

Children's Department.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

A little hand within my own
I hold
More precious 'tis than silver, gems
Or gold.

White, dimpled, soft, it nestles
'Neath my arm,
As if once sheltered there 'twere safe
From harm.

Oh! darling little hand that clings
To mine.
Oh! loving trustful eyes that
Softly shine.

You look to me for all that love
Can give.
Will look to me as long as both
Shall live.

I feel my great unfitness for
The task:
More patience, Lord, more gentleness
I ask.

More love, with which to teach Thy
Love divine;
Less faith in my own strength, much more
In Thine.

More courage, faith and hope to point
The road,
That narrow road and straight, which leads
To God.

ONE POOR STONE.

Two masons were working together on the rear wall of a church, when one stopped the other just as he was putting a stone in its place.

"Don't put in that stone," he said; "it is flaky, and will soon fall to pieces."

"I know it isn't a very good one, but it is so handy, and just fits here. Nobody will see it up here, and it is too much trouble to get another."

"Don't put it in. Take time to send for another." That stone won't stand the weather, and when it falls the whole building will be damaged."

"I guess not. It won't hurt us, so here goes."

Then he lifted the stone into its place, poor, and loose-grained, and flaky as it was, covered it over with mortar, and went on with his work. Nobody could see the stone, and none knew of its worthlessness but the two masons, and the church was finished and accepted.

But time and the weather did their work, and soon it began to flake and crumble. Every rain-storm and every hot, sultry day helped its decay, and it soon crumbled away. But that was not all, nor the worst. The loss of the stone weakened the wall, and soon a great beam which it should have supported sunk into the cavity, a crack appeared in the roof, and the rain soon made sad havoc with ceiling and fresco; so a new roof and ceiling, and expensive repairs, were the result of one poor stone being put in the place of a good one.

Each one of us, young or old, is building a structure for himself. The structure is our character, and every act of our lives is a stone in the building. Don't work in poor stones. Every mean action, every wrong or impure word, will show itself in your after life, though it may pass unnoticed at first. Let every act and word of every day be pure and right, and your character will stand the test of any time.—*Selected.*

At the Montreal General Conference, a speaker said he had been ashamed to learn that the average salary of the ministers of the Western conference was \$589. His office boy earned more than that. The deficiency in salaries based on the promises to ministers was \$388,419 during the quadrennium.