

Our Young Folks.

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

In Genesis the work was made by God's creative hand ;
 In Exodus the Hebrews marched to gain the promised land ;
 Leviticus contains the law, holy, just and good ;
 Numbers records the tribes enrolled : all sons of Abraham's blood.
 Moses in Deuteronomy records God's mighty deeds ;
 Brave Joshua into Canaan's land the host of Israel leads.
 In Judges their rebellion oft provokes the Lord to smite ;
 But Ruth records the faith of one well pleasing in his sight.
 In First and Second Samuel, of Jesse's son we read ;
 Ten tribes in First and Second Kings revolted from his seed.
 The First and Second Chronicles see Judah captive made ;
 But Ezra leads a remnant back, by princely Cyrus' aid.
 The city walls of Zion Nehemiah builds again,
 While Esther saves her people from the plots of wicked men.
 In Job we read how faith will live beneath affliction's rod ;
 And David's Psalms are precious songs to every child of God.
 The Proverbs like a goodly string of choicest pearls appear.
 Ecclesiastes teaches man how vain are all things here.
 The mystic Song of Solomon exalts sweet Sharon's Rose ;
 Whilst Christ, the Saviour and the King, the "rapt Isaiah" shows.
 The warning Jeremiah apostate Israel scorns ;
 His plaintive Lamentations then their awful downfall mourns.
 Ezekiel tells in wondrous words of dazzling mysteries ;
 While kings and empires yet to come, Daniel in vision sees.
 Of judgment and of mercy Hosea loves to tell.
 Joel describes the blessed days when God with man shall dwell.
 Among Tekoa's herdsmen Amos received his call ;
 While Obadiah prophesies of Edom's final fall.
 Jonah enshrines a wondrous type of Christ, our risen Lord.
 Micah pronounces Judah lost—lost, but again restored.
 Nahum declares on Nineveh just judgment shall be poured.
 A view of Chaldeas' coming doom, Habakkuk's visions give.
 Next, Zephaniah warns the Jews to turn, repent and live.
 Haggai wrote to those who saw the temple built again.
 And Zechariah prophesied of Christ's triumphant reign.
 Malachi was the last who touched the high prophetic cord ;
 Its final notes sublimely show the coming of the Lord.
 Matt. ev. Mark and Luke and John the holy gospels wrote,
 Describing how the Saviour died—His life and all He taught.
 Acts proves how God the apostles owned with signs in every place.
 St. Paul in Romans teaches us how man is saved by grace.
 The apostle, in Corinthians, instructs, exhorts, reproves.
 Galatians shows that faith in Christ alone the Father loves.
 Ephesians and Philippians tell what Christians ought to be.
 Colossians bids us live to God and for eternity.
 In Thessalonians we are taught the Lord will come from heaven.
 In Timothy and Titus a bishop's rule is given.
 Philemon marks a Christian's love, which only Christian's know.
 Hebrews reveals the gospel prefigured by the law.
 James teaches, without holiness, faith is but vain and dead.
 St. Peter points the narrow way in which the saints are led.
 John, in his three epistles, on love delights to dwell.
 St. Jude gives awful warning of judgment, wrath and hell.
 The Revelation prophesies of that tremendous day
 When Christ—and Christ alone—shall be the trembling sinner's stay.

WHAT ALICE DID.

A gentleman was standing one morning on the platform of a railway depot in New York, holding by the hand a little girl, seven years old, named Alice. There was some slight detention about the opening of the car in which they wished to sit, and the child stood quietly looking around her, interested in all she saw, when the sound of a measured tramp of a dozen heavy feet made her turn and look behind her. There she saw a sight such as her young eyes had never looked upon before—a short procession of six policemen, two of whom marched first, followed by two others, between whom, chained to the wrist of each, walked a cruel, fierce-looking man, and these were followed by two more who came close behind the dangerous prisoner. The man was one of the worst ruffians of the city. He had committed a crime, and was on his way to the State prison to be locked up there for the rest of his life. Alice had

heard of him, and she knew who it must be, for only that morning her father had said that he would have to be sent up strongly guarded, for it had been suspected that some of his comrades would try to rescue him from the officers.

The little company halted quite near her. Her father, who was busily talking with a friend, did not notice them, or probably he would have led his child away. Alice stood and watched the man with a strange, choking feeling in her throat, and a pitiful look in her eyes. It seemed so very sad to think that after this one ride in the sunshine, by the banks of the river, the poor man would be shut up in a gloomy prison all his life. No matter how long he might live, even if he should become an old man, he could never walk in the bright sunlight a free man again.

All at once the prisoner looked at her, and then turned suddenly away. But in another moment he glanced back, as if he could not resist the sweet pity of that childish face. He watched it for an instant, his own features working curiously the while, and then turned his head with an impatient motion which told Alice that she had annoyed him. Her tender little heart was sorry in a moment, and starting forward, she went almost close to the dangerous man, and said earnestly :

"I didn't mean to plague you, poor man—only I'm sorry for you. And Jesus is sorry for you, too."

One of the policemen caught her quickly up and gave her to her father, who had already sprung forward to stop her. No one had heard those whispered words save the man to whom they were spoken. But, thank God ! he had heard them, and their echo with the picture of that tender, grieved child's face, went with him through all that long ride, and passed in beside him in his dreary cell. The keeper wondered greatly when he found that his dreaded prisoner made no trouble, and that, as time passed on, he grew gentle and more kindly every day. But the wonder was explained when, long months after the chaplain asked him how it was that he had turned out such a different man from that what all had expected to see.

"It's a simple story," said the man. "A child was sorry for me, and she said that Jesus was sorry for me, too ; and her pity and His broke my hard heart."

You see how easy a thing it is to work for Jesus. Surely any one of you may show you are "of God," in some such simple way as that in which Alice gave proof that the Master's hand had touched her heart.

THINGS THAT LAST.

Let us look at those things that "will never wear out."

I have often heard a poor blind girl sing, "Kind words will never die!" Ah ! we believe that these are among the things that "will never wear out." And we are told in God's own book to be "kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another."

"The word of the Lord will never wear out. Though the grass shall wither, and the flowers fall away, the word of the Lord endureth forever." (1 Peter i. 24, 25.)

The life of the righteous will never wear out. They will live in the world to come as long as God shall live ; but the death of the wicked will last forever.

The joys of the kingdom of heaven will never wear out. The people of this world soon die, but the enjoyments of that world will never end.

The crown of glory will never wear out. The crown of the winner in the Olympic games soon

faded ; the crowns of kings all wear out ; but the crown of glory will never fade away. (1 Peter v. 4.)

The "new song" will never wear out. We hear sometimes that some of our tunes are worn threadbare, but that will never be said of the new song.

Which will you choose, the lasting, or that which fades away ? The things of time or eternity ? Will you choose wealth, honour, fame or the joys of heaven, eternal life, the crown of glory and the "new song" ?

May God enable us to take a wise choice, and with Joshua may we choose to serve the Lord.

SCHOOL-BOY HEROISM.

Two boys were in a school-room alone together, when some firework, contrary to the master's prohibition, exploded. The one boy denied it ; the other Bennie Christie, would neither admit nor deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy. When the two boys got alone again, "Why didn't you deny it ?" asked the delinquent.

"Because there were only we two, and one of us must have told a falsehood," said Bennie.

"Then why did you not say that I did it ?"

"Because you said you didn't, and I would share the falsehood."

The boy's heart melted, Bennie's moral gallantry subdued him.

When the school resumed, the young rogue marched up to the master's desk, and said: "Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar—I let off the squibs," and burst into tears.

The master's eyes glistened on the self-accuser, and the unmerited punishment he had inflicted on his school-mate smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if the two were paired in the confession, the master walked down to where young Christie sat, and said aloud :

"Bennie, Bennie, lad, he and I beg your pardon—we are both to blame !"

The school was hushed and still, as older scholars are apt to be when something true and noble is being done—so still, they might have heard Bennie's big boy tears drop proudly on his book as he sat enjoying the moral triumph which subdued himself, as well as filled all the rest ; and then, for want of something else to say, he gently cried :

"Master, forever !"

The glorious shout of the scholars filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles, which made him wipe them before he resumed the chair.

THE DUSTY ROOM.

A young girl was sweeping a room one day when she went to the window-blind, and drew it down.

"It makes the room so dusty," she said, "to have the sunshine always coming in."

The atoms of dust which shone golden in the sunbeams were unseen in the dimmer light. The untaught girl imagined it was the sunlight which made the dust.

Now many persons imagine themselves very good people. One poor old man, who lived all his life without a thought of love to God, said he was willing to die. He didn't owe any man a shilling.

If the Spirit of God should shine brightly into such a heart how would it look ? It would show him sins enough to crush him. This light of the Spirit is like the sunshine in the dusty room. It reveals what was before hidden. When we begin to feel unhappy about our sins, let us never try to put away the feeling. Don't let us put down the curtain, and fancy there is no dust. It is the Holy Spirit's voice in our hearts. He is showing us ourselves, and better still, He will show us the true way to happiness.