

WHEN TO PRAY.

BY W. P. SMITH.

In the morning early,
When the dew is bright,
When the flowers are smiling
In the blessed light,
When the happy song-birds
Thankful homage pay,
Unto God who keeps you,
Little children, pray.

When the night is settling
O'er the dreary world,
And the darksome shadows
All the earth enfold;
When the winds are sighing
'Neath the starry way,
Unto God who keeps you,
Little children, pray.

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TORONTO, JULY 27, 1901.

YOUR WORK.

God does not love lazy people, nor stingy people, nor selfish people. He gives every one of us work to do, and expects us to do it. Of course we cannot all do the same work, nor the same amount of work, but we can all do something.

It is a great work to be a missionary and carry the blessed gospel to the ignorant heathen beyond the sea; but we can not all be missionaries. If, however, those who stay at home did not work to raise and give the money for the support and help of those who do go, would their going do any good? So you see, we must be up and doing in the missionary cause, though we never go a mile from home.

And then we may find the heathen; yes, plenty of them, right at our own doors. We must care for them, too, and if we

have not thousands to bestow, then give mites with a loving prayer and a cheerful heart, and God won't measure his blessings by our gift.

We cannot be all teachers and preachers, and give our lives to leading men and women to Christ, but we can give our warm prayer and our little bounties to every good cause, and all that God demands is to do our best, be it much or little.

God will bless the little work that in your simple way, wherever you find a chance, you do for love of him; the tiny amount that you give in a meek and lowly spirit, far more than the heavy purse of gold which the millionaire drops in to be seen of men and praised by them.

Only be sure you find your work, and then do it, and God will take care of the rest.

I wonder how many of my little readers really love Jesus? Have you come to him to receive pardon? If not, oh, come to him now! for he is waiting to receive you. Do not put it off any longer, to think that you will be a Christian when you grow older, for the Lord Jesus may come to-day, or if he tarry, you may be called to die. Think of it now, dear little reader, before it is too late; take God at his word, and accept Christ as your Saviour.

WHAT SHALL WE SAY TO PAPA?

Then he is away, that is evident. Oh, yes, far away from his boy and girl; and between his home and the country of his adoption a wide waste of waters spreads. He is not away on business to get rich, but is on the King's business, and bringing to the poor of his subjects the best of all riches. The father of Gerty and Bob is a missionary.

"I say, Gerty, let's send him a real jolly letter; won't he be glad to get it out there?"

"Yes, that he will. Now, what shall I say next, Bob? Let's see; I have told him all the school news, all the home intelligence, including that about Jacko jumping through the kitchen window, and I have sent him some of the best mignonette from the front garden."

"Look here, Gerty, I'll tell you what. Let's fill all the rest up with love."

"What a good idea, Bob! But what shall I say?"

They put their little heads together, and, written in Bob's bold and better copy-plate were added these words:

"Oh, darling papa, we love you so much, and if we had all the words in the dictionaries we could not tell how much we love you. God bless you a thousand times, dear father; don't be down-hearted if you are tired, and the black people are not nice with you. We are praying for you ever so much. Last night poor Gerty was lying awake with the toothache, and after she had repeated all the verses she knew, she said: 'Now I'll pray for papa

till I go to sleep.' Good-bye, father darling; we kiss this letter for you, and tell it to carry all the love it can to you—xxx xxx—that's three from each of us."

About a month after this a weary missionary was sitting under a tree in a far-off land; he had spoken the word of life and felt just a bit down-hearted—the people were so ignorant and so far from God. Presently a black native came running to him with a bit of paper folded like an envelope. It had come up from the coast. He broke open the seal, and with trembling fingers held the letter from his boy and girl. Tears came so fast that it took him a long time to get through it; and when it was done he put it near his heart, and, looking up to that blue heaven, which also looked down upon his home in America, he said: "Lord, God, I thank thee for this message of love and hope from my dear ones." And so he took heart, and the people said the white man had found a treasure. Yes, so he had.

HARRY AND BABY.

Baby was cross, there was no denying it. But then, baby was cutting some very troublesome back teeth, and if you ever remember cutting back teeth you will not wonder that baby was cross.

Mamma was trying her best to amuse and please the little fellow, when suddenly the maid announced a caller. "Oh, dear! what shall I do? Mary, can you stay with baby?"

"I would, ma'am, but my cake is in the oven, and I daren't leave it."

"Why, mamma, I will take care of baby," said Harry. "We'll have lots of fun, won't we, old fellow?" and Harry laughed so gaily that baby concluded he wouldn't cry until he found out what Harry would do.

"Catch the ball, baby," said Harry, and they had a merry game of ball. Then Harry took the little fingers and told the pig story. "This little pig went to market; this little pig stayed at home; this little pig had roast beef; this little pig had none; this little pig cried 'quee, quee, quee,' all the way home."

"More pig," said baby, and Harry said it over and over, until the door opened, and in came mamma.

"Why, he never cried once! You are a little magician, Harry," said mamma. "Thank you, dear, so much. Now run off to your play."

A LULLABY.

Dear Father, guard our little one,
Until shall shine the morning sun!

Bless'd Jesus, when the day shall shine
O keep his tender hand in thine!

O Holy Spirit, through the night
Bring him sweet dreams of peace and light.

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