

- 8. Importance.—Luke 6, 12; 11, 8-10; 21, 35; 18, 1; 1 Thes. 5, 17.
- 9. Unity.—Matt. 18, 19; Rom. 15, 30; 2 Cor. 1, 11; Phil. 1, 4, 19.
- 10. According to Divine Will.—1 Jno. 5, 14, 15.
- 11. In Christ's Name.—Jno. 14, 13; 15, 16.
- 12. Thanksgiving.—Col. 4, 2; Neh. 11, 17.
- 13. Forgiving Spirit.—Matt. 5, 23, 24; 6, 14, 15; Mark 11, 25.

The above outline will be too much for one meeting; but it is given in the hope that its study may bring to the minds and hearts of many the true Scripture teaching of prayer as illustrated in the examples cited.

On Guard.

You have a little prisoner,
He's nimble, sharp, and clever,
He's sure to get away from you,
Unless you watch him ever.

And when he once gets out he makes
More trouble in an hour,
Than you can stop in many a day,
Working with all your power.

He sets your playmates by the ears,
He says what isn't so,
And uses many ugly words
Not good for you to know.

Quick, fasten tight the ivory gates,
And chain him while he's young!
For this same dangerous prisoner
Is just—your little tongue.

—Priscilla Leonard.

Thistle in Jack's Heart.

"If I were a farmer," said Jack to his mother, "I wouldn't let any old thistles grow in my fields. I wouldn't have anything but the best grain and fruit."

"But how about the field you do own?" asked his mother very seriously. "I thought I saw a thistle sprouting up in it the other day."

"The field I do own?" asked Jack, in surprise.

"The other day I heard you say, 'Plague take it,' an expression I never heard you say before. I said: 'Some one has sown a thistle in Jack's heart.' Our lives are fields given us by God. Our parents and teachers are trying to sow good seed, so that nothing but the grain and fruit may grow in them. Are we helping them?—Junior World.

How Blind Children Play.

Many young people who have good eyesight of their own will be interested to learn how little folks who have no sight at all can get on. A writer in "Little Folks" gives a very interesting account of their doings:

"At the place called Swiss Cottage, in the northern part of London, there is a large and splendid building called the Blind School. Many of the blind boys and girls of London are sent to this school to be taught to read and write and to learn some kind of work, so that when they grow up they may be able to earn their own living. A visit to this blind school is a very interesting and wonderful experience. When the author of this article went with his friend, the photographer, they were shown into a large play-ground. A number of girls were playing together, and at first it was impossible to believe that they were blind. Most of them were romping about just like ordinary children with eyesight. They never ran into one another, nor stumbled against corners, so that they seemed to see exactly where they were going. Several of them were playing

with skipping-ropes, laughing and shouting with great enjoyment. Two girls would wind the rope slowly and steadily, until another girl would run in and begin to skip, while the rope turned faster and faster, and at last the skipper was out of breath. And yet these girls were blind! How did they manage to run toward the rope just at the right time and not get entangled, or jump at the wrong moment? That is a puzzle for little folks who can see when they skip!"

"What You Are."

A little boy was on the scales, and, being very anxious to outweigh his playmate, he puffed out his cheeks and swelled up like a little frog. But the playmate was the wiser boy. "O ho!" he cried in scorn, "that doesn't do any good; you can only weigh what you are!" How true that is of us bigger children, who try to impress ourselves upon our neighbors and friends, and even upon ourselves, and, yes—sometimes upon God Almighty, by the virtues we would like to scorn, "I doesn't do any good. You may impose upon your neighbor's judgment, and get him to say you are a fine fellow—noble, generous, brave, faithful, loving; but if it is not deeply true, if you are not generous, brave, and loving, these fancied qualities are not moving him to be generous, brave, and loving. You can only weigh what you are."—The Wellspring.

Birthday Exercises.

Do you observe the birthdays in your society? Unless the Sunday-school has already inaugurated the custom, we would suggest that the Junior Society adopt the plan. Have a "birthday box" for missions, into which, on the Sunday preceding or following the birthday, as may seem best to you, each child shall place as many pennies as he or she is years old. Make a little special service of this, with song and prayer. From The Baptist Teacher we select two songs, the first especially appropriate as a marching song when the child is one of the younger Juniors; the second equally appropriate as a prayer song for the older boys and girls:

'A birthday, a birthday, with happy hearts we sing;
An offering, an offering, in cheerful hands we bring;
May God care for —, and send blessings from above
On this gift of thankfulness, praise, and of love.

These pennies for children who pray to wood and stone,
To tell them of Jesus, who wants them for his own;
We thank thee, dear Saviour, for making us to be
Thy servants, in telling the children of thee."

"For our pleasant birthdays,
While we gladly sing,
For our years so happy,
Lord, our gifts we bring.

"For thy love, dear Saviour,
For thy tender care,
Thankful hearts we give thee;
Hear our birthday prayer."

Japanese Children.

Twice a year the children have a festival all their own. The boys' festival occurs on May 5, which is the festival of Hachiman, the god of war. The girls' holiday takes place on March 3. Every "dolls' shop in the large cities is decked with tiny models of people and things, and the happy children swarm delightedly

in and out of the shops. During the boys' holiday the towns are adorned with immense paper carps (fish), floating in the air from poles, after the manner of flags. They vary in size from the largest, which represents the eldest male in the house, down to the smallest, which stands for the baby son. The significance of this pretty custom is as follows: As the carp swims up the river against the current, so will the sturdy boy, overcoming every obstacle in his pathway, rise to fame and fortune.—Youth and Age.

You Will Never Be Sorry.

For using gentle words.
For doing your best.
For being kind to the poor.
For looking before leaping.
For hearing before judging.
For thinking before speaking.
For harboring clean thoughts.
For standing by your principles.
For asking pardon when in error.
For being generous to an enemy.
For showing courtesy to your seniors.
For making others happy.
For being kind to animals.

Grow Straight.

While boys and girls are growing they are forming their figure for life. Drooping the shoulders a little, drooping the head as one walks, standing unevenly, so that one hip sinks more than the other, do not lead to form a straight figure or a graceful, easy carriage.

An easy way to practice walking well is to start out right. Just before you leave the house walk up to the wall, and see that your toes, chest and nose touch it at once, then in that attitude walk away. Keep your head up and your chest out and your shoulders and back will take care of themselves.

A southern school teacher used to instruct her pupils to walk always as if trying to look over the top of an imaginary carriage just in front of them. It was good advice, for it kept the head well raised.

A Boy's Influence.

"I wonder why Samuel Darrow is so much loved?" said a visitor at the house of a friend of the Darrows, "it's 'cause Sam loves everybody."

"How do you know Sam loves everybody?"

"'Cause I see he does. Now, there's little Jim Blake, his father drinks, and sometimes Jim don't bring any lunch to school. Then Sam divides his lunch with little Jim always. And when the boys made fun of Jim Short because his elbows were out, Sam gave 'em a look that they won't forget in a hurry."

"A look! What would boys care for a look?"

"Well, sir, if you'd seen Sam's look you'd understand. It was just as if he'd said: 'Now, ain't you 'shamed of yourselves—making fun of a poor little fellow, who wears the best he's got?'"

"Doesn't that look of Sam's make the boys angry?"

"No, sir, it makes 'em ashamed, and they like Sam the better for it."

"What else does Sam do?"

"Oh, I couldn't begin to tell you all he does, but he's for ever doin' something for somebody. That day tiny Dick Mills got hurt, Sam carried him all the way home in his arms 'n' Dick just loves Sam. When Bert Brown broke his leg, Sam went to see him every day; and when Billy Chester was sick you'd ought to 've seen the nice things Sam took him."