

ings must be, should your children be taken from you without ever having seen you in the attitude of prayer,—without having heard your voice supplicating for them the mercy of God, or teaching them to pray!—*Tract Journal.*

### A LESSON IN OBEDIENCE.

"Jack! Jack! here, sir! hie on!" cried Charlie, flinging his stick far into the pond. Jack don't want to go; it wasn't pleasant swimming in among the great lily leaves, that would flap against his nose and eyes, and get in the way of his feet; so he looked at the stick, and then at his master, and sat down, wagging his tail, as much as to say, "You're a very nice little boy; but there was no need of your throwing the stick in the water, and I don't think I'll oblige you by going after it."

But Charlie was determined. He found another switch, and, by scolding and whipping, forced Jack into the water, and made him fetch the stick. He dropped it on the bank, however, instead of bringing it to his master; so he had to go over the performance again and again until he had learned that when Charlie told him to go for the stick, he was to obey at once. Charlie was satisfied at length, and, with Jack at his heels, went home to tell his mother about the afternoon's work. He seemed quite proud of it. "It was pretty hard work, mother," he said. "Jack wouldn't mind at all until I made him; but now he knows that he has to do it, and there will be no more trouble with him, you'll see."

"What right have you to expect him to mind you?" asked his mother, quietly.

"Right, mother? Why, he is my dog! Uncle John gave him to me, and I do everything for him. Didn't I make his kennel my own self, and put nice hay in it? And don't I feed him three times every day? And I'm always kind to him. I call him 'Nice old Jack,' and pat him, and let him lay his head on my knee. Indeed, I think I've the best right in the world to have him mind me."

His mother was cutting out a jacket. She did not look up when Charlie had finished, but, going on steadily with her work, she said, slowly, "I have a little boy. He is my own. He was given to me by my heavenly Father. I do everything for

him. I make his clothes, and prepare the food he eats. I teach him his lessons, and nurse him tenderly when he is sick. Many a night have I sat up to watch by his side when fever was burning him, and daily I pray to God for every blessing upon him. I love him. I call him my dear little son. He sits on my lap, and goes to sleep with his head on my arm. I think I have the 'best right in the world' to expect this little boy to obey me; and yet he does not, unless I *make* him, as I would have to make a dog."

"Oh, mother!" cried Charlie, tears starting to his eyes, "I knew it was *wrong* to disobey you, but I never thought before how *mean* it was. Indeed, I do love you, and I'll try—I really *will* try—to mind you as well as Jack minds me."—*Child's Own Mag.*

### A CHILD'S FAITH.

In a public school in New York, a short time since, on an alarm of fire, a terrible panic ensued, and many of the scholars were injured by rushing to the doors, and one of the teachers, a young lady, jumped from the window. Among the hundreds of children with whom the building was crowded was one girl, among the best of the school, who, through all the frightful scene maintained composure. The colour, indeed, forsook her cheek. Her lips quivered the tears stood in her eyes; but she did not move. After order had been restored, and all her companions had been brought back to their places, the question was asked her how she came to sit so still, when everybody else was in such a fright. "My father," said she, "is a fireman, and he told me, if there was an alarm of fire in the school, I must just sit still."

Our God is the Father of all,  
The Father of mercies and love;  
He pities the works of His hand,  
Though He reigns in the heavens above.

Not a sparrow can fall to the ground  
Without His permission or care;  
From such a kind Father and Friend,  
Oh! what have His children to fear?

We have nothing to fear but from sin;  
It is sin that displeases our God;  
When we do not obey His command,  
Like a father, He uses the rod.