

the Lord's Prayer is called the Doxology because we give God praise as the king of heaven to whom belongs all power and glory for ever. The word "Amen" means "so be it," or in other words, when we say Amen, we pray that God would grant the thing we have prayed for.

A STORY OF THE LATE EMPEROR.

One day, the late Emperor of Germany was walking out in the road by himself, when he came on a number of little children going to school, with their satchels on their backs, or swinging in their hands. As he was very kind and fond of children, he stopped and talked to them, and asked them questions to find out what they had learned in school, and how far their intelligence had been wakened to think and understand.

He stooped down and picked up a stone, and held it in his hand, and said, "Which of you can tell me to what kingdom this stone belongs?"

Then one little sharp boy answered:

"To the mineral kingdom."

"Quite right," answered the Emperor, "Very good, my boy. Here is a copper for you, which also belongs to the mineral kingdom. Now you be quiet, and let me ask the others a question." Then he pulled an orange out of his pocket and asked, "To what kingdom does this fruit belong?"

Then another boy answered quickly: "To the vegetable kingdom."

"Well answered," said the Emperor, "You shall have the orange. Now, all of you, think to what kingdom do you belong?"

The children were puzzled to know what to say—whether to the kingdom of Prussia, or to the animal kingdom, or what. Then all at once a tiny little girl, with rosy cheeks like apples, held up her hand and said: "Please, your majesty, I belong to the Kingdom of Heaven."

Then the good old Emperor caught the little child in his arms, and the tears came into his eyes, and he kissed the child, and took off his military helmet, and standing bareheaded in the morning sun, he said: "Right and beautifully replied, dear little one. You and I also—I, though I am King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany—stand as lowly subjects under the King of kings and Lord of lords, in the blessed Kingdom of Heaven."

THE LOVE OF GOD.

The following strange though beautiful lines were found written on the walls of a room in an insane asylum:—

"Could we with ink the ocean fill,
And were the skies of parchment made,
Were every blade of grass a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade,
To write the love of God to man
Would drain the ocean dry,
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from pole to pole."

THE BABY AND THE SOLDIERS.

ROUGH and ready the troopers ride,
Great bearded men with swords by side;
They have ridden long, they have ridden hard,
They are travel-stained and battle-scarred;
The hard ground shakes with their martial tramp,
And coarse is the laugh of the men of the camp.

They reach a spot where a mother stands,
With a baby clapping its little hands,
Laughing loud at the gallant sight
Of the mounted soldier fresh from the fight.
The captain laughs out: "I'll give you this,
A handful of gold your baby to kiss."

Smiles the mother: "A kiss can't be sold,
But gladly he'll kiss a soldier bold."
He lifts up the babe with a manly grace,
And covers with kisses its smiling face,
Its rosy cheeks and its dimpled charms,
And it crows with delight in the soldier's arms.

"Not all for the captain," the soldiers call;
"The babe we know has a kiss for all."
To the soldiers' breasts the babe is pressed
By the strong rough men, and by turns caressed;
And louder it laughs, and the mother fair
Smiles with mute joy as the kisses they share.

"Just such a kiss," cries one trooper grim,
"When I left my boy I gave to him;"
"And just such a kiss on the parting day
I gave to my girl as asleep she lay."
Such were the words of the soldiers brave,
And their eyes were moist as the kiss they gave.

KILLING THE DRAGON.

A little boy about four years old was much impressed by the story of "St. George and the Dragon," which his mother had been reading to him and his sister; and the next day he said to his father. "Father, I want to be a saint." "Very well John," said his father; "you may be a saint if you choose, but you will find it very hard work." "I don't mind," replied John. "I want to be a saint and fight a dragon. I am sure I could kill one!" "So you shall my boy." "But when can I be one?" persisted the child. "You can begin to-day," said his father. "But where is the dragon?" "I will tell you when he comes out."

So the boy ran off contentedly to play with his sister. In the course of the day some presents came for the two children. John's was a book, and his sister Catharine's a beautiful doll. Now John was too young to care for a book, but he dearly loved dolls; and when he found that his sister had what he considered a much nicer present than his own he threw himself on the floor in a passion of tears. His father, who happened to be there, said quietly:

"Now, John, the dragon is out."

The child stopped crying and looked quickly around the room and then up at his father's face, but said nothing.

That evening, however, when he bade his father "good-night," he whispered: "Father I'm very glad Catharine has the doll. I did kill the dragon!"