

ONCE UPON A TIME.

Now once upon a time, there were three children,

And each of them had little daisy crowns
Their mother freshly wove for them each morning,

And all of them wore dotted muslin gowns.

And, once upon a time, the three went rambling

Away from home, amid the wild green-wood;

And, once upon a time, they met a lambkin,
And not a wolf, like poor Red Riding Hood;

And, once upon a time, the three fell weeping:

"Oh, we are lost! where can our mother be!"

Then meekly spake the little snow-white lambkin:

"If you will come, I'll take you home with me."

And, once upon a time, the lambkin trotted
Briskly away (the West was turning gold);

And once upon a time the children followed
And entered shyly into the lambkin's fold;

And, once upon a time, among the lambkins
The children slumbered, in their muslin gowns,

Till morning came; and then they found their mother,

Who wove for them anew their daisy-crowns.

—*Wide Awake.*

THE QUARREL.

ALFRED was ten years old, and Nelson eight—old enough, you would have thought, to know better than to quarrel. But, I am sorry to say, even if they did know better, they had a terrible squabble one Saturday afternoon.

Alfred was making a kite, and Nelson, who was watching him, would keep taking up the thin bits of stick that Alfred had cut ready for the kite. Alfred said:

"Just you let those alone;" but Nelson was so vexed at the way he spoke that he handled them all the more.

Soon Alfred grew so angry he slapped Nelson on the face, and then Nelson bit him on the arm. They were both so angry that they did not know what they were doing.

Just then their mother came out and put a stop to the squabble by sending them each into a room by himself.

At bedtime their mother said:

"If you are sorry for the way you behaved, you must ask God in your prayers to forgive you."

Nelson being the younger, kneeled down first, and asked God so sweetly to forgive him, and make him love his brother so much that he could not forget to be gentle and kind.

This made Alfred so ashamed that he put his face in his hands and cried.

Philip and Edna stood by looking very solemn. After prayers they all felt very happy.

DON'T LOOK AT IT.

WE all have temptations of some sort, the children as well as grown-up people. Satan is always trying to make us do wrong; he is constantly whispering evil thoughts to us, putting temptations in our way, and if he can make us look at the sin, he can soon make us do it. So I say to all, "Don't look at it."

How often Satan tempts a child to take fruit, to take some sugar out of the bowl, or take a biscuit from the plate when no one is looking! But sometimes the temptation is to look into a forbidden box or book, or go to a forbidden place. How does Satan do it? Why he first puts the desire into the child's heart, and he leads him to look at the forbidden thing; and if the child does not look away, we are sure that by-and-bye he will do what is wrong.

Satan tries the same way with grown-up people. First he gets them to walk in the way of wicked people, and when they do as he wants, he whispers to them to stand and see a little more of the evil, and then by-and-bye he gets them to sit down in the middle of it. Oh, if only they would not look at temptation, how much safer they would be.

I once learned a lesson from a dog we had. My father used to put a bit of meat or biscuit on the floor near the dog and say "No," and the dog knew he must not touch it. But he never looked at the meat. No; he seemed to feel that if he looked at it the temptation would be too strong; so he always looked steadily at my father's face.

A gentleman was dining with us one day, and he said: "There's a lesson for us all. Never look at temptation. Always look away to the Master's face."

Yes, this is the only safe way; do not look at the temptation. "Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away." When the thought of doing wrong in any way comes into your heart, however small a thing it is, you may be sure it comes from

Satan; so do not look at it but look to Jesus, and ask him to keep you and to give you more than conqueror over every temptation, through him that loves you.
Children's Treasury.

THE TEACHER'S TEARS.

"CHARLIE! What are you thinking about?" so spoke Willie Brown to Charlie Hinds as they walked home from Sabbath school.

"Oh, I don't know," said Charlie. "I do too. That was a mean answer. You really want to know what I was thinking about?"

"Yes, honour bright."

"Well, it was about the teacher's just before the bell rang."

"What did she say?"

"You know Will, just as well as I. You think she cared for us so much. Why, the tears really came into her eyes when she said, 'Boys, I talk to the Saviour about each of you every day. Remember me to you by name: remember I tell you how much I want you to be Christians. You could not stand that, Will. The tears came to my eyes, too. It is a shame for the teacher to care so much, and we not to care one bit for ourselves. Isn't it time you began to talk to Jesus?'"

"I expect it is, Charles."

"Well, won't you begin to-night?"

"Yes; I'll try. Our teacher shall pray alone any longer. I cannot stand her prayers; I cannot bear her tears."

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

MR. MOODY gave an illustration which made all the ladies cry. It was of a widowed father left with three young children, the eldest ten years of age. One night she came to her father and said: "Father, may I pray with the children before going to bed, like mamma did, and the father, with choking heart, said yes. And in fifteen minutes the girl came back weeping, and said: "I prayed for my brother and sister, just as mamma did, when I was through, little sister, who never prayed before, lifted up her hands and said: 'Oh, God, you have taken away our mamma, and I know she is in heaven, and will pray for us. Oh, God, make me good like mamma was, that I may join her there when I die.'"

LOVE is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.