

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

The day is gone, the night is come,
The night for quiet rest;
And every little bird has flown
Home to its downy nest.

The robin was the last to go;
Upon the leafless bough
He sang his evening hymn to God,
And he is silent now.

The bee is hushed within the hive;
Shut is the daisy's eye;
The moon alone is peeping forth
From out the darkened sky.

No, not the moon alone; for God
Has heard what I have said;
His eye looks on his tender child
Within this little bed.

He kindly hears me thank him now
For all that he has given—
For friends, and books, and clothes, and food;
But most of all for heaven,

Where I shall go if I am good,
And try to do the right,
Where I shall meet all those I love
As angels pure and bright.

WRINKLES.

"MAMMA," said little Mary West, as she watched her mother at work ironing, one bright summer morning, "why do the wrinkles iron into the clothes so much easier than they will iron out?"

Mrs. West was a careless, thoughtless woman who never went to the bottom of things, but just noticed the surface appearance, and she said, "O, Mary, what a child you are to ask questions! Run along and play and never mind about the wrinkles."

Mary turned away, and went out into the sunshine, still wondering in her mind about the wrinkles.

A little girl who lived next door saw Mary in the yard, and called to her to "come over and play." Getting her mother's consent, Mary went gladly. The little people played at house-keeping, and of course washing and ironing came in their list of household cares. Mary thought to herself, "Maybe Jennie knows; I'll ask her, any way." So she said, "Jennie, do you know why wrinkles iron into clothes easier than they will iron out?"

Jennie thought a minute, and then she said, "No, I don't know, but we will ask mamma; she always knows." So they ran into the house, and startled Jennie's mother

by asking her the question that was troubling little Mary so much.

"My dear children," said good Mrs. Lee, "I will try and explain this matter to you as well as I can. When we begin to iron a garment it is usually damp, and if we do not lay it smoothly on the board the hot iron will press the wrinkles and dry them in; then when we undertake to iron them out the impression is fixed, for the cloth is dry, and we either have to dampen the cloth or use great care and strength to iron them out."

Mary said, "Why, that is so; I wonder why I didn't think of that myself."

Jennie laughed, and said, "Come on and play now."

But Mrs. Lee said, "Wait a minute, children. Do you know that there is danger of your hearts growing wrinkled?"

The little girls thought that a very funny remark, and laughingly asked her how that could be.

"Mrs. Lee said, 'When your hearts are young and tender, evil thoughts and companions, and cross, naughty words will leave scars and wrinkles in your hearts and faces that only the heavenly Father can smooth out with his loving hand. When you are tempted to do wrong remember the wrinkles and ask the dear Father to help you to keep your hearts smooth and unwrinkled by sin.'"

GENEROUS NELLIE.

THE bell rang, and when Nellie opened the door Annie Donn stood on the steps.

"Mother said that I might come to see you," she cried when Nellie opened the door.

"I am glad," said Nellie. "We'll go right up stairs and have a doll's party."

"I have no doll," said Annie.

"I have two," said Nellie. "My aunt sent me a new doll last week. I'll play with that, and you shall have Sallie."

They had often had a merry tea-party with Sallie at the table.

The rain was coming down fast on the tin roof, but the little girls did not care, for they were having a pleasant time in the house. Nellie put the cups and saucers on the chair for a table. When they brought the dolls to tea she said, "How nice that I can have a new wax doll and that you can have dear old Sallie!"

But, somehow, Sallie did not look as pretty as usual. Her dress was torn and her eyes were not very bright. Annie was glad to play with her, though, and it did not come into her mind to wish for the new doll.

But Nellie was a thoughtful little girl.

All at once it came to her that it would be kind and polite to let Annie have the new doll just for that afternoon. So she said, "I'll take Sallie, and you can have my wax doll. We'll play turn about."

Annie was pleased, so was Nellie. They had never before had such a merry tea-party. Nellie's mother was in the next room, and she heard all.

"I believe that my little Nellie is trying to be like our Lord Jesus Christ," she thought. "I think that she remembers the Golden Text for last Sunday: 'Even Christ pleased not himself.'"

LEND A HAND.

When? Where?

To-day, to-morrow, every day, just where you are.

You have heard of the girl who sat down and wished the morning hours away, hoping to be a missionary and help somebody, while her mother was toiling in the kitchen and looking after three little children at the same time. Perhaps your mother has servants in the kitchen, but you can lend her a hand all the same. You can find a place to help brother, or sister or friend, and you can help everybody in the house by your patient, kind, obliging spirit, "in honour preferring one another," self forgetful and mindful of others.

It seems a very little thing to lend "a hand" in these quiet home ways, but if you could see the record the angels make of such a day, you would see that it was a very great thing.

Boys, girls, watch eagerly your chance. Do not be cheated out of your happy privilege. It is a great, noble, blessed thing to be able to "help a little," no matter how little it may be.—S. S. Advocate.

HOW GOD USES LITTLE THINGS.

A NUT once saved the life of a German count. A plot had been laid to murder him, and the murderer lay hid in his castle through the day. Before going to bed the count drew some things from his pocket, and a nut fell on the floor which he did not notice. That night the murderer entered the bedroom, but stepped on the nut, which, breaking, cracked loud enough to waken the count, and the murderer fled. Who would say that all this was mere accident? In God's providence the man might have stepped just beside that nut, or the count might have picked it up, or he might not have let it fall, or one of a dozen other things might have been; but we know what was, and this was not by chance. All things are in God's hands.