Whildren's Worner.

Seeking for God.

MANY years ago, and long before any awakening took place in Skye, a young girl of little more than childish years, residing in a glen, which, during the revival of 1812, was distinguished by much divine power, became deeply impressed with the idea that God was not in her native isle. At the same time she was overcome with the feeling that she must go in pursuit of Him where He was to be found. She stole away from her home and country to the usual ferry to the mainland. She made no secret of her errand; and as her relations had taken up the opinion that she had become insane, little attempt was made to recall her. As soon as she was out of Skye she began to ask every passenger where she might find God, for that He was not in her country. Her question excited surprise; but as her manner expressed sincerity and deep earnestness, every one answered her soothingly, and was unwilling to interfere with the hallucination under which they conceived she laboured. At length she reached Inverness. The first person she met in the street was a lady, to whom she addressed her usual question. The lady was struck by her earnest manner, and engaged in conversation with her until assured of her sanity. "Come with me," at last the lady said, "perhaps I can bring you to where God is." She took her home, and next day being Sabbath took her to the house of God. the first time the Gospel was proclaimed in her hearing, and it came with power and blessing to her soul. She soon became a happy convert, and one of the brightest Christians of her day.

Ir you were willing to be as pleasant and as anxious to please in your own home as you are in the company of your neighbours, you would have the happiest home in the world.

Praise the Boy.

Toften costs one quite a struggle to do his simple duty; and when one does his simple duty in spite of his temptations to do differently, he deserves credit for his doing. One has no need to live long in this world before finding out this truth. A bright little boy about two and a-half years old recently showed that he apprehended it. He was on the eve of doing something that was very tempting to him.

"No, my son; you must not do that," said his father.

The little fellow looked as if he would like to do it in spite of his father's prohibition; but he triumphed over his inclination, and answered, resolutely:

"All right, papa, I won't do it."

There was no issue there, and the father turned to something else. The boy waited a minute, and then said, in a tone of surprised inquiry:

"Papa, why don't you tell me, 'That's a good boy?'"

The father accepted the suggestion, and commended his son accordingly. A just recognition of a child's well-doing is a parent's duty; even though the child's well-doing ought not to hinge on such a recognition. And, as with little folks, so with larger ones. Just commendation is every one's due. Even our Lord Himself has promised to say, "Well done," to every loved one of His who does well.

"Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles. Proud and haughty scorner is his name who dealeth in proud wrath."

—Prov. xxi. 23, 24.

It is a great ornament to a religion when the professors of it are of meek and quiet spirits, diligent to do their own business, and not busy-bodies in other men's matters.

NOTICE.

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