



DESTRUCTION OF SODOM AND GOMORRAH.
Read the account of this in Genesis xi, 12-29.

OUR FATHER KNOWETH.

"O PAPA!" cried little Daisy,
With a sadness in her eye,
As she saw the kernels scattered,
'Neath the heavy turf to lie.

"O papa!" cried little Daisy,
"Do not throw the wheat away;
It must be wrong, I think, to waste it;
It is good for food, you say."

Did the father cease from sowing?
No; he kissed her tears away,
Bade her wait until the autumn,
Showed her then the harvest gay.

Thus do we, like little children,
Raise our foolish, human cries,
When the wisdom of our Father
Some fond hope our heart denies.

Thus may God, in heaven's garner,
Show us treasures manifold,
That, were all our prayers granted,
We might never there behold.

So we pray in trustful accents,
As we journey day by day,
That his will may be accomplished
And his wisdom point the way.

FATHER'S PET.

JOHN HODGE was a hard-working man. He never was rich nor learned, but he was happy. He had no houses or gold to call his own, but he had a treasure that no money could buy. He called that treasure "Father's Pet." She was his little daughter, who loved him as he loved her. Every day she carried his dinner to him;

every night she watched for him to come home. She sung for him, and read to him. She was gentle and obedient, and was bright and warm as sunshine in the house. One day, when some man grumbled because rich men could have some things the poor men could not get, John Hodge said: "I thank God for things that are better than gold can buy, and that I can have as well as the equire."

"Why, what are they?" asked the other.
"Sunshine, and flowers blooming, and plenty of love at home, and such a gift as 'Father's Pet,'" said John Hodge.

A LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.

A LITTLE girl, four years of age, had been outdoors all day, and, being overtired, when she went to bed was very restless and could not sleep.

Her father, noticing her restlessness, went to see what was the matter, when she pleaded to be taken to her mother's room. Her father kindly placing her cot beside her mother's bed, made her comfortable, as he thought, for the night, and prepared to go to rest himself. But he was still troubled about his little child, for he could hear that she was not yet asleep. After lying still for some time, he heard her quietly crying, so he softly said:

"Are you still awake, darling?"

"Yes, dada," was the answer.

"What is the matter, my pet?"

"Oh, dada, me dare not go to sleep."

"Why not, dear? father and mother are here."

"Yes, dads, dear; but me did not see you

say your prayers—and how can you 'spect to be tept safe all night?" And she burst into tears, saying, "Dada, dada, do pray, do pray."

While trying to quiet her, the little brother, two years older, was awakened, and came trotting to the door to know what was the matter. The little girl cried out, "Oh, Charlie, me is afraid to go to sleep. Dada hasn't asked God to keep him safely—he did not pray."

The little boy then began also to cry; but he soon said, "Don't mind, Dot, dear, you and me will ask God to keep our dear dada safely."

So the two little ones knelt down to ask God, and the father felt obliged to do the same. It was the first time he had been on his knees in prayer for years, and the mother watched it all with tearful eyes and thankful heart.

The little girl's father said, only the other day—and it is now two years since it happened—"I shall never forget it—I cannot get away from it; had it not been for that child's grief and importunity, I should have been by this time an openly avowed unbeliever, sceptical doubts being constantly in my mind."

Still every night the little girl says to him, when bidding him good-night, "Dada, dear, you won't forget to pray, will you?"

SATISFIED.

WERE you ever satisfied? Did you ever have enough of everything, so that you did not want anything more? Perhaps you have been satisfied with your food, but wanted some new clothes. Perhaps you had all the clothes you wanted, but you were not well. Perhaps you were well, but some dear friend was gone—had died—and you were sorrowful. We think you were never yet satisfied in all things.

To be satisfied is to have all things just right—so have them as God would have them. The worldly-minded person is never satisfied with the things of this world, for where death is no one can be satisfied. And the Christian, who has great joy in the Lord, can certainly not be satisfied in this world; if he could be, then he need not seek the "world to come."

In the heavenly home, the "new earth," people will be satisfied. There will be nothing there to cause sorrow or dissatisfaction. Eternal life, joy, peace, righteousness—these are some of the things that will satisfy. No death nor sinning there! What a blessed home! The Psalmist wrote: "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness." (Ps. xvii. 15.)