

He hoped they would not spare him, and that he should always be ready with God's help, to do all in his power for them."—*Church Bells.*

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

It is said of the late John Quincy Adams that he never went to bed without repeating this little prayer, the first taught him by the mother whose memory was so dear to him to the last.

There is a little poem descriptive of a child saying this prayer that is among the tenderest in our language, and we give it below. It is from *Putnam's Magazine*:

Golden head, so lowly bending;
Little feet, so white and bare;
Dewy eyes, half shut, half opened—
Lisping out her evening prayer.
Well she knows when she is saying,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
'Tis to God that she is praying,
Praying Him her soul to keep.
Half asleep and murmuring faintly,
"If I should die before I wake"—
Tiny fingers clasped so saintly—
"I pray the Lord my soul to take."
O the rapture, sweet, unbroken,
Of the soul who wrote that prayer!
Children's myriad voices floating
Up to heaven, record it there.
If, all that has been written,
I could choose what might be mine,
It should be that child's petition,
Rising to the throne divine.

DAISY'S BROKEN PROMISE.

BY M. M. FRIEND.

It never would have happened if Daisy had not gone to the circus.

True, she had been a tomboy all her life which was a great pity, for there were few prettier girls than Daisy Madison with her great, brown eyes with their sweeping lashes, her rosy cheeks and her long golden curls which reached her waist.

Perhaps if she had had a gentle mother to remonstrate with her, she would not have been so wild, but when Daisy was a little baby the angels had come and borne her mamma on their wings to Heaven.

So Daisy went to live with her grandmother, where there was lots of grown up uncles and aunts, but no children but herself, and of course she was a great pet with them.

"Let the child alone," her grandmother would say when any of Daisy's aunts would begin to reprove her for her wild ways; "trouble will come to her soon enough. I was an orphan child myself, so I know the hardships a motherless girl has to undergo."

Consequently Daisy had grown up as a flower with nobody to check her own wild will any more than her namesakes in the meadows.

Before she could speak plainly she would race down the street riding her tricycle and screaming at the top of her voice, "Cademy wats!" "Cademy wats!" at the children as they were dismissed from the public schools in the afternoon.

How she made the arches of her grandmother's grand old Southern home ring with the music of her childish voice! What fun she had hiding behind the wall that divided the hall, and springing out to frighten some of the grown people! And what sport it was to play hide and seek in a house where there were so many niches and corners to hide in that the children who came to see her knew nothing about! Rainy days were Daisy's delight, for then she could play marbles on the broad front

galleries which were paved with circles and diamonds of colored stones, or she could skate in the ballroom in the highest story of the house, or dress up in the silks and satins dresses packed away in the trunks up there, or slide down the mahogany banisters of the grand old winding staircase leading from the parlor to the roof.

"Daisy is a brick," said her Uncle John. "Nobody can get lonely when she is around."

It was a wonder that she did not meet with many accidents, she was so wild. She had a large Newfoundland, named Bruno, who was just her own age—nine years; but though a girl of nine is still a child, a dog of the same number of years is considered rather old; and Bruno seemed to feel the dignity of old age, and always went about with Daisy to protect her.

Once, when Daisy was down at Frascati at a picnic, she went out in a row-boat with a party of friends, and, dancing about as usual in the boat, she lost her balance and fell into the bay, and she might have gone to the bottom if Bruno had not seized her by the dress and dragged her to the shore.

After that happened the Madison family never felt uneasy about Daisy when she was away from home if Bruno was with her.

At one time of her life Daisy's health became a little bad, so Dr. Nott, the family physician, said she must ride a great deal on horseback, so Uncle John bought her a pony as black as ink, without a white hair on him. Daisy named him Smut, and she soon learned to ride beautifully, and she used to race all over the country, with Bruno always at her pony's heels.

In October the circus came to the city in which Daisy lived, and of course her kindhearted Uncle John took her to it, and she saw all the animals and the fine horses and the ladies who rode them, with spangled tarlatan skirts on.

But the part which gave Daisy most pleasure was where the girl jumped through the paper hoop, alighting on the horse's back every time. The child fairly screamed with delight, and clapped her hands with all her might.

"It looks easy enough to do," she thought. "I ride so well I am sure I could do it. At any rate I mean to try."

For days afterwards she practiced riding Smut at full speed around an old race track out back of the cemetery, where there was never anybody to look at her, and she soon learned to ride bareback standing, and to leap in the air and alight safely on Smut's back.

"I am perfect in my lesson now," she thought. "To-morrow I will jump through the hoop."

The afternoon came, and the Madisons, who were a great family for driving, were all going down the Bay road, the mother and daughters in the carriage, and each of the sons in a buggy with his sweetheart.

Just before they started Daisy's Aunt Ellen took her aside and gave her a little lecture.

"Now, Daisy," she said very kindly, putting her arm around her niece's shoulder, "you are really getting too large to be so wild. You must really try to be more ladylike. Promise me that you will not race your pony through the streets, or do anything of which you know we would disapprove."

"I promise," said Daisy, in order to get rid of her aunt. But she turned her head aside to hide the blush that reddened her cheeks, for she knew that this very afternoon she was going to perform the wildest action of her life, and up to this time she had been a truthful child, and it hurt her very much to tell her first story.

But it did not stop her from doing what she had intended to do, although she knew it was wicked of her to do it. You all know how hard it is to slacken your pace when you are running down a hill. Well, Daisy found it just as hard to give up her desire to do what she

thought was wrong; for her bad angel whispered to her, "Do it, Daisy, do it. I would not give up my pleasure for a cross old aunt."

And the good angel that watches over the right shoulder of children, ah, where was he? Well, Daisy did not breathe a prayer for him as we all ought to do when we are tempted, or he would have come flying through the air to help her. For when he heard her tell that story, he was grieved at her wickedness, so he went away and covered his face with his wings and wept.

So Daisy waited until the carriage was out of sight, and then she hung her rolling hoop around Smut's neck, and put some tissue paper and a little box of flour paste the cook had made her into her pocket, and then she rode away as fast as her pony could carry her to the plains.

She met no one on the way, and she reached the lonely old race track, which was far from the main road, in safety.

Then she dismounted and pasted the tissue paper over her hoop. While she was waiting for the paste to dry, she practiced running Smut around the track, standing up on his bare back, and leaping higher in the air each time.

"I am in splendid training, am I not, Bruno?" she said to the Newfoundland who was always at Smut's heels. "I will perform the act so beautifully, I wish some of the children could be here to see me. It would be like a real circus to them."

Her hoop was ready, so she stood on tip-toe on Smut's back and hung it to one of the poles with a straight bar attached that had been put up on the track to hold the rings that the young men took off on their lances when they were practicing for the State Fair.

"You will carry me through safely, won't you Smut, you dear, old fellow?" she said, patting his neck.

Smut neighed in reply, which meant, "I will certainly do my best."

The pony kept his promise to Daisy much better than she had kept the one she had made to her aunt. He carried her safely under the hoop and when she made the leap through the hoop, I am very sure it was not the pony's fault that she did not jump far enough, and land in the middle of his back, instead of on the tip end, where of course she fell off, and struck her foot against a pile of rocks, and "snap" went her ankle bone.

Oh, how frightened poor little Daisy was, and how she suffered and cried! There was no one to hear her and come to help her, for there were no houses near the race track, and no one was passing by. The blood was streaming from the cut the sharp stones had made in her tender flesh, so she had to take her own little handkerchief and bind it tightly above the bleeding part, as she had seen Uncle John do when he cut his finger; and after awhile she saw a spider's web hanging low enough on a bush for her to reach it, so she staunched the wound with that.

But she felt so weak from the loss of blood and pain that she was afraid she would faint; and she wondered, in a frightened mood, how on earth anybody could find her when they had no idea where she was, and whether she would have to spend the whole night in this lonely place, and whether anything would come out of the woods and hurt her.

Smut stood by her and looked at her with his great pitying eyes as if he would like to say:

"Poor, dear, little Daisy, how sorry I am for you, and how I wish some one was near to put you on my back and carry you home."

But the wish was in vain, and as neither had hands to help her, Smut slowly and sadly walked home. Perhaps he thought that his going home without his rider would make the family uneasy about Daisy, and cause them to search for her.

But Daisy had so often thrown the bridle around his neck and sent him home and gone