

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

GOD'S WILL.

What I most crave, perchance
Thou wilt withhold,
As we from hands unmeet
Keep pearls, or gold;

As we, when childish hands
Would play with fire,
Withhold the burning coal
Of their desire.

Yet choose Thou for me—Thou
Who knowest best:
This one short prayer of mine
Holds all the rest.

"Two little eyes to look to God;
Two little ears to hear His Word;
Two little feet to walk His ways,
Two little hands to work for Him all the days;
One little tongue to speak His truth;
One little heart for Him, tender in youth."

JOHNNY'S QUESTION.

A YOUNG soldier stopped one day at the house of a farmer. They were kind people at the farm-house; and the soldier had good reason for remembering his visit. I will tell you why. Before sitting down to dinner, father, mother, children and the servant stood behind their chairs with their heads bowed, while the farmer asked God's blessing on the food. After they had eaten, the good farmer returned thanks to God in the same way. Every one then went to work, and the children to school, all except Johnny, the youngest. The soldier sat down at the window, and as he looked out, kept thinking, "These people love God."

Pretty soon Johnny came up to him, and putting his little fat hand on the soldier's knee said:

"Please tell me something about Jesus."

But the soldier began to talk about dogs, horses and cows, anything but Jesus. When he stopped, the little boy looked into his face, again, and said:

"Do tell me something about Jesus."

"I do not know anything about Him," said the soldier, feeling a little ashamed of his ignorance.

"You so big, and not know anything about Jesus Christ!" said Johnny, with a look of great surprise. "If you don't love and serve Him, when you die you won't go to heaven."

The young man went out and contrived not to get back till after supper. The farmer's wife had some already on the table when he did come, which he was about to eat, when Johnny—curious, everywhere little Johnny—still keeping near the stranger, said: "Pray first; then eat." The soldier laid down his knife and fork, and hardly knew what to do. The little fellow, seeing him puzzled, folded his own hands and asked God's blessing on the soldier's supper. After that came family prayers. A Bible was put into the stranger's hand and he read with the rest, and sang with them, and heard the farmer pray for him, who never prayed for himself.

Strange new feelings came into his mind. When he got into his own chamber he knelt down by his bed and prayed, "O God of this house, be my God!" It was the first prayer

he had ever offered in many, many years; but you may be sure it was not the last. And it was not a long time before he became acquainted with, and could tell little Johnny something about the dear Jesus he loved so well.

A HAPPY HOME.

A PRETTY story about a German family discloses the secret of a happy home, wherein joy aboundeth, though there are many to feed and clothe:

A teacher once lived in Strasburg who had hard work to support his family. His chief joy in life, however, was in his nine children, though it was no light task to feed them all.

His brain would have reeled and his heart sunk, had he not trusted in his Heavenly Father, when he thought of the number of jackets, shoes, stockings and dresses they would need in the course of a year, and of the quantity of bread and potatoes they would eat.

His house, too, was very close quarters for the many beds and cribs, to say nothing of the room required for the noise and fun which the merry nine made.

But father and mother managed very well, and the house was a pattern of neatness and order.

One day there came a guest to the house. As they sat at dinner the stranger, looking at the hungry children about the table, said compassionately, "Poor man, what a cross you have to bear!"

"I? A cross to bear?" asked the father, wonderingly; "what do you mean?"

"Nine children, and seven boys at that!" replied the stranger, adding bitterly, "I have but two, and each of them is a nail in my coffin."

"Mine are not," said the teacher with decision.

"How does that happen?" asked the guest.

"Because I have taught them the noble art of obedience. Isn't that so, children?"

"Yes," cried the children.

"And you obey me willingly?" The two little girls laughed roguishly, but the seven youngsters shouted, "Yes, dear father, truly."

Then the father turned to the guest and said, "Sir, if Death were to come in at that door, waiting to take one of my nine children, I would say"—and here he pulled off his velvet cap and hurled it at the door—"Rascal, who cheated you into thinking that I had one too many?"

The stranger sighed; he saw that it was only disobedient children that make a father unhappy.

One of the nine children of the poor school-master afterward became widely known; he was the saintly pastor Oberlin.

A FUNNY DOG STORY.

A DUBUQUE lady has a dog whose education has been so well attended to that it would seem to be about "finished."

One day she went out calling, and forgot that she had locked the dog in the house. When she returned, she found her music laid out piece by piece on the chairs in the parlour, and a hundred and one things carried from

all parts of the house scattered around the floor. For his pains he got a whack on the back with a parasol handle, at which he took offence, left, went to the lady's mother's and stayed there until he was coaxed home. He seemed to think he had to do something to make up for past conduct, and the next morning he walked into the house with a fine dress in his mouth, wagging his tail as proudly as if he had done something especially worthy of commendation. How he got the dress was a mystery. The lady had loaned it a day or two before to a friend to cut a pattern from it.

A little time explained the matter. The dog walked into the strange lady's house and saw his mistress' dress spread on the floor, as is probably done in the pattern-cutting process. He evidently recognized it, and made a dive at the lady as if he wanted a piece of her for lunch. She went into the next room and peeped at him timidly through a crack of the door, while he deliberately rolled that dress up, grabbed it in his mouth and shot out of the door as if he had found a piece of property on which there was a reward offered.

The lady was in a wicked state of mind, for the borrowed dress was a silk one, and she fancied it was gone forever. She hurried to her friend's house, and was astonished to find that the dress was there before her, and the dog seemed to think she had no business about the premises.

PRAYER.

To say my prayers is not to pray,
Unless I mean the words I say;
Unless I think to whom I speak,
And with my heart His favour seek.

In prayer we speak to God above,
We seek the blessed Saviour's love,
We ask for pardon for our sin,
And grace to keep us pure within.

CHINESE BABIES.

A CHINESE baby cradle is a basket of straw thickly twisted. It is something like an hour-glass in shape. There is a hole at the top and bottom. The little baby is put in the top, and the cradle is hung up. Under the cradle, on the floor, is placed a pan of coals to keep its feet warm. How nice this must be in cold weather!

Its head is shaved, and its hair, as soon as an inch or two long, is braided and tied with a bit of silk or red cord. Sometimes baby has two braids, one each side of its head; sometimes one, sticking out of a round hole in the top of its cap.

Baby's cap is not made of muslin or lace, but silk or velvet. Little tinkling bells are sometimes added, and "baby has music wherever it goes." There is generally a little image of a *busak*, or idol, just in front, which the poor heathen mother thinks will protect her dear baby from harm.

In the summer the babies wear scarcely any clothes, but in winter the babies' clothes are padded so thickly with cotton that they look like little bolsters! Fancy a fat, brown baby, muffled up in thick clothes, and a dark cap fitted close to its head, with a round hole at the top for its little braid to pass through—such is a Chinese baby in winter.