

GONE TO SCHOOL.

WHERE is our merry-hearted baby?
How strange the silence seems!
Where is he—in the land of mischief
Or in the land of dreams?
Trying the reins on patient Rover?
Coaxing puss with a spool?
Ah, me! how slowly we remember
Baby has gone to school.

Here at home he began his letters,
Finished with x, y, z,
And conquered the multiplication table
As far as the "three times three."
Then papa laughed, and suggested shyly,
"Mamma forgets one rule,
Babies must learn to be more than babies,
And so they must go to school."

Well we recall the September morning
When our sturdy little man
Kissed good-bye in the pleasant sunshine,
And the growing up began.
Looking back, he cheerily shouted,
As we watched from the doorway cool:
"Good-bye, folkses! I'll come and see you
By'm'by, after school."

Many a tale he finds to tell us,
Mingled with smiles and tears;
Bravely his heart goes out to the future,
Untouched by doubts and fears.
Yet we know life holds harder lessons
Than those from book or tool,
Ah, time! deal gently with us and baby,
Till we are all home from school.

"ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN."

JOSEPHA was not in very good humour that Sunday, though it was her birthday, her tenth birthday.

In the first place, a Sunday birthday was a dull sort of thing, she thought; and then baby Fritz had been so sick that mamma had not had a chance to get any little present for her. It is true, that was only put off—the present was to come; but still Josepha felt out of sorts.

And when mamma called her to get her Bible verses, she broke into a regular pout, and grumbled out that it was a hard case she couldn't have any fun at all on her birthday, not even a holiday from her Bible verses.

Mamma at once shut the Bible and laid it on the table.

"I can't let you learn your verses while you are in a bad humour," she said, so I will preach you a sermon instead.

"Once there was a little boy who used to beg his father every morning to keep him away from the bees; but instead of helping his father to keep him, he went

straight out and played with their hives, and of course they stung him again."

"Well, what next?" asked the little listener.

"That's all," said mamma.

"All! Why I don't call that a sermon."

"Yes, it is a sermon," answered mamma; "but it is a short one, and it has my little daughter for a text."

"Now mamma, you know I never do anything like that!" exclaimed Josepha.

"I think I can show you that you do something very much like that every morning. When you are repeating the Lord's prayer, what do you say after 'Thy kingdom come?'"

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," repeated the little girl briskly.

"That is, you ask God to make you do his will just as the angels do in. How do you suppose the angels do God's will?"

"I don't know," said the listener slowly.

"Of course we don't know exactly, but of some things we feel confident; I am sure that they do it promptly; they do it cheerfully; I am sure they do it perfectly."

"The angels know just what God's will is, but I don't," answered Josepha, who felt as if she needed somehow to defend herself.

Her mother pointed to an illuminated text hanging on the nursery wall: "Children, obey your parents."

There was a long, quiet time then, in which mamma drew her little girl to her knee and kissed her tenderly.

"I won't give you any verses to get today," she said gently, "but I give you this little sermon to 'learn by heart.' Every time you say, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,' remember that you are asking God to make you do what you are told—and then you must help the Lord to answer that prayer."—*The Churchman.*

IT PAYS TO BEGIN NOW.

Do you ever imagine that, some way, the thief, or prize-fighter, or gambler, or pirate, or circus clown, who is suddenly converted and becomes very active in trying to get others converted, or save drunkards, must be a very valuable man to the Church and the Master—more so than the pure-minded, straightforward men who have been Christians since they were boys? Don't you believe it! In one way they are, just as the thief on the cross was, to show that Jesus is able to save the very lowest. But so far as their actual worth and services as Christians are concerned, a boy who gives his heart to Christ at his mother's knee and grows straight up without crooks or knots, is worth a hundred such. You might as

well try to prove that punched coins are worth more than whole ones. You might as well claim that your old spelling-book with half the leaves torn out is better than a new one. You might as well think that Farmer Brown's old brier and thistle patch will raise more corn than his bottom meadow. The question is not how much good may such a man do, but how much more good might he have done had he begun in childhood to form the right kind of habits instead of the wrong kind, so that now all he would have to do would be to throw all his energy into the work of Christ, instead of having to reserve half of it to gain self-control and dig up the roots of evil habits. Begin to build your lives on Christ now, so that you may not have to spend half of them tearing down the works of Satan.—*Morning Guide.*

TALKING TO HEAVEN.

A MOTHER living not very far from the post office in this city, tired with watching over a sick baby, came down stairs for a few moments the other day for a few seconds' rest. She heard the voice of her little four-year-old girl in the hall by herself, and curious to know to whom she was talking, stopped a moment at the half open door. She saw the little thing had pulled a chair up in front of the telephone, and stood upon it, with the ear piece pressed against the side of her head. The earnestness of the child showed that she was in a playful mood, and this was the conversation the mother heard, while the tears stood thick in her eyes, the little one carrying on both sides as if she were repeating the answers:

"Hello!"

"Well, who's there?"

"Is God there?"

"Yes."

"Is Jesus there?"

"Yes."

"Tell Jesus I want to speak to him."

"Well?"

"Is that you Jesus!"

"Yes, what is it?"

"Our baby is sick and we want you to let it get well. Won't you now?"

"No answer, and statement and question again repeated, finally answered by "Yes."

The little one hung the ear piece back on its hook, clambered down from the chair and with a radiant face, went for mother who caught her in her arm.

The baby, whose life had been despairing, began to mend that day, and got better.

—*Elmira Free Press.*