

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"Then were the disciples glad."

Now by Jesus reconciled,
We may plead with God above;
Father, on each little child
Look with eyes of love.

Father we may call thee now,
Without question, without fear;
Jesus Christ has taught us how,—
Father bend and hear.

Father, teach us how to pray;
On our hearts thy mercy shed;
Feed thy children day by day
With thy heavenly bread.

Father, teach us how to live
Pure in thought and deed and tongue;
Father, teach us to forgive
All who do us wrong.

Guard us by thy mighty power
When in danger's path we run;
Save us in temptation's hour
From the evil one.

Father, till this life be past,
May we ever live to thee;
May we all in heaven at last
Thy bright glory see.

A BRAVE CHINESE BABY.

He was very little more than a baby, certainly not more than three or four years old; and the queer, wide clothes he wore made him look so short that, at first sight, it seemed a miracle he could walk at all. He was all alone in the house; in fact, he was all alone in the village. Every other house but his was shut up tight, the door locked, and all the people gone away fishing. What a predicament, to be sure, for a four-year old boy to be left in! The more I think of it, the more I think he was one of the very bravest fellows ever born. Many a man has got a great name for being a hero without having shown half the courage that this little chap did when he toddled out into the street to meet us.

It was in a Chinese fishing-village, on the shore of the Pacific Ocean, a few miles from Monterey, in California. There are several such villages on that coast, and to Americans, they are very curious places to see.

The door of the Brave Baby's house stood wide open, and as soon as he heard the sound of our carriage-wheels, he came running to see what was coming. We stopped the carriage and got out. He looked at us for a minute with a steady gaze, then turned around, and waddled back as fast as his fat little legs would carry him into the dark recesses of his house. We thought he had run away to hide. Not a bit of it. In a few seconds, back he came, holding up to us a big abalone shell, tightly grasped in both his chubby hands; then he laid it on a bench by the door, waddled back, got another, brought it out and laid it down; then still another.

In all the houses in the fishing-villages there are great baskets of these abalone shells kept to sell to travellers, and the Baby had, no doubt, often seen his mother bring them out and offer them to people passing by. So he thought they

might be what we had come for. As he held out shell after shell toward us, he fixed his queer, narrow, slanting little eyes on us with an expression of anxiety and inquiry that was pathetic. When he saw that we did not want the shells, he went back again, still farther into the recesses of the cabin, and bringing out a tin dipper with a little water in it, offered that to us.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE EARTH-WORM AND "DESIGN."

The earth-worm's work, distinctly not for his own advantage, but for the good of other creatures, and, in the final issue, of man, evidently suggests far-reaching design. Here is a creature which for ages before man appeared on the earth has been forming vegetable mould, largely modifying the distribution of soil on the earth's surface, and doing this in a way which, as far as itself is concerned, is most wasteful. Every worm passes through his gizzard some twenty ounces of earth every year, an enormous quantity for such a minute creature to triturate; and out of this mass it gets not the largest possible amount of nutriment as it ought to do on the "survival" principle, but a relatively trifling amount compared with what it might get were it to feed at or near the surface. The worm, then, from its own standpoint, is working most wastefully; what it does is economic work only in reference to the higher organisations whose needs it subserves. By very hard work for little pay (so to speak) it has been for ages enriching the surface-soil preparing it in a most remarkable manner for the growth of food-plants; working out, in fact, part of the great plan known to and pre-arranged from the beginning by the Great Creator.

GONE! GONE! GONE!

The clock upon the tower of a neighboring church tolled forth, slowly and solemnly the knell of the departed hour.

As the last sound died away, Willie, who was sitting on the carpet at his mother's feet, lifted his head, and looking earnestly in her face, asked:

"Mother, what did the clock say?"

"To me," said his mother, sadly, "it seems to say, 'Gone—gone—gone—gone—gone!'"

"What, mother, what has gone?"

"Another hour, my son."

"What is an hour, mother?"

"A white-winged messenger from our Father in heaven, sent by Him to inquire of you, of me, what we are doing, what we are saying, what we are thinking and feeling."

"Where is it gone, mother?"

"Back to Him who sent it, bearing on its wings, that were so pure and white when it came, a record of all our thoughts, words and deeds while it was with us. Were they

all such as our Father could receive with a smile of approbation?"

THE SEVEN STICKS.

A father had seven sons who were constantly at variance with each other, and who even neglected their work in consequence of quarrels and contentions. Indeed, some bad persons had the intention of turning this difference to their own advantage, by cheating the children of their inheritance on the death of their father.

The venerable old man had all his seven sons assembled together one day. He laid before them seven sticks which were bound together, and said, "I will pay directly a hundred crowns to any of you who can break this bundle of sticks asunder."

Each of them strained every nerve, and each said, after a long but vain attempt, "It is impossible."

"And yet," the father said, "nothing is easier."

He then untied the bundle, and broke one stick after the other, with little effort. "Ah!" said his sons, "it is easy enough to do it so; any little boy could do it in that way."

But their father said, "As it is with these sticks, so it is with you, my sons. So long as you hold fast together, you will succeed, and no man will be able to overreach you; but if the bond of unity, which ought to bind you together, be loosened, it will happen to you as to the sticks, which lie here broken on the ground around us."

"I DIDN'T THINK."

LESSON ON OBEDIENCE.

Harry's father promised him and the rest of the children an excursion down the bay and a run on the sands one afternoon, if when dinner time came there were no complaints against them.

When warned that their pleasure depended on their good behaviour, there was a cry:

"All right, father, we will be very good; we don't care to lose the fun do we?" turning to his sisters, who were just as delighted as he, but not so boisterous in proclaiming it.

But in the midst of all their fun, the little boy had been told to do something by the father, which he had not done; and although he was very good in most things, yet he had a failing which caused him some trouble. This failing was forgetfulness—that is, not doing what he was told at once. Not that he intended to forget, or to be disobedient; but (as it is often with other little boys and girls), instead of doing it at once, he would say: "Yes, father," or, "Yes, mother, I will in a minute;" and then it was delayed till altogether forgotten.

Now, Harry's father wished to cure him of this sad failing. So when he was told to do something, and yet not do it, his father took a piece of chalk and wrote his name, and under his name the word "Disobedient," with the day of the month, on a piece of board, out of the little boy's reach.

A little while after this the child came to his father's office, saying:

"How long will it be before we go, father?" and as he said so his eye fell on the board against the wall, and he read his name and his offence there; and beginning to cry he said: "Oh, father, what have I done?"

That word "disobedient" was a terrible word for this little boy, for he then remembered the duty imposed upon him. It seemed a little hard that when he had been so careful to do nothing wrong, that he had actually done wrong without knowing it or thinking of it.

But there it was, and there was the lesson. Not to do what he should have done was as bad as doing what he should not have done.

To leave a fancet open or a lighted candle where it can set anything on fire will cause as much destruction, if done from forgetfulness, as they would had they been left so intentionally.

Harry profited by the lesson. He ran off—for fortunately it was not too late—accomplished the task, and returned with radiant face, begged his father's pardon for his neglect, and, to his joy, saw the terrible word rubbed off.

A few such lessons made him prompt and careful in obeying, his memory not often betraying him into sins of omission.

THE SALESLADY.

Josh Billings was impatient of the airs and graces of the Boston shop girls. I went with him into a store in Washington street one day, says a writer, and he asked the maiden if she was the attendant who had sold him a handkerchief the day before.

"I am the saleslady who served you," responded the reduced Empress in fringed hair and ringed fingers who presided at the counter.

"Well," said Josh, "I will take a dozen more, and, as I wish to get them to my washerlady at once, I will get you to send them to my carriage round the corner. My coach gentleman cannot get to the door now in consequence of the ash gentleman blocking the way."

THE BLIND GIRL AND THE BIBLE.

A poor French girl who had lost her sight, and who was very anxious to read the Word of God, had long looked forward to possessing a copy of the Scriptures in raised type, as she had some knowledge of reading in the books printed for the blind. But when the much longed-for book was brought to her, she found to her disappointment that she could make no use of it, the hard work in which she was constantly engaged having made her fingers too hard and horny to feel the raised letters. With tears in her eyes she took leave of the beloved book, and uttering the words, "Farewell, dear book" (*Adieu, cher livre*), she lifted the Bible to her lips, and was about to return it to the donor. When, joyful surprise! she found that she could read it with her lips! Her fingers had, indeed, become hard, but her lips were able to discern the letters from one another, and thankfully and joyfully did she keep possession of the sacred book, from which she gained, it is to be hoped, much profit to her soul.