

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

JESUS Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me;
Oh, that in my whole behaviour
He my pattern still may be!

All my nature is unholy,
Pride and passion dwell within;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.

While I'm often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess,
He was always self-denyng,
Patient in his worst distress.

Lord, assist a feeble creature,
Guide me by thy word of truth,
Condescend to be my teacher
Through my childhood and my youth.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, AUGUST 3, 1889.

TRUTHFULNESS.

A GENTLEMAN once asked a boy, who was deaf and dumb, the question, "What is truth?" The boy replied by taking a piece of chalk and drawing a straight line. The man then wrote, "What is a lie?" The boy answered by drawing a crooked line.

Lies are always crooked. One lie opens the way for another, for often a dozen lies must be told to conceal one. Telling an untruth is like leaving the highway and going into a tangled forest; you know not how long it will take you to get back, or how much you will suffer from the thorns and briars in the wild-wood.

"A lie is an intention to deceive," and may be told without speaking a word. A gentleman once asked a boy if a certain road led to the city. The boy nodded his head, and then laughed as the man took

the wrong road. That boy lied with his head. Lies may be told with the fingers, and many other ways.

Young people often amuse themselves by seeing who can tell the biggest lie. This is a bad habit, and leads one to vary from the truth at other times.

The only safe plan is to form the habit of always telling the truth. This will give a feeling of self-respect that will scorn whatever is low and mean. It will also give a purity to character that will tend to elevate and ennoble the life.

LITTLE JOE, THE NEWSBOY.

LITTLE Joe first appeared on the streets of New York two years ago. He was small and slight, with great brown eyes and pinched lips that always wore a smile. Where he came from nobody knew and few cared. His parents, he said, were dead, and he had no friends. It was a hard life. Up at four o'clock in the morning, after sleeping in a dry goods box or in an alley, he worked steadily till late at night. He was misused at first. Big boys stole his papers, or crowded him out of a warm place at nights, but he never complained; the tears would well up in his eyes, but were quickly brushed away, and a new start bravely made. Such conduct won him friends, and after a little no other boy dared to play tricks upon little Joe.

But the hard work and exposure began to tell on his weak constitution. He kept growing thinner and thinner, but the pleasant look never faded away. He was uncomplaining to the last. Two weeks ago he awoke one morning, after working hard selling "extras," to find himself too weak to move. He tried his best to get upon his feet, but it was a vain attempt.

"Where is little Joe?" was the universal inquiry. Finally he was found in a secluded corner, and a good natured hackman was persuaded to take him to the hospital at Flatbush, where he said he once lived. Every day one of the boys went to see him. On Saturday, a newsboy, who had abused him at first and learned to love him afterwards, found him, sitting up in his cot, his little blue-veined hand stretched out upon the coverlet.

"I was afraid you wasn't coming, Jerry," he said with some difficulty, "and I want to see you once more, so much. I guess it will be the last time, Jerry, for I feel awful weak to-day. Now, Jerry, when I die, I want you to be good for my sake. Tell the boys"—

But his message never was completed. Little Joe was dead. His sleep was calm

and beautiful. The trouble and anxiety on his wan face had disappeared. But the expression was still there. Even in death he smiled. That night one hundred boys met in front of the City Hall. They felt that they must express their sense of loss in some way, but how they did not know. Finally they passed a resolution which reads as follows:—

Resolved—"That we all liked Little Joe, who was the best newsboy in New York. Everybody is sorry he has died."

On his coffin was a plate purchased by the boys. This was the inscription:

LITTLE JOE,

AGED 14.

THE BEST NEWSBOY IN NEW YORK.

WE ALL LIKED HIM.

There were no services, but each boy sent a flower to be placed upon the coffin of his friend. This is not a fancy sketch. Every word of the above story is true.

A LESSON FOR HARRY.

"Oh, I want some of those apples," said Harry.

"They belong to Mr. Hill," said Robby.

"I don't care," said Harry. "Mr. Hill has more than he wants. I mean to have some."

"It will be stealing," said Robby.

"No it won't—just a few apples."

Robby went on to school, but Harry climbed on the wall and began picking the apples.

One of them fell on a box which was on the other side of the wall. The next minute Harry heard something buzzing about his ears.

"Oh! oh!" he screamed. The box was a beehive, and the bees began stinging the naughty little boy.

Mr. Hill heard his cries and came. Then Harry felt as though it were really stealing to take apples which did not belong to him.

I hope Harry will learn to remember that God can see him when no one else can, and that God has said, "Thou shalt not steal."

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

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