

Children's Corner.

GOOD MORNING TO GOD.

"Oh! I am so happy!" the little girl said,
As she sprang like a lark from the low trundle-bed.
"Tis morning, bright morning! Good morning, papa!
Oh, give me one kiss for good morning, mamma!
Only just look at my pretty canary,
Chirping his sweet notes, 'Good morning to Mary!'
The sunshine is peeping straight into my eyes—
Good morning to you, Mr. Sun, for you rise
So early to wake up my birdie and me,
And make us as happy as happy can be!"

"Happy you may be, my dear little girl,"
And the mother stroked softly a clustering curl.
"Happy as can be, but think of the One
Who awakened this morning both you and the sun."
The little one turned her bright eyes with a nod—
"Mamma, may I say then 'Good morning' to God!"
"Yes, little darling one, surely you may,
As you kneel by your bed every morning to pray."

Mary knelt solemnly down, with her eyes
Looking up earnestly into the skies;
And two little hands that were folded together
Softly she laid in the lap of her mother.
"Good morning, dear Father in heaven," she said,
"I thank Thee for watching my snug little bed;
For taking good care of me all the dark night,
And waking me up with the beautiful light.
O keep me from naughtiness all the long day,
Blest Jesus, who taught little children to pray."

THE CHILD AND THE DRUNKARD.

The late John B. Gough, in one of his powerful addresses, told the following most touching story:

"I was once playing with a beautiful boy in the city of Norwich, Conn. I was carrying him to and fro on my back, both of us enjoying ourselves exceedingly; for I loved him and I think he loved me. During our play I said to him, 'Harry, will you go with me down to the side of that green bank?' 'Oh, yes,' was his cheerful reply. We went together, and saw a man lying listlessly there, quite drunk, his face upturned to the bright blue sky; the sunbeams that warmed and cheered and illumined us lay upon his porous, greasy face; the pure morning wind kissed his parched lips and passed away poisoned; the very swine in the field looked more noble than he, for they were fulfilling the purposes of their being. As I looked upon the poor degraded wretch, and then upon that child, with his bright brow, his beautiful blue eyes, his rosy cheeks, his pearly teeth and ruby lips, the

perfect picture of life, peace and innocence; as I looked upon the man and then upon the child, and felt his little hand convulsively twitching in mine, and saw his little lips grow white, and his eyes dim, gazing upon the poor victim of that terrible curse of our land—strong drink—then did I pray to God to give me an everlasting increasing capacity to hate with a burning hatred any instrumentality that would make such a thing of a being, once as fair as that child."

JUST AS I AM!

Some time ago a poor boy came to a city missionary. Holding out a dirty and worn-out bit of paper, he said, "Please, sir, father sent me to get a clean paper like that." Opening it out, the missionary found that it was a page leaflet, containing that beautiful hymn beginning, "Just as I am, without one plea." The missionary asked where he had got it, and why he wanted a clean one. "We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket after she died. She used always to be singing it while she was ill, and she loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one, and to put it in a frame and hang it up. Won't you give us a clean one, sir?" That simple hymn given to a little girl seems to have been, by God's blessing, the means of bringing her to Christ.

FOR PURE SPEECH.

A man, looking up from sawing his wood, saw his little son turning two boys out of the yard. "See here! what are you about, George?" asked the man, "I'm turning two swearers out of the yard, father," said George. "I said I would not play with swearers, and I won't." That is the right time and place to say, "I won't." We wish every boy would take the same stand—not play with swearers. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

HAPPY IS THE MAN THAT FINDETH WISDOM.

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