

Children's Department.

Praying Children in Damascus.

Perhaps the little ones may like to hear a few words about some children in the very old city of Damascus. There the rain does not come at any time of the year, but only at special times. This year the rain did not come at the usual time, so the corn began to get very dear. The poor were very anxiously thinking how they would be able to buy bread through the winter, if the price was so high. The Jewish people fasted many days and went outside the city to pray for rain.

One day the little children in school were hearing a lesson about "water," and the teacher said, "Do we need water now?" "Yes," they answered, "we need rain."

"Well, go and tell the Lord what you need."

Then one child stood up and said, "Teacher, how can we go to the Lord?" The teacher told her she had only to kneel down and pray, and God would hear and answer.

So twelve of the children came out from the rest, knelt down, and prayed God to send some rain.

No rain came that day, and in the morning these little ones came to tell their teacher that in the evening they had prayed in their homes, and all day they watched to see if the clouds were coming. We felt sure they would come in answer to this expecting prayer, for the loving Lord likes the little ones to come to Him and ask for what they need.

Did the rain come? Yes. God has said, "Ask, and it shall be given you." On the third day came heavy rain, and on two days afterwards also.

The little ones were very glad and happy, and those who had prayed came apart from the others again, this time to kneel and thank the Lord for His goodness. For we must always re-

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member that, besides praying, we must watch for the answer, and when we get that we must give thanks.

The poor of Damascus are not so anxious now about the corn, because we have had more heavy rain, and the young corn is growing nicely. How good our Heavenly Father is to give us blessings for our bodies as well as for our souls. "Pray without ceasing."

"In everything give thanks."

Where the Shine Came From.

"Well, Grandma," said a little boy, resting his elbows on the old lady's stuffed chair arm, "what have you been doing here at the window all day by yourself?"

"All I could," answered dear Grandma cheerily. "I have read a little, and have prayed a good deal, and then looked out at the people. There's one little girl, Arthur, that I have learned to watch for. She has sunny brown hair, her brown eyes have the same sunny look in them, and I wonder every day what makes her look so bright. Ah, here she comes now!"

Arthur took his elbows off the stuffed arm and planted them on the window-sill.

"That girl, with the brown apron on?" he cried. "Why, I know that girl. That's Susie Moore, and she has a dreadful hard time, Grandma."

"Has she?" said Grandma. "O little boy, wouldn't you give anything to know where she gets all that brightness from, then?"

"I'll ask her," said Arthur promptly; and, to Grandma's surprise, he raised the window and called—"Susie, O Susie, come up here a minute; Grandma wants to see you!"

The brown eyes opened wide in surprise, but the little maid turned at once and came in.

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"Grandma wants to know, Susie Moore," explained the boy, "what makes you so bright always."

"Why, I have to," said Susie; "you see papa's been sick a long while, and mamma is tired out with nursing, and baby's cross with her teeth, and if I didn't be bright, who would be?"

"Yes, yes, I see," said dear old Grandma, putting her arm around this little ray of sunshine. "That's God's reason for things; they are, because somebody needs them. Shine on, little sun; there couldn't be a better reason for shining than because it is dark at home."

Tell Him First.

Four feet trotting along under merry June sunshine, two heads peeping over a low garden paling, four eyes admiring and covetous.

"I say, look at the roses!" says Tom to Ethel.

"The gate is open," whispers Ethel, the tempter.

"No, come away. Mother said we weren't to go into Mr. Giles' garden at all." This from Tom, but with a yearning look at the garden gate.

"Mr. Giles is out; I saw him go down the avenue. Just let us smell them; it's no harm," pleads the tempter again.

Tom's resolutions vanish. The looking ends in smelling, and the smelling in picking. Presently the children are going homeward with hands full, but hearts a wee bit heavy.

"We've been awful naughty," says Tom.

"We needn't tell mother—at least, I mean not now," adds Ethel hastily. "Supposing we were to be very good for a week, and then tell her, she mightn't mind so much."

"It doesn't seem right," Tom answers, slowly. "And, besides, I don't think I could keep good unless I told her. Let's tell first, and be good afterwards."

Little readers, I want you to apply this in another direction. There may be among you one who would like to come to the Lord Jesus, but all the disobedience, the temper, the untruthfulness, perhaps, of the past arises before you, and you think it's better to try and be good first. But, dear child, you cannot keep on being good until you have told Him about these sins, and rest upon His words that forgiveness for them is offered to you through "His Name."

Obedience.

Some gentlemen were one day setting out on a dangerous excursion, when the son of one of them, a young lad, was seized with a desire to accompany his father. He pleaded hard to be taken.

"Why, my boy, of what use could you be?" returned the father. "What can you do?"

"I could obey," was the ready answer.

It was a great argument in his favor: a person who can do simply as he is told is always useful to one accustomed to command. The boy won his way and proved of the greatest service to the little party.

The Scriptures speak of the obedience of faith. Some people seem to think the way of salvation too easy; it may be said to them as it was to the leper Naaman of old, "If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then when he saith, 'Wash and be clean?'"

We are offered eternal life as a gift simply on the ground of what Christ has done: salvation "full, free, and present," for nothing; without works or deservings of our own;—"without money and without price." These are God's terms. Our minds must agree to them, our hearts be submitted to Jesus in "the obedience of faith." Blessed obedience, blessed hope, blessed peace which flows from trust in Jesus. Children, have you so learned to obey?

One by One.

"Pile them straight and evenly, my boy."

Will's father came up and stood near him as he was piling up some wood.

"But then I shall have to lay every one separately," said Will in a complaining voice.

"That is a good way—one by one."

"One by one! Oh, dear! It takes so long. I like to take half a dozen at a time. Just think of going all through this great pile, laying the sticks one by one."

"But one by one, little by little, is the way most of the great things are done in this world," says his father.

"It's the way I'm laying this walk, one brick at a time," said Robert, Will's older brother, who was working near by—"one brick and then another."

"It's the way I'm doing this knitting," said grandmother with a smile, from her seat on the bench in the shade—"one stitch and then another."

"If I had my way about things, I'd have it different," said Will. "I'd have things done in one big lump."

"I don't think I would like that," said Robert. "I like to see things grow under my hand."

"When we think how many things are made up of one small thing added to another," said father "it gives a great deal of dignity to little things. Look at the leaves on the trees—how they wave in the soft wind, every new movement giving them a new gleam in the sunshine."

"I don't think I'd fancy a tree with just one twig leaf to it," said Robert, "or a lawn with one big blade of grass to it."

"Water is made up of drops, land of grains of sand or earth, and the sunshine of separate bright rays," said father.

"Sure enough there are plenty of littles," said Will, who was becoming interested in the discussion. "But," the whine coming back to his voice, "there is so much tug, tug to it. At

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