

Children's Department.

MY BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

These presents which I show to you
Were given me to-day;
The toys and books are all quite new,
And make a fine display.

You wonder why I have this show!
Oh! that is quickly told:
This is my birthday you must know,
And I am nine years old.

And people are so very kind,
As you can plainly see,
For when I count my friends, I find
They've all remembered me.

Grandmother sent a bookcase good,
To keep my books secure,
Made out of polished walnut-wood,
And with a plate-glass door.

The doll's house came from sister Ann,
With furniture complete;
And I must always, if I can,
Keep it both clean and neat.

My doll's a gift from dear mamma—
How very kind is she.
The woolly lamb that calls "Baa,"
Aunt Lucy sent to me.

That rabbit came from cousin Kate,
Who lives far off in Kent;
While brother John a drawing slate
To me from school has sent.

Papa knows how I love a book,
And so do uncles, too;
They sent me these three beauties—look!
Bound up in gold and blue.

So many books I have to read,
If I sit here till night,
I do not think I should indeed
Have read them all outright.

My love to every one I send
Who sent a gift to me,
And hope their grateful little friend
I may for ever be.

ADA'S EVENING PRAYER.

I heard a very pretty story the other day, and I thought that some of the dear little children whom I love might like to hear it too; so I wrote out the story, and they here can read it, and tell what they think of the matter. It is about a little girl named Ada Barnet.

Ada is only six years old. She is the sunlight and joy of her parents. They love her the more because they have lost several little ones. Sometimes, indeed, they tremble when they remember that God may take their precious Ada too. Ada has pious parents, and their hearts' desire and prayer for her is that she may be saved at last through the merits of the Saviour, whose blood "cleanseth us from all sin." She has been taught to offer her own simple prayer at the throne of grace every night and morning, asking the favor and protection of our heavenly Father's love.

One night Ada knelt, as usual, at her mother's knee, and prayed that God would watch over her through the darkness, and "keep her safe till morning light." Then rising from her knees, she said,

"There, mother, I have said my prayers, and asked to God take care of me in the night; but I shall not have to say any prayers in the morning."

"No prayers in the morning, Ada! Why not?" asked her mother.

"Oh," said Ada, "because I can take care of myself in the day-time. I shall not want God to take care of me when I am awake, and shall see to things for myself."

Ada's mother then took her little girl into her lap, and, smoothing back the pretty curls from her forehead, began to tell her of our Father in

heaven, who allowed her to live and to breathe, who gave to her home and parents, who fed and clothed her, who watched over her by day and by night, who makes the sunshine and the showers, who makes the grass upon the mountains and the flowers in the meadows.

Ada listened earnestly, and the tears filled her bright eyes as she said,—

"Does God do all this, mother? I thought that you give me my dinner, and dress me, and make me warm, and you once got me well when I was sick."

Her dear mother answered her: "No; all comes from God, Ada. If He should leave you one moment you should become like the dust of the ground. He loves you, and He cares for you just as tenderly as if you were the only girl in the world."

"Oh, then, mother dear, I ought to keep saying my prayers all the time, and to keep asking and asking God to please not to stop taking care of little Ada."

The mother's heart was filled with thankfulness that her little Ada was beginning to look up to the great and holy God as the guide of her youth, and to feel that from heaven, his dwelling place, He designed to watch over and protect a little girl, as she was.

The next day Mrs. Barnett read to her a pretty evening hymn, and when bed-time came Ada had learned some of the verses, and repeated them in a soft low voice:—

"Saviour, ere in sweet repose
I my weary eyelids close,
While my mother through the gloom
Singeth from the outer room.

"While across the curtain white,
With a dim uncertain light,
On the floor the faint stars shine,
Let my latest thought be thine.

"Saviour, 'twas to win me grace
Thou didst stoop to that poor place,
Loving with a perfect love,
Child, and man, and God above.

"Hear me, as alone I lie,
Plead for me with God on high;
All that stained my soul to-day,
Wash it in thy blood away."

Dear children, do you never feel just as little Ada felt that evening, when she had said her prayers to God,—feel that you can take care of yourselves in the day time, and that only in the darkness you need a guide? Think, now, do not we *always* need Him to keep our feet from falling? His grace to keep us from sinning? His mercy to save us from eternal death? The apostle said "Pray without ceasing;" and it seems as though he spoke to each one of us. We should always feel that we depend upon God more than any child depends upon an earthly parent, for, indeed, we are lost without his aid.

I hope that all the dear children who read these words will learn a lesson from the story of little Ada, and will feel that they, like her, ought to keep praying, "making melody in their hearts to the Lord." God loves a prayerful child. Little children, do you constantly pray to God, and do you love to pray to Him?—*London Christian.*

THE MORNING CALL.

Awake! awake! for loud and shrill
I hear the old cock crowing;
And echoing from the distant hill
The farm boy's horn is blowing.

Awake! awake! with carols free
The birds their matin songs are singing,
A concert hall in every tree,
With sweetest music fingering.

Awake! awake! the glad sunlight
Is flooding the rosy dawn;
The little lambs are gay and bright
This lovely summer morn.

Awake! awake! my baby sweet,
Unclose thine eyes of blue

Thy mother's loving kiss to greet
With one as fond and true.

Awake! awake! from dream-land bright
Come back to thy gladsome play;
The angels that watched thy sleep at night
Will attend thee through the day.

"DO NOT FEAR; GOD LIVES"

There was once a poor woman, the widow of a clergyman, who trusted in God and served Him. In times of trouble she often used to say to her children and friends, "Do not fear; God lives, and He will take care of us." But after her husband's death, she was left to struggle with sickness and poverty. Her trials were very great. She tried to bear up under them with the patience and cheerfulness of a Christian; and generally she was successful. But on one occasion, when she was particularly afflicted, her faith seemed to fail for a little while, and giving way to her feelings of grief and sadness, she burst into tears.

Her little son, who was just able to talk, saw her weeping; and putting his hand on hers, and looking up into her face very sadly, he said: "Mother, is God dead now!" Taking her into her arms, she said: "No, my son, God is not dead. I thank you for asking that question. He always lives. He is an ever-present help in every time of need. He will help us." She wiped away her tears, and went cheerfully to her duties. She sought and found help from Jesus.

NOT YET.

"My son, give me thine heart." "Not yet," said the little boy as he was busy with his bat and ball, "when I grow older I will think about it." The little boy grew to be a young man. "Not yet," said the young man; "I am now about to enter into trade; when I see my business prosper, than I shall have more time than now." Business did prosper. "Not yet," said the young man of business; "my children must now have my care; when they are settled in life, I shall be better able to attend to religion." He lived to be a gray-headed old man. "Not yet," still he cried; "I shall soon retire from trade, and then I shall have nothing else to do but to read and pray." And so he died. He put off until another time what should have been done when a child. He lived without God, and died without hope. Will you do so?

A MOTHER'S SONG.

A few years ago a company of Indians were captured on the frontier. Among them were a number of stolen children. They had been with the savages for years. Word was sent throughout the region, inviting all who had lost children to come and see if, among the little captives, they could recognise their own. A long way off was a woman who had been robbed of her darlings—a boy and a girl. With mingled hope and fear she came, and with throbbing heart she approached the group. They were strange to her. She came nearer, and with eyes filled with mother-love and earnestness peered into their faces one after another, but there was nothing in any that she could claim. Nor was there anything in her to light up their cold faces. With a dull pain of despair at heart, she was turning away, when she paused, choked back the tears, and in soft, clear notes, began a simple song she used to sing to her little ones of Jesus and of heaven. Not a line was completed before a boy and a girl sprang from the group, exclaiming, "Mamma! mamma!" and she folded her lost ones to her bosom. So lives a mother's early influence in the hearts of her children.

MARRIED.

In Barton, diocese of Niagara, on the 18th of July, by the Rev. G. A. Bull, A. M., William Mulholland, jr., to Miss Jane Ann Burkholder, daughter of Mr. Wm. Burkholder, both of Saltfleet township.