

## Children's Department.

## COURTESY.

Little girls, do you ever think about the meaning of words? This word now, *courtesy*, has something about it which girls and women ought to care for very much indeed. You know that hundreds of years ago in Europe women were, and in many heathen countries are now, not much better than slaves. In China, for instance, when company comes to a house, the parents present the boys very proudly, but they send the girls out of sight as fast as possible. They don't want anybody to know that they have a little daughter in their home.

Gradually, in the middle ages, woman came up from a state of barbarism, and the clergy and poets together helped her to win her proper place. The lady of the castle kept the keys and presided at the feasts, wore beautiful robes of stuffs called samite and camelot, and gave medicine to the sick. She learned surgery too, and when the soldiers and knights came home from battle, wounded and faint, she knew how to set the broken bones and bind up the bruised parts. So everybody treated her politely, and the sort of manners which then came to be popular, in place of the old roughness and rudeness, took the general name of "courtesy."

The Bible bids us to be courteous. Do you want to know the highest and loveliest style of courtesy, which you can practice at home, at school, and in the street? It is all wrapped up in one golden phrase, "In honor preferring one another." Suppose you try to live with those words for your motto, say for a whole week to come.

SEARCHING FOR PAPA.—A lady in the street met a little girl between two and three years old, evidently lost, and crying bitterly. The lady took the baby's hand and asked her where she was going.

"Down to find my Papa," was the sobbing reply. "What is your papa's name?" asked the lady. "His name is Papa."

"But what is his other name? What does your mamma call him?"

"She calls him papa," persisted the little creature.

The lady then tried to lead her along, saying, "You had better come with me, I guess you came this way."

"Yes, but I don't want to go back, I want to find my papa," replied the little girl, crying afresh, as if her heart would break.

"What do you want of your papa?" asked the lady.

"I want to kiss him."

Just at that time a sister of the child, who had been looking for her, came along and took possession of the little runaway. From inquiry it appeared that the little one's papa, whom she was so earnestly seeking, had recently died, and she, tired of waiting for him to come home, had gone out to find him.

## A BEAUTIFUL NARRATIVE.

We think we have nowhere seen a more simple, touching, and beautiful narrative, showing forth the power of truth, than this which follows. It is from the able pen of S. H. Hammond, the author of "Country Margins."

I witnessed a short time ago, in one of our higher Courts, a beautiful illustration of the simplicity and power of the truth. A little girl nine years of age was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for felony committed in her father's house. "Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean sir," was the simple answer.

"There, your lordship," said the counsel, addressing the Court, "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should most assuredly be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the judge. "Come here, my daughter." Assured by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped toward him,

and look confidently up in his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank that it went straight to the heart. "Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge. The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck, and she answered—

"No, sir." She thought he had intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

"I did not mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake; "I mean, were you ever a witness before?"

"No, sir, I never was in Court before," was the answer.

He handed her the Bible, open, "Do you know that Book, my daughter?"

She looked at it, and answered, "Yes sir, it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, every morning and evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" enquired the judge.

"It is the Word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say;" and then he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses. "Now" said the judge, "you have been sworn as a witness; will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the judge.

"I shall not go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the judge again.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the Commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I learned that," she said, "before I could read."

"Has any one talked to you about being a witness in Court against this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to tell her the Ten Commandments, and then we knelt down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before Him. And when I came up here with father, she kissed me, and told me to remember the Ninth Commandment, and that God would hear every word I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye and his lips quivered with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of the truth was perfect.

"God bless you my child," said the judge, "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such witnesses as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied with her with infinite and ingenious questionings, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth as spoken by that little child was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony. The prisoner had entrenched himself in lies, until he deemed himself impregnable. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favour, and villainy had manufactured for him a sham defence. But before her testimony falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little child, for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning device of matured villainy to pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her, and the sublime and terrible simplicity (terrible I mean, to the prisoner and his perjured associates) with which she spoke, was like a revelation from God Himself.

—A man who breaks his word bids others be false to him.

## AN INFANT CLASS LESSON.

Wishing to illustrate as best we could God's universal providence, and minute and constant and comprehensive care of His creatures, and our own dependence and helplessness, more especially the frailty of our life, we brought to the room a magnificent calla lily. Calling attention to the flower we described a little in detail the variety and beauty of the flowers of the field, of which this calla was our only representative—how our kind heavenly Father brought them forth from the tiny seed or rootlet buried under ground to leaf, and branch, and bud, and bloom; how His pencil painted all their delicate tints and gorgeous colors, the delicacy and beauty of which no human artist could ever equal; how His power nourished and sustained their life. Holding it up before the school, with a sharp knife we clipped the flower from the stem, and it fell upon the floor. Calling up a little fellow, we desired him to fasten it on the stem again. No, he could not; "it wouldn't stick." No, nor can all the wise men of earth mend a severed, withered flower, and cause it to bloom again. Does God so clothe with riches and verdure and beauty the grass of the field, and does He care for every leaflet and flower hidden out of human sight, in mountain crevice, in deep forest, or dark ravine—for the grass that withers in an hour and is burned? And will not He care for us, having an immortal nature? for us, for whom Christ died? Are we so helpless and weak that we cannot mend a broken flower?—that if we are stricken with a fatal disease, or if our life is cut down not all the doctors or wise men can save or restore us to life? And can we care for ourselves? Can we add one cubit to our stature, or one moment to our life?

This simple illustration, as we have occasion to know, was, by the blessing of the Master, the nail driven in a sure place, to at least one of the little ones.

## DO WE KNOW HOW TO PRAY?

The Rev. Dr. Hamilton, of Leeds, while solemnly enforcing on the Church its duty in reference to the world, asks the following significant questions: "And has not the Church almost to learn what is the power of prayer? What conception have we of believing prayer, before which mountains depart? What of persevering prayer, which causes us to stand continually upon the watch-tower in the day time, and which sets us in our ward whole nights? What of importunate prayer, which storms heaven with its 'violence and force?' What of united prayer, 'gathering us together to ask help of the Lord?' What of consistent prayer, which regards no iniquity in our hearts? What of practical prayer, which fulfils itself? Let but such prayer be understood, let our spirit but 'break with such longing,' and the expectations of our bosoms shall not be delayed. 'And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.'"

## PENNY WISE?

A penny, a groat, half a pound, and a pound  
That man shall possess who all the year round  
Saves a penny a day.

A penny, a shilling, a crown, and a pound  
At the close of the year in his purse shall be found  
Who each working day puts a penny away.  
I commend very much the man who does either,  
But I can't say so much for the man who does  
neither.

—The following are some of the meanings attached to precious stones:—Diamond, innocence; ruby, forgetfulness of and exemption from vexations caused by friendship and love; sapphire, acceptance; amethyst, sincerity; garnet, constancy; topaz, fidelity; turquoise, prosperity; opal, hope; bloodstone, courage; agate, health and long life; cornelian, contented mind; sardonyx, conjugal felicity; Chrysolite, antidote against madness. Malachite is not a precious stone, but its colour, green, signifies hope.

—He that eateth what he ought not will often find that which he sought not.