

singing, perhaps, they enjoy most, and those churches which make a practice of having a hymn especially for them in the morning service, do wisely in thus encouraging the little tots to "make a joyful noise unto the Lord", in words suited to their understandings and in melodies which appeal to them.

As, at a dinner table, children may find some of the courses too rich for their digestions, while there is much that will be nourishing and palatable, so there will be few sermons in which there are not many little bits that come within the range of their small minds. They might be encouraged to memorize the text, and a harmless rivalry might be developed amongst them in seeing which can remember the most of the sermon.

It is given to very few who have left childhood behind to realize "the long, long thoughts" of the little ones there, and we may not know just what seed may lodge and germinate in their hearts, it may be after many years. So, when the Master, by the hands of His faithful ministers, scatters the seed, let the little ones be in their places to receive it.

St. John. N.B.

### " Me, Too, Daddy "

A TRUE STORY

By H. Margaret Fairlie

The little boy and his father were in a big store late on Saturday afternoon.

There was one parcel big enough for father to carry, and the other one was just the right size to tuck under the little boy's arm.

"Let me carry 'em bof", said the little fellow, when they got out on the busy street, looking up, unafraid, at the big parcel in his father's hand. Father smiled down at his willing little "transfer man", and handed the big parcel to him.

The sturdy little legs tried hard to keep up to father's big ones, but it was hard work, when he couldn't put one hand in Daddy's—and then, part of the way was up hill—and—well—the big parcel seemed to get bigger and bigger every step he took. Perhaps he

wouldn't be *very much* of a baby if he let father carry the *big* one!

"Daddy, I guess I'll let you carry 'iss one", he faltered, at last, and the big parcel was transferred to his father's arms.

The brave little fellow trudged on; but the sun seemed to get hotter and hotter, and his arm, how it ached and ached! Even the little parcel seemed big now, and—perhaps Daddy wouldn't mind very much, he was so big and strong!

"'Iss is *pretty* heavy too", he gasped, and father bent down, and the two parcels were soon keeping one another company in his big, kind arms.

A long sunny hill came down to meet the shady street, and the little boy and his father had to climb it before they got home to mother.

There were little prickly hot spots in his head now, and his tongue seemed dry and sore; it was hard to swallow—and the hill—oh! it looked so far away to the top!

"Carry *me* too, Daddy", he faltered, at length, and the tired, brave little fellow was bundled into his father's waiting arms. They were big enough for baby, bundles and all.

And the last little bundle somehow felt that Daddy knew he had tried hard, *hard*. Kingston, Ont.

### Who was the Little Prince ?

Once upon a time, there was a little Prince, who lived in very evil days. The king died, and a very wicked woman made herself queen. And, so that there might be no one to put her off the throne, she killed all the princes and princesses that belonged to the dead king's family. But a good woman hid this little Prince from the wicked queen, but she did not know that he was saved. Now, all the people hated the queen for what she had done; so a good priest took the little Prince, and gathered together all the soldiers, and made him king. Then they took the wicked queen, and put her to death. The little Prince was only seven years old when he was crowned as king. But he grew up to be a good and wise ruler, and taught his people to worship God. *Who was the little Prince ?*