

## Children's Department.

### A BOOK ABOUT THE BABY.

Now if I could write such a story for you,  
What a pretty one it would be—  
And the prettiest things they would all be true,  
But can I? Ah, you shall see.

So the book about baby must all be new?  
No, not one word of it old?  
Well, then—why the baby's two eyes they are  
blue,  
And the baby's one head it is gold.

And the baby has such a red bud of a mouth,  
Such a beautiful bit of a nose;  
And where can you find in the north or the south  
Such queer little pigs as his toes?

Ah, the baby is better than blossoms or birds—  
"Or than honey or oranges?" Yes.  
And the baby tells tales with the darlinest words,  
That mean—what you never can guess.

And the baby believes he's an angel, no doubt,  
And wants to go back to the sky;  
And that is just what all the trouble's about,  
And that is just why he will cry.

And the baby is sweet—from the light on his head  
To the dimples that play in his feet.  
Now, my book is all new, for who ever has said,  
Before, that—the baby is sweet?  
—Wide Awake.

### "ANYTHING BUT THAT, MOTHER DEAR."

"Mother," said little Estelle, "I think it must have been delightful to be a child when Jesus was on earth. I think I should have been so good if I could have seen His face and heard Him speak."  
"I think, Estelle, that you have a better chance of obeying and loving the Saviour than the poor little ignorant children that beheld and heard Him while on earth," answered her mother.  
"I cannot understand that," said Estelle, looking puzzled.  
"You know, my dear, that the little children who heard Jesus could not remember all He said, and their parents and friends were ignorant and prejudiced, and there were no sweet lessons for the little ones on the Sunday afternoon, from the New Testament then. He was a poor despised stranger among them, a sorrowful and rejected one, Estelle. But now we are privileged to have His precious words and deeds recorded, and read them as often as we like, and the world has had time to learn to love and know Him better."  
"I love Him so much, mother," said Estelle, "I would do anything for Him!"  
"I pray that you may ever feel thus, my darling," answered her mother; "and then some day when he sees fit to remove you from earth, you will behold His face and listen to His tender words forever in the better land."  
The next day Estelle, when about to sit down to her needlework frame, was stopped by her mother, who said, "Don't do that, Estelle, this afternoon. I have such a large heap of stockings to darn that I shall be glad of your help."  
Estelle's face flushed, and she pouted as she looked at her pretty, pleasant fancy-work.  
"Mother dear, give me anything to do but that! you know how I hate to darn stockings."  
"I am sorry, Estelle," said her mother, "that I have to ask you to do what you dislike."  
Estelle put her frame away in anger, and sat down with her heart full of rebellious feelings, and her eyes full of angry tears to mend stockings.  
Her mother looked at her and grieved.  
"Estelle," she said, soothingly, "do you remember a question that Jesus asked Simon Peter three times over?"  
"Lovest thou Me?" answered Estelle.  
"Yes," said her mother, "and then Jesus told him to feed His lambs and sheep, as a token of the love he said he bore Him."  
"Yes, mother," said Estelle.  
"But if Simon Peter had turned to Jesus and said, 'Master, command me to do anything but that,' what do you think that would have shown?"  
"That he did not love Jesus as he ought," answered Estelle. "He said, 'If you love Me, keep My commandments.'"

"My little girl said yesterday that she loved Jesus so well that she would do anything for Him. He says to Estelle, 'Lovest thou Me? Show it by helping your mother.'"

"It's so hard to have to darn stockings when you don't like doing it," sobbed Estelle.

"Yes, dear, I am sure you find it so, but I hope you will bear your cross bravely, do your duty cheerfully, so that when Jesus asks you the question, 'Lovest thou Me?' your actions may answer more loudly than your lips, 'Yea, Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest I love Thee!'"

### THE TWO SOUPS.

"Ah, mamma," said little Gertrude at dinner, "how poor this soup is! Really, it is not good at all, and I want no more of it;" and she laid down her spoon as if it were a finished matter.

"I have not time now, my dear daughter, to prepare another better one, but this evening I promise to give you soup that you will call most excellent and delicate."

Gertrude was a poor woman's daughter, and after dinner she went out with her mother to gather the potatoes that had been dug up over the field. They worked away, putting the potatoes into the sacks, until sunset.

In the evening the mother prepared their supper, and first brought on the delicate soup. Gertrude tasted it, and cried out with delight, "Oh, what a difference between this and that which we had for dinner! This is so good, mamma; you have certainly done your best this time." As soon as she had finished it her mother laughed, saying, "This is the same soup, my dear, that you found so poor at noon, but it is good this time just because you have worked well all the afternoon. Industry gives a good appetite and hushes all complaints." Hunger is the best sauce.

### JESUS' NAME.

A little girl, with golden head,  
Asked me to read a minute,  
"A pretty story," as she said,  
"For Jesus' name was in it."

The pleasant task was soon complete,  
But long I pondered o'er it,  
That Jesus' name should be so sweet  
That e'en a child should love it.

Oh! sweetest story ever told!  
What tongue would dare begin it,  
If it were riven of its gold,  
And Jesus' name not in it?

### WHAT SOME PEOPLE NEVER DO.

You lie down when you go to bed, you stand up again when morning comes; you sit at your meals; you walk from place to place, and when you drop anything you stoop to pick it up. Your body is made to do all these different things; and you do them very often—most of them probably every day.

But there is another thing of the same kind which your body is made to do; it can kneel. Do you try this posture as well as the rest? Or is this the only thing of the sort which you never do? Alas! there are many sitters, and standers, and walkers, and stoopers, who are no kneelers. Are you one of them?

I do not mean to say that you cannot pray without kneeling. You may pray at any time, in any place, and in any posture. But if you are well and strong; if you can sit, and stand, and walk, and stoop, and yet never kneel, then I fear you never pray. Is this right? Is it happy? Can it end well? Will you not wish some day (God grant it may not be too late!) that you had not lived without prayer?

### BAD ACTIONS.

If you put a hot coal into your pocket, it will burn its way out. Ay, and so will a bad action that is hid make itself known. A fault concealed is a fault doubled; and so you will find all the way through life. Never hide your faults.

### "GOD IS LOVE."

Look at dear "Golden Hair!"  
Papa takes his little hand,  
Tracing with joyful air,  
Heartfully, "God is Love."

Where, think you, children, 't is,  
Golden Hair now doth sing  
"Jesus is mine, I 'm his,"  
Knowing well God is Love?

On high, with psalms of praise  
Held in his dimpled hands,  
Shouts he, mid golden rays,  
Joyfully, "God is Love!"

### ORIENTAL PROVERBS.

TRANSLATED BY BISHOP SOUTHGATE.

Do not contemn God by taking his name in vain, lest he contemn you.

One cannot well know himself, unless he knows his Creator.

Life is a sleep from which man wakes when he dies.

There is no securer refuge than the fear of God. One is more apt to follow the corrupt manners of his own age than the good examples of former days.

Want of good sense is the worst of all degrees of poverty.

Nothing will better conceal what you are than silence.

Sweet words make many friends.

There is no greatness of soul in revenge.

### LIMIT YOUR WANTS.

From the nature of things, the income of most of the inhabitants of the earth must be limited, and indeed within very narrow bounds. The product of labor throughout the world, if equally divided, would make the share of each individual large. It is impossible that every one should be called rich, but it is by no means impossible to be independent. And what is the way to compass this—as Burns appropriately designates it—"glorious privilege"? The method is very simple. It consists in one rule: Limit your wants; make them few and inexpensive. To do this would interfere but little with your real enjoyment. It is mostly a matter of habit. You require more or you require less, just as you have accustomed yourself to one or the other. Limit your wants, estimate the cost and never exceed it, taking pains to always keep it inside your income. Thus you will secure your lasting independence. Young men, think of this. A great deal of the happiness of your lives depends upon it. After having made your money, spend it as you choose, honestly; but be sure to make it first.

It fills one at times with a kind of despair, to see how those who profess to regard religion as all-important, subordinate it to almost every other thing in life; how educational accomplishments and choice of pursuit, and friendships and alliances, are discussed and fixed, without this ever coming into serious view.

—At a collection made at a charity fair a lady offered the plate to a rich man who was well known for his stinginess. "I have nothing," was the curt reply. "Then take something, sir," said the lady; "you know that I am begging for the poor."

—In the old days there were angels who came and took men and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction, a hand is put into theirs which leads them forth toward a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's.

—To no kind of begging are people so averse as to begging pardon, i. e., when there is any serious ground for doing so. When there is none, this is as soon taken in vain as other momentous words are upon light occasions.