



THE YOUNG WORKERS.

CHILD'S PRAYER.

Now, tired I am at close of day :
I'll go to rest ; but first I'll pray—
Heavenly Father, may thine eye
Above my bed watch very nigh.

Forgive the wrong this day I've done,
For Jesus' sake, thine own dear Son ;
And may his blood, once shed for me,
From all that's sinful set me free.

Bless parents, brothers, sisters dear,
Each whom I love, both far and near ;
Bless all thy children, great and small,
I pray thee, Father of us all.

REMEMBER.

How beautiful are these words, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." And how beautiful a thing it is to remember God while we are young. There are many people who forget God. There are some who do not seem to think of God at all. Perhaps they did not remember God when they were young. We must remember God as our Creator. It is he who gave us life. He made the air we breathe, and he makes the food grow which we eat. He sends his sunshine and rain so that the wheat and the grass and all our fruits may grow. We must remember God's holy commandments. God speaks to us and tells us what we must do. We must remember what he says, as we remember what our fathers and mothers tells us to do. We must remember God to love him. God is very great and very good, and he loves us. He so loved us that he gave for us his dear Son, Jesus, to die for us that we might be saved from our sins. We must love God in return. Jesus said, "If ye love me ye will keep my commandments." We must love God and keep his commandments. We must remember God in the days of our youth. That means we must remember him in our childhood. If we forget God when we are young we shall hardly remember him when we are old. If we do not

love God, and fear and serve him in our young days we shall not care to do so when we are older.

THE GOLDEN TEXT.

A LITTLE three year-old girl, who had lately begun learning the "Golden Texts," took a great fancy to some trimming her aunt was making, and begged her to give her a piece for her doll's dress.

"Oh! no, Lena, I can't cut it," said her aunt.

"Just a little piece, please, aunty," pleaded the child.

But again the aunt refused, and more emphatically than before. The little one regarded her for a moment with serious eyes, then climbing up behind her put her arms about her neck and whispered in her ear:

"Aunty, the Lord lubbef a cheerful gibber."

"Here, child, take your trimming, every inch of it," said her aunt, crowding it into her hands with a kiss and a hug.

SHUT THE DOOR.

Two gentlemen sat near the door of a railway carriage on a cold morning. A young man went out and left the door ajar. One of the gentlemen rose and shut it, and then said: "This makes twice that I shut this door after that man during the last few minutes. Somebody will probably have to do it for him as long as he lives."

What amount of work just in shutting doors will this young man impose on others during his life! Boys, shut the doors after you! It is selfish and mean to take advantage of other people by making them do your work for you.

ONE day Rose was very busy, trying to help mamma. "Isn't this very hard for such a tiny girl?" I asked. Her look was just like a ray of sunshine as she said: "It isn't very hard, because I do it for mamma; and I love mamma."

WHAT AILED THE PILLOW.

WHILE Annie was saying her prayers, Nell trifled with a shadow picture on the wall. Not satisfied with playing alone, she would talk to Annie, that mite of a figure in gold and white-golden curls and snowy gown, by the bedside.

"Now, Annie, watch Annie, just see!"

Annie, do look!" she said, over and over again. Annie, who was not to be persuaded, finished her prayer, and crept into bed, whither her thoughtless sister followed, as the light must be out in just so many minutes. Presently Nell took to floundering, punching, and "O dearing." Then she laid quite awhile, only to renew energy.

"What's the matter?" asked Annie, at length.

"My pillow!" tossing, thumping, kneading. "It's as flat as a board, and hard as a stone; I can't think what ails it."

"I know," answered Annie, in her sweet serious way.

"What?"

"There's no prayer in it."

For a second or two Nell was as still as a mouse, then she scrambled out on the floor, with a shiver, it's true, but she was determined never afterwards to try to sleep on a prayerless pillow.

"That must have been what ailed it," she whispered, soon after getting into bed again; "it's all right now."

I think that is what ails a great many pillows on which restless heads, both little and big, nightly toss and turn; there are no prayers in them. Nell's remedy was the best—the only one.—*Southern Churchman.*

SAY YES TO JESUS.

A LITTLE girl was once asked what it was to believe in Jesus. She said: "Why, it is just saying 'Yes' to him when he asks us to come to him to find rest."

Was not that a beautiful answer? Can any older person explain faith better? And since it is so easy to believe in him, why cannot we all trust him as our Saviour? He says: "Come to me, and I will give you rest. Come, and I will fill you with bread." Let us all say: "Yes Lord; I come to receive these good things."

TEACH me to do thy will, O Lord,
Help me to love thy holy Word,
All thy commandments to obey,
That I may please thee every day.