

# Our Young Folks.

## GOLDEN GRAIN BIBLE READINGS.

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### THE RANGE OF PRAYER.

"Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you."—John xvi. 13.

Deliverance,	Acts xii. 5-10.
The Holy Spirit,	Acts viii. 15-17.
Power to witness of Christ,	Acts iv. 31.
Life from the dead,	Acts ix. 40.
Guidance,	Acts xxii. 10.
Length of life,	2 Kings xx. 3-6.
The favour of God,	Psalms iv. 6.
Protection,	2 Kings xix. 15-20.
All temporal and spiritual blessing,	1 Kings viii. 25-53.
Salvation,	Acts ii. 21.

### IN HIS ARMS.

"It was just like a thunderbolt," said Ruth, with a set, almost hard, expression on her young face, as of a grief too bitter to bear with submission and too deep for tears.

"Yes, my dear child, it was," said her aunt, a gentle-voiced woman, with bands of smooth, half-gray hair over her quiet face. "But the thunderbolts are all held by the Father's own hand, and His hand is as gentle as it is strong. He never sends His bolts among his children without directing them in tenderest love."

Ruth made a little movement of half impatience.

"It would be hard to convince me, Aunt Faith, that there was any love in the taking away of my mother."

"Poor child! poor child!" Aunt Faith patted her face gently, longing to say the thing that might be of help to the sorrowing heart.

"I mean good for me," went on Ruth, with a little tremble in her voice. "Of course, it is best for her. But she never would have chosen to leave me. She would have thought it good to stay."

"But the Master doesn't allow His children to choose for themselves, dear. It must be as He thinks best. Isn't it enough to know that what He orders is surely the best?"

"Christians always say so, and I suppose it ought to be. But it doesn't seem that way to me."

"Come in, little one," said Aunt Faith, calling through the open window to a child who was playing in the shrubbery outside. "There is rain coming, you see."

"I'll come when the storm comes, aunty. It isn't raining yet, and it's so pleasant out here."

The clouds were gathering heavier and darker in the western sky, but in the east the sun still shone, so that the streaks of lightning were hardly visible, and the rolling thunder was still very far away. But the cloud rose higher and higher, and the puffs of wind which foretold the approaching storm began to stir the leaves.

"Come, come, child," again called her aunt.

But the naughty little one still lingered, now holding out her small hand to catch the drops that were beginning to fall.

"Hetty!" The call was sterner. Whether it would have been heeded or not can never be known; for at that moment came a blinding flash of lightning which seemed to wrap everything in its appalling brightness. The deafening thunder-crash came almost in the same second, drowning the cry of terror with which the little girl rushed into the house and, with pale cheeks and trembling limbs, sought shelter in the loving arms which were folded about her.

"Don't be afraid, little one. Your Father is caring for you all the time."

"But it might have killed me," said the frightened child. "Lightning does kill people sometimes."

"And if it had, wouldn't you be in your Father's care, still?"

Ruth looked out of the window until the storm had passed, and little Hetty had again ventured into the sunshine. Her aunt came and put her arm around her.

"Hetty did not mind me when I called her in from the storm, until the thunderbolt drove her to me."

And Ruth looked into the kind eyes with a softened expression in her own; for she had found a new meaning—a lesson of love in the thunderbolt.

### A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Dear Lord, who came from heaven to bring  
Salvation down to me,  
I love to learn Thy praise to sing,  
And say my prayer to Thee.

I wish to make Thy way my choice,  
And every sin confess;  
I long to hear Thy gentle voice,  
And feel Thy fond caress.

Thou hadst no home with men before;  
How hard it was with Thee!  
Dear Saviour, come to earth once more,  
And make Thy home with me.

And when before Thy throne I stand,  
If I am fearful then,  
Stoop down and take my trembling hand;  
For Jesus' sake. Amen.

### LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN.

After all, men and women are only grown-up children, and we have often seen people who have reached mature years behave very much as do our own little nursery folks. These men or women show plainly, by their lack of self-control and of judgment, by their selfish ways and peevishness, and by numerous other traits, the fact that their early training was sadly neglected. Of course it is not easy to enumerate even all of the points at which a child's character needs watching, but one or two may be mentioned; and first, let us look out for that fault called *selfishness*. I suppose all of us, from Eve's first-born down through the ages since, have had this, to a greater or less extent, to battle with. It appears in so many forms that it is sometimes not recognized, but is called by some other and less disagreeable name. There is the child who refuses to share cake, fruit or toys with his sister, who will not allow another to look at his toys or his books. This little one we all know, and this form of selfishness is usually struggled with by father, mother and relations generally, because, for one thing, it makes a child appear in so bad a light to others, and none of us like our children to be disliked.

Then there is another child who will share his good things or his toys with any one, and who is therefore thought to be a model of unselfishness, and yet that same child will spend half his time in teasing and fretting some other little one, with no end in view except his own selfish amusement. Who has not seen him slyly, and in evident delight, knock down the tower of blocks or the sand-house which his little brother was building, and laugh in glee when he had kicked over the rolling hoop or broken the kite-string? This child is usually reprov'd, if at all, in the lightest possible manner, and the adoring mother often laughs at what she considers his smart devices for worrying his playmates and amusing himself. "He can't help teasing, it is born in him," is what is often said as excuse when one child has in this way spoiled a whole morning's play for another. This is a far more deplorable phase of selfishness than the first, because it causes the child to gratify himself at the expense of the rights and feelings of others, and this of itself leads to all sorts of evils.

Then there is that form of selfishness which manifests itself in the strife after the easiest chair, the cosiest corner, the biggest apple and so on almost without end. Do let us keep a good look out for this many-sided fault.

Next comes *rudeness*—that entire lack of courtesy which is so common among children, and particularly among those who are members of a large family. This may be in a great measure corrected by the mother. Insist that they shall speak pleasantly to each other; require Susie to say "if you please" to Tom, and Tom to say "thank you" to Susie, and keep it up through the entire list. It is a troublesome task, and often it seems that, no matter how great the effort made, the result is failure; but patience and perseverance accomplish, if not all, certainly most things, and the result is worth striving for.

### WILLIE'S PRAYER.

Willie was the chore boy on Mr. Gould's farm. He had no father or mother, and no one but good Mrs. Gould to be kind to him and teach him what he needed most of all to know.

Willie had a great many bits of work to do; he must run here and run there to wait upon the farmers; he must be regular with certain kinds of doing

every day. In all this he was required to be faithful. That was right. If Mr. Gould had allowed the boy to be careless in his duties it would have been no kindness to him.

One of the happy times in Mrs. Gould's family was the Saturday night talk she had with the children. When the work of the week was all done, and the lessons and the chores were finished, she talked over the events of the week, and said any good words she thought were specially needed. Then they all knelt, and mother and children told the Lord Jesus anything that was in their hearts to say to Him.

One Saturday night Willie seemed quite unhappy. When his turn came to pray, he broke down into tears and sobs. This is what he said in his prayer:

"O Lord, I haven't been a good boy all this week. One day I was disobedient because I wished to go and play with the boys. Mr. Gould told me to fodder the oxen, and I was in such a hurry I didn't give them but half enough. And when he asked me if I had fed them, I said 'Yes, sir,' and that was telling half a lie. O Lord, I am sorry I didn't be a good boy, and mind Mr. Gould; and I am sorry I acted a lie when I went to play, just as if I'd done it all right. O Lord forgive me, and I will always feed the poor oxen enough; and I'll try to mind Mr. Gould and Mrs. Gould, too, and tell all the truth when they ask me."

That was the right kind of a way for Willie to pray. It confessed his sin just as he knew it and felt it; and it asked God's pardon just as he felt the need of being pardoned.

Mrs. Gould was very glad to have Willie sorry for his sin. She talked kindly with the little orphan, and comforted him with the great promise which he could read in the word of God:

"If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."

There was a right way to pray, and there was a wrong way also. God desires exact truthfulness in His children, both when they speak to each other and when they speak to Him. He is better pleased with an humble prayer in broken words, out of one's heart, than with any fine words that do not say what the heart thinks and feels and is. It was God's Spirit who put it into Willie's heart to be sorry for the wrong he did, and then moved him to confess it and ask forgiveness.

### TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT THINGS.

When it rains one man says: "This will make mud." Another: "This will lay the dust."

Two children looking through coloured glasses, one said: "The world is blue." And the other said: "It is bright."

Two boys eating their dinner, one said: "I would rather have some other thing than this." The other said: "This is better than nothing."

A servant thinks a man's house is principally kitchen. A guest, that it is principally parlour.

"I am sorry that I live," says one man. "I am sorry that I must die," says another.

"I am glad," says one, "that it is no worse." "I am sorry," says another, "that it is no better."

One man counts everything that he has a gain. Another counts everything else than he receives a loss.

One man spoils a good repast by thinking of a better repast of another. Another one enjoys a poor repast by contrasting it with none at all.

### A MOTHER'S WORK.

"My children brought their contributions to the missionary cause," we heard a mother say one day at a woman's conference; "but it dawned upon my mind that they did not bring their interest, their hearts. How was I to awaken the interest of my boys and girls in this far-away work that I considered of such vital importance? I resolved to have a missionary evening once a week; the time set apart is now tea-time on Sabbaths, when we make a family collection for missions. All through the week my eyes are open for an anecdote or bit of news bearing on the subject; these I mark or cut out. By Sabbath I manage to have quite a store of missionary reading, and the children have grown to expect and enjoy it. Now they know our missionaries' names, and eagerly follow their work. All this means trouble, but the children say to themselves: Since mother has taken all this trouble, this matter must be worth thinking about, and we will begin to look into it."