

## GOOD-MORNING TO GOD.

"Oh! I am so happy!" the little girl said,  
As she sprang like a lark from her low  
trundle-bed.

"'Tis morning, bright morning! Good-  
morning, papa!

Oh, give me one kiss for good-morning,  
mamma!

Only just look at my pretty canary,  
Chirping his sweet notes, 'Good-morning to  
Mary!

The sunshine is peeping straight into my  
eyes—

Good-morning to you, Mr. Sun, for you rise  
So early to wake up my birdie and me,  
And make us as happy as happy can be!"

"Happy you may be, my dear little girl,"  
And the mother stroked softly a clustering  
curl,

"Happy as can be, but think of the One  
Who awakened this morning both you and  
the sun,"

The little one turned her bright eyes with a  
nod—

"Mamma, may I say then 'Good-morning'  
to God!"

"Yes, little darling one, sure you may,  
As you kneel by your bed every morning to  
pray."

Mary knelt solemnly down, with her eyes  
Looking up earnestly into the skies;  
And two little hands that were folded to-  
gether

Softly she laid in the lap of her mother.  
"Good-morning, dear Father in heaven,"  
she said,

"I thank thee for watching my snug little  
bed;

For taking good care of me all the dark  
night,

And waking me up with a beautiful light.  
O keep me from naughtiness all the long  
day,

Blest Jesus who taught little children to  
pray."

## HOLDING UP HIS HAND.

ONE of the boys that were sent out from  
the big city one summer for two weeks' fresh  
air was little Pip Glover. He was a handy  
fellow, and Mr. Price took a fancy to keep  
him and teach him to work on the farm.

Pip was glad to stay, and made himself  
very useful, for there were no children at  
"Woodlands," and you know it is always  
convenient to have a pair of short legs  
around that don't get tired of going errands.

But there was one thing that sometimes  
made Mr. Price feel sorry he had kept Pip;  
the little boy had lived where people used

bad words, and it seemed as if he didn't  
know how to talk without them.

"Pip," said Mr. Price at last, "if you  
don't stop that sort of talk, my boy, you'll  
have to go back where you came from. I  
can't stand it."

Pip burst out crying. "I can't stop," he  
said; "I have tried, and I can't stop."

"I know better," said Mr. Price. "If  
you ask the Lord, he'll help you to stop."

"I don't seem to know how to ask him  
nothin'," said Pip sniffing. "I ain't been  
used to askin' him 'bout things."

Mr. Price looked bothered, and was quiet  
for a minute, and then, "Pip," said he, "do  
you remember how hard it was for you to  
keep on your feet when I took you to skate  
last Monday?"

"Yes, sir," said Pip, laughing to think  
how funny he felt slipping about on the  
ice.

"Now, how did you keep from falling  
down all the time?" asked Mr. Price.

"Oh, when I began to fall I just held  
up my hand and you caught it," answered  
the boy.

"There, now!" cried his master, "when  
you begin to fall that other dreadful way,  
just hold up your hand, my boy; the good  
Lord will take hold of it, though you can't  
see him, and pull you up straight.

And Pip found this a first-rate plan, till  
by-and-by he forgot the sound of those evil  
words, and became a man of pure lips and a  
clean tongue.

## JAPANESE BABIES.

"THE babies in Japan," says a writer in  
*St. Nicholas*, "have sparkling eyes and  
funny little tufts of hair; they look so  
quaint and old-fashioned, exactly like those  
doll-babies that are sent over here to  
America. Now, in our country, very young  
babies are apt to put everything in their  
mouths; a button, or a pin, or any thing  
goes straight to the little rosy, wide-open  
mouth, and the nurse or mamma must  
always watch and take great care that baby  
does not swallow something dangerous. But  
in Japan they put the small babies right  
down in the sand by the door of the house,  
or on the floor, but I never saw them  
attempt to put anything in their mouths  
unless they were told to do so, and no one  
seemed to be anxious about them. When  
little boys or girls in Japan are naughty  
and disobedient they must be punished,  
of course; but the punishment is very  
strange. There are very small pieces of  
rice-paper called moxa, and these are lighted  
with a match, and then put upon the finger,  
or hand, or arm of the naughty child, and

they burn a spot on the tender skin that  
hurts very much. The child tremors with  
pain, and the red-hot moxa sticks to the  
skin for a moment or two, and then goes  
out, but the smearing burn reminds the  
little child of his fault. I do not like these  
moxas. I think it is cruel punishment.  
But perhaps it is better than a whipping.  
Only I wish little children never had to be  
punished."

## THE BOYS WE NEED.

HERE'S to the boy who's not afraid  
To do his share of work;  
Who never is by toil dismayed,  
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet  
All lions in the way;  
Who's not discouraged by defeat,  
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do  
The very best he can;  
Who always keeps the right in view,  
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be  
The men whose hands will guide  
The future of our land, and we  
Shall speak their name with pride.

All honor to the boy who is  
A man at heart, I say;  
Whose legend on his shield is this:  
"Right always wins the day."  
—*Golden Days*.

## HOW MOLLIE HELPED.

THERE was once a bright, spirited little  
girl, whose hard-working father was taken  
suddenly away from his little family, leav-  
ing the whole burden of their support on  
the mother. A kind lady questioned this  
child, but six years old, as to how they got  
along. "O," said little Mollie, "mother and  
I do all the work now, and we do it first-  
rate." "But what can you do to help, with  
such little hands as those?" Mollie held  
up her plump little hands, and turning them  
over and over again, said "O, I can do lots  
and lots! I set the table, and wash the dishes  
and shake up the cradle pillow, and blow  
the whistle for the baby. Sometimes  
mamma gets tired washing, and she cries.  
Then I go and lift baby out of the cradle—  
he's awful heavy—and hold him right up  
before mamma. Then she always laughs  
and takes him, and that rests her, you  
see."

How shall I stand in this storm, bear this  
burden, or overcome these foes? By looking  
to Jesus and trusting in him.