



A GOOD-NIGHT PRAYER.

My Father, hear my prayer,
Before I go to rest;
It is thy little child
Who cometh to be blest.

Forgive me all my sin,
That I may sleep this night
In safety and in peace
Until the morning light.

Lord, help me every day
To love thee more and more,
To strive to do thy will,
To worship and adore.

Then look upon me, Lord,
Ere I lie down to rest;
It is thy little child
Who cometh to be blest.

A gentleman once saw a little girl weeping by a new-made grave. When she saw him she said, "Poor little Willie lies here. We were too poor to buy a tombstone; but we and the angels know where it is, and that is enough." God never forgets where his children live nor where their bodies lie after they are buried.

THE BOOK OF LIFE.

"O mother!" exclaimed little Jeanie, running to me in an ecstasy of delight; "see what a beautiful book father has given me! And only see, mother, my name is written in it, so everybody will know it's mine, and nobody can rub it out!"

Like the lightning's flash came into my mind our Saviour's words: "Rejoice, because your names are written in heaven."

"Mother, do you know why father gave this book to me?"

"No, Jeanie, I have forgotten."

"Why, don't you recollect, I always said 'wait a minute,' when you told me to do anything; and he said, if I wouldn't say it for one whole month, he would give me something; but I didn't think it would be anything so beautiful as this book."

"It is a very pretty book, Jeanie, but I know of one more beautiful, in which I trust my darling's name will be written."

"O mamma, what sort of a book is it? What is it called?"

"Our Saviour called it the Book of Life, and he said we must rejoice over our names being written in it more than over anything in the world."

"Is everybody's name written there, mamma?"

"No, my darling, only the names of those who love Jesus while they are on earth and try to serve him."

"How can I serve him, mamma? I don't know anything I can do for him."

"Yes, my child, you can do something for him every moment in the day. Kind words, little things done because we love Christ—in all these we serve him. This morning, Tommy asked you to help tie his waggon; you refused, saying you were in a hurry. If you had given up your own pleasure and helped him, because Jesus says we must love and be kind to each other, you would have served Christ."

"O mamma, I didn't know such a little thing as that was serving Christ."

"Why, my daughter, have you forgotten what Jesus said of the cup of cold water, given for his sake? Our lives are made up of little things that happen every day, and what we do for Christ's sake is put down in his Book of Remembrance. You overcame a bad habit for the reward of this pretty book; remember that Jesus promises all the glorious things of heaven to every one that overcomes temptation and sin, and serves him truly."

QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

If anything could console the English people for the loss which they sustained in the person of Victoria, it is the knowledge that Queen Alexandra is, like her lamented mother-in-law, a woman of singularly blameless life, of kindly disposition, a pattern of all domestic virtues, a woman whose heart goes out instinctively to all sorrow and suffering; in one word, a sovereign both lovely and lovable.

The Queen of England, as she is now in truth, soon came to be queen in the hearts of the common people, who knew her for the personal interest she took in their welfare. Not merely columns, but volumes, can be written of her innumerable acts of kindness, generosity, and of tender consideration of others, which illustrate the sympathy which she felt, and which can only be surpassed by the sympathy which she inspired.

AN UNRULY FLOCK.

"What are you doing, you big blue Ocean, Chasing your waves round in such a commotion?"

"I am bringing my sheep from their pastures deep
To the little bay where I fold them to sleep;
But as fast as I drive them into the pen
They toss up their heels and jump out again."

"Pa," said a little fellow to his shaven father, "your chin looks like the heel in the musical box."