

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

CHILDREN OF THE TEMPLE.

WHEN, in the gates of Zion,
Jesus appeared on earth,
Music, the temple filling,
Burst from the children forth.
Oh, to have joined that singing!
Oh, to have swelled that chord!
"Blessed is He that cometh,
Blessed is Christ the Lord!
Hosanna!"

Still, in the gates of Zion,
Jesus appears on earth;
Music and adoration
Burst from the children forth;
Still may we join in singing,
Still may we swell the chord,
"Blessed is He that cometh,
Blessed is Christ the Lord!
Hosanna!"

Cometh the King in beauty,
Light of the Gospel days,
Out of the mouth of children
He hath perfected praise.
Nations the hymn are singing,
Nations now swell the chord,
"Blessed is He that cometh,
Blessed is Christ the Lord!
Hosanna!"

NAT'S PRAYER.

THERE was a loud cry from the play-room. Mamma dropped her sewing and ran to the rescue just in time to see Nat striking Mamie's white chubby hand with his whip.

"You are just the meanest girl I know, Mamie Wallace, and I hate you, I do."

Nat stopped suddenly, for there in the doorway was mamma. Mamie ran sobbing into her arms, but Nat stood sturdily defiant.

"I—I didn't—mean—to break it—mamma," sobbed Mamie.

"You're always breaking something of mine, and then saying you didn't mean to; but I'll never forgive you for this," said Nat angrily, surveying the fragments of the pretty toy velocipede that Uncle Nat had given him not long before. Anything coming from Uncle Nat was doubly precious.

Mamma, without a word or even a look to Nat,—naughty, cross Nat,—took Mamie with her to her room, leaving him to his own reflections. Do you know what he wanted to do? He wanted to have a good cry and "make up" with mamma and Mamie; but something naughty within him said, "Don't. Mamie was naughty to break your pretty velocipede, and mamma ought to punish her."

And all the time Nat knew very well that he was the one that deserved to be punished; but he stayed there alone in the play-room, just as miserable as you can imagine a little boy to be. You see it had been such a wretched day from the very beginning. It was Saturday, and papa was going to take him into the city that very day, but the first thing he heard in the morning was the rain pattering against his window-pane. Then he felt so disappointed that he forgot to say his prayers, so you see he was soon to have trouble. Well, everything went wrong, and Nat kept growing crosser and crosser until the worst thing of all happened when Mamie broke his velocipede. Poor Nat! You cannot guess how miserably wretched he felt all the rest of the morning, for he was too naughty and proud to go and tell her he was sorry.

"If she'd only come and ask me, maybe I'd tell her I was sorry," he said to himself, but no mamma came.

Dinner-time came at last, however, and Nat made his way, rather shamefacedly, I must confess, to his place at the table. But no one spoke a word to him, and there was such a lump in his throat at this strange treatment, that even though they had his favourite apple dumplings, he could scarcely swallow a mouthful. After dinner, feeling sure he could never endure another solitary season in the play-room, he followed meekly after mamma as she went back to her room.

"Mamie," she said, after a little time, "would you please go down stairs and get me the paper?"

"I'll go," said Nat quickly, before Mamie could get her playthings out of her lap.

"Thank you, but I had rather have Mamie wait on me," was the grave reply.

That was too much for Nat; he turned quickly and fled to the lounge in the play-room, and sobbed as though his heart would break. Was mamma never going to love him again? And all the time he knew he ought to go and take his naughty words back, but he would not. "They've been cross to me, too," he said, by way of excuse.

By and by he sobbed himself to sleep, and knew nothing more until the tea-bell rang. He looked stealthily out from his eyes to see if mamma shewed any signs of relenting. Once, just once, he caught her eye; and it was such a loving, pitiful look she gave him that he nearly broke down, and had a great time choking.

"When she comes to hear my prayer, I'll tell her I'm sorry," he resolved forthwith, and felt better for even that much. But lo and behold, to his astonishment, bed-time did not bring mamma to his side at all. He and Mamie had a little room together; and mamma tucked her snugly in, heard her say "Our Father," but she did not come, as was her wont, to do the same for Nat. She had reached the door. Nat sat up in bed.

"Mamma," he said, "you haven't tucked me in, nor heard me say my prayers, nor kissed me." The last came out in almost a sob.

Mamma came back, and sat down by his side, but her face was very, very grave.

"I think you had better not say your prayers to-night, Nat." And Nat could say nothing from sheer astonishment. From his babyhood up he had said "Our Father" every night. What could it mean!

"You know if you said your prayers you would have to say, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us.' And you know you are never going to forgive Mamie her trespass against you, so you would be asking God never to forgive your trespasses against Him."

That was a new idea to Nat. No, of course he could not say his prayers unless—there he hesitated—unless he was ready to forgive Mamie. Now you must know that Nat felt himself very much superior to Mamie. Was he not a boy? did he not go to school? and had he not been into the city on the cars all alone once? Of course he was very much superior to Mamie, and to think of having to beg her pardon! Besides, she ought to beg his pardon for having broken his velocipede. Nat lay down on his pillow once more, and

mamma went slowly and sadly down stairs. It grew very dark, and the rain had a dreary sound. Mamie was sound asleep, but Nat's eyes refused to stay shut. He felt afraid, he wished that mamma would come up, or even that Mamie was awake. Then he began to think over the day,—what a long wretched one it had been, how unhappy he had been himself, and how naughty.

Finally, before he knew it, just as he was thinking how sorry mamma had looked, the naughty spirit within him died. He jumped out of his bed, and ran over to Mamie's.

"Mamie," he said,— "Mamie, I know you didn't mean to break my velocipede, and I want you to forgive me for being so hateful about it!"

"O Nat, I was dreadful sorry! I thought I'd never be happy again," said Mamie, putting up her mouth for a kiss, and dropping off to sleep again in less than no time.

"Mamma!" called Nat from the top stairs; "please come up, for I can say my prayers now."

Five minutes after—will you believe it!—Nat was just as sound asleep as Mamie!

TO-MORROW.

"I WILL plough my field to-morrow," said Jeannot; I must not lose any time, as the season is advancing; and if I neglect to cultivate my field I will have no wheat, and as a consequence no bread."

To-morrow arrived. Jeannot was up by daylight and was about going out to get his plough, when one of his friends came to invite him to a family festival. Jeannot hesitated at first; but on reflecting a little he said: "A day sooner or later makes no difference for my business, while a day of pleasure once lost is always lost." He went to the festival of his friend.

The next day he was obliged to rest himself, because he had eaten a little too much, and drank a little too much, and had a headache. "To-morrow I will make up for this," said he to himself.

To-morrow came; it rained. Jeannot, to his great grief, was unable to go out all day.

The following day it was fine, and Jeannot felt himself full of courage; but unfortunately, his horse was sick in his turn. Jeannot cursed the poor beast.

The following day was a holiday. A new week commenced, and in a week a great deal of work may be done.

He began by going to a fair in the neighbourhood; he had never failed to attend it; it was the finest fair held within ten miles. He went afterwards to the christening of a child of one of his nearest relations; and afterwards to a burial; in short, he had so many things to occupy him, that when he began to plough his field the season of sowing was past; thus he had nothing to reap. When you have anything to do, do it at once.

LUTHER was nearly twenty years old before he saw a Bible: but one day, in looking over the books in the library at Erfurt, he found a copy of the Scriptures in Latin; and, opening the sacred volume at the beginning of the Second Book of Samuel, he read the history of that man of God; and we do not wonder that it is recorded that it filled him with the greatest surprise and delight.