

The little boy grew to be a young man.

"Not yet," said the young man; "I am now about to enter into trade; when I see my business prosper, when I shall have more time than now."

Business did prosper.

"Not yet," said the man of business: "my children must have my care; when they are settled in life I shall be better able to attend to religion."

He lived to be a grey-headed old man.

"Not yet," still he cried; "I shall soon retire from trade, and then I shall have nothing else to do but to read and pray."

And so he died: he put off to another time what should have been done when a child. He lived without God, and died without hope.

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### "LET ME PRAY FIRST."

A very intelligent girl was passing quietly through the streets of a certain town a short time since, when she came to a spot where several idle boys were amusing themselves by the very dangerous practice of throwing stones.

Not observing her, one of the boys, by accident, threw a stone toward her, and struck her a cruel blow in the eye. She was carried home in great agony. The surgeon was sent for, and a very painful operation was declared necessary. When the time came, and the surgeon had taken out his instrument, she lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if she was ready. "No, papa; not yet," she replied. "What do you wish us to wait for, my child?" "I want to kneel in your lap and pray to Jesus first," she answered. And then, kneeling, she prayed a few moments, and afterward submitted to the operation with the patience of a woman.

How beautiful this little girl appears under these trying circumstances. Surely Jesus heard the prayer made in that hour. He loves every child that calls upon His name.—*Christian Treasury*.

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### A PRAYER FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Jesus, love me, make me good,  
Take my naughty heart away;  
Jesus, teach me, for I would  
Love Thee better every day.