

## Children's Corner.

### TEN ROBBER TOES.

There is a story that I have been told,  
And it's just as babies are old;  
For sweet Mother Eve, as every one knows,  
Told to her babies the tale of the toes.

Told to her babies how ten little toes,  
Each one as pink as the pinkest pink rose,  
Once on a time were naughty and bad,  
And sorrow and trouble in consequence had.

How the big toe wanted butter and bread,  
After his mamma had put him to bed,  
And this, lying next, said, "Sposing we go  
Down to the pantry, and get it, you know."

And this little toe cried, "Come along, quick;  
Let's sugar the butter ever so thick."  
And this naughty toe said, "Jelly for me  
Top of the butter and sugar, you see."

And this little toe cried, "Goody, let's go,  
We'll slip down the stairs so quiet and slow."  
So ten robber toes, all tipped with red,  
Stole silently out of their snowy white bed;

While this wicked toe, so jolly and fat,  
Helped nine naughty toes to pitty-pat-pat,  
Along the big hall, with pillars of white,  
And down the back stairs devoid of a light.

Then this little toe got a terrible scare,  
For he thought in the dark of a grizzly bear.  
And this little toe said, "Nurse must be right  
'Bout gobbles and witches living at night."

And this little toe said, "A fox may be hid  
In that hat-rack box right under the lid."  
And this little toe cried, "Dearie me, Oh!  
Lions and tigers are coming, I know."

Then mamma came out with the beautiful light,  
Caught ten robber toes all ready for flight.  
Yes she caught and she kissed those ten robber toes  
Till redder they were than any red rose.

### PRAYING IN HALF A ROOM.

In a large and respectable school near Boston, two boys, from different States and strangers to each other, were compelled by circumstances to room together. It was the beginning of the term, and the two students spent the first day in arranging their room and getting acquainted. When night came the younger of the two boys asked the other if he did not think it would be a good idea to close the day with a short reading from the Bible and a prayer. The request was modestly made without whining or cant of any kind. The other boy, however, bluntly refused to listen to the proposal.

"Then you will have no objection if I pray by myself, I suppose?" said the younger. "It has been my custom, and I wish to keep it up."

"I don't want any praying in this room, and I won't have it!" retorted his companion.

The younger boy rose slowly, walked to the middle of the room, and standing upon a seam in the carpet which divided the room nearly equally, said quietly:

"Half of this room is mine. I pay for it. You may choose which half you will have. I will take the other, and I will pray in that half or get another room. But pray I must and will, whether you consent or refuse."

The older boy was instantly conquered. To this day he admires the sturdy independence which claimed as a right what he had boorishly denied as a privilege. A Christian might as well ask leave to breathe as to ask permission to pray. There is a false sentiment connected with Christian actions which interferes with their free exercise. If there is anything to be admired, it is the manliness that knows the right, and dares to do it without asking any one's permission.

### DON'T JEST WITH THE BIBLE.

A gentleman of keen wit used often to point his remarks with some apt quotation from the Bible. A friend who greatly admired him was present in his last hours, and asked with deep sympathy what was the future outlook.

"Very gloomy, indeed," was his response. Surprised and deeply pained, his friend hastened to quote some precious promises suited to the solemn hour.

"I have spoiled them all for myself," was his answer. "There is not one but is associated with some jest."

His light went out in darkness, though his name was on the church roll. What a lesson is here for all who are willing to be taught by it! Lay it to heart.

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