

Children's Corner.

EVERY DAY.

There's a prayer that should be said,
And a book that should be read,
Every day!

There's a work that should be wrought,
And a battle must be fought,
Every day;

And duties to be done,
And victories to be won,
As soars and sets the sun,
Every day;

There's a cross that must be borne,
And a thorny chaplet worn,
Every day;

But the morning follows night,
And from darkness issues light,
Every day;

If in patience we are strong,
We shall not suffer long,
But beat down fraud and wrong,
Every day!

There's a prayer that should be said,
"Give to us our daily bread,"
Every day;

While we grapple with the sin,
That beats us most within,
Every day;

And the race so blithely run,
And the strife so stoutly won,
We may rest—our duty done—
Every day!

TURNING POINTS.

"The entrance of Thy words giveth light."—Ps. cxix. 130.

A very profane shopman crams into his pocket a leaf of a Bible, and reads the last words of Daniel: "Go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days," and begins to think what his own lot will be when days are ended.

A Gottingen professor opens a big printed Bible to see if he has eyesight enough to read it, and alights on the passage, "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not," and

in reading it the eyes of his understanding are enlightened.

Cromwell's soldier opens his Bible to see how far the musket-ball has pierced, and finds it stopped at the verse: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thy heart and the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

And in a frolic the Kentish soldier opens a Bible which his broken-hearted mother had sent him, and the first sentence that is seen is the text, so familiar in boyish days: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden," and the weary profligate repairs for rest to Jesus Christ.

WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING?

A little girl went home from church, full of what she had seen and heard. Sitting at the table with the family, she asked her father, who was a very wicked man, whether he prayed. He did not like the question, and in an angry manner replied: "Is it your mother or your aunt Sally who has put you up to that?"

"No, father," said the child; "the preacher said that all good people pray, and those who don't pray cannot be saved. Father, do you pray?"

This was more than the father could stand, and in a rough way he said: "Well, you and your mother and aunt Sally may go your way, and I will go mine."

"Father," said the little creature, with great simplicity, "Which way are you going?"

This question pierced his heart. It flashed upon him that he was in the sure way to death. He started from his chair, burst into tears, and began to pray for mercy.

"Which way are you going?"

JUDGMENTS are prepared for scorers, and stripes for the back of fools.