ground.

And next day Evelyn returned! What eager expectation there was all the morning, and what a long time Lily stood at the window before the carriage drove up to the door! But at last it came and Lily and her sister were in each others' arms.

"You are happy now," said mamma, watching her two little girls.

"Oh yes! you won't send Evelyn away again;"

"Not just now."

"No; I don't want to go," said Evelyn. "I was very happy, and auntie was very kind, but I wanted you every bit of the time, Lily."

"Well, girly," said papa, coming in and finding Lily with her arms close round Evelyn's neck. "together again at last, I see. That is right, little children, 'love one another,' and never do anything to tease or vex in any way."

"No, we never will," said both children, going off into the garden with their arms round each other to see the seeds, and to play with the snow-white kitten.

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## "I CANNOT PRAY FOR FATHER ANY MORE."

A child knelt, at the accustomed hour, to thank God for the mercies of the day, and pray for care through the coming night: then, as usual, came the "God bless dear mother and—." But the prayer was stilled, the little hands unclasped, and a look of agony and wonder met the mother's eye, as the words of hopeless sorrow burst from the lips of the kneeling child. "I cannot pray for father any more!" Since her little lips had been able to form the dear name, she had prayed for a blessing upon it. It had followed close after mother's name. But now he was dead. I waited for some moments, that she might conquer her emotion, and then urged her to go on. Her pleading eyes met mine, and, with a voice that faltered too much for most for utterance, she said, "O mother, I cannot leave him all out! Let me say, 'Thank God that I had a dear father once!' so I can will go on, and keep him in my

prayers." And so she always does; and my stricken heart learned a lesson, from the loving ingenuity of my child.

Remember to thank God for mercies past, as well as to ask blessings for the future.

**HOW WOMEN WOULD VOTE.**  
Were women allowed to vote, every one in the land who has used Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would vote it to be an unfailing remedy for the diseases peculiar to her sex. By drug gists.

## TWO PENNIES.

It was a bright spring evening when little Polly stole softly into her father's room, with shoeless feet, and her golden hair falling lightly over her white night-gown; for it was bed-time, and she had come to say "Good night."

"Father," said the little one, raising her blue eyes to his kind face, "father, may I say my prayers beside you, for mother is too ill for me to go to her to-night?"

"Yes, pet," he answered, tenderly stroking the curly head.

And reverently the child knelt down beside him, and repeated her evening prayer, adding at the close with special earnestness, "God bless my two pennies."

What can the child mean? thought her father in surprise; and when the little white-robed figure was gone, he went and asked her mother if she knew what their little daughter meant.

"Oh, yes!" said the lady. "Polly has prayed that prayer every night since she put her two pennies into the plate at the last Missionary meeting."

Dear children, have you ever prayed to God for a blessing on the pennies you have put into the Missionary-box? If not, be sure you never forget to do so in the future.

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