

WITH GOD.

Begin the day with God ;
Kneel down to him in prayer ;
Lift up thy heart to his abode,
And seek his love to share.

Open the book of God,
And read a portion there,
That it may hallow all thy thoughts,
And sweeten all thy care.

Go through the day with God,
Whate'er thy work may be ;
Where'er thou art- at home, abroad—
He still is near to thee,

Converse in mind with God ;
Thy spirit heavenward raise ;
Acknowledge every good bestowed,
And offer grateful praise.

Conclude the day with God ;
Thy sins to him confess ;
Trust in the Lord's atoning blood,
And plead his righteousness.

Lie down at night with God,
Who gives his servants sleep ;
And when thou tread'st the vale of death,
He will thee guard and keep.

WHAT AILED A 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 ! O, 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 quiet awhile, only to begin again with renewed 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 is 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 is true, but she was determined never afterwards 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."—*Christian Commonwealth*.

HEATHEN AT HOME.

How your hearts are touched with pity as you read of the darkness and ignorance of heathen lands where the little children never hear of the Saviour Jesus, or the heavenly home. But did you ever think, children, how many there are in our own land who do not know of Him ? In the Province of Quebec the greater part of the people are Roman Catholics, and their children are taught to confess to the priest and to worship the Virgin Mary, but are not taught as you are of the loving Saviour. They grow up and live and die in ignorance almost as great as that of the children in heathen lands. Our church has felt that the gospel should be given to these people in our own land as well as sent to those in other lands, and a number of missionaries and colporteurs and teachers have been for several years laboring among these French Roman Catholics, telling them the way of Salvation. This work is called French Evangelization. There are schools in connection with the work at Pointe Au Trembles, near Montreal, where children of French parents are taught, and some of them fitted for becoming teachers among their French countrymen.

When you are giving the cents that you have saved for God, do not forget the evangelization of the French Canadians and when you pray do not forget to pray for them.