

Children's Department.

*THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLI-  
CAN.*

*St. Luke xviii, 10-15.*

Two men went to pray ;  
Oh rather say  
    One went to brag ;  
    The other to pray,  
One stands up close  
    And treads on high,  
When the other dares  
    Not send his eye.  
One nearer to the altar trod ;  
The other to the altar's God.

*THE FIRST.*

We all value greatly the first of anything, the ripe fruit, the first ripe fruit, the first prize at school, the first money we earned, and so on. Have you ever thought, I wonder, how much God likes the first of anything ?

He wants the first thoughts of your heart, and its first love. Before the world possesses it, before your friends have it, children give it to God. Hear Him say : "Son, give me thine heart." He wants your first thoughts. You are tempted, perhaps, to think of something else rather than of God, to do anything rather than pray to Him. Battle against this temptation with all your might and overcome it. Remember it is to Him you owe your preservation during the night past. His eye watched over you. His power protected you. Show that you are at least grateful by rendering to Him your first and best thanks for all His mercies.

God likes to be consulted first. If you are going to do anything or want to go anywhere, ask God if it is His will, and instead of saying we

will go here or there ; we will do this or that, preface it always with the words of scripture : "If the Lord wills."

Go to, now, ye that say to-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell and get gain : Whereas ye know what shall be on the morrow. . . . For that ye ought to say. If the Lord wills we shall live and do this or that. St. James iv, 13-15.

Give God the first of your life—the bright freshness of your childhood. One of our poets has told you that

A flower when offered in the bud  
Is no mean sacrifice.

Give the Lord then this your acceptable sacrifice, and he will bestow upon you every blessing and at last eternal peace.

*TACT.*

On one occasion Michael Angelo was visited by a friend who admired one of his masterpieces in process of completion. A month elapsed, the friend visited the studio and saw apparently no progress made with the statue. He reproached the sculptor for idleness. "I have not been idle," said Angelo. "I have softened this line, I have given expression to that muscle. I have added a fold to the drapery, and so on." "But these are trifles," said the critic. "Ah yes," said the great artist, "but trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

It is so with tact ; the little acts, words, tones and forbearance of a man who has this quality are, to be viewed singly, scarcely perceptible, but they give a charm, beauty, completeness and harmony to the character