

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

WHOLE-HEARTED.

Whatsoever you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might;
Never be a little true,
Or a little in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to heaven,
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things,
Great and small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck their surface dim,
Spotless truth and honor bright;
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says any lie is white!
He who falters,
Twists or alters,
Little atoms when he speaks
May deceive me,
But believe me,
To himself he is a sneak.

If you think a word would please,
Say it, if it is but true;
Words may give delight with ease
When no act is asked from you.
Words may often
Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy or heal a pain,
They are treasures,
Yielding pleasures,
It is wicked to retain.

Whatsoever you find to do,
Do it, and with all your might;
Let your prayer be strong and true—
Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.
Prayer in all things,
Great and small things,
God will hear and answer too.
Trust Him ever,
Doubt Him never,
Then He'll show what He can do.

—Selected.

MIGHT OR RIGHT.

BY ALIX.

"Only see," said Lewis Lawton in a triumphant tone, as he came into the room where his mother was sitting, "I have that lovely agate of Ben Romer's that I have wanted so long. Isn't it a beauty?"

"It is indeed lovely," replied his mother, as she examined it with the interest that she always manifested in whatever was of importance to Lewis. "How very kind it was in him to give it to you."

"Give it to me? He didn't do that, you may be sure. Only last week I offered him ten cents for it, and he would not listen to me, and now—well it is too good a joke," and he laughed heartily.

"But how did it come into your possession?" said his mother a little anxiously, for there was something in Lewis' merriment that was not pleasant to her.

"Well, you see, I had an old jack knife that had lost two of its blades, but it had rather a nice handle, and Ben took a fancy to it; so he held up a little bag of marbles and said to me, 'Lewis, will you trade your jack knife for this bag of marbles?' and as the old knife was not worth two cents, and I was tired of it anyhow, I said 'Yes,' and when I opened the bag, at the bottom of it there lay his lovely agate. I gave such a shout that Ben came running to see what was the matter. When he did see he got quite red in the face. 'Oh, Lewis,' he said, 'I did not know the agate was there—I thought I had it in my pocket. That really is not fair.'

"Fair," I said, "it is fair enough. You proposed to trade yourself. You ought to have known what was in the bag before you offered it to me. You will not get it back, at all events."

"No," he answered; "I suppose not. Of course I must stand by the offer I made you; but it is hard," and then he turned away, but he is mad, I tell you."

"Are you perfectly satisfied with the transaction, Lewis?"

"Of course I am—I have got the agate, anyhow."

"That is not the question. Do you think that it is fair for you to keep it?"

"I think I have a perfect right to do so—I did not ask him to trade."

"You certainly have the right, but is it

honorable to take advantage of a mistake?"

"It was his business to know what was in the bag."

"If he had known do you think he would have traded with you?"

"That he wouldn't."

"Then is it just to make him part with his property when he does not wish to do so?"

"When a boy makes an offer, he ought to hold to it."

"Yes; Ben's conduct has been strictly honorable, but are you equally honorable in holding him to an offer he never intended to make?"

"As I said just now, he ought to have known what was in the bag before he offered it."

"So he ought, but he did not, it seems; so because he was ignorant you will deliberately cheat him."

"Cheat, mother; that is an ugly word."

"The action is uglier than the word, I think. If you keep that agate, it will lower you in my estimation."

"Then I will take it back. The fact is, I have not felt quite comfortable about it."

"I was sure of that from the manner in which you defended yourself. I am glad that you are willing to return it, and I hope, my son, that in all your business transactions as a man after a while, the question that you ask yourself will be not whether you have the right to do thus and so, whether you have the law on your side, whether other men say certain transactions are justifiable, but whether in the light of your own conscience this or that is strictly honorable, strictly in accordance with your own sense of right. Remember it is not the seeming honest, but the being honest that is the important point, as we are to be judged by One who does not look at our outward actions at all, but at every hidden impulse of the heart."

"Well," said Lewis, "I will go and hunt up Ben, for seeing the matter from your standpoint has made the old agate burn in my pocket, and the sooner I get rid of it the better."—*The Parish Visitor.*

PRAYER.

We were listening the other day to a short address given to some children by a clergyman on this subject, and he asked if they could remember anything he had said to them about it two weeks ago. "I told you then, children," he said, "five things about prayer. What were they? What did I say that prayer was?" To our surprise, the children at once gave the answers, and in the right order, as follows:

1. Prayer is speaking to God. 2. Prayer is whispering to God, telling God secrets. 3. Prayer is taking hold of God's hand. 4. Prayer is taking hold of God's Key. 5. Prayer is opening Heaven.

"Now, children," he said, "I want to tell you of the different ways people have of praying. There are three of them. 1. Praying with the lips without the heart. 2. Praying with the heart without the lips. 3. Praying with the lips and the heart. I am afraid there may be some children in God's House to-day who have been praying in the first way, using their lips without their heart. If so, their prayers did not go any higher than this roof, because they were not thinking of what they said. They used words only. Don't forget that when your heart doesn't pray you are not praying at all.

Now I want to speak to you about the positions which God's Word allows us to use in prayer. There are only three of them: 1. Standing. 2. Kneeling. 3. Prostrating one's self on the ground before God. The last was what Jesus did in His great agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, just before He was crucified. We are told, "He fell on His face on the ground."

"But the position of kneeling is the one I want to speak to you about to-day. You see a man comes into God's House, sits down, and then, holding his hat before his face, whispers a few words into it. Is that kneeling?" "No, sir," answered all the children. "You see a lady go into the corner of a comfortable pew, sit down, and cover her face with her hand. Is that kneeling?" "No, sir," replied the children in chorus. "You see other persons go into a pew, sit down, put their feet on the foot bench, and rest their heads forward on the pew in front of them. Is that kneeling?" "No, sir," again they all answered. "You are right, children. When you go into God's House, or pray elsewhere, kneel upon your knees. That is what is meant by kneeling, and the only thing that is meant. Kneeling is taken from the word knee, and means that the knees should touch the ground. Always remember this, and especially when you are in Church, for the Church is the House of God, where He has promised always to be."—*Church Visitor.*

"PLEASE MAKE IT LIGHT."

She was a frail, sensitive child, our friend's little Grace. Even when a tiny baby she had moaned and cowered in the dark, and after she could talk, her pathetic plea, "Please mamma, make it light!" had been a daily household phrase; and so the evening lamps were always early lighted, and the taper burned in the sleeping room.

"You'll spoil that child entirely!" cautioned a strong minded neighbor, whose home was childless. "You ought to break her of such senseless folly. Just leave her in the dark a little, and she'll soon find out there's nothing to hurt her."

But how could the tenderer-hearted mother, who so often clasped and comforted the frightened, cowering little thing in her arms, shut her away in the dark? She could not do it; but hoped that the little one might outgrow her fear. But the heavenly Father, knowing just how many dark hours earth has in store for its dwellers, and how many shadowy places its pilgrims travel through—He, in loving kindness, called the child up into the light; and so one summer day she was slipping away from us. She did not know it the darling! But suddenly came the old piteous cry:

"Oh, mamma, it's so dark! please, mamma, make it light for Gracie!"

So dark, and there the sunbeams lay in golden bars across the carpet; but the child was far down the valley, and the poor mother was powerless to lighten it. Then all at once a happy, satisfied look came over the little wan face, and she joyously exclaimed:

"It's all pritty and bright now, mamma, so pritty and bright!"

And then we, we were in the dark, and the child had gone to the beautiful city, "which has no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the Lamb is the light thereof."—*Christian at Work.*

DOLLY AND HER BASKET.—Grandma and mamma had gone to spend the day at a friend's house. Dolly was to go too, after school. When she went home to dress herself, Betty said, "Oh Miss Dolly, your grandma forgot her best cap! You'll have to carry it to her, for she won't enjoy the evening unless she can wear it."

So Dolly put the cap in a big basket so as not to crump it. In her hurry she let the strings hang out. But they were not hurt.

When Dolly went in with the cap, grandma was much pleased, and kissed the little girl, who was always willing to wait on an old lady.

It is beautiful to see boys and girls polite and attentive to old people.—*Shepherd's Arms.*