

A FOOLISH BOY—NOT YOU?

ONCE a careless little boy
Lost his ball at play,
And because the ball was gone,
Throw his bat away.

Yes, he did a foolish thing,
You and I agree;
But I know another boy
Not more wise than he.

He is old, this other boy—
Old and wise as you—
Yet, because he lost his kite,
He lost his temper, too.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 24, 1888.

BETTER THAN A PRIZE.

A BOY in a school was trying for a prize, and not being clever in arithmetic he could not do the sum set; so he was tempted to look secretly at the answers in a book he had with him, when the master's back was turned. By this means he got the highest marks, and would have had the prize. But something kept continually whispering to him, "You are a cheat and a thief, deceiving the master, and robbing the boy who deserves it of the prize."

At last he could bear it no longer, and went to the master and confessed what he had done, and so lest the prize, though he gained something better worth having, which was a clear conscience.

Now, who spoke to that boy so loudly and clearly that he was forced to go and confess his sin? It was his conscience, some of you would say. Aye, but it was something greater than conscience. It was in very truth God calling to him through his conscience, and it was well for him that at last he heard and obeyed.

A SAVIOUR FOR NINE YEARS OLD.

A LITTLE girl went to church one Sabbath. She listened with all her might. Mr. Adams preached to grown-up people, so I don't know how much of the sermon she took for herself; but when she went home she said, "Mother, is Jesus a Saviour for a little girl nine years old?" Her mother, I know, said, "Yes, indeed;" and lest some other little child might think the same question, I want to say, "Yes, indeed." Jesus is a Saviour for a little girl nine years old. He was once nine years old himself, and knows the sins and sorrows of nine years old. He knows just how you feel. He knows what vexes you. He knows your little trials and temptations. He knows what makes you glad and when you are happy. He can feel for you. He can carry your little sorrows for you. He can take away the evil of your heart, and give you his Holy Spirit to make you good and happy.

He is a Saviour also for ten years, and twelve years, and for a child of one year, and two years, and three, and so all the way up. He was a babe in his mother's arms, and a boy at his mother's knees; he worked and studied and played as you do, and knows all about you; and he died upon the cross to save you, my little one. You need not be afraid to go to him and tell him all your wants, and thank him for all your enjoyments. He is not a stranger to you. There is nobody in the world so much interested in you as he is; nobody watches you so constantly or loves you so tenderly; and though Peter and John and several others saw him go up to heaven, yet, being God as well as man, he is still on earth, blessing the little children.

"O give, then, to Jesus
Your earliest days;
They only are blessed
Who walk in his ways.
In life and in death
He will still be your friend;
For whom Jesus loves
He loves to the end."

"DID YOU SAY GRACE?"

A LITTLE four-year-old boy, whose parents were not in the habit of invoking the blessing of God at table, had occasion to spend a few days at his grandmother's, where he soon learned to appreciate the blessed privilege of hearing grace said before partaking of food. But one day his grandmother happened to be absent, and he as usual took his seat at the table with the rest of the family, and reverently bowed his little head; but observing the rest begin to eat, he raised his head and quietly asked, "Did you say g'ace?"

Dear children, this little boy was afterward taken sick, and borne by angels to the bosom of Him who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not;" and in this blissful abode, where he is able to partake of angels' food, does he have to ask this solemn question? And you who have pious parents who do not fail to gather round the family altar morning and evening and offer thanks to him who cares for all, and thank him at the table for the food he has given you to eat, do not fail to appreciate this blessed privilege. Remember there are thousands of little children who never hear prayer to God ascend from the lips of their parents, and thousands more of heathen children who do not so much as know there is a God; and when prayer and thanksgiving are being offered to God by those who love you best in this world, do not fail to let your hearts ascend in thankfulness to him for the blessed privileges you enjoy, and also offer a silent prayer for little children who never hear it pronounced from the lips of their parents.

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 mi e of a figure in 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 lay quiet for 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 as hard as a stone. I can't think what ails it."

"I know," answered Annie, in her sweet, serious way.

"What?"

"There's no prayer in it."

For a second or too 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 afterward 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.*