

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### ROOM FOR THE CHILDREN.

Let the little children come  
To a Saviour's breast!  
Little souls feel weariness,  
Little hearts need rest.

Jesus wants a tiny hand  
In the harvest field,  
To the touch of fingers small,  
Giant hearts may yield.

Jesus wants a baby voice,  
Praises sweet to sing;  
Earth's discordant choruses  
Shaming, silencing.

Perhaps amidst the crowding throng,  
No one else might see  
That some little faces asked,  
"Is there room for me?"

Heaven is full of little ones,  
God's great nursery,  
Where the fairest flowers of earth  
Bloom eternally.

### THE STORY OF THE CROSS.

Listen! this is the story of the cross. God made this world. He loved it. He made it just right. He made everything in it happy, and only asked one thing of the people in it—that they should mind Him. If they did, they should always stay happy; if they did not, they must die. And in spite of all this kindness, they chose to cross His love; they broke His laws, they would not mind. Then it was right that they should die.

But still God loved His world. He so loved it that He spared out of heaven His only Son, Jesus Christ, to come down here and, of His own choice, to die instead of us. He lived here thirty-three years, just like us, and loved and helped everybody. But the people hated Him. They made a cross of wood; they nailed Him on it, by those tender hands and feet; there they crucified Him. We, the people of this wicked world deserved death; He never did. But He was punished instead of us. Therefore, He has the right to save the very worst of us from being punished, if we only believe that He will do it.

It was not possible for the Son of God to stay dead. He is risen. He is in heaven now. But He wants you, every one of you, to be with Him; and if, when the time comes for you to die, you are still bad, still will not mind, and have not believed in this Saviour, who, for the sake of His love and suffering would save you, remember He will ask you, very sadly, "Oh, why did you not believe the story of the cross?"

### HINDOO GIRLS AND THEIR DOLLS.

Once a year, just before the Dasserah festival, the little Hindoo girls destroy their dolls. The girls dress themselves in the brightest colours, and march through the busy bazaars of the city and along roads shaded by overhanging mango or sissoo trees, till they come to water—probably a large tank built by some pious Hindoo. A crowd of men and women follow them. Round the tank are feathery bamboos, plantains with their broad, hanging leaves, and mango-trees, and on every side are flights of steps leading down to the water.

Down the steps the little bare feet go; and taking a last look at their favourite dolls, they toss them into the water. No Hindoo girl has such a family of dolls as many of our readers have in this country. But her dolls cost very little, and so the lost one is easily replaced. They are made of rags, or more generally of mud or clay, dried in the sun or baked in an oven, and rudely daubed with paint. An English doll is a marvel to a Hindoo girl. The fair hair, blue eyes, pretty face, and the clothes that are put on and taken off, fill her with wonder. In some of the mission-schools the scholars get presents at Christmas, and the girls get dolls, to their great delight.

### THE POWER OF A CHILD'S LOVE.

How many deeds of kindness  
A little child may do,  
Although it has so little strength,  
And little wisdom too!  
It wants a loving spirit  
Much more than strength, to prove  
How many things a child may do  
For others, by its love.

### FRANKLIN'S ECONOMY.

When Benjamin Franklin started in business for himself as printer, bookseller, etc., a man who was in the same line of business stepped into Franklin's shop one day and said: "I am determined to drive you out of the trade." "Stop!" said Franklin; "see if you can do it. Do you see that?" he said, directing his attention to a black loaf made of barley, "that is what I eat, and," pointing to a glass of water, "that is what I drink, and when you can live upon less than these you can drive me out, and not before." The result of the experiment is well known; Franklin's economy and industry secured for him an easy victory.

### THINGS MONEY CANNOT BUY.

We sometimes think that money is omnipotent, that it can purchase for us every good thing. This is a great mistake. Money cannot buy the love. It often wins its semblance. Summer friends swarm around him who rolls in wealth, but the love of a mother, the fidelity of a father, the affection of a sister, the sympathy of a brother, the trust of a friend, are never bought with gold.

Money cannot bring contentment, and "Our content is our best having." Money, alone, will not secure for us a good education. A rich man, who had neglected his early opportunities, was heard to say, sadly: "I would give all my wealth for a thorough education and a well-trained mind." But his money and his riches were alike unavailing. Plenty of money will not of itself ensure culture and gentility, yet next to Christian graces and robust health nothing is so desirable as refinement, and pleasing, self-possessed manners. The wealth of a Cræsus could not give a peaceful conscience. Sin scourges the soul of the rich as surely as the soul of the poor. The poorest boy or girl, who has "always a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men," is richer than the richest with a "conscience seared as with a hot iron." A good character is more precious than gold.

Yet money is not to be despised. If we have it let us except it as God's gift, and use it, not so much for our own pleasure as for the benefit of others. If we have it not let us believe that for our own good it has been withheld from us. But, whether we have it or not, let us remember that it cannot purchase love, contentment, education, culture, refinement, nor a good conscience, and that it will not secure for us either peace, purity, holiness, or heaven.

### ARAB COURAGE.

The courage of the Bedouin is one of their most lauded virtues, but one which within the present century has not been conspicuously vindicated. I have seen more than once a tribe on a raid, and have heard more than one tale of Bedouin battles. As a rule, the bulletin seems to be to the following effect: "We bravely attacked the enemy, which made its appearance in a force of one to our ten. We took several prisoners, and the enemy lost heavily, two horses and several cows being slain. At length his remaining forces withdrew, and we found our casualties to include one mare hurt in the leg with a spear. We cut off the forefingers of our prisoners in remembrance of those of our tribe whose beards and hair had been cut off on a former occasion, and letting them go, drove off the captured camels, and endeavoured to conceal as far as possible the direction of our victorious retreat." Such are the deeds which I have heard recounted, and although men are sometimes slain in battle, and Fahed en Nimar has legs which have been peppered with small shot, it must be remembered that to initiate a blood feud is a most serious circumstance in tribe life, and that the whole policy of the leaders will for many years be directed to the healing of the breach thus caused, and to the settlement of blood money. When a disagreement occurs between two tribes they will gather their spearmen, concentrate their encampment, and square up, so to speak, toward each other, and they generally contrive, before matters come to an open breach, to find a third party willing to mediate, and a compromise is established to the great relief of the bold warriors on either side.

### JAPANESE POLITENESS.

In true courtesy of manner among all classes of life, no people in the world equal the Japanese. The most common burden bearer in the streets, on helping himself to a drink of water at the shop door, renders his thanks to the benevolent shop-keeper with a grace and dignity unrivalled by the prince. Exhibitions of brutal violence between man and man are seldom witnessed. Even children at play very seldom so forget the usages of good society as to treat each other with violent and angry roughness. Self-restraint and outward deference to the proprieties of life is ever characteristic of the Japanese in every grade of society.

GOOD to have truth in the *head*.

BETTER to have truth in the *heart*.

BEST to have it in *both*.—Rom. x. 9.