

LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Of such the kingdom!—teach thou us,
O Master most divine,
To feel the deep significance
Of these wise words of thine!

The haughty eye shall seek in vain
What innocence beholds;
No cunning finds the key of heaven,
No strength its gate unfolds.

Alone to guilelessness and love
That gate shall open fall;
The mind of pride is nothingness—
The childlike heart is all!

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 16, 1901.

HOW EDDIE PREACHED.

"When I get big enough I'm going to be a preacher," said Eddie one day.

"What is a preacher?" asked grandma.

Eddie looked surprised. "Don't you know what a preacher is? A preacher is a man that tells the people what the Bible means. And he says 'Thirdly, my brethren,' and everybody listens to him. It's nice to have people listen to you."

Grandma smiled. "I think you are big enough to preach now," she said.

"Really and truly, grandma?" asked the little boy eagerly.

"Yes, really and truly."

"I'm afraid not," said Eddie, after a few moments of thought; "or I'd know how, and I don't."

"What does the preacher do first?" asked grandma.

"He takes a text, and then he 'splains it. I can't do that."

"O yes, you can, Eddie," said grandma. "Here's a good text for you to explain: 'Be kind to one another.'"

"There's nothing to 'splain about that," said Eddie. "You just be kind to everybody and that's all there is of it."

"A good text, though, for my little preacher's first sermon. I should like to have him preach from it for a week."

"Preach a week! Why, grandma, I can't" exclaimed Eddie.

"Can't be kind to everybody you meet for one week?"

Eddie looked thoughtful. "Would that be preaching?"

"It would, and the very best kind. A good preacher has to preach in that way, or people will not listen to what he says in the pulpit."

"Well," said Eddie with a sigh, "I suppose I can try; but I wasn't thinking of that kind of preaching."

"You will be showing everybody what that verse in the Bible means, you know," said grandma.

"It is not kind to the teacher to whisper in school," said Eddie the very next day; and he did not whisper once.

"It's not kind to Bridget to play along the road and keep my dinner waiting, either," and he hurried home from school.

"It's not kind to mamma when I don't do errands promptly," and he did quickly and well whatever he was bid.

Every day and all day he thought about what was kind, and tried to do it. The end of the week came.

"How do you like preaching?" asked grandma.

"Why, I like it; but, grandma, I guess everybody must have been preaching about that text, for everybody has been so kind to me."

WRITING ON THE FOREHEAD.

"How will God write it, papa?" asked little Eve.

"Write what?" asked her father, looking off his reading.

Eve got up from the low stool where she had been sitting with her book, and came across to him.

"See what it says," said she, resting the book on his knee, and pointing. "Then she read it out. 'And his name shall be in their foreheads,' she read. 'It's out of the Bible,' added she, 'and I know it means God. How will God write it, papa?'"

Her father put down his book and took her on his knee. "God will not write it at all," said he.

"Not write it!" exclaimed Eve, in astonishment. "Then how will it come there?"

"Some things write themselves," said her father.

Eve looked as if she didn't understand. But of course it must be true, since father said it; so she waited for him to explain.

"When you look at grandfather's silver hair," began her father, "what do you see written there? That he is an old, old gentleman, don't you?" continued he, as Eve hesitated. "Who wrote it there?"

"It wrote itself," said Eve.

"Right," said he. "Day by day and year by year the white hairs came, until

at last it was written quite plainly, as if somebody had taken pen and ink and put it down on paper for you to read. Now, when I look in your mouth what do I see written 'here? I see, 'This little girl is not a baby now; for she has all her teeth, and can eat crusts.' That has been writing itself ever since the first tooth that you cut, when mother had to carry you about all night because it pained you so."

"What a funny sort of writing!" said she.

"When little girls are cross and disobedient," her father went on, "where does it write itself? Look in the glass the next time you are naughty and see."

"I know," said Eve. "In their faces, doesn't it?"

"And if they are good?"

"In their faces too. Is that what the text means?"

"That is what it means," said father.

"Because if we go on being naughty all our lives, it writes itself upon our faces so that nothing can rub it out. But if we are good, the angels will read upon our foreheads that we are God's. So you must try, day by day, to go on writing it."

FAULT-FINDING.

One of the easiest things in the world is to find fault with other people; but how difficult it is to see our own faults, to understand our weak points, and to remember that as we see faults in others they see faults as bad, and perhaps worse, in us. Let us be charitable, and do as the great artist who painted a picture of his monarch, upon whose brow there was a scar. He placed his king with elbow resting on a table and his head supported by his hand, but with a finger covering the scar. Let us endeavour to place the finger of charity over the scars of our brethren.

ALWAYS IN A HURRY.

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD.

I know a little maiden who is always in a hurry;

She races through her breakfast to be in time for school;

She scribbles at her desk in a hasty sort of flurry;

And comes home in a breathless whirl that fills the vestibule.

She hurries through her studying, she hurries through her sewing,

Like an engine at high pressure, as if leisure were a crime;

She's always in a scramble, no matter where she's going,

And yet—would you believe it?—she never is in time.

It seems a contradiction until you know the reason;

But I'm sure you'll think it simple, as I do, when I state

That she never has been known to begin a thing in season,

And she's always in a hurry, because she starts too late.

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