

I FORGOT TO PRAY.

"Don't touch my books. Eddy," said little Sarah Wilcox in a peevish tone of voice. "Don't touch them at all. I piled them up just as I want them to stay."

"I am afraid my little daughter does not feel quite pleasant this morning," said a pale but sweet-faced lady, who sat in an easy chair near the stove.

"Come to me, Sarah, and let me ask you a question."

The little girl slowly approached her mother, who put her arms around her, and in a low tone of voice asked her if she had prayed to God and asked Him to make her kind and pleasant through the day.

"No, mother," said the little girl; "I forgot to pray."

"Forgot to pray, Sarah! I am very sorry; you have then forgotten to thank God for keeping you alive and well through the night. You have forgotten God, I fear, entirely; but I see that He has not forgotten you."

"How do you see that He has not forgotten me, mother?" said the child, looking up, as if half surprised, in the lady's face.

"Why, I see that He is watching over you and taking care of you every minute now. If he should forget or neglect you, your lips would cease to open, you could not move your hands or feet; you could not hear nor see, and your little form would become cold and stiff in death."

Sarah looked very serious while her mother was thus speaking, and, when she had finished, she said:

"Pray for me, dear mother. Pray to God to forgive me for forgetting to thank Him, and ask Him to make me a good girl all the day."

"I will, my dear; but you must pray for yourself. I would go into your little room now, if I were you, and offer up a simple prayer to your kind and heavenly Father."

So Sarah left the room to follow her mother's direction.—*The Irish Presbyterian*.

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SEEKING AND FINDING.

MANY years ago a lady sat in the verandah of her house in Burmah, trying to read a palm-leaf book which lay on the table before her. There was a curious little bamboo house not far off, with a thatched roof set upon poles. It was the Mission School-house, and the lady listened with much interest to the mingled voices of the swarthy scholars within. As she bent over her own curious book, trying hard to make out its difficult