

Children's Department.

Uncle Frank's Sermon.

Text—Not disobedient.

Boys and girls have to learn to mind. That is one of the first lessons, and sometimes one of the hardest, because little people like to have their own way. But they can't, you know, unless it is the best way; for even big folks can't do that. We never grow so tall or become so rich that we don't have to obey some one—our teachers and doctors, and the governor and president and rulers over us.

But above all we must obey God, as St. Paul says he did, "I was not disobedient." God came to him, told him to do something and he did it.

To be sure that isn't just the way God tells us what to do. When your papa and mamma were away last summer, and could not speak to you each day and tell you what they wished of you, they wrote letters to auntie who stayed to take care of you, saying to her, "Tell Frank and Mary to do their work and learn their lessons." And you would no more have disobeyed such word from them than the words they spoke to you when at home.

Well, so God has written to you what He wants you to do, and it comes from Him to you just as much as though he stood by you and spoke as he did to St. Paul. Where has he written it? In a letter to you, or a number of letters bound together in a book. And that book is called the Holy Bible.

What to Do in Trouble.

Those who pray do work for God—first, because they are doing that which He would have done; and, secondly, because the influence and efficacy of a simple prayer is spread by God's wonderful ordering far beyond the aim of the petitioner.

I was walking one day near the Crystal Palace. It was the first time

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I had been out for weeks. I was feeling depressed and lonely, having to look forward to many months of weakness and ill-health—this meant for me loss of work, and consequently straitened means, and possibly debt.

As I was thus sadly musing, my attention was attracted by two flower-girls, who were seated on a step arranging their baskets. They were of the ordinary type of London street children, about fourteen years of age, and I should have passed without noticing them, if it had not been for the earnest tones in which they were conversing. Curiosity led me to slacken my pace till I passed them. This is what I overheard:

"Don't you feel 'orful bad when you have found out a likely place, and you stand there the whole day and nobody buys nothing?"

"Don't I jest!" returned the other, emphatically.

"Don't you feel as if you could sit down an' have a good cry?"

"Ay, that I do!" responded the younger girl, "only I knows it would be no use."

"What does you do when you feel like that?" asked the elder, evidently anxious to discover whether her own experiences were shared by other girls.

"I does this," replied the other girl, promptly—and she folded her hands and shut her eyes—"and I says, 'O God! please send somebody quick,' and somebody always came."

Then, in answer to the look of astonished incredulity in her companion's face, she added, nodding her head to give force to her words, "I does truly."

I heard no more, for the girls arose, and, taking their baskets on their arms, passed out of sight. As for me, I went home rebuked and comforted.

The Four Truths.

There was once an old monk who was walking through a forest with a little scholar by his side. The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants close at hand. The first was just beginning to peep above the ground; the second had rooted itself pretty well into the earth; the third was a small shrub; whilst the fourth and last was a full-sized tree. Then the old monk said to his young companion:

"Pull up the first."

The boy easily pulled it up with his fingers.

"Now pull up the second."

The youth obeyed, but not so easily.

"And the third."

But the boy had to put forth all his strength and use both arms before he succeeded in uprooting it.

"And now," said the master, "try your hand upon the fourth."

But lo! the trunk of the tree (grasped in the arms of the youth) scarcely shook its leaves; and the little fellow found it impossible to tear its roots from the earth.

Then the wise old monk explained to his scholar the meaning of the four trials.

"This, my son, is just what happens with our passions. When they are young and weak, one may, by a little watchfulness over self, and the help of a little self-denial, easily tear them up; but if we let them cast their roots deep down into our souls, then no human power can uproot them, the Almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out."

"For this reason, my child, watch well over the first movements of your

soul, and study by acts of virtue to keep your passions well in check."

Is God Here?

A young man, Lester M—, a graduate of a military school, had been extremely profane, and thought little of the matter.

After his marriage to a high minded, lovely wife, the habit appeared to him in a different light, and he made spasmodic efforts to conquer it. But not until a few months ago did he become victor, when the growing evil was set before him, by a little incident, in its real and shocking sinfulness.

On Sunday morning, standing before the mirror, shaving, the razor slipped, inflicting a wound. True to his fixed habit, he ejaculated the single word "God!" and he was not a little amazed and chagrined to see reflected in the mirror the pretty picture of his little three-year-old daughter, as laying her dolly hastily down, she sprang from her seat on the floor, exclaiming as she looked eagerly and expectantly about the room, "Is Dod here?"

Anecdote of Napoleon Bonaparte.

In the year 18—, the morning light of Paris shone in through palace windows, and rested upon the face of the First Napoleon, that great general and Emperor of the French people, of whom our young readers have doubtless already read many anecdotes.

One of his little nephews, with his sister, was playing in the room, and now and then the Emperor's eyes rested pleasantly upon the gleeful children. Suddenly the game turned to a battle, and the boy's hand was raised to strike a blow. "Hold!" cried the voice that had so often sent its thrilling tones over contending armies. Then, turning to an attendant in waiting, the Emperor demanded a carving knife. The command was obeyed.

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