

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### BRING THE CHILDREN WITH YOU.

"Titi Master has come over Jordan,"  
Said Hannah, the Mother, one day,  
"He is healing the people who throng Him,  
With a touch of His finger they say.  
And now I shall carry the children,  
Little Rachel, and Samuel, and John;  
I shall carry the baby Esther  
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,  
But he shook his head and smiled.  
"Now who but a doting mother  
Would think of a thing so wild?  
If the children were tortured by demons,  
Or dying of fever 'twere well;  
Or had they the taint of the leper,  
Like many in Israel."

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan;  
I feel such a burden of care,  
If I carry it to the Master,  
Perhaps I shall leave it there.  
If He lay His hands on the children,  
My heart will be lighter I know,  
For a blessing for ever and ever  
Will follow them as they go."

So, over the hills of Judah,  
Along the vine-rows green,  
With Esther asleep on her bosom,  
And Rachel her brothers between,  
'Mong the people who hung on His teaching,  
Or waited His touch for His word,  
Through the row of proud Pharisees hastening,  
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

"Now, why shouldst thou hinder the Master,"  
Said Peter, "with children like these?  
Seest not how, from morning till evening,  
He teacheth and healeth disease?"  
Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children;  
Permit them to come unto me,"  
And He took in His arms little Esther,  
And Rachel He set on His knee.

And the heavy heart of the Mother  
Was lifted all earth-care above,  
And He laid His hands on the brothers,  
And blessed them with tenderest love;  
And He said of the babe in His bosom  
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven;"  
And strength for all duty and trial  
That hour to her spirit was given.

### WHAT WAS FOUND IN A WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

DO you know what it is, my little friends, to look for a piece of paper that is worth something to you and which has by accident been thrown into the waste-paper basket?

I have many a time had to make such a weary search; and how glad I have been to find the lost piece, or perhaps the torn bits of it, one after another, which had to be carefully pasted together again.

Now, I am going to tell you what a Mohammedan once found in his waste-paper basket.

Not far from Agra, in the North-west of India, lies a large town called Bhurtpoor, and there lived a man who belonged to the sect of the false prophet Mohammed, and in whose heart a secret longing was awakened after something, he scarce knew what. What he sought was a way to free his soul from the burden of sin that oppressed him. He had no friend that could help him; certainly they often said to him, "Allah, Akbar!" "God is great;" but that did not make him any happier. One advised him, indeed, to do something very hard, which should cause him great pain; or to make a pilgrimage, by which he would be sure of salvation. But he felt sure that all his own works could not save his soul from sin.

At last he began to pray to God. Was not that the best thing that he could do? His

constant prayer was, "O God, show me Thy truth!"

One day there came into his hands a heap of waste paper out of the basket; he was going to use it to wrap up drugs for a hospital in which he was employed. As he sat there using one piece of paper after another in his work, his eye fell on a sentence in a stray leaf. Here were words that seemed to promise an answer to that which had filled his mind so long. He looked for more of the leaves and read them eagerly.

"What can this be," said he to himself, "but God's answer to my prayer? Strange that I find these very words in this heap of paper!"

He searched further and further, and at length found all the scattered leaves forming a tract entitled "Din-i-happi;" that is, "What is the True Religion?"

He felt sure it was sent by God. This tract directed him to the Bible; he tried to get one, but there was not one in his language to be had in Bhurtpoor. He went to the missionary at Agra, who had just received a supply of newly-printed Bibles; one of these he bought and read carefully, and by degrees light dawned on the Mohammedan's soul, showing him that the Lord Jesus, who said, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out," was also Himself the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Now what do you think, dear children, would have been the best thing for this man to have found in the waste-paper basket—a bank-note for a thousand dollars, or a little book which pointed him the way to find the Saviour and Eternal Life?

### THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

WHO named them? Our forefathers ever so far back, before the missionaries brought the knowledge of God and His Son Jesus Christ to England. England was once pagan; she worshipped several gods. The days of the week are named after the old English gods and goddesses; for the people kept time by weeks, as the Jews did. Let us see how the names came about.

They saw the sun. What is more beautiful than the sun. The sun gives light and heat. All living things grow and thrive under his brightness and warmth. The sun must surely be a god. So they worshipped the sun, and called the first day of the week Sunday.

Next the moon. Nothing except the Sun is so beautiful as the moon; and so they worshipped the moon, and Monday was named in honour of her.

Tuesday was named after Tuisco, their god of strife and war.

Then the wind; what mighty things it did, and yet nobody saw it. It was always moving and nobody knew how. They said it was a spirit, and they called him Woden, the mover, the inspirer, and named Wednesday after him.

There was thunder. Thunder must be a god too, and they called him Thor. The dark thunder-cloud was Thor's frowning eyebrow, and the lightning was Thor's hammer splitting the trees and rocks. They said, too, that he drove away the winter cold and melted the

ice. They loved him for doing so, and Thursday was named after him.

Spring was a goddess; for does she not make everything beautiful after the dreary winter? The flowers blossom and the birds build their nests, and everybody is happy. She was called Friga, the free one, the cheerful one; and Friday was named after her.

Then came the harvest. How wonderful was it, and is it, that the corn, and the wheat, which are put into the ground and die, should rise again and grow and ripen into golden corn and waving harvests! This must surely be the work of some kind spirit who loves people, they thought; and they called him Sæter, the setter, the planter, the god of the seed-field and the harvest; and after him Saturday is named.

How much more do we know! We can look up to the great creator of them all, and exclaim, "The sun and the moon, the wind and the thunder, spring and autumn are thy works, O Lord God Almighty." And, best of all, Jesus tells us that he is "our Father in heaven," loving us very much, and caring for us every moment of our lives.

### THE FIVE PENNIES.

I AM ashamed to say I was a drunkard once; but I'll tell you what turned me round: I was terribly dry one morning, and I wanted some rum. So I handed my youngest boy, only six years old, some coppers and a jug, and told him to go and get me a pint of rum. It was a cold morning, and Willie's trousers were thin and ragged, and he had no overcoat nor mittens. Willie didn't want to go; but I scolded him, and said:

"Father, I wish you would give me a penny to buy a stick of candy."

I told him to go along, and not bother me about a stick of candy. The little fellow began to cry, and stammered out:

"Father, you never give me any money to buy candy. Tommy Jones (he was the rum-seller's boy) has candy every day, and he says I can't have any because my father is a drunkard."

I felt as though lightning had struck me. "Oh, God!" said I, "has it come to this? Have I been paying my money to support the rum-seller and his family in luxury, while my own little boy could not have a single penny for candy? Yes, I am a drunkard. But old Jones' children won't sneer at Willie or me any more."

I called my boy back, and took the jug and the money. Here are the pennies. I will keep them as long as I live, and leave them as a sacred legacy to my children. I have got six, and a good wife besides. Thank God, I am saved, and my home is happy! I will do what I can to save others.

THE very easiest and best way to get rid of a sin is to go and confess it to God; if a wrong has been done to any one else, then the wrong should be confessed to that one too. As soon as this is done you may be sure the load will be lifted from your conscience. Do not try any other way; for, by hiding your sin you become worse and may lose your own soul. Be brave, and own your mistake. GOD KNOWS IT ALREADY, and confession is much the best.