

God and heavenly things. "I do want to give my heart to God, mother," said the child; "how shall I do it?" And then his mother taught him a little prayer expressive of his want, when the child kneeled down beside a chair, and clasping his small hands together, prayed in tones so heartfelt, that the mother felt that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings there might go forth acceptable worship. "From that good hour," she now says, "I believe Charles became a child of God." His child-life did not disappoint her hopes. He was always trying to live like Jesus. Charles is now a man, one of the best of men; and he said he had one of the best of mothers.

Prohibition—A Song.

By JAMES CHALLEN,—Editor and Publisher of the Ladies' Christian Annual.

Prohibition, prohibition!

Let us form a coalition

Strong and mighty as the mountains,
Thundering—like their gushing fountains,—
Flowing now and flowing ever
'Till it swell a noble river.

For a voice is heard in sadness,
Heard in wailing and in madness,
Which shall turn to joy and gladness,
Louder still—and louder sounding
O'er our hills and valleys bounding,
From our sisters and our brothers,
From our fathers and our mothers,

Prohibition sternly crying!

Prohibition for lying!

Prohibition for us singing!

See the foe is from us flying?

Prohibition! prohibition!

Let us form a coalition,

Like our fathers, who in story
Won immortal fame and glory;
When their rights had been invaded
Chained, insulted, and degraded.
Up they rose, like clouds in heaven
By the gathering tempests driven
When the gnarled oaks are riven.
Hark! The voice is louder sounding,
O'er our hills and valleys bounding,—
From our sisters and our brothers
From our fathers and our mothers.

Prohibition—sternly crying:

Prohibition—for the dying!

Prohibition—for the sighing!

See the foe is from us flying.

—Philadelphia.

Counsel to Parents.

Be very vigilant over thy child in the April of his understanding, lest the frost of May nip his blossoms. While he is a tender twig strengthen him; while he is a new vessel, season him: such as thou makest him, such commonly thou shalt find him. Let his first lesson be obedience, and the second shall be what thou wilt. Give him education in good letters, to the utmost of thy ability and his capacity. Season his youth with the love of his Creator, and make the fear of his God the beginning of his knowledge. If he have an active spirit, rather rectify than curb it, but reckon idleness among his chiefest faults. Above all things keep him from vain, lascivious and amorous pamphlets, as the forerunners of all vice.

As his judgment ripens, observe his inclination and tender him a calling that shall not cross it: forced marriages and callings seldom prosper. Show him both the mow and the plough, and prepare him as well for the danger of the skirmish as for the honour of the prize. If he choose the profession of a scholar, advise him to study the most profitable arts. Poetry and mathematics take up too great a latitude of the soul, and, moderately used, are good recreations, but bad callings, being nothing but their own reward. If he choose a trade, teach him to forget his father's house and his mother's wing: advise him to be conscientious, careful and constant. This done, thou hast done thy part; leave the rest to Providence, and thou hast done it well.—*Quarles.**

The more ideas a man has of other things, the less he is taken up with ideas of himself.

Gold goes in at every gate except heaven's.

*It may be well to note that this writer was well qualified, from his own experience, to give counsel to parents, being himself the father of eighteen children.