



A CHILD'S PRAYER.

SAVIOUR, bless a little child; -
Teach my heart the way to thee;
Make it gentle, good, and mild;
Loving Saviour, care for me.

Dear Jesus, hear me,
Hear thy little child to-day;
Hear, O hear me;
Hear me when I pray.

I am young, but thou hast said—
All who will may come to thee;
Feed my soul with living bread;
Loving Saviour, care for me.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

ROBERT'S CERTIFICATE.

"HAVE you a recommendation?"
"Yes, sir."

Robert had been seeking a situation for almost a week; and, now that he had at last met with something that promised success, he was as nervous as a boy can be. His hand went down in his jacket pocket—a handkerchief, a strap, but no recommendation. He emptied another pocket and another without success. "Ah, there it is, I suppose; you have dropped it on the floor," said the gentleman who was standing by, waiting, as a bit of paper fluttered to the floor.

"No, sir; that's only my pledge," Robert answered, stooping to pick up the paper.

"Your pledge?"

"Yes, sir. My temperance pledge."

"May I see it?"

Robert handed it to him, and continued his search for the missing paper, growing more nervous as the search proceeded.

"Never mind, my boy. I don't need any further reference," said the gentleman, after reading the pledge. "I am willing to trust a boy who puts his name to a promise like this. That boy is his own reference."—*Royal Road.*

Jesus, help me, I am weak;
Let me put my trust in thee;
Teach me how, and what to speak;
Loving Saviour, care for me.

I would never go astray,
Never turn aside from thee;
Keep me in the heavenly way;
Loving Saviour, care for me.

"I SHOULD KEEP HIM."

I WAS very much struck with an answer I received the other day from a little boy who was visiting me. He had been playing a long while and was very tired. One of his playmates, I am sorry to say, was not a very good boy; he did not mind his mother, and sometimes uttered words I do not wish ever to hear from children's lips; but he was a generous, merry kind of a boy for all that, and was quite a favourite.

"I am afraid, Charley," said I, "that Willie Ray is naughty; he is a very troublesome child. Now, if you were his mother, what would you do with him?"

"I should keep him," answered Charley, looking up into my face fearlessly.

"Would you keep a naughty boy, Charley? Does he deserve his mother's kindness?"

"Yes, I should keep him," said Charley again, shutting his lips firmly together, as if that was all he had to say.

"But, Charley," I persisted, "do you think a naughty boy like Willie Ray ought to be kept by a good, kind mother? He is disobedient and unruly in every way."

"Now, Auntie," replied the little boy, "now, Auntie, do you think he could be good if his mother did not keep him? I should keep him and try to make him better."

Here was his answer. How many mothers act upon little Charley's resolute reply, "I should keep him!" He is my boy; God gave him to me. He may be undutiful and disobedient sometimes, but I shall keep him—work with him and for him, pray with him and for him, still hoping, and never quite despairing.

Yes, children, the mother is the last to give up her child; through evil report, and good report, in times of sickness and sorrow and trial, and even in crime, she will shield, she will love him, and pray for him, and keep him always in her heart.

And does not the blessed Saviour show the same patience and love to us all, his children, for whom he died? Does he not wait "yet this year," that that may bring forth fruit? He intercedes for us, sends blessings and mercies and trials, all to bring us back to him. He will not let us go until we prove wholly recreant. Let us pray that, as little Charley said, "He will keep us," and at last receive us into his heavenly habitations.—*Christian Advocate*

UP OR DOWN—WHICH?

"UP or down, which way?" Uncle John said to little Harry, as they started out for a walk. One way led up a hillside; the other, down into a valley.

"Let's go up, Uncle John," said Harry.

"But you must climb to go up," said Uncle John.

"I know it, but it's nicer when you get there," was the little boy's answer.

Which way will Harry go on his life-path? we wonder. It isn't so easy to go up, but it's nicer when you get there. Go up, Harry. Be sure and go up. Look up to the good God, and ask him to teach you how to climb, and then do just as he tells you.

"DOCTOR," said a gentleman to his clergyman, "how can I best train up my boy in the way he should go?" "By going that way yourself."