

when he became Lord Mayor of London, than was Master Johnny in the midst of his playthings. Seeing Neddie approach, he said :

"Neddie, I can enjoy *fun* now, because I've found out that I can get my lessons. It's no fun to be a dunce; but it is *fun* to get your studies, and then play without fear of the dunce's seat before your eyes."

Of course, this doctrine suited Neddie's ideas. He joined the joyful

Johnny in his play, and they spent a right happy hour in each other's company. Whether Johnny ever became equal to Sir William Jones, is a question I am not fully able to solve; though I am inclined to think he did not. At any rate he has no statue erected to his memory, either in St. Paul's, or Westminster Abbey, or elsewhere. Perhaps the world has not dealt justly towards him. But that is of little consequence—he has his reward.

POETRY.

From the Sunday School Advocate.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

BY N. J. BAILEY.

How pleasant is the Sabbath school !
With joy we enter there,
Where little children learn to sing
The hymn of praise and prayer.

There sacred songs remind us of
The days when we were young;
When we, like them, at Sabbath school,
The praise of Jesus sung.

The old school-house has pass'd away,
Where we, in early days,
First learn'd to lisp with stammering tongue
Our great Creator's praise.

Yet mem'ry often travels back,
And lingers round that spot;
For there our hearts experienced joys
We never have forgot.

Ah ! who can tell how many souls
From sin have found release,
By having learn'd in Sunday school
The ways of perfect peace.

We'll ever love the Sabbath school,
It's toil we'll freely share ;
That God will give it great increase
Shall be our latest prayer.

And when our labours here shall end,
We hope in nobler strains
To sing again our Sabbath songs
Where endless Sabbath reigns.

CAMPBORN, N. J., Aug., 1833.

THE LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.

I am a little child you see,
My strength is little too,
And yet I fain would saved be ;
Lord, teach me what to do.

My Saviour, hear ; thou, for my good,
Wert pleased a child to be ;
And thou didst shed thy precious blood
Upon the cross for me.

My dearest Saviour tell me how
My thankfulness to show,
For all thy love before and now,
Else I shall never know.

I think, since I so often hear
That thou dost want my heart,
As thy reward and purchase dear,
That thou in earnest art.

Come, then, and take this heart of mine—
Come, take me as I am ;
I know that I by right am thine,
Thou loving, gracious Lamb.

But I am weak, and nothing can
Without thy Spirit do ;
Help me, O thou Almighty One,
Help my companions too.

Preserve our little hearts secure
From ev'ry hurt and stain ;
First make them, and then keep them pure,
And shut out all that's vain.

TO-DAY.

Don't tell me of to-morrow ;
Give me the man who'll say
That when a good deed's to be done,
Let's do the deed to-day !
We have command the present,
If we act and never wait ;
But repentance is the phantom
Of the past, that comes too late !