

HOEING AND PRAYING.

A RECITATION.

Said Farmer Jones in a whining tone,
To his good old neighbour Gray,
"I've worn my knees nigh through to the
bone,
But it ain't no use to pray.

"Your corn looks just twice as nice as mine.
Though you don't pretend to be
A steady light in the church to shine,
And tell salvation's free.

"I've prayed to the Lord a thousand times
For to make my corn to grow;
And why your corn beats it so, and climbs,
I'd give a deal to know."

Said Farmer Gray to his brother Jones,
In his easy, quiet way:

"When prayers get mixed with lazy bones
They don't make farming pay.

"Your weeds, I notice, are strong and tall,
In spite of all your prayers;
You may pray for corn till the heavens fall,
If you don't dig up the tares.

"I mix my prayers with a little toil
Along in every row;
And I work this mixture into the soil
Quite vigorous with a hoe.

"And I've discovered, though till in sin,
As sure as you are born,
This kind of compost, well worked in,
Makes pretty decent corn.

"And so while I'm praying I use my hoe,
And do my level best
To keep down the weeds along each row,
And the Lord, He does the rest.

"It's well for to pray both night and morn,
As every farmer knows;
But the place to pray for thrifty corn
Is right between the rows.

"You must use your hands while praying,
though.
If an answer you would get;
For prayer-worn knees and a rusty hoe
Never raised a big crop yet!

"And so I believe, my good old friend
If you mean to win the day,
From ploughing, clean to the harvest's end,
You must hoe as well as pray."

—Sel.

OPPORTUNITIES.

A crippled beggar was trying to pick up some old clothes that had been thrown to him from a window, when a crowd of rowdy boys gathered upon him. They made sport of him, mocking his awkward movements and hooting at his helplessness and ragged clothes. In a few minutes up came a brave little fellow, and passing the crowd of boys, he helped the poor cripple to pick up his gifts, and made them into a bundle for him.

Then, after slipping a little money into the cripple's hand, he was starting to run away, when he heard a voice above him which said:

"Little boy with a straw hat!" Looking up he saw a lady an upper window, who said:

"God bless you, my dear little fellow. God bless you for that."

He walked home with a glad heart, from doing a little kindness to another. He thought of the poor crippled beggar's grateful look; of the lady's smile and pleasant words; and, best of all, he could almost hear God whispering to him from heaven, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

Let us, "as we have opportunity, do good unto all men," and God will fill our lives with usefulness and our hearts with happiness.—Sel.

DON'T GIVE UP.

We never know what effect a single word may produce. A good story is told of a gentleman who happened in a school room as the spelling class was in progress.

One little fellow stood apart, looking sad and dispirited. "Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh, he is good for nothing," replied the teacher. "There's nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in the school."

The gentleman was surprised at this answer. He saw that the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid were very nearly crushed. He said a few words to them, and then placing his hand on the noble brow of the little fellow who stood there, he said, "One of these days you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up, but try, my boy, try."

The boy's soul was aroused. His dormant intellect woke. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became studious and ambitious to excel. And he did become a fine scholar, and the author of a well-known commentary on the Bible, a great and good man, beloved and honored. It was Dr. Adam Clarke.