

## THE BABY'S PRAYER.

Suz knelt with her sweet hands folded;  
Her fair little head bowed low;  
While dead vines tapped at the window  
And the air was thick with snow.  
Without, earth dumb with winter;  
Within, hearts dumb with care,  
And up through the laden silence  
Rose softly the baby's prayer.

"Bless all whom I love, dear Father,  
And help me be good," she said,  
Then, stirred by a sudden fancy,  
She lifted the shining head.  
Did she catch on the frozen maple  
Some hint of the April green,  
Or the breath of the woodland blossoms  
The drifts of the snow between?

"The beautiful trees," she whispered,  
"Where the orioles used to sing;  
They are tired of the cold, white winter,  
Oh, help them to grow in spring;  
And the flowers that I loved to gather,  
Lord, bring them again in May,  
The dear little violets, sleeping  
Down deep in the earth to-day."

Ah, earth may be chill with snowflakes,  
And hearts may be cold with care,  
But wastes of a frozen silence  
Are crossed by the baby's prayer;  
And lips that are dumb with sorrow  
In jubilant hope may sing;  
For when earth is wrapped in winter,  
In the heart of the Lord 'tis spring.

## A THOUGHTLESS BOY PUNISHED.

I SHALL never forget an incident of my childhood, by which I was taught to be careful not to wound the feelings of the unfortunate. A number of us school-children were playing by the road-side one Saturday afternoon, when the stage-coach drove up to the neighbouring tavern and the passengers alighted. As usual we gathered around to observe them. Among them was an elderly gentleman with a cane, who got out with much difficulty, and when on the ground he walked with the most curious contortions. His feet turned one way and his knees another, and his whole body looked as though the different members of his body were independent of each other, and every one was making motions to suit itself.

I unthinkingly shouted, "Look at old Rattle Bones!" while the poor man turned his head with an expression of pain which I can never forget. Just then, to my surprise and extreme horror, my father came around the corner, and immediately stepping up to the stranger, shook hands

warmly, and assisted him to walk to our house, which was but a short distance.

I could enjoy no more play that afternoon, and when tea-time came I would gladly have hidden myself; but I knew it would be in vain, and so tremblingly went into the sitting-room. To my great relief, the stranger did not recognize me, but remarked pleasantly to my father, as he introduced me:

"Such a fine boy is surely worth the saving!"

How the words cut me to the quick! My father had often told me the story of a friend who plunged into the river to save me as I was drowning, when an infant, and who, in consequence of a cold then taken, had been made a cripple by inflammatory rheumatism; and this was the man I had made a butt of ridicule, and a laughing-stock for my companions!

I tell you, boys and girls, I would give a great deal to have the memory of that event taken away. If ever you are tempted as I was, remember that when no good comes of sport whereby the feelings of others are wounded, you may be laying up for yourselves painful recollections which will not leave you for a lifetime.—*The Christian.*

## SOWING SEEDS.

LITTLE Bessie had got a present of a book, and she eagerly opened it to look at the first picture. It was the picture of a boy sitting by the side of a stream, and throwing seeds into the water.

"I wonder what this picture is about?" said she; "why does the boy throw seeds into the water?"

"Oh, I know!" said her brother Edward, who had been looking at the book; "he is sowing the seeds of water lilies."

"But how small the seeds look," said Bessie. "It seems strange that such large plants should grow from such little things."

"You are just sowing such tiny seeds every day, Bessie, and they'll come up large, strong plants after a while," said her father.

"Oh no, father, I have not planted any seeds for a long while."

"I have seen my daughter sow a number of seeds to-day."

Bessie looked puzzled, and her father smiled and said:

"Yes, I have watched you planting flowers, and seeds, and weeds to-day."

"Now I know that you are joking, for I would not plant ugly weeds."

"I will tell you what I mean. When you laid aside that interesting book and attended to what your mother wished done,

you were sowing seeds of kindness and love. When you broke the dish that you knew your mother valued, and came instantly and told her, you were sowing seeds of truth. When you took the cup of cold water to the poor woman at the gate, you were sowing seeds of mercy. These are all beautiful flowers, Bessie."

"And the weeds, father?"

"When you were impatient with baby, you sowed the seeds of ill-temper. When you waited some time after your mother called you, you sowed disobedience and selfishness. These are all noxious weeds. Pull them up. Do not let them grow in your garden."

## "GO AND DO IT."

DON'T live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up square and cleanly; then do the next thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful to see how many hours the prompt people contrive to make in a day. It is as if they picked up the moments that the dawdlers lost.

And if you find yourself where so many things are pressing you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret. Take hold of the first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into place, and follow after like a company of soldiers. A man was once asked how he "accomplished so much in his life." "My father told me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, to go and do it." There is no secret.

## DEAR BOUGHT EXPERIENCE.

"O it's hot! It burned me!"

The cry brought Willie's mamma in from the other room. "Mamma told me to wait until it was cool," she said, stirring the porridge briskly. "I said it was too hot to eat now."

"I wanted to see for myself," said Willie.

"Ah! that was the trouble. You must not trust me," replied his mother, sorrowfully.

We know that some temptations seem pleasant and harmless we think they can be wrong, until we have yielded to them, and then we wish we had seen the lying back of what seemed all right. Mamma and papa are older and wiser than we, and they know how temptation comes, and what it leads to. We should trust them, and listen to them.