



**CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.**

God has kept us through the night;  
He, too, sends us morning light,  
Keep us, Lord, another day:  
Thy commands help us obey,  
Bless us, sleeping or awake;  
This we ask for Jesus' sake.

**WHO IS YOUR MASTER?**

SOME months ago five little boys were busily employed one Saturday afternoon in tidying up the garden at the back of their house, receiving now and then kind words of advice and encouragement from their father, who was preparing part of the ground for seeds. All went well for an hour or so, until, hearing some dispute, I went out to settle it if I could.

"Well, what is the matter, Fred?" I asked the eldest boy.

"David wants to drive as well as Charley," he replied, placing a basket of stones on a make-believe cart.

"Well, Charley, why not let your brother be master with you?" I expected an answer from the young driver; but, after glancing at me to ascertain whether I spoke in earnest or not, little Philip (the horse) pulled the bit from his mouth, and said,

"Well, D., how silly you are! how can I have two masters? The one would say 'Gee,' and the other 'Whoa,' then what a muddle there would be!"

I perceived the wisdom of the child's remark, so I arranged some other plan whereby little David was happily engaged, and then left the garden. But the boy's words reminded me of the words of the Lord Jesus: "No man can serve two masters." Dear boys and girls, you cannot have both Christ and Satan for your master. Choose you this day whom ye will serve.

**GRACE'S CURE.**

GRACE CARR had a bad trait. When told that she must not do a thing she would say, "Oh yes, I want to," or, "I will if I want to."

She went out to a farm to see some friends. It was all so new—the trees, green grass, hens and pigs—that she was delighted. For a few days all went well, then one day she went to a barn a long way from the house to see her friend Guy Grayson set a trap for rats. It was a steel trap and had sharp teeth.

"Now, Grace," said Guy, "you must not touch this trap; if you should get your hand or foot in it, you would be hurt, oh, so bad!"

"Let me try and see how it goes—play I am a rat," replied the naughty child.

Guy gave her a push and said, "Stop! you must not."

With pouts that spoiled her lips Grace went off, and in not a sweet voice said, "I guess I will if I want to."

She ran to a swing made for her in the door of a grapehouse. Soon Guy heard her sing, and knew that her grief was not deep. But she let that trap stay in her mind, and when Guy had gone into the house she thought she would go and see if a rat had been caught. No: there it was with the bait. She did not think it would snap quick, it took so long to set it; she would just stir the bait. Ah! there was no need or time for more. Snap it went, and caught her whole hand. It hurt her so badly that she could not cry out for some time, and when she did she was too far from the house to be heard; so there she lay while Guy read a long story. Then he went out to look at his trap, and there he found poor Grace. She had such a sore hand! But it was her cure. The lesson was sharp and severe, but effectual. She did not say those wrong words, but would mind at once.

—E. G. Hard.

**FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.**

THERE was once a little coloured nurse girl left to mind a baby. The father and mother of the baby were out, and the little nurse was alone with it in the house. She sung to it, and rocked it to sleep, and while it was sleeping quietly, she went to put the dining-room in order. A storm was coming up, and the wind began to blow very hard. Hepty closed the windows, and then continued her work.

Pretty soon there was a smell of fire. Hepty looked around but could see nothing. Then she went to the nursery and found the room in flames. The wind had blown

a bump over, and caused the fire. Her first thought was for the baby.

"My baby! I must save my baby," she cried. Wrapping a blanket around the baby, she groped her way to the door, almost blinded and suffocated by the smoke. She made her way down stairs, and got as far as the door. There she met the parents of the baby, who took it from her, and she sank down insensible. The fire was soon put out, the baby was uninjured, but poor Hepty was burned so badly that she died in a few days. Just before she died, she asked if the baby was safe. When told that it was, she said, "I'm so glad!" Then she said to her mistress, "I'm going to die; but my Father's coming for me." He soon came and took her home.

Dear children, our heavenly Father sometimes allows his children to suffer and die in doing their duty. But we must expect to suffer in this world if we are his. He will comfort and help us; and if we are faithful to the end, he will give us a crown in heaven.

**TWO WAYS.**

THERE are two ways of coming down from the top of a church-steeple; one is to jump down, and the other is to come down by the steps—but both will lead to the bottom. So, also, there are two ways of going to hell. One is to walk into it with your eyes open—few people do that; the other is to go down by the steps of little sins—and that way is very common. Put up with a few little sins and you will soon want a few more. Well did Jeremy Taylor describe the progress of sin in a man: "First it startles him, then it becomes pleasing, then easy, then delightful, then frequent, then habitual, then confirmed; then the man is impenitent, then obstinate, then resolves never to repent, and then he is damned."—*Methodist Recorder.*

**WHAT WILL YOU DO?**

THERE are more than 300,000,000 children in heathen lands who have no Bible and no knowledge of Christ.

Are you too young to help them? Remember:

That Jesus was but twelve years old when he expressed a desire to be about his "Father's business."

That Samuel was a mere "child" when he "ministered unto the Lord before Eli."

That Queen Esther was but a girl "in her teens" when she staked her life on an effort to save her people.

That Josiah was but eight years old when he became king, and that at seventeen "he began to seek after the God of David, his father."