

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

THOU that once on mother's knee
Went a little one like me,
When I wake or go to bed
Lay thy hands upon my head;
Let me feel thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

Be beside me in the light,
Close by me through all the night,
Make me gentle, kind, and true,
Do what mother bids me do;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

Once wert thou in cradle laid,
Baby bright in manger-shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house;
Now thou art above the sky;
Canst thou hear a baby cry?

Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since thou art so far away;
Thou my little prayer wilt hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,
Thou that once on mother's knee
Went a little one like me.

—Francis Turner Palgrave.

A BROTHER'S CHARGE.

ONE day a little boy asked his mother to let him lead his little sister out on the green grass. She had just begun to run alone, and could not step over anything that lay in the way. His mother told him he might lead out the little girl, but charged him not to let her fall. I found them at play, very happy, in the field.

I said: "You seem very happy, George. Is this your sister?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can she walk alone?"

"Yes, sir, on smooth ground."

"And how did she get over these stones, which lie between us and the house?"

"O sir, mother charged me to be careful that she did not fall; and so I put my hands under her arms and lifted her up when she came to a stone, so that she need not hit her little foot against it."

"That is right, George; and I want to tell you one thing. You see now how to understand the beautiful text: 'He shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.' God charges his angels to lead and lift his people over difficulties, just as you have lifted little Annie over these stones. Do you understand it now?"

"O yes, sir; and I never shall forget it while I live."

Can one child thus take care of another, and cannot God take care of those who trust him? Surely he can. There is not a child who may read this story over whom he is not ready to give his holy angels charge.—*Dr. Todd.*

TRUE AND OBEYMENT.

"CHARLIE! Charlie!" Clear and sweet the voice sounded over the common.

"That's my mother," cried one of the boys, and instantly throw down his hat and picked up his jacket and cap.

"Don't go yet! have it out!" "Finish this game!" "Try it again!" cried the players in chorus.

"I must go—right off, this minute. I told her I'd come whenever she called."

"Make believe you didn't hear," they all cried.

"But I did hear."

"She won't know you did."

"But I know it, and ——"

"Let him go," said a bystander. "You can't do anything with him, he's tied to his mother's apron-strings."

"That's so!" said Charlie; "and it's what every boy ought to be tied to, and in a hard knot too."

"But I wouldn't be such a baby as to run the minute she called," said one.

"I don't call it babyish to keep one's word to his mother," answered the obedient boy, a beautiful light glowing in his eyes. "I call it manly; and the boy who don't keep his word with her will never keep it with anyone else; you see if he does!" and he hurried away to his cottage home.

Thirty years have passed since those boys played on the common. Charlie is now a prosperous business-man in a great city, and his mercantile friends say, "His word is as good as his bond." We asked him how he acquired such a reputation.

"I never broke my word when a boy, no matter how great the temptation, and the habits formed then have clung to me through life."—*Selected.*

A BRAVE BOY.

"I WON'T go," said Dick. "Then you are a coward!" cried the boys. "Yes; I am afraid to steal," said Dick. "Who says it is stealing?" they asked, angrily. "It is taking what is not yours; and that is stealing," said Dick. "You'll pay for calling us thieves!" said one of the biggest boys. And before Dick knew what he was going to do, the boy had knocked him down, and hurt his arm badly.

Dick's father was a doctor, who bandaged the poor arm very carefully; and all the

time he was doing it up, Dick did not say a word, although it hurt him very much indeed. Dick's mother was in the next room, sick in bed. When Doctor Father had finished, he said. "Why, you are a little man. You didn't cry a bit." "No, sir," said Dick. "I didn't want to make mother feel badly." "But how could you help it, Dick? for I know it hurt you," said Doctor Father. "Why, I asked Jesus to help me bear the pain, and kept my mouth shut."

Don't you think he was a good and a brave boy?

MAKING BELIEVE

"MABEL, what was that I heard you say to Paul about a big bear in the closet?"

"Oh mamma!" answered Mabel, hanging her head, "I was only making believe. I didn't really mean there was any bear there."

"Can my little daughter tell me the difference between 'making believe,' as she calls it, and telling a falsehood?"

Mabel's head hung still lower, and her cheeks flushed. "Why—why—mamma, lying is real mean and wicked, but 'making believe' is only in fun, you know. You don't mean harm by it."

"But you meant Paul to believe it?"

"Yes, ma'm—just for a minute."

"And you knew it would frighten him; and fright to a baby—even for a minute—may mean a great deal of harm. Besides, how will your little brother know when to trust and believe you?"

"I'll never 'make believe' again, mamma, I see that it is as mean as lying."—*Our Children.*

A CHILD'S IDEAS ON ASTRONOMY.

MARY, a little girl of six years, was out one evening in the company of her cousins, who were grown-up young ladies. A meteor shot across the sky, and they observed it, wondering at its origin and why it was allowed to wander at will. They had made a few remarks about it, when Mary, who had been noticing it particularly, said: "I will tell you all about it. It is a bad star—rotten, you know, and not worth anything—so the Lord has thrown it away, and will not keep it any longer with the rest."

The mother of the same little girl was telling her that some one had called the stars loop-holes through which God had allowed his glory to shine. Mary said: "O mamma, that cannot be, because then we should see them in the day-time as well as at night, for the glory of the Lord is much brighter than the sun, and they would shine out in the middle of the day."