

Children's Department.

A Neglected Duty.

We talk much about the duties of parents to children. We want to reverse the question and say a word as to the duties of children to parents.

The first duty which a child owes to his parents is the happy acceptance of the favours which a parent gives. The father and mother love more than the child loves. God has so made the parent and child that the parent's love is stronger than the child's. The parent, therefore, finds great joy in giving to the child. Some insects willingly lay up food for offspring which they shall never see. They do this by an unconscious impulse. But the parent joyfully labours and sacrifices for son or daughter. In their turn son and daughter should as joyfully accept these favours. Life they thus accept. All helpfulness they should thus accept. The son or the daughter is despising father or mother when their gifts are refused.

A second duty which the child owes to the parent is obedience. The parent has the right to command. Of course the command should be based upon the right and the true. Because the reason of the parent is superior to the reason of the child, because the experience of the parent is broader than the experience of the child, it becomes the duty of the child to obey. To obey the command of a parent is a stepping-stone to the obedience of the command of God Himself. Disobedience to the command of a parent is to foster that self-indulgence which destroys the vigour of manhood and womanhood. Obedience to the command of the parent develops that self-restraint which is the cause of noble vigour in manly and womanly character.

The third duty children owe parents is that of appreciation. Common is the remark that children do not appreciate their parents until they become

parents themselves. True is the remark as it is common. But each child should do all that is possible to regard with full regard the endeavours of his parents. When you, dear reader, stand by the grave of your father and hear the thud of the sod upon the coffin-lid, you will know as you have never known before that he has been a far better father to you than you thought. When at last you stand by the casket of her who in pain gave you life, and your lips kiss those white lips that never before refused their kiss of love to you, and when upon the silver hair your fingers linger for the last time, you will know that your mother has been a good mother to you. Appreciate your mother and your father while they are with you.

The Mail-Cart.

Jolly little mail-cart,
Painted red and grey.
How I like to drive you,
All the blithesome day;
Stuart on the front seat,
Jenny up behind,
None can overtake us,
Flying like the wind.
This is how we frisk it,
This is how we run,
Up and down the roadway,
In the healthful sun;
Tottie on the front seat,
Conny up behind,
While our steeds are flying,
Lightsome as the wind.

Now we run to London,
Now we stop at Bray,
Leaving joyous letters
All along the way;
Good folks smile and greet us,
Pleased to see our glee,
Driving on the mail-cart
For her Majesty.
This is how we frisk it,
This is how we run,
Up and down the roadway,
In the healthful sun;
Freddy on the front seat,
Mary up behind,
None can overtake us,
Flying like the wind.

Ours are steeds of mettle,
And they seldom fail,
Or on hill or valley
Carrying the mail;
But when roads are heavy,
Then we always find
Bright and willing helpers,
Pushing on behind.
This is how we frisk it,
This is how we run,
Up and down the roadway,
In the healthful sun;
Siddy on the front seat,
Alec up behind,
While our steeds are flying,
Lightsome as the wind.

HENRY JOHNSTON.

Fair and Honest in Play.

Ida and Susie were swinging.
"Now we'll take forty swings apiece," said Ida.

"Yes," said Susie.
"One, two, three; up goes she," sung Susie.

"O that isn't the way to count," said Ida. "You must count straight."
But Susie kept up such a merry little chirp with her laugh and song, that Ida soon saw that she would do very little counting.

"Now it's forty, as nearly as I can count with the chattering you make," said Ida.

So Susie slipped out and Ida took her place in the swing. Susie was the younger, and I dare say she could not count forty very easily. Ida counted for herself as Susie swung her.

"It's more than forty, but Susie

doesn't know it," said Ida to herself. "I'll let her keep on."

But better thoughts soon came to the little girl.

"It is cheating," she said. "Susie can't count, but God can: He knows it is cheating." She sprang from the swing.

"Get in, you dear little thing," she said to Susie. "You've swung me more than forty, and now I'll give you a good long swing."

Before Starting

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The Great Master.

"I am my own master!" cried a young man proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand: "I am my own master!"

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked the friend.

"Responsibility—is it?"

"A master must lay out the work he wants done, and see that it is done right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the lookout against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, else he will fail."

"Well!"

"To be master of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, and your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you don't master them, they will master you."

"That is so," answered the young man.

"Now, I could undertake no such thing," said his friend; "I should fail sure, if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master, and failed. Herod did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. One man is master, even Christ. I work under God's direction. When He is master, all goes right."—Dr. Bacon.

Obedience.

Josepha was not in a very good humor that Sunday, though it was her birthday, her tenth birthday.

In the first place, a Sunday birthday was a dull sort of thing, she thought; and then baby Fritz had been so sick that mamma had not a chance to get any little present for her. It was true that was only put off—the present was to come—but still Josepha felt out of sorts; and when mamma called her to get her Bible verses, she broke out in a reluctant pout, and grumbled out that it was a hard case she couldn't have any fun at all on her birthday, not even a holiday from Bible verses. Mamma at once shut the Bible, and laid it on the table.

"I can't let you learn your verses while you are in a bad humor, daughter," she said, "so I will preach you a sermon instead. 'Once there was a little boy who used to beg his father every morning to keep him away from

Sometimes Naughty! Sometimes Nice!



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