

Children's Department.

EVENING THOUGHT.

Did I this morn devoutly pray
For GOD's assistance through the day ?

And did I read His secret word
To make my life therewith accord ?

Did I for any purpose try
To hide the truth, or tell a lie ?

Did I my thoughts and time engage
As fits my duty, station, age ?

Did I with care my conduct guide,
Checking ill-temper, anger, pride ?

Did I my lips from all refrain
That might my fellow-creatures pain ?

Did I with cheerful patience bear
The various ills we all must share ?

For all GOD's mercies through the day,
Did I my grateful tribute pay ?

And did I when the day was o'er,
GOD's watchful aid again implore ?

Saviour, Thy grace divine impart,
To fill my soul and cleanse my heart ;

And make me meet for heaven above,
To join Thy saints in praise and love.

DIDN'T THINK.

Opening the door of a friend's house one day I made my way through the entry to a small back court, where Ned, the only son, was crying bitterly.

"Ah, Ned, what is the matter?"

"Mother won't let me go fishing. Harry and Tom are going to the harbor, and, I want to go." Here Ned kicked his toes angrily against a post, to the great danger of his new boots.

"Whose little dog is this?" I asked as a brown spaniel came bounding up the garden walk.

"It is mine" said Ned in an ai-

tered tone. "Did'nt you know I had one?"

"No indeed. What a fine fellow. Where did you get him Ned?"

"Father bought him for me. He is so knowing and I can teach him many things. See him find my knife," and Ned, wiping away his tears, threw his knife into the clover. "There Wag," said he, "now go and find my knife. Wag plunged into the grass and after a great deal of smelling and wagging, he came triumphantly forth and brought the knife to his young master.

"Give it to him," said Ned, pointing to me; and Wag laid it at my feet.

"This is a knife worth having, said I, "four blades actually." "Tis a real good one" said Ned; "father gave it to me on my birthday; and he gave me a splendid box of tools too." Ned looked up brightly and quite forgot his crying.

"Let me think," said I, "was it this knife you hurt your foot so with?"

"Oh no," cried Ned, "that was done with the axe; but I've got well now."

"I was afraid you would be laid up all spring."

"Well it was mother's nursing, the doctor says. Mother and father took great care of me. It was lonely staying in the house so long; but mother used to leave her work and read to me, and father often spent his evenings by my bedside."

"I should think you had very kind parents, Ned." The boy looked down on the floor and a slight pout puckered his lips. "I suppose there are none who have your interests and happiness at heart. Don't you think so?"