

Children's Corner.

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

To say my prayers is not to pray,
Unless I mean the words I say;
Unless I think to Whom I speak,
And with my heart His favour seek.

In prayer we speak to God above,
We seek the blessed Saviour's love;
We ask for pardon for our sin,
And grace to keep us pure within.

But O! if I am found to smile,
Or play, or look about awhile,
Or think vain thoughts, the Lord will see,
And how can He be pleased with me?

Then let me, when I try to pray,
Not only mind the words I say,
But let me strive with earnest care,
To have my heart go with my prayer.

ADELLE'S REASONS.

"Why were you so still and serious in the church to-day, Adelle; it was not our own church, and there was so much new to see?"

Adelle flushed a little; she scarcely liked to speak about her reasons.

"Tell me," persisted Irene; "it was so provoking of you, when we might have had such a good time. What did you do it for?"

Adelle did not look in the face of her little friend. She seemed to be looking at the ribbon she was winding over her fingers, but in fact she scarcely saw it at all; she was hurt and troubled.

"Tell me what was the matter!" exclaimed Irene. "Why do you not answer?"

"I was only waiting a moment to think what you could mean; you know, Irene, a church is always a holy place."

"Dear me, who would ever think of that in such a funny church, where nothing is done like it at home, and everything is so curious and queer."

"But we know it all means praise and prayer to God. It is only in a different way."

"But who ever could remember that—the funny little scrap of a church, and such a queer little man to preach, and the people, and everything! it was too provoking to see you sitting there just as you would in a church at home, and seeing a bit of the fun."

"O, Irene, do not speak so, it troubles me! everything did seem so odd to me at first that I almost forgot where I was, and I have not been able to be quite happy since, for although afterward I did try to follow every prayer with my thought, and to praise God truly, when they sang the hymns, the first minutes I spent there were not reverent, and my mind was not at all upon the holy words."

Irene looked up from the doll which lay across her lap; she could scarcely believe her ears.

"You have not been quite happy since?" she said slowly; "why have you not been quite happy? I think I do not understand."

Adelle had spoken more freely than she was accustomed to do upon such matters, and did not know quite what to say, but Irene was too much in earnest to be silenced. "Tell me," she continued; "I want to know."

"O, I am sure you know as well as I that every church is a place where God promises to meet everybody who comes to speak to Him; we should remember this as we go in, and think of nothing any minute but of Him, and if we say words to Him without thinking of Him entirely, we sin instead of worshipping, and this is why I have not been quite happy."

"Think of nothing any minute but of Him?" repeated Irene, slowly; "we sin instead of worshipping? Adelle, how did you come to think about it in this way?"

"Mamma taught me, and now I can see very plainly myself, for God's house is for worship, and irreverence toward God is a sin."

"But about the thoughts, how could I help thinking about that abominable old bonnet just ahead of me, and Adelle, I did pretty nearly laugh entirely when they began to sing the hymn—how could I help that?"

"Mama has always told me that God is so merciful he will forgive us all we really cannot help, but we must be truly, really sure we cannot help it, and fix our thoughts so upon Him when we enter this house, that we have no chance to think of anything else."

"But, Adelle, how can we help thinking of all sorts of things? Now, how can we, in such a droll little church?"

"You see, Irene, if we truly remember that God is listening to our prayers and our praise, just looking at us, we will be helped to put away other thoughts, and to try to praise him, and pray in our hearts, as though there were nobody else there at all but ourselves and Him."

"Well, I never heard anything like it at all before," replied Irene, impulsively. "I suppose I shall be thinking about it every time that I go into a church, but I never shall be good enough to think only about prayers in such a queer place as that."

"Mamma says we can be good enough to do anything hard by asking God, and taking up our minds," whispered Adelle in her ear, as the door opened for intruding feet to come in, and Irene whispered back in her own earnest way, "I will remember; but, Adelle, I do not believe I shall ever be good enough to sit behind that tormenting old bonnet and never see it."