

## CHILDREN'S CORNER.

## THE LITTLE ONES.

A row of little faces by the bed,  
A row of little hands upon the spread,  
A row of little roguish eyes all closed,  
A row of little naked feet exposed.

A gentle mother leads them in their praise.  
Teaching their feet to thread in heavenly  
ways,  
And takes this lull in childhood's tiny tide,  
The little errors of the day to hide.

No lovelier sight this side of heaven is seen,  
And angels hover o'er the group serene;  
Instead of odor in censers swung,  
There floats a fragrance of an infant's  
tongue.

Then tumbling headlong into waiting beds,  
Beneath the sheets they hide their timid  
heads  
Till slumber steals away their idle tears,  
And like a peeping bud each face appears.

## THE HABIT OF OBEYING.

Boys, the habit of obeying *at once* is one of the best habits in the world. It makes prompt, active and energetic business men. Why it is "now, at once, right off," that leads all the work in the world, and gets pay for it, too. A boy that is prompt and ready will be just the boy that will get recommended for a place in a store or an office, and when he gets the place he will keep it until he gets promoted, till finally he becomes a member of the firm, probably its manager. All this because he is on hand, ready and prompt; sees what needs to be done and is always ready to do it.

## THE BOY WHO FORGOT HIS DINNER.

WHEN St. Peter of Alcantara was a child he loved very much to say his prayers. One day, it was dinner time, and the dinner was quite ready. The father and mother of Peter were at the dinner-table, and his brothers and sisters were there, only the little Peter himself was not there. The father said, "Where is Peter?" nobody could tell where he was; they searched all through the house, but they could not find the child anywhere; they thought that perhaps he might be playing outside of the house, so they went and looked for him, but they could not see him anywhere. At last, they thought perhaps he might be in the chapel, so they went to the

chapel. There they found the good child on his knees, with his hands joined looking up to heaven and saying his prayers. He had forgotten his dinner, he was thinking only about his prayers, so he became a very great saint. Did you ever forget your dinner or your breakfast for your prayers? Perhaps you even thought so much about your breakfast that you eat it before you had said any prayers at all.

## THAT NOISY BOY.

"O, JOHNNY!" cried a nervous mother, "do have some pity on my poor head! Can't you play without shouting so?" Poor Johnny drew up the tape reins with which he was driving two chairs tandem, and called out in a loud, hoarse whisper: "Get up whoa!" But at length, finding little pleasure in this suppressed amusement, he threw down his reins, and, laying his hands upon his breast, said with a long breath, "O, mother, it's full of noise in here and it hurts me so to keep it in! Don't all little boys make a noise when they play?" "Yes, Johnny, I believe they all do," replied the lady. "O, then, mother dear," cried Johnny in a winning tone, "Please let me be a little boy." We will join poor Johnny in his petition, Please, mother, let your sons be little boys while they may. Let them have a free and happy childhood, that when your heads are low in the grave they may point back to those days and say, "We were happy children, for there was always sunshine where our mother was."—*St Nicholas*.

## SPEAK KINDLY.

A young lady had gone out to take a walk; she forgot to take her purse with her, and had no money in her pocket. Presently she met a little girl with a basket on her arm.

"Please, Miss, will you buy something from my basket?" said the little girl showing a variety of book marks, watch cases, needle books, etc.

"I'm sorry I can't buy anything to day," said the young lady. "I haven't any money with me. Your things look very pretty." She stopped a moment and spoke a few words to the girl; and then as she passed she said again, "I'm