

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### BIRTHDAY HYMN.

A smile in kindly eyes I see,  
And kindly arms are pressed round me,  
And kindly voices now I hear,  
That wish me many a happy year.

But there is yet a kinder Eye,  
That gazes on me from on high;  
The gracious Lord my prayer will hear,  
As I begin another year.

Almighty Friend! Thy grace bestow;  
Teach Thy weak child Thy will to know,  
And guide me in Thy faith and fear—  
O make me wiser every year!

Take pride and folly from my heart;  
Bid sloth and selfishness depart;  
Let me be humble, meek, sincere—  
O make me holier every year!

If more and more I prize Thy Word,  
If more and more I love my Lord,  
If more and more I feel Thee near,  
I shall be happier every year.

Still wiser, holier may I be—  
A brighter, happier birthday see,  
When I at last in heaven appear  
To spend with Thee an endless year!

### GOING TO JESUS.

"BUT I'm too little."  
"Oh no, because He says, 'Suffer the little children to come to Me.'"

"But that means when they die to come up to heaven."

"O no; mamma says it means for us all to love Him, and pray to Him, and let Him see us love Him now."

"He's so far off, maybe He won't know anyhow."

"But it 'most frightens me to think of His looking away down from heaven every minute, and how can He hear when He is so far off?"

"God is not far off; He is ever near, taking care of us, putting pleasant thoughts in our minds, and helping us to do pleasant things."

"I am so little I don't believe He sees me."

"Mamma says He sees the birds and fire-flies, and even watches over the flowers, and He loves little children."

"I'm sure I don't know how to go to Him except by dying."

"O no, you need not go out of this room, for He is here, and mamma says that going to Him is only giving ourselves to Him—giving Him our love."

Kitty's blue eyes were full of tears.

"Jesus is so good and great, and I'm so bad."

"He loves you and me a great deal, and though He is so great, He is Jesus after all. He was a little child once, and had every kind of trouble, so that he can feel for little children."

"But, Florrie, I'm so bad; you don't know how bad I am sometimes, and Aunt Harberger says, 'There is no place in the kingdom for such evil ones.' I upset her splatters yesterday evening on the kitchen floor because I was careless and pouting, and let the tea-kettle go dry and crack, and swept the dirt into the corner instead of into the dust-pan. I know I'm too bad and too small for Jesus to care about;" and Kitty's apron was held close to her eyes as she sobbed herself out of breath.

"Aunt Harberger is cross and cruel," thought Florrie, but she kept her thoughts to herself. "If I had Aunt Harberger, instead of a dear mamma, who knows how bad I might be,"

and the thought made her sigh, wondering, as she did, if she had really gone to Jesus, or if she was only good because those around her were good.

"I'm always forgetting and upsetting; always making mistakes and making trouble; nothing but trouble have I brought to Aunt Harberger. Do you think Jesus would ever care for me?"

"Mamma says He cares for the most wicked men and wicked women in the world, and you are only a little girl trying to do right and getting wrong sometimes."

"If Jesus is close by and sees me every minute he knows how bad I am, and He can hear how often Aunt Harberger tells about it. O dear, if I could only find some place where Jesus did not come, but now He sees me all the time and what can He think?"

Florrie's face was very serious as she said, "Jesus came to save sinners; mamma says that knowing He sees us is the best thing in the world to help us do right, because it stops us when we go to do wrong and remember He is just close by."

"What are you crying for?" said Aunt Harberger, popping her head in the door and thinking the little girl was complaining about her.

"O, nothing," said Florrie, blushing and looking down, "only we are talking about Jesus, and Kitty is crying because she cannot please you and Him better."

"Humph!" said Aunt Harberger bustling down stairs, the tears bubbling up in her eyes. "Humph!" and though it may seem odd, Aunt Harberger, from that time, found no more "dirt in the corners," no more "splatters spilt just on purpose;" for the little girl, growing bigger and stronger every day to work, was also learning to remember that Jesus saw her, and that Jesus loved her through everything; and if Aunt Harberger did not tell, as she had done before, fifty times a day, to the walls up stairs and down, and to the people in doors and out, what "a bad child that pesty Kitty Holcomb was," it was hard to say if it was altogether because she remembered the scene in the attic with Kitty crying over her bad ways, or altogether because Kitty, without going farther than her own trundle bed and her own little attic room, had found and given herself to Jesus.

### "TAKE IT BY THE TAIL."

IN addressing the members of his numerous Sabbath schools at an anniversary gathering, Dr. S. H. Tyng related and illustrated the call of Moses at the burning bush in substance as follows:

When God commanded Moses to go to Egypt and deliver Israel, he was afraid and said, "They will not believe me, nor hearken unto my voice: for they will say, The Lord hath not appeared unto thee." Moses was afraid to go and do what God told him. Now, what is a man good for who will not do what God commands him to? What is a boy good for who will not do what he knows he ought to do? When God commands a man to do a thing, He helps him to do it. So God would give Moses a lesson to trust in Him and obey His word.

"And the Lord said unto him, What is that in thine hand? And he said, A rod." It was Moses' shepherd's crook, or a long staff with a hook on the end of it, which the shepherds carry, and then, when a sheep will not obey and keep with the flock, they reach out the staff, and hook it around the neck, and pull it into its place. So sometimes there are boys that get unruly and wayward and will not obey, and then we have to reach out the crook and hook them in.

Moses had this rod or crook in his hand, and the Lord said, "Cast it on the ground; and he cast it on the ground and it became a serpent," and went curling and whirling around and hissing out its tongue at Moses, "and Moses fled from before it," frightened for fear of the snake.

"And the Lord said to Moses, put forth thine hand and take it by the tail." The tail is a very bad place to take hold of a serpent. If you can take it by the neck, you can hold it so that it cannot bite you; but if you take it by the tail, it will twine itself all around you, and may bite you and kill you. But the Lord said to Moses, "Take it by the tail." Seize it in the most dangerous part; "take it by the tail." And he put forth his hand and caught it, all wriggling and twisting as it was, and just as it was twining itself about him and hissing and threatening, lo! it straightened itself out, and it was his old staff, that he had before. By this the Lord taught Moses a great lesson—not to be afraid of a difficulty, but to grasp it in the handiest place—"take it by the tail." And so, if we have a duty to do, or a danger to meet, or a trouble to encounter, what must we do? Why, "take it by the tail;" do not be afraid of it, and it will turn to a staff in our hand.

Here is a little boy who has a bad habit of lying or swearing or getting angry—what shall we do with it? Shall we try to smooth matters over and make it easy, and fear to grapple with it? No, we must "take it by the tail;" we must pull up the habit by the roots.

Here is a little girl who gets a habit of being sullen and cross and disobedient—what shall we do with her? Shall we try coaxing and sweetmeats and sugar-plums to cure this habit? No; "take it by the tail." Take right hold of the evil habit at once and root it out. And whenever we have a trial or a danger or a duty to face, let us not shrink nor fear nor flee; let us "take it by the tail." It will turn to a staff in our hands, and every victory gained will give us courage for the conflicts that are to come.

When, in after years, Moses led Israel into the wilderness of Horeb, as he came to this place again, he could say to them around him: "This the very spot where God appeared to me in the burning bush: this is the place where my rod was turned into a serpent, and where it became a staff in my hand." And so memory of every duty done, every enemy vanquished, becomes a source of strength and blessing to us in future conflicts and in trials yet to come.

REMEMBER now thy Creator.—Eccles. xii. 1.