

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

"NOT YOUR OWN."

"Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price."

"Not your own." O let this word
Daily in my heart be heard;
Let me live as one who knows
To His Lord how much he owes.
Glorifying Christ alone,
Knowing, I am not my own.

"Not your own." O be each thought
Daily in subjection brought;
In each word that I shall speak,
Lord, may I Thy glory seek;
And my every action be
Only that which pleaseth Thee!"

GOOD COUNSEL.

Guard, my child, thy tongue.
That it speak no wrong;
Let no evil word pass o'er it,
Set the watch of truth before it,
That it do no wrong—
Guard, my child, thy tongue.

Guard, my child, thine ear:
Wicked words will scar;
Let no evil words come in
That may cause the soul to sin.
Wicked words will scar
Guard, my child, thine ear.

THE CONSCIENCES OF CHILDREN.

LITTLE children often have very tender consciences, and are perfectly aware when they have been "naughty."

A little girl one day said to her mother, "Papa calls me good, Auntie calls me good, and everybody calls me good, but I am not good."

"I am very sorry" said the mother.

"And so am I," said the child "but I have got a very naughty *think*."

"A naughty what?"

"My *think* is naughty inside of me."

And on her mother inquiring what she meant, she said, "Why, when I could not ride yesterday, I did not cry nor anything, but when you *was* gone, I wished the carriage would turn over, and the horses would run away, and everything bad. Nobody knew it; but God knew it, and He cannot call me good. Tell me, mamma, how can I be good *inside* of me?"

A SERMON FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

IF ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.—John xiii, 17.

I.—"The-e things;" that is your duties, wherever you are:

1. At home, obedience and respect to parents, and kindness to brothers, sisters, and servants.

2. At school, respect to teacher, faithfulness in study, and fairness in play.

3. At church, be quiet, listen, worship, and give your hearts to the Saviour.

4. On the street, good manners, modesty, kindness, minding your own business.

II.—How should you do your duty?

1. Not for pay. That is a low motive. Some always ask, "What will you give me?"

2. But from love. So the Saviour did when a boy at Nazareth. So the angels do God's will—which is only another name for duty. This will make you do it cheerfully.

3. Better every day. By trying to do your duties, you will become more skilful; so you improve in reading, writing, and music. Peter says, "Grow in grace."

III.—Doing duty makes you happy. Sin cannot make you happy. Sin did not make Eve happy, nor Cain, nor Judas. Disobedience at home does not make you happy; idleness, unkindness, bad manners, no kind of sin can make you happy.

But happiness comes from doing your duty. That is God's reward. This is the promise in the text. Think of this every day for just one week, and see how true it is.

Try, then, to know your duty. Be faithful in duty, in doing it for love to God and man; then you will be happy in heaven.

Two little eyes to look to God,
Two little ears to hear His word,
Two little feet to walk in His ways,
Two hands to work for Him all my days;
One little tongue to speak His truth,
One little heart for Him now in my youth,
Take them, dear Jesus, and let them be
Always obedient and true to Thee.

"JESUS WILL BE VEXED."

IT was a wet Sabbath evening, and the girls at Mrs. Benedict's school were prevented, by the rain, from going to church. Most of the elder ones were gathered in the library with their favourite governess, talking and singing hymns. But one who should have been among them chose to sit alone in the dark cold school-room, which was never used on Sabbath. She had what she called "one of her jealous fits," and felt too cross and wretched to join the happy party in the library.

At last, however, she went into a class-room where all the little ones were gathered, and having settled herself moodily in a corner, went on brooding over a fancied slight from her much loved friend, the head mistress, and determining to shew her resentment for the same by keeping away from her and treating her very coldly. Poor foolish girl! she was not only hurting her friend, who really loved her, but was making herself utterly wretched!

Presently there was a stir among the little ones; they were going to bed, and one, who was the particular pet and darling of this elder girl, came to her for a "good night" kiss. At once she saw the cloud on her friend's face.

"Ella, darling, what is the matter?"

"I am very unhappy," was the answer.

"But why?" persisted the child.

"Because I have quarrelled—at least, I am cross with some one."

"Who is it, darling; anyone you love?"

"Yes," was the reluctant answer; for the elder girl felt a little ashamed of herself while those little clinging arms were round her neck.

"O, I am so sorry! do make it up."

"I can't, Kitty; I am too angry."

The little arms clasped closer round her as Kitty whispered, "But Jesus will be so vexed if you don't. He wants you to. Please promise you will make it up to-night."

"I can't promise, Kitty. I will try. Good night, little darling."

Left to herself, Ella thought over the child's last words, and presently, when the friend to whom she was behaving so badly came to her, and, kneeling down beside her, tried to win her back to good temper, Ella's bad resolutions melted away, and in the morning she

could say to her little friend, "It is all right, Kitty; I told her I was sorry, and it is all over now."

But I doubt whether it would have been "all over" (for poor Ella's jealous fits lasted often several days) if it had not been for the loving warning, "Jesus will be so vexed."

Very few words, dear children, and very simple, but they did more good than I can tell you. Will you not try what a few loving words about the Lord Jesus will do for those around you? And when you are tempted to do wrong things yourselves, remember Kitty's whispered words, "Jesus will be so vexed."

HELPING THE TEACHER.

IDIDN'T quite get that," said Ben, edging his way nearer to his teacher. And so the teacher repeated what she had been saying.

"O yes, I've got it now. I can tell that easy enough," and Ben settled back content.

"But why do you want to tell it, Ben?" asked the teacher.

"'Cause mother likes it, o' course. I always tell it over to her."

"If your mother likes what you get at Sabbath-school, why don't she come herself?"

"Come herself! Don't you know?" and Benny looked in extreme astonishment.

"Know what?"

"Know mother can't step her foot to the ground to go anywhere. She don't never expect to again."

"I wish you had told me before Ben, and I would have gone to her," said the teacher, with compassion in her face.

"I s'posed, of course, you knew," said Ben. It seemed to him as though all the world must know what great grief had befallen him and his mother.

"That's it, children," said the teacher, looking kindly over her class. "You little folks think we grown-up people know everything, and you don't help us to know more as often as you might."

"Well," said Benny, "I never thought I could help you any."

"But you see you might. If you had only looked out for me, and told me, I should have so liked to help you take home comfort to your mother; and doing so I should have been a better teacher, would I not? So you would have helped me do my work well."

This was a new thought to Ben, and after finding out, as the school closed, what day his teacher was most likely to come, he went home, thinking, "Catch me not looking out for her next time. I'll tell her everything I know."

HEARKEN unto thy father that begat thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old.—Prov. xxiii. 22.

A LITTLE child who had just lost her mother was asked, "what do you do without a mother to tell your troubles to?" She sweetly said: "I go to the Lord Jesus. He was my mother's Friend, and He's mine." When she was asked if she thought Jesus Christ would attend to her, she replied: "He says He will, and that's enough for me." What was enough for her, is enough for all.