

"Perhaps I can help you to build one, though I am not a minister," said the gentleman, who always had one himself, and, after a little more talk, the man handed him an old family Bible. He read, and they sung a Psalm, and all knelt. The gentleman prayed first, then the man prayed, and the wife and children prayed, for it seemed as if each wanted to have a little part in building up the family altar.

"Sir," said the man, when they arose, "there's many an emigrant that loses his family altar before he gets here, and after, too. Sir, it's a great loss."

Yes, many family altars are lost. Some are lost in politics, some in travelling, some in moving, some in the hurry of the harvest, some at stores and shops. It is an unspeakable loss. Abraham kept his, yet never family travelled more and moved oftener than his. But wherever he pitched his tent, he set up his family altar, and called upon the Lord, and the Lord blessed him.

Children, as well as parents, have an interest in keeping the family altar. Don't let it be lost. If father forgets, let the children gently and respectfully remind him—"Father, we have not yet thanked God for his goodness." No praying father, I am sure, but will thank a child for thus helping him in his duties.

It is good to sing, and praise, and pray around the family altar. "Blest be the tie that binds" a family altar. They are dearer to each other for being near to God.—*Sel.*

HELPING THE MINISTER.

"There was one thing that helped me very much while I preached to day," said a minister, once.

"What was that?" asked a friend.

"It was the quiet attention of a little girl who sat and looked at me all the time I talked, and seemed to try to understand what I said. She was a great help to me."

Think of that, dear little ones, when mamma and papa take you to church, and see if you can't help the minister, too.

BOYS, READ THIS.

Many people seem to forget that character grows—that it is not something to put on ready-made with womanhood or manhood, but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy. Let us see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is too late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forget; I didn't think," will never be a reliable man; and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman.—*Busy Bee.*

LITTLE WORKERS.

Little children can be workers
In the vinyard of the Lord;
If they do their labor gladly,
They will find a rich reward.

They can gather from the by-ways
Children wandering in sin,
Telling them the gates of heaven
Wait to welcome wanderers in

They can tell the poor and needy
Of the sins the Saviour bore,
That they might be heirs of heaven,
Poor and needy nevermore.

They can scatter smiles of sunshine
In the pathways where they tread,
And the world will be the better
For the kind words they have said.

Little workers for the Master,
Great will be your last reward,
When you enter in rejoicing
To the kingdom of the Lord.