

32 The Family

The Children's Prayer.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Three white-clad forms beside the bed,

With little hands upraised,

When all their toys are laid away,

And the noise of day is quieted;

And another breath each repeats,

With voices sweet, low and sweet,

The simple prayer:

"Teach us these:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,

Look upon a little child."

Food kisses and 'good nights' for all,

As rays cheeks are laid

On snowy pillows, then, calm sleep

Till dreamy night shall fade.

Good angels bend above each face

That silent lies in smiling grace!

Though toil and care

Our lives must share:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,

Look upon a little child."

O loved and little little ones,

When years have laid you on,

And she who lingers o'er you now

To her reward has gone;

When the toys of life are laid away,

And evening comes, still may you pray,

With faithful hearts,

As life departs:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,

Look upon a little child!"

—Evening Post.

Jeannette's Self-Denial.

The Germans tell a story about a little girl

named Jeannette, who once went to see a grand

father. She found a capital place from which to

see the soldiers pass, and was looking to see them

when she noticed a poor old woman in the

crowd behind her, trying very hard to get

where she could see the soldiers. Jeannette

noticed her, and said to herself—

"I should like to see the soldiers march, but

it isn't kind to me to stay in this nice seat

and let that old woman stand where she can't see

anything. I ought to honor old age, and I will."

So Jeannette called the old woman, and plac-

ing her in the nice seat, fell back among the

flowers about to catch a glimpse of the splendid

scene which she might have seen fully and easily

if she had kept her place. Some of the people

said she was a silly girl, and laughed at her.

Was she sorry for giving it up? No, she was

glad, because she had given pleasure to a poor

old woman. Thus Jeannette was rewarded in her

heart for her kindness to old age.

A few minutes later, a man covered with

blood came through the crowd, and said

to her, "Little girl, will you come to my lad-

dyship?"

Now Jeannette could not imagine who her

ladyship was, but she followed the man to a seat

within the crowd. A lady met her at the

top of the stairs, and said—

"My dear child, I saw you yield your seat to

the old woman. You acted nobly. Now sit

down here with me. You can see everything here."

Thus Jeannette was rewarded a second time

for honoring old age by denying herself. You

see, don't you? You didn't give up your seat,

did you? If not, I think you need to take

a lesson not only from Jeannette, but also from

the poor and blessed Jesus. He denied himself

enough to quit his heavenly throne and come to

earth to die for you. Surely you ought for his

sake to deny yourself little pleasures, when by

doing so you can add to the enjoyment of the

poor, the feeble, the sick, or the aged. If you

will, your heart will glow glad under the smile

of Jesus; and if no rich lady or gentleman re-

wards you here, yet, in the great fatherland

above, Jesus will say to you—

"I saw you give up your pleasure to make

another happy. I was pleased with you. Sit

down on my throne."—The Quaker.

So Hard to be Good.

Tommy Wilson came home one day with tears

in his eyes; he sat and laid his head on his

mother's lap, and sobbed aloud.

"What's the matter, Tommy?"

"O, ma," he answered, "it's so hard to be

good."

"What makes you think so, Tommy?"

"Why, you know, mamma, yesterday was

Sabbath, and you talked to me in the evening

about having a new heart, and told me that I

must pray that I would love every body, and

that I would love every body, and I was

very, very happy, and I thought I would

try to do that. I thought I would like to

be like you, mamma, and I thought I would

try to be good, and I thought I would

try to be good, and I thought I would

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try to be good, and I thought I would

way so that we go faster and fiercer. I'd hard

work even to stop doing wrong, just as hard as

you stop your sled when half way down,

and going like a race-horse. And it is still hard

to go up. We are all the time slipping back.

We find our old habits tripping us up at every

step.

"Then, ma, we might as well give up trying,"

said Tommy, in a sad and bitter tone.

"Did my little boy say so last winter, when

he was climbing up hill to ride on his sled? He

slipped a great many times, and once or

twice fell quite down in the snow; but he scram-

bled up again and kept on trying, because he

wanted to have the pleasure of riding down so

swift over the smooth snow. Will Tommy care

more for a few minutes' sport than for being

good and going to heaven?"

Tommy felt ashamed of what he had said.

He laid his head in his mother's lap, and what

his thoughts were I cannot tell. But after a

while he looked up, as earnest as a hero, and

said:

"Ma, I've been a foolish boy. I thought I

could be good right off, and with hardly any

trouble. But I see now that it is not so, and I

mean to try with all my might; and I know, ma,

that I shall be happier even while I am trying;

and God will help me, won't he, ma?"

"Yes, my son, if you are humble and don't

think that you can be good of yourself without

his help. You have learned to-day how weak

your own strength is; how easily your best

resolutions are broken, and I hope that you will

pray every day, and often every day, for God

to watch over you and keep you from falling, and

raise you up when you fall. And that you will

watch yourself, my dear boy, and try to over-

come all your wicked habits, and remember what

a down-hill, slippery world this is, and that we

must expect hard work in getting through it to

reach heaven. But heaven will be worth all the efforts

of a thousand such lives as this!"

And Tommy followed his mother's advice, and

in a good way. He says he often remem-

bers that Monday, when he thought it was

so hard to be good, and the hill, and the snow,

and the sled; and he hopes that the story will

lead every boy who reads it, to quit slipping down,

and try to climb up, and persevere, and pray

to God; and so hopes

UNCLES JESSE.

Little Children.

I think them the poetry of the world—the

fresh flowers of our hearts and home: little

conjurors, with their "natural magic," evoking

by their spells what delights and enriches all

ranks, and equalizes the different classes of so-

ciety. Often as they bring with them anxieties

and care, and live to become sorrow and grief,

we should get up very badly without them. Only

think—if there were never anything to be seen

anywhere but grown-up men and women, how

we should long for the sight of a little child!

Every infant comes into the world like a de-

legated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good

things, whose office it is "to turn the hearts of

fathers to the children," and to draw the "ob-

edient to the wisdom of the just." A child

softens and purifies the heart, warming and

melting by its gentle presence; it carries the

seed of new feelings, and awakens within it what

is favorable to virtue. It is a beam of light, a

fontain of love, a teacher whose lessons few

can resist. Infants recall us from such that

engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes

the affections, roughens the manners, indurates

the heart; they brighten the home, deepen love,

invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify

and sustain the charities of life.

Temperance.

What a Tract Did.

A lady was once travelling on a railway train

and reading a little temperance tract called "A

Word to the Wise." I don't know how she came

by the tract, but just as she finished it, the

car was running slowly past a long row of mis-

erable hovels on the outskirts of a great city. There

were dirty children playing in the gutters, dirty

men smoking in the doors, and dirty women

looking out at the windows.

"What wretched creatures," said the lady,

and then she thought of the little tract in her

hand, and threw it out of the window, thinking,

"I suppose it might do some good."

The clean little leaf went fluttering down into

the mud, but, before it had fairly touched it,

there was a rush of eager children after it, and

one little barefooted boy seized it and ran off

with it.

"Fetch it here, Terence," called out a woman

from one of the houses; and when she saw it

was only a bit of printed paper, she threw it

down on the floor.

"Give it to me," growled a man who was

lying on a miserable bed in the corner; "it's

many a day since I've seen the book."

The man was laid up with a broken leg, for

he had fallen from a freight-train when he was

half-drunk and narrowly escaped with his life.

"A word to the wise," said he, slowly sip-

ping out the title.

"It's nothing to you, then," said his wife,

travelling; "a man that goes drinking whisky

and he on the train—"

"That's three for ye," says the man, "but I'll

read it all the same; it says, 'Did you ever

know any one who grew rich by dram-drinking?'

Faith, an' I never did, Mither Thrax; but I've

seen a hape o' folks brought to rage by it. 'Did

you ever know any one who grew great and

noble by dram-drinking?' Niver in me life,

Mither Thrax; but I've known a man that

was called Mr. Mulligan some time ago, and

he was a fine fellow, and he was a fine fellow,

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