

crumb to the poor, sick man who lay suffering at his gate ; and of how in the next world this rich man suffered so greatly for his cruel treatment of the poor sufferer, and how the poor man was happy amongst the angels.

These are only a few of the many stories that, Sunday after Sunday, you will hear. You will never tire hearing them, and you will find that that great teacher was the loving Jesus, and that He told the stories in order that people should better understand how much God, His Father in heaven, loves us all,—even those whom people care the least for—and how He Himself came down from heaven to show His own love to us, and to bring us, through that wonderful love, to love Him and His heavenly Father and ours.

Children and Prayer

Elsie, May and Jim are just the usual kind of dear wee people—friends of one another and of all the world. They live in a manse, under the very shadow of a tall spire, and when they were tiny babies sleeping in their cot, each of them would awake and cry as the bell on Sabbaths or on week-nights clanged its summons over the town,

Come all to church, good people,
Good people, come and pray.

Consequently, they could not miss being intensely interested in things religious, and especially in the act and meaning of prayer. They are very reverent little people,—as indeed all children are—but their remarks have not always the appearance of reverence. They think and speak in terms of their limited experience, and the effect is often bizarre. Grown-up folks think them very droll. Perhaps the angels think that of us all.

Elsie, the eldest, is a quiet little pussy. She likes being good, and knows that she is.

"Mother," she said once when she was very tiny, "when I comed was oo prayin' God would send oo a nice ikkle girl?"

"Yes, dear."

"And was oo prayin' God would send oo a very, very nice ikkle girl?"

"Yes, dear."

"And was oo glad He dided it?"

The complacency of the small person ! Yet after all we are taken often at our own valuation, and her mother still agrees that she is "a very, very nice ikkle girl."

Once, after the petition, "Make me a good girl," she added, "and please I was naughty to-day about the curtain."

As soon as she had come to the Amen she opened her eyes and demanded, "Was it right to say that, mother?"

"Yes, dear, quite right."

"Why?"

"Because God wants to be told."

"But He saw me, didn't He?"

"Yes."

"Then why does He want to be told?"

Her mother meditated flight—often the wisest course—but tarried to say—

"God wishes to know that you are sorry. Are you sorry?"

"Yes."

"Then, Elsie dear, good-night."

One is often thankful to retreat with honor from before the batteries of childhood.

Jim, the boy, is the newest of the three. He is barely four, and has not got over his astonishment at finding himself here. To him the day and the night are full of wonderful things and great magic. On a Sabbath evening in November last, his father took him out to the garden to see the stars.

As he gazed at the great constellations, a meteor shot across the sky.

"What's that, daddy?"

"A falling star, Jim."

"Do stars fall?"

"Sometimes."

"Is it slippy up there?"

"Well—no—not quite that."

"Does God make them fall?"

"Yes, Jim, that's it."

"Oh, there's another."

"Just watch and perhaps you'll see more."

There was a short pause ; then a very earnest little voice whispered, "Please, God, push one over." The words were just uttered when another fell. The little boy laughed. He felt that he had done it.

"Now," he said, "please, God, one more." But this time no trail of light showed among