

draw them in, amid the raging elements, toward the creek. They already rejoiced at the prospect of deliverance; but when they are within a few yards of the land, one link of the chain breaks! I do not say ten links, but *one link*, in the middle of the chain.

"What shall these distressed people do now? Shall they still cling to the unbroken links? 'No, no!' says one of my hearers, 'overboard with the chain, or it will sink them sooner.' 'What, then, shall they do?' 'Cast themselves upon the mercy of God,' exclaimed another. 'True,' I replied; 'if one commandment be broken. We cannot be saved by them: we must trust in the mercy of God, and lay hold on the almighty hand of Christ, which is stretched out to save us.' I have frequently used this parable, and always found it to answer."

### How the Way Becomes Smooth.

An aged woman was once sitting before the door of her cottage, in a lone country place, talking with her little grand-daughter, and telling her some story in her past life. It was much the same tale as every one tells who has passed through life—a tale of sorrows and changes, mingled with seasons of joy.

The old woman had lost almost all her relations, and was now only comforted, in her old age, by her daughter and the little girl. She had just mentioned the great trial which God had given her in the loss of her husband, while she was still young; and having spoken for some time about it, she said, "But, my child, in all the sorrows and crosses that I have known, there has been One to cheer me, One in whom I could trust. Sometimes my path was very thorny, and I felt that life had more trials than one could well bear; but by and by all my distrust vanished, and Jesus made the way smooth for me. Whenever there was a trial, He gave me strength to bear it, and it always seemed as if He Himself helped me to carry every cross. And now I am old and grey-headed, He still smooths all my way; and He will smooth all your way too if you trust in Him. Yes, child, love Jesus, and He will love you, and the good book says, "He will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

Surely, the words of the old woman might teach us something. I have heard that the Saviour did smooth her way, even in the dark valley of the shadow of death; and that her child and the little one are now following in her steps. If we, too, trust in Jesus, He will guide us in the safest paths through life to a better and happier home than our resting place on earth can ever be. Surely in Jesus, all may find peace.

### Little Ones Should Learn to Pray.

I do not mean that children should learn to say their prayers, and nothing more; though I would not say a word against those holy forms, which we all learned, I trust, as soon as our infant tongues could lisp "Our Father." These little prayers are connected with two many sacred memories to be laid aside.

But I would have children pray their own prayers. I would have them go to their dear Father above, just as they would to their parents on earth, telling him how they love him, confessing their faults, and asking forgiveness.

I think that the sweetest prayers I ever heard were from two little children. Ella was five years old and Jamie two; and everyone who loves children, knows how interesting they may be at those ages. I loved to hear their children talk, their innocent prattle; but most of all I loved to hear their prayers, and if friends were in at that hour, I could not forbear saying, "Come, let us learn of these little ones how to pray."

Ella was naturally full of life and fun, and sometimes rude. So her mother had selected for her a little prayer, beginning,

"Lord, look upon a little child  
By nature sinful, rude, and wild,"

which she repeated after "Our Father," etc. Then came a prayer of her own. I well remember how Jamie, who was at this time but the echo of his little sister, lay in his little crib, while Ella at her mother's knee was praying her child prayer. When she said, "Make Ella a good girl," he would call out, "Make Jamie a good boy." That first little prayer God has heard; for it has ever since seemed to be Jamie's wish to be "a good boy." He has grown up to be, indeed, a good boy—loving, kind, and gentle in all his ways.

I do not believe that even youthful "praying breath is ever "spent in vain."—S. S. Times.

### A Small Meeting and Good Results.

One of the speakers at a meeting to celebrate the opening of a new Presbyterian church (Rev. D. Edmond's) in Highbury, was the Rev. Dr. Macfarlane. It is related that he closed his address by narrating an amusing incident. He visited a place in Scotland as a deputation on behalf of the Missionary Society; but at the time appointed for the meeting, it rained so heavily that, as he rode to the church, he felt that the people would be foolish to turn out to hear his appeal. He found nobody there but the chapel keeper, who would have him wait, and soon induced him to commence proceedings with an audience of four. His inten-