

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

MORNING HYMN.

God of mercy and of love,
Listen from the heaven above,
While to Thee my voice I raise
In a morning hymn of praise.
It was Thine almighty arm
Kept me all night long from harm;
It is only, Lord, by Thee
That another morn I see.

Father, keep me all day long
From all hurtful things and wrong;
Make me an obedient child,
Make me loving, gentle, mild.
Hark! the birds are singing gay;
Let me sing as well as they,
Praise to Him who reigns above,
For His mercies and His love.

I HAVE GOT IT.

"WHERE is Henry, I'd like to know?" exclaimed Ben Patton, as half a dozen boys were getting into a waggon that was to take them to a neighbouring forest on a nutting expedition.

"Gone on before to tell them we're coming," suggested one.

"Gone up the spout," laughed another.

"Down on his knees, praying, more like," said a third, and, as Henry made his appearance, all the boys joined in a suppressed titter.

"What are you laughing at?" he inquired, blushing.

"Jump in," said one, anxious to change the subject.

"We were wondering if you had gone back to bed," explained another.

"I am sorry if I kept you waiting," replied Henry, as he took his place in the waggon.

The boys assured him that they had not waited, and after a brisk drive they were in the midst of the forest, gathering the brown nuts, singing, laughing, talking, having a jolly time; now cracking a nut, and then cracking a joke; collecting leaves and ferns and moss, until the usual dinner hour, when with whetted appetite they gathered round the lunch basket.

"Who'll say grace?" inquired Ed Rodgers.

"Brother Henry Houston," said Ben Patton.

"I never said grace in my life," replied Henry, quietly; but I wouldn't be ashamed to."

"Good for you! I'd be ashamed to make fun of religion!" put in Charlie Watson.

"Nobody's making fun! I didn't mean any harm," answered Edward apologetically.

"We all know that Henry belongs to the church, and prays and sets us a good example," said Charlie, "and it would be better for all of us if we would follow it."

The boys ate their sandwiches and continued talking. They all agreed that it is a very nice thing to be good and do right; but, boys though they were, they differed in regard to the utility of prayer. One asserted, on the authority of his father, that God governs the world by fixed laws, and is not influenced by anything we say. Turning to Henry, he inquired:

"Did you ask God for anything this morning?"

"Yes," said Henry.

"Do you ever expect to get it?"

"I have got it," replied Henry.

There was a hush for a moment, when one hesitatingly asked: "Would you mind telling us what it is?"

"I asked God to bless me," said Henry, "and He has blessed me; I asked Him to be with me and take care of me, and He is with me."

Boys, ask God for a new heart; pray that you may grow up to be useful men; that you may set a good example before the world; ask God for that peace which floweth like a river, and God grant that you may be able to say: "I have got it."

LITTLE SINS.

CHARLIE was spending the winter with his married sister. Every one thought him a good boy; indeed, he himself was quite sure he could do nothing wrong. One day, as he was passing the pantry, he saw a box of raisins. They were the largest raisins he had ever seen. He stepped in slyly, and took bunch after bunch, and then slipped away, feeling like a thief, and yet thinking, "It is only a little thing." This he did day after day, until there was quite a hole in the box of raisins. Still no one seemed to notice it.

One day a visitor told the following story at the dinner-table:

Walking through a fine park two years before, he had seen a large sycamore tree. A wood-worm, about three inches in length, was forcing its way under the bark of the trunk. "Ah!" said the gentleman who was with him, "in time that worm will kill the tree."

"A hard thing to believe," said his friend.

"By-and-by you will see," replied the other.

Soon the worm was found to have gotten quite a distance under the bark. The next summer the leaves dropped off earlier than usual. Something serious seemed the matter. When the next summer came—just two years from the time the worm began its work—the tree was dead. The hole made by the worm could be seen in the very heart of the trunk.

"You were right," said the gentleman; "the tree was ruined by that worm only three inches long."

"If a worm could do such harm, what may not what persons call 'little sins' do to a man or woman, a boy or girl?"

Charlie felt the blood rush into his face. He was sure every one must know about the raisins, and that the story was told on purpose. He did not dare look up from his plate. After dinner they all went into the parlour; but as no one took special notice of him, Charlie concluded he must be mistaken. Still he began to feel now, as never before, that God knew all about it.

The next time he was tempted to take from a basket what was not his, he remembered what the worm did to the tree. "That is just what sin is doing to my soul," he thought. He drew back in fear, and ran away as fast as possible, nor could he rest until he had told his sister the whole story. Then he went with a lowly penitent heart to his heavenly Father, asking that all sin might be forgiven, and that, for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, a new spirit might be put within him.

SWEET OBEDIENCE.

A BEAUTIFUL illustration of what it is to "become as little children" in the kingdom of Christ was lately given. A class of little ones had prepared for the services of children's day. Each one was supplied with a basket of flowers to present as a floral offering in one of the exercises of the evening. By an oversight one basket was missing. One of two sisters, who stood together, was asked to give her basket to another, and allow her sister's flowers to represent them both. A shade of disappointment passed over the sweet face. "Did papa say so?" she asked. "Yes, papa said so," was the reply. Without another word she gave up her treasure cheerfully, even smiling as she did it. Sweet obedience! Dear reader, could we but yield as cheerful, loving acquiescence to what our heavenly Father asks of us, how much richer would be our present inheritance in that kingdom, the benefits of which are promised to those who "become as little children."

DO SOME ONE THING WELL.

LET me say to the young, forming habits, one fact or truth looked at in all its phases, traced in all its relations, thoroughly mastered, is worth more, to head, heart and life, than a thousand superficially grasped and partially comprehended. Take a subject, think through it, round it, over it, under it, turn it over, look at in all possible phases and relations; master it, make it your own; one book—read it, question it, doubt it, discuss it, and analyze it; master it, and it will be worth a dozen read in a cursory or superficial manner; one text of Scripture—fathom it, measure its length and breadth; try to detach it, and find the ligaments by which it is held; think down into it until you come according to its own path to Christ—for be sure as He is the truth, every truth leads to Him in His own way—get into its very heart and look at it, for the peculiar glory of spiritual truths, like some temples, can be seen only from within. Climb to its summit. As literally, so spiritually, the best, widest, grandest prospects is from the top of its heights. It is the beaten oil that gives the brilliant flame. It is thoroughly digested food that gives us strength and health. I would not say, read the Bible less, but meditate upon what you read more. He is not the best Bible student that remembers the greatest number of verses, or that is the most skilful exegete of its difficult passages, or that has at his command the greatest number of its facts and truths, but rather that man who best understands its great fundamental principles that lie at the foundation and manifest themselves through every verse, and is the most thoroughly imbued with its spirit, that has the key of interpretation to the deepest meaning of the whole.

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."—Prov. xvi. 32.

He who is false to the present duty breaks a thread in the loom and will see the effect when the weaving of a life time is unravelled.