

P O E T R Y.



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LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

BY FANNIE.

A little girl, with a happy look,
But slowly reading a ponderous book,
All bound with velvet, and edged with gold;
And its weight was more than the child could hold.
Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o'er,
And every day she prized it more;
For it said—and she looked at her smiling mother
—It said, "Little children, love one another."

She thought it was beautiful in the book,
And the lesson home to her heart she took;
She walked on her way with a trusting grace,
And a dove-like look in her meek young face,
Which said, just as plain as words could say,
The Holy Bible I must obey;
So, mamma, I'll be kind to my darling brother,
For "little children must love each other."

I am sorry he's naughty, and will not play,
But I'll love him still; for I think the way
To make him gentle and kind to me,
Will be better shown, if I let him see
I strive to do what I think is right;
And thus, when we kneel in prayer to-night,
I will clasp my arms about my brother,
And say, "Little children, love one another."

The little girl did as her Bible taught,
And pleasant indeed was the change it wrought;
For the boy looked up in glad surprise,
To meet the light of her loving eyes;
His heart was full, and he could not speak,
But he pressed a kiss on his sister's cheek;
And God looked down on the happy mother
Whose "little children loved each other."

THE CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

The morning bright,
With rosy light,
Hath waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own,
Thy love alone,
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day
I humbly pray
Be thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

O make Thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee,
Then I shall be
Prepared to see Thy face.

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

'Tis time to go to bed,
And shut my weary eyes;
But first I'll thank, for daily bread,
My Father in the skies.

I fear that I this day
Have not obey'd my God;
Blest Saviour, pardon me, I pray,
And wash me in thy blood.

I now am very young,
But as I older grow,
I hope to praise thee with my tongue,
And more of thee to know.

IDLENESS LEADS TO WRONG.

There is nothing worse than idleness,
For making children bad;
'Tis sure to lead them to distress,
And much that's very sad.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

What have we to do with thee, Jesus,
thou Son of God? Matt. viii. 29.

To love thee, O, our Saviour!
To worship thee, O, our Creator!
To serve thee, O, our Master!
To follow thee, O, our Leader!
To learn of thee, O, our Teacher!
To thank thee, O, our Preserver!
To fear thee, O, our Judge!