

TWO LITTLE PRAYERS.

[Two little prayers—one for morning and one for evening—which some of the children may like to learn and repeat, in addition to those they already know]

MORNING PRAYER.

May I this day my Lord obey,
Be true, obedient, kind and sweet,
Attend to what my parents say,
On errands run with willing feet.
I thank the Lord for happy rest,
I know he sends me what is best;
And if I sleep or if I wake,
I all things ask for Jesus' sake.
Amen.

EVENING PRAYER.

Dear Lord, I pray thee round my home
To bid the watching angels come;
Take care of all I love to-night,
And guard us till the morning light,
Forgive thy little child for sin,
And make me clean and pure within;
And when I rest, and when I rise,
To Jesus let me lift my eyes.
This prayer I very humbly make,
And offer it for Jesus' sake.
Amen.
—Harper's Little People.

GRATITUDE TO PARENTS.

A VENERABLE clergyman of Virginia said lately: "Men of my profession see much of the tragic side of life. Beside the death-bed the secret passions, the hidden evil as well as good in human nature, are very often dragged to the light. I have seen men die in battle, children in their mothers' and young wives in their husbands' arms, but no death ever seemed so pathetic to me as that of an old woman, a member of my Church.

"I know her first as a young girl, beautiful, gay, full of spirit and vigour. She taught school, she painted, she sewed; she gave herself scarcely time to eat or sleep. Every thought was for her children, to educate them, to give them the same chance which their father would have given.

"She succeeded, sending the boys to college and the girls to school. When they came home, pretty, refined girls and strong young men, abreast with all the new ideas and tastes of their time, she was a worn-out, common-place old woman. They had their own pursuits and companions. She lingered among them for two or three years, and then died of some sudden failure of the brain. The shock woke them to a consciousness of the truth. They hung over her as she lay unconscious, in an agony of

grief. The oldest son, as he held her in his arms, cried, 'You have been a good mother to us!'

"Her face coloured again, her eyes kindled into a smile, and she whispered, 'You never said so before, John.' Then the light died, and she was gone!"

"How many men and women sacrifice their own hopes and ambitions, their life itself, to their children, who receive it as a matter of course, and begrudge a caress, a word of gratitude, in payment for all that has been given them.

Boys, when you come back from college, don't consider that your only relation to your father is to "get as much money as the governor will stand." Look at his gray hair, his uncertain step, his dim eyes, and remember in whose service he has grown old. You can never pay the debt you owe, but at least acknowledge it before it is too late.—*The Angelus.*

FOLLOWING CHRIST.

"NELLIE, does your father think you are a Christian?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you told him?"

"No, sir."

"How then does he know?"

"He sees."

"Sees what?"

"Sees I am a Christian, sir."

"How does he see that?"

"Sees I am a better girl."

"What else does he see?"

"Sees I love to read my Bible and to pray."

"Then you think he sees you are a Christian?"

"I know he does; he can't help it;" and with a modest, happy boldness she was sure her father knew she was a Christian, because he could not help seeing it in her life. Is not such the privilege of all God's people, to be sure that others see they are following Christ?

HOW OLD MUST I BE?

"MOTHER," a little child once said; "Mother, how old must I be before I can be a Christian?" And the wise mother answered, "How old will you have to be, darling, before you will love me?" "Why, mother, I always loved you. I do now love you, and I always shall," and she kissed her mother; "but you have not told me yet how old I shall have to be?" The mother made answer with another question: "How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and to my care?"

"I always did," she answered, and kissed her mother again; "but tell what I want to know," and she climbed into her mother's lap and put her arms about her mother's neck. The mother asked again, "How old will you have to be before you can do what I want you to do?" Then the child whispered, half guessing what her dear mother meant, "I can now, without growing any older." Then her mother said: "You can be a Christian now, my darling, without waiting to be older. All you have to do is to love and trust and try to please the One who says, 'Let the little ones come unto me.' Don't you want to begin now?" The child whispered, "Yes." Then they both knelt down, and the mother prayed, and in her prayer she gave unto Christ her little one who wanted to be his.

I DON'T CARE.

BERTIE is a little boy who has a bad way of saying, "I don't care." One day Aunt Nell said to him, "Bertie, will you do an errand for me?"

"O yes, ma'am!" cried he; "what is it?"

"Take your naughty 'don't care' away up in the garret, and hide it?"

Bertie laughed, and then looked sober. Then he said, "I will, Aunt Nell," and away he ran. I think he must have hidden it very carefully, for he hasn't found it yet. Now, if any more of my little ones have such naughty things, I hope they will hide them too.

PREPARING FOR HEAVEN.

"MAMMA," said a little child, "my Sunday-school teacher tells me that this world is only a place in which God lets us live awhile, that we may prepare for a better world. But, mother, I do not see anybody preparing. I see you preparing to go into the country, and Aunt Eliza is preparing to come here; but I do not see anyone preparing to go there. Why don't they try to get ready?"

Reader, are you making any preparations?

A WISE little girl believed that the stars were the children of the moon. Her mother wanted her to go to bed one night before she felt quite sleepy enough to go willingly. "But the moon hasn't sent her children to bed yet," objected the little astronomer, petulantly. It so happened that a storm was brewing, and heavy clouds were gathering in the heavens. "Go and see if she hasn't," said her mother. The little head was immediately popped out of the window, and the sky was scanned eagerly. "Well, I guess I've got to go to bed now," she said; after the survey, the moon is covering up her children, and tucking them in."