

Keep the door of my lips.

Psalm cxli. 3.

**SOMETHING HE FORGOT.**

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

**A** LITTLE boy named Frederick  
One day not long ago,  
Sprang brightly up at peep of day,  
With rosy cheeks aglow.  
He felt so happy, well and strong,  
So fearless and so free,  
A braver boy than Frederick,  
You would go far to see.

He washed his face, he combed his hair,  
His coat he buttoned tight,  
And forth he strolled with merry steps,  
A valiant little knight.  
And all day long he meant should be,  
Without a stain or spot,  
Alas, this little Frederick  
Had something quite forgot !

And so, for all his brave intent,  
The day went wrong with Fred,  
And folks were cross, and blame was poured  
Upon his youthful head.  
He failed in school, he failed at home,  
His heart grew very sad,  
And up to bed at night he crept,  
A mournful little lad.

I wonder what the reason was !  
Perhaps the angels knew,  
Who watched him with their loving eyes,  
When sleep came soft as due.  
"Our Father," by his bed he said,  
Because the dark was nigh,  
And in the dark who does not need  
The gracious friend on high ?

Ah well ! 'tis not at night alone  
We need our Father's care !  
How can we meet the busy day  
Without a word of prayer ?  
'Twas this our little Frederick  
In morning's prime forgot,  
And this that dimmed the happy day  
Where humble prayer was not.

Oh, not alone in strength of man  
Must he go forth to fight  
Who in this world of sin would be  
A true and valiant knight.  
But aye when morning's silver ray  
Awakes to joyous life  
Remember, only those who pray  
Shall conquer in the fight.

**THE SEARCHER OF HEARTS.**

I am He which searcheth the  
reins and hearts; and I will  
give unto every one of you  
according to your works.

Rev. ii. 23.

**HOW ARTIE HELPED.**

**L**ITTLE Artie and his two brothers lived some distance from town, and in the winter were left at home while their parents went to the Methodist meeting; where sometimes the father's hearty "Amen!" told how much he enjoyed the sermon. One cold Sunday the children were left at home with many cautions to be careful, yet hardly were the parents out of sight, before the woodwork of the house, near the stove-pipe, was found to be on fire. It was out of their reach, but with wonderful activity the eldest got upon the table and in a few moments put out the fire.

When the father and mother returned, they shuddered at the danger to which their dear ones had been exposed, and with thankful hearts praised them for their courage. "How did you manage, Tommy, to reach the fire?" asked their father.

"Why," said Tommy, "I pushed the table up to the wall, and got upon that."

"And did you help brother, Jimmy?"

"Yes, Sir; I brought him a pail of water, and handed him the dipper."

"And what did you do?" said the proud father to his pet, the youngest of the group.

"Well, papa," said Artie, "you see I was too small to help put out the fire, and so just stood by and hollered 'Amen!'"

—Kind Words.

Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.

Psalm cxix. 117.