

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

BABY THANKFUL.

Roaming in the meadow,
Little four-year old,
Picks the starry daisies,
With their hearts of gold.

Fills her snowy apron,
Fills her dimpled hands;
Suddenly—how quiet
In the grass she stands!

"Who made flowers so pretty—
Put 'em here? Did God?"
I, half-heeding, answer
With a careless nod.

Dropping all her blossoms,
With uplifted head,
Forwent face turned skyward,
"Thank you, God!" she said.

Then, as if explaining
(Though no word I spake),
"Always mun' say 'Thank you'
For the things I take."

Oh, my little preacher,
Glad in robes of praise!
Would we all might copy
Baby Thankful's ways!

Time to fret and murmur
We could never make,
Should we first say "Thank you"
For the things we take!

IN CAPTIVITY.

MANY years ago the pirates of Algiers were the robbers and highwaymen of the seas. They would run out with their little craft filled with armed men and take captive any ship they chose, especially if they thought it contained a cargo of rich goods, and had scarcely any guns and soldiers for self-defence. Sometimes they would set the crews of these ships adrift in small boats, and at other times they would take them to their own country and make slaves of them. Many are the sad stories told of sailors who spent year after year in this hard slavery, with no hope of getting away and with no chance of sending any message to their friends.

Matters are not so bad now, for both Great Britain and the United States made war upon Algiers and put a stop to their bad practices. They also made a treaty with them by which all the captives they had taken should be released, and there were found to be twelve hundred of them. We can hardly imagine how glad these men must have been to go out thus from their hated chains and slavery and hard work to seek for their homes and friends, where they had long been supposed to be dead.

It is a little curious that nobody thought to make enquiries how these men had managed to live, some of them many years, without any alcoholic liquors to drink, for in those days everybody drank, and thought it necessary to health. Probably one of the very first things they got when they were released and brought on shipboard was a glass of grog or some other kind of liquor. Everybody supposed it would do them good. They had scarcely any temperance ships or temperance societies in these days. No doubt it made them think of old times, and it half-stupified them and made them forget their troubles, but none of them took any note of its effect upon their health.

Happily, however, there was some one thoughtful enough to take notes afterward.

One of these men had been the captain of a merchant ship when he was taken captive by the pirates and carried to Algiers. His beautiful ship was destroyed, some of his crew were killed and some were set adrift in boats, his cargo was taken possession of by those wicked men, and he, handcuffed, abused, and half-starved, was dragged on shore and set to work at once on the public buildings. He was chained to another man, and they were obliged to turn out at four o'clock in the morning and work right on through the day, with no protection whatever from the hot sun, till four o'clock in the afternoon. Then they were turned into their cell, where they were provided each with a pitcher of water and a one-pound loaf of black bread.

This black bread was made of the black African wheat and of the sweet pod of the locust-tree. We sometimes see this locust-pod for sale on the fruit stands in the cities, and the children call it "St. John's bread." It is supposed to be the same kind of pod which the Prodigal Son fed to the swine and lived upon himself as his only refuge from starvation. This bread tasted good to our captive, because he became very hungry from his hard work and his long fast; but it was coarse, and this fare was very unlike the dainties and the wine that had graced his table when he was captain of the merchant vessel. And what was the effect upon his health, do you suppose? Why, he was never better in his life. He was lean enough, to be sure, but he never had a day's illness the whole nine months that he was a captive, though he had never a glass of wine nor a sip of punch to sustain him with all his hard work, nor to ward off the unhealthiness of the hot climate.

It did not occur to him that this abstinence had anything to do with his excellent health, for when he was released he returned to his old habits of eating and drinking, and soon he had to consult a physician about some complaint. It was the physician who discovered the truth and tells us this story, which shews how healthy people can be and how much hard work they can do without alcoholic liquors.

TWO AND ONE.

*Two ears and only one mouth have you;
The reason, I think, is clear:
It teaches, my child, that it will not do
To talk about all you hear.*

*Two eyes and only one mouth have you;
The reason of this must be,
That you should learn that it will not do
To talk about all you see.*

*Two hands and only one mouth have you;
And it is worth repeating—
The two are for work you will have to do,
The one is enough for eating.*

CHARLIE'S LITTLE HANDS.

CHARLIE is the son of parents who earnestly desire that he should be good and happy. When he was a baby they gave him to God in baptism, and as soon as he could understand them, they talked to him about the dear Saviour. He loved to hear these stories, and would often come to them saying, "Tell me more about Jesus." He was affectionate and merry, yet he was self-willed and passionate. If checked in any of his pursuits

or crossed in his wishes, he would strike and kick even his father or mother. And if punished, he would fight and rebel in a most persistent manner.

This was a great grief to those who loved him so tenderly. They knew that unless he was controlled he would grow to be a wicked man. They talked and wept and prayed about their little son, and tried many ways to make him a better boy. If you look in the Epistle to James you will find these words: "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of Him who giveth liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." So day by day—yes, many times a day—Charlie's mother asked God to give her wisdom that she might know how to subdue the wicked temper of her little boy. God does not break His promises, and He did shew her just what she should do. One day when Charlie was three or four years old she went into a room in the third story of their house, and saw the little fellow stretching so far out of the window that he had lost his balance and was just falling. She caught him, drew him in, and he at once struck her with all his force. She put him down quietly and left him till his passion cooled. Then taking him on her lap she said, "Charlie, who gave you these little hands?" "Jesus." "Who gave you these little feet?" "Jesus." "What did you do with them just now?" "Hit you." "Do you think Jesus gave them to you to hit and kick your mamma?" He looked thoughtful, and then said "No."

She told him how he could use them so as to please Jesus, and as she talked, his heart seemed touched. Many times that day he came sweetly to her, holding up his hands and saying, "Jesus gave Charlie these little hands." And God's Spirit evidently impressed the truth on his heart, for from that time his hands were no more used in anger. The loving disposition he had ever shewn when not angry now grew more loving, and shewed itself in cheerful obedience and devotion to his parents and their wishes.

He is now ten years old, and the joy of his home. When denied a request, however earnestly he has desired it to be granted, he at once replies, "All right," and turns to some other occupation.

To wait on his mother or carry out her wishes, seems to be the delight of his heart. And he loves to learn his Heavenly Father's will also, so that the Bible is his best-loved book.

Don't fancy he does not love play. I never saw a boy who loved it better. He is full of life and energy.

Dear children, how do you use your hands and feet? Ask yourselves, as you look at your wonderfully made hands, For what did Jesus give them to me? Why has He given me feet that can run so swiftly? O, do not let them be "hands of violence," or feet "that run to do mischief." There are many "little deeds of kindness" waiting for them; many errands of love. They may hand the "cup of cold water" to some thirsty mouth for "Jesus' sake," or the feet may help you to save your tired mother many weary steps. Won't you try?