

## Forty.

## A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

Great God! who in thy boundless love dost care—  
 Even for the chief transgressor of Thy law,  
 Oh! hear the prayer which to Thy throne I bring,  
 Regard with tender pity my complaint:  
 Grant pardon, peace and joy to this poor heart,  
 Erring so often from the heavenly way.  
 Humble me low in dust at Jesus' cross,  
 Exalt and strengthen every pure desire,  
 Reveal Thyself in all Thy glorious forms;  
 More clearly than I ever have seen before;  
 Open to faith's dim eye those visions grand,  
 Near and still nearer, draw my soul to Thee.  
 Go with me hand in hand through life's brief  
 course,  
 Refresh me oft with foretaste sweet of heaven,  
 Impart Thy Spirit with its matchless grace,  
 For, unless He shall help me conquer sin,  
 Foes, without number, will overwhelm and slay.  
 In God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
 Now is my trust and evermore shall be.

## The Fireside.

## SPEAK THE TRUTH.

BY RUTH HUDSON.

It was the last day of school. The girls had received permission from their teacher to decorate the school-room. So, having met and discussed the question, they each decided to bring something to help toward the decoration.

Now this was a city school, and the girls were rather poor, and not able to buy pretty flowers and vases; so they made artificial flowers serve their purpose. One or two of the girls brought sprays of different kinds of vases that grew in their yards at home. They soon had a fine time looking over their large collection of flowers. They filled several vases and glasses with flowers and vines, and they really looked very nice when finished.

Finding that there were a great number of flowers left, the girls finally set about decorating themselves—putting flowers in their hair, and at their skirts.

Emma Hay, who had brought no flowers, did not join the others in their sport. She saw that she was the only one who had no flowers, and as the girls did not offer her any, she resolved to run home at recess and get some that she knew were in the second bureau drawer at home.

"I wonder if mother will care if I take them?" said Emma to herself. "I guess she will; for she'll think that they will get lost among the others. I guess I won't ask her. I'll just go into the room softly, and take them without her knowing it. If she hasn't waked up from her nap yet, I'll have no trouble."

At recess she went home. There she found everything quiet. Her mamma was in the front room, and if she was awake she did not hear Emma come in because of the noise in the street. The door, too, between the sitting-room and bedroom was closed.

Emma looked into the drawer and found a bunch of lilies and some pink roses, and a full blown rose. She then looked into the second bureau drawer, and to her delight found a large white rose with beautiful leaves. This she knew was prettier than anything the other girls had. She wrapped them up hastily and ran back to school. While she was showing her treasures to the girls, one of the larger ones cried out:

"Oh, you dear little thing! What a beauty that white rose is! If you'll let me wear it, I'll fix up nicer than any of the other girls. Will you, Emma?"

Silly Emma consented; being flattered by being noticed by one of the big girls. After recess they all went into the large room for the closing exercises.

When they were all dismissed, Emma went up to the girl to whom she had loaned her white rose and asked her for it.

"Dear me!" cried she. "Didn't you get it? I gave it to Jane Peck to give to you. I guess she's hunting for you."

Emma went to seek Jane, who told her she hadn't seen her flowers. She searched all through the crushed mass of flowers, but did not find the white rose, and the others were rather forlorn looking. Poor Emma! How she wished she could undo the work of the last hour. Her heart felt very heavy, for she knew her mother would miss the flowers sooner or later.

Instead of going right to her mother, and telling her of her disobedience in taking the flowers without permission, she resolved to put them where she had found them, and say nothing about the matter. She would have spared herself many hours of fear and torture if she had been truthful and honest.

As it was, every time her mamma called her in from play, she thought to herself, "Mamma has found the flowers; oh what shall I do?"

A week passed; on what day, one day, while Emma was playing she heard her mamma calling:

"Emma, come here a moment."

Emma came in rather slowly. She found her mother standing before the open bureau drawer, holding the flowers in her hand.

"Do you know who has taken these flowers and sold them so?" said her mamma.

"No, ma'am," said Emma.

"Haven't you been playing with them, Emma?"

"No, ma'am," said Emma again, without looking at her mother.

"But, Emma, you know your brothers are too large to care to play with these things, and there is no one else in the house who would be likely to care for them but you."

Emma hung her head and said nothing.

"I think my little daughter had better tell me all about it," said her mother. "You find the matter worse by telling me a falsehood. Your first sin has led you into another, so let us straighten it all out before it goes any further."

Emma, full of shame, burst into tears and confessed all. She told her, too, how she had been in constant fear ever since the last day of school, that her mother would find the flowers and ask her about them.

Then mamma was very much grieved to hear the story; but she forgave her, and then told her a little more that she had learned when she was a little girl. She told Emma that she hoped she would always try to follow it closely. I hope that each reader will remember it and try to obey it:

Speak the truth;  
 Think the truth;  
 Act the truth.

## THE HUNGRY RED-HAIRED BOY.

A New York merchant, who is a Sunday-school teacher, says Dr. Newton, was called upon for a speech at a great Sunday-school meeting out West.

"I'll tell you a little story of a beggar-boy," he started out one fine Sunday morning to get up some recruits for my class. At the corner of the street I met a bare-headed boy, without hat or coat. He had red hair, and looked as if it had never been combed. I asked the boy if he could come to school.

"No, sir," was his sharp reply.

"You ought to go to Sunday-school," I said kindly.

"What for?" he asked.

"We teach boys to be good," I said.

"But I don't want to be good," he said.

"Because I am hungry," I asked earnestly.

"It is now nine o'clock," I said, looking at my watch; "haven't you had any breakfast yet?"

"No, sir."

"Where do you live?"

"Up the alley there, with aunt. She's sick."

"Will you be so good as to go and get me a loaf of bread and a cup of coffee?"

"Yes, sir," said I, and he went to get it. He ate them in a way which showed how keenly hungry he was. I asked him if he would like some more.

"A little more, if you please, sir," said the boy.

"I got a fresh supply, and set them before him. I waited till he had done eating; then I said, 'My boy, will you go with me to school now?'"

"You have been so kind to me, sir," said he, "I'll go anywhere with you. Please wait till I take what's left of the gingerbread round to aunt, and then I'll go with you."

"He returned directly to the sidewalk where I was waiting for him, and went with me to school. He had never been to school before. He thought of school as a place where boys had to hold out their hand to be slapped with a ruler, and have their hair pulled and their ears pinched. But when he found himself in the hands of a pleasant-looking young lady, who treated him kindly, and said nothing about his shabby clothes, he was greatly surprised.

"He became a regular attendant. He told all the boys of his acquaintance about the school, and persuaded many of them to attend. About two years after this, a lot of boys from New York were sent out West, and distributed among the farmers. My red-haired boy was sent among them. I used to hear of him for a while, that he was getting on and doing well. I have lost sight of him for years now, but I have no doubt he is doing good wherever he is."

The gentleman then said a few words about the importance of getting the poor and neglected children of our large cities into Sunday-school, and then sat down.

In a moment, a tall, good-looking gentleman, with red hair, stood up in the meeting, and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am the red-haired beggar boy of New York, who ate that gentleman's gingerbread. I have lived in the West for years, and I own five hundred acres of good land as the sun shines on. My horses and carriages are at the door, and when the meeting is over, I shall be happy to take my old friend to my home, where he will be welcome to stay as long as he pleases. I am a member of a church, and a superintendent of a Sabbath-school; and I owe all that I have in this world, and all I hope for in the next, to what was taught me about Jesus in the Sabbath-school."

Selected.

"I DON'T LOVE YOU NOW, MOTHER."

A great many years ago I knew a lady who had been sick for two years, as you have seen many a one, all the while slowly dying with consumption. She had one child—a little boy named Henry.

One afternoon I was sitting by her side, and it seemed as if she would cough her life away.

Her little boy stood by the post of the bed, his blue eyes filled with tears to see her suffer so. By and by the terrible cough ceased. Henry came and put his arms around his mother's neck, nestled his head in his mother's bosom, and said, "Mother, I love you. I wish you weren't sick."

An hour later the same loving blue-eyed boy came in, all aglow with the snow of his feet.

"Oh, mother, may I go skating if it is so nice—Ed and Charlie are going." "Henry," he said, "the ice is not hard enough yet."

"But, mother," very pettishly said the boy, "you are sick all the time—how do you know?" "My child, you must obey me," gently said the mother.

"I would like to have my little boy go," said his mother, looking sadly at the little boy's face, all covered with freckles. "You said you loved me—be good." "No, I don't love you now, mother," said the boy, going out and slamming the door.

Again the dreadful coughing came upon her, and we thought no more of the boy. After the coughing commenced I noticed tears falling thick upon her pillow, but she sank from exhaustion into a light sleep.

In a little while muffled steps of men's feet were heard coming into the house, as though carrying something; and they were—carrying the almost lifeless body of Henry.

Angry had he left his mother, and gone to skate—disobeying her; and then broken through the ice, sank under the water, and now, saved by a great effort was brought home barely alive to his sick mother. I closed the doors, feeling more danger for her life than the child's, and coming softly in, drew back the curtains from the bed. She spoke, "I heard them; it is Henry. Oh, I knew he went. Is he dead?" But she never seemed to hear the answer I gave, telling her "Oh no."

She continued coughing—she died in agony—strangled to death. The poor mother! the boy's disobedience had killed her.

After a couple of hours I sought the boy's room. "Oh, I wish I had not told her I did not love her. To-morrow I will tell her I do," said the child sobbing painfully. My heart ached; to-morrow, I knew we must tell him she was dead.

We did not, till the child came fully into the room, crying, "Mother, I do love you." Oh! may I never again see agony like that child's, as the lips he kissed gave back no kiss—as the hand he took felt lifeless from his hand instead of shaking his hand as it always had, and the boy knew she was dead.

"Mother, I do love you now," all the day long he sobbed and cried. Oh, mother, mother, forgive me, mother, mother! but she could never speak again; and he—the last words she had ever heard him say, were, "Mother, I don't love you now."

That boy's whole life was changed; sober and sad as he ever after. He is now a gray-haired old man, with a low sorrow over his one act of disobedience, one wrong word uttering all his life—those words were ringing in his ears.

"Mother, I don't love you now."

Will the little ones who read this remember, if they disobey their mother, if they are cross and naughty, they say, every single time they do so, to a tender mother's heart, by their actions, if not in the words of Henry, the very same thing: "I don't love you now, mother?"—Western Churchman.

INDIGO FACTORY AT ALLAHABAD.—Have you ever thought what indigo is, and where it comes from? Near the city of Allahabad, in India, our missionaries may see the little indigo plant growing, and the factory where our indigo is prepared for use. The following account of the preparation of the indigo from the plant was given by the proprietor to one who travelled in that country:

"It is the young shoots of the humble plant you see before you which provide us with the precious material for dyeing, and not the flowers, as is commonly supposed. The gathering of these shoots is a very delicate operation. When they have arrived at a proper degree of maturity, they must be speedily removed, and each cutting must be executed with rapidity, and during the night, for the sun would wither the branches, and deprive them of their properties. We therefore require a great many hands; all the villages on my estate are placed in requisition. The workmen are all dispersed in the fields at midnight; and in the morning the produce of the harvest is deposited in these stoves, which have been previously filled with water. Then is the time for the sun to perform its part. Under the influence of its rays the substances undergo a species of fermentation; the water becomes colored with variegated tinges, and rapidly turns blue. After a space of about forty-eight hours, the liquid is drawn off from the smallest troughs. It now emits a slight ammoniacal smell, and the color is almost black. It is allowed to evaporate again, and is then placed in metal vases heated by steam, in which, when the evaporation has ceased, a deposit of pure indigo is formed. It only remains to dry this deposit, pack it, and send it to the market at Calcutta."—Children's Work for Children.

## THE BOY AND THE HORSE SHOE.

One day a man and a boy went to town. On the way they saw a horse-shoe on the ground.

"Pick it up," said the man, who was not on that side of the road.

"No," said the boy, "it is too much work to stoop down to it."

Then the man went to it, took it up, and kept it in his hand. When they came to the town he sold it for five cents, and bought a box of plums.

On the way back the air grew hot, and they both felt warm and tired. So the man dropped a plum on the ground, and the boy picked it up and ate it. In this way he let them fall, one at a time, by the side of the road, until they were all gone.

Then he said to the boy: "You see I had done as I told you at first, you would not have had to stoop twelve times to pick up the plums. Now, if you live you will learn to do things at once, for it is less work than to wait till the next day, and you cannot be sure but that some one else will do it, and get part or all of the pay." S. E. E.

SACREDNESS OF A PROMISE.

An eminent British statesman is said to have traced his own sense of the sacredness of a promise to a curious lesson he got from his father when a boy.

When home for the holidays, and walking with his father in the garden, his father pointed to a wall which he intended to have pulled down.

"Oh," said the boy, "I should like to see a wall pulled down."

"Well, my boy, you shall," said his father.

The thing, however, escaped his memory, and during the boy's absence a number of improvements were being made, amongst others the pulling down of this wall and the building of a new one in its place.

When the boy came home and saw it, he said: "Oh, father, you promised to let me see that wall pulled down."

Instantly the father remembered his promise, and was deeply pained to think that he seemed careless of his plighted word.

"My boy," he said, "you are right. I did promise, and I ought not to have forgotten. It is too late now to do just what I said I would, but you wanted to see a wall pulled down, and so you shall."

And he actually ordered the masons up and made them pull down and rebuild the new wall, that as nearly as possible his promise might be made good.

"Cost me twenty pounds," he said to a friend who was hunting him about it, "but," he added solemnly, "if it had cost me a hundred, I should have thought it a cheap way of impressing upon my boy's mind, as long as he lives, the importance of a man of honour should attach to his plighted word."

IN MEMORIAM.

One year ago she was gathered home, "Mid brighter, fairer scenes to roam; Away from sorrow, sin and strife, God called her to a 'higher life.'"

We could not see the angel band, That bore her to the spirit land, We could not hear the music sweet, Which her immortal soul did greet.

We only saw the shroud, the gloom, The lifeless form, the open tomb, We only heard, our hearts were crushed, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

We saw them lay her form to rest, In the dark lone grave that summer day; While all around was bright and fair, How hard to leave her sleeping there.

But we thought of the Home beyond the tomb, Where flowers in unending beauty bloom, We would view her among the shining throng, In the bright "Summer Land of Song."

The songs of Heaven she learned on earth, She often spoke of a Saviour's worth; She loved the "Old, Old Story" to tell, And now she has gone with Jesus to dwell.

Our loss is great, but great her gain, Oh! could we wish her back again; She's crossed the river dark and wide, And is safe at home on the other side.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus" there, She's free from all corroding care; No night can intrude upon her rest, In the bright mansions of the blest.

Oh! why are our most cherished flowers, So soon removed to Eden's bowers? Why are the friends we loved the best, Early in life called home to rest?

Is it to draw our hearts away, From earthly joys which soon decay? Can we not see a Father's hand? Does he not speak from the Better Land?

We must go to her, she cannot come, We must join her in her heavenly home, Oh may we each for Heaven prepare, We know she's waiting for us there.

ETNA.

MORNING PRAYER.—[In forwarding the following lines, to the Christian Union, a correspondent says: "I send the enclosed morning prayer for children as a contribution to what seems a very interesting subject just now. I know not the author. I found it many years since, and though I am now beyond the fifties it is a rare thing for me to pass a night without repeating it. It is tired and sleepless, repeating it brings quiet sleep to me. 'Tis sweet to feel that I am only an infant in the arms of Him who is from everlasting to everlasting the Eternal One." H. L. P.]

My Father, I thank thee for sleep, For quiet and peaceful rest; I thank thee for stooping to keep—An infant from being distressed.

Oh, how shall a poor little creature repay Thy Fatherly kindness by night and by day?

How MONKEYS ARE CAPTURED.—Monkeys are pretty common, yet, as all the families are remarkably cunning, say if ever occurred to the reader how they are taken? The ape family resembles man. Their voices are human. They love liquor, and fall. In Darfour and Senegal the natives make a fermented beer, of which the monkeys are passionately fond. As soon as the monkey sees and tastes it he utters loud cries of joy, that soon attract his comrades. Then an orgie begins; and then in a short time they show all degrees of intoxication. Then the negroes appear. The few who came too late to get fuddled escape. The drinkers are too far gone to distrust them, but apparently take them for larger species of their own genus. The negroes take some up, and these begin to weep and cover them with maulin kisses. When a monkey takes one by the hand, to lead him off, the nearest monkey will cling to the one who thus finds a support, and endeavor to go on also. Another will grasp at him, and so on, until the negro leads a staggering line of ten or a dozen tiny monkeys. When finally brought to the village they are securely caged and gradually sobered down; but for two or three days a gradually diminishing supply of liquor is given them, so as to reconcile them by degrees to their state of captivity.

USEFUL ADVICE TO BOYS.—To throw stones; Fold each eye carefully in a leather-bed, and give notice to all the neighborhood when you are going to pelt.

To slide down the banister. Let a surgeon act upon the lower stair. Also carry a pall of politeness in each of your hands, as you may need it.

To cure crabs. Wear them always in going to the cake pantry.

To be polite to sisters. Get their big brothers to introduce you to them.—Heath and Home.

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