

and her own. Reverently she bowed her head before the worship of this baby heart, feeling that in truth the place was holy ground.

From that time it was the child himself who called for the evening prayer, and when during a slight illness he awakened in the night, not until his mother had responded to his drowsy, "Mother, pray," did he quiet down and slip off to sleep again.

Sometimes the form of the prayer was changed to include an especial "thank you" for a happy day or a new pleasure or to ask God to bless his father and mother and little friends. But always it was short and within the child's experience, and always the mother felt that union of souls that comes when two or three are agreed.—Alice K. Cushman



### When to Begin

A mother once asked a clergyman when she should begin the education of her four-year-old child.

He replied: "Madam, if you have not begun already, you have lost four years. From the first smile that gleams upon your infant's cheek, your opportunity begins."

Scott is said to have received his first bent toward ballad literature from his mother and grandmother's recitations in his presence before he himself had learned to read.—Exchange



### Jesus' Little Lamb

Since I'm Jesus' little lamb,  
Joyful evermore I am;  
In my Shepherd's love confiding,  
He for all my wants providing,  
Loves me every day the same,  
Knows me, calls me by my name.

Under his protecting care  
I go in and out, and share  
Pastures green of unknown sweetness;  
Want I know not, but completeness.  
And when faint with thirst he brings  
His lamb unto the water-springs.

Who so happy then as I,  
Little lamb with Shepherd by?  
When these happy days are ended,

Glad, by angel bands attended,  
Go I to my Shepherd's breast,  
In his arms at home, and blest.



### What Cured Marshall

Marshall was a great help to mother in caring for baby sister, and could be sent to the grocery and meat shop, or on longer errands if necessary. When he wasn't helping mother, he was playing with his waggon, or else busied himself with games he could play alone, for his little friends did not live near him. He generally got along all right when alone, but as sure as he played with another boy he could not have his own way, or there would be some kind of trouble, and then he would cry. And of course that would make the other little boy feel unhappy.

Mother had many serious talks with him about it, yet they seemed to do no good.

"I think," she said, at last, "that when John and Harold come over, I will give them your toys, and you must stay by yourself and just watch them playing."

"Oh, no!" Marshall exclaimed, with the tears very near, "don't do that, please!"

"Well, then, will you remember not to cry every time things do not go just as you like?" she asked.

"Yes, mother," he whispered, hanging his head.

The next day a new boy in that part of the town came in to play with him, and Paul hadn't been there five minutes before he began crying. Marshall looked at him in such astonishment that he forgot to cry himself. The new boy cried and was disagreeable as long as the two were together, and when he went home, Marshall walked soberly up to the house.

"I don't think I like playing with Paul," he said.

"Well, why not?" asked father.

"Because he cried," Marshall began to explain; then he looked very much ashamed as he suddenly remembered that that was what he usually did himself.

"And I am not going to cry any more, either," he announced gravely.

"Let us shake hands on that, laddie," said