

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

TAKE ME.

Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.

Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

He was always and forever getting into trouble of one sort or another. He had a talent for climbing and for tumbling and bumping his head and hurting his foot, and coming to grief generally. On this Friday evening he sat on the side of his little white bed, "one boot off and one boot on," and thought sorrowfully about the day. It had been an unlucky one. In the first place he had broken grandma's spectacles, then he had lost mother's scissors, the pair that she always "cut out" with; and his new summer pants were not cut out. Then he had tumbled from the hay-mow, and bumped his nose and broken one tooth; but the last thing was to get himself caught by a hook in the barn, so that he could not get loose, unless he swung off without regard to the box by which he had climbed up, in which case he would be likely to drop several feet on the hard floor. Tommy didn't like that, so he hung there.

"I might yell," said he to himself, "but nobody would hear me; they are all too far away. I might hang here until they come to feed the horse, but I can't; that will be *hours*, and I'm getting pretty dizzy now."

"The baby trotted out to the barn door, said 'Da! da!' and a few other words that she understood better than others did, baby could walk better than she could talk. Tommy looked at her and said:

"O, baby, I wish you had sense!"

Then he hung still. At last he heard his mother's voice in the yard, a long way off. Then, O! how Tommy yelled! His voice seemed to pierce right through the mother's ears. She fairly flew over the ground to the barn. In a twinkling the step-ladder was brought and arranged, and mother climbed up and unwound his sleeve from the hook, and she and Tommy came down. Some way, he doesn't know how, he twisted his foot, and to-night it aches.

But Tommy isn't thinking of his foot, he is

thinking of the troubles he has, and the mischief he does, and how impossible it seems to do any better.

"Praying don't do no good," he says, disconsolately, to his mother. "I pray to be a good boy every day; and I ain't never a good boy—so there!"

"Tommy," said his mother, "why didn't you call on baby to help you to-day? Didn't you want to get down?"

"Course," said Tommy; "but what was the use? I knew *she* couldn't help me."

"And what made you call on me?"

"'Cause I wanted to get down right straight off; and I knew you could help me, and I knew you *would* help me, so I yelled."

"Well, Tommy, if you would remember that of God, that He *can* and *will*; if you truly want help, and will call to Him, He is just as sure. O, *surer* than I can be. Because, you know, Tommy, you are likely to get into places where mother can't reach; but He can reach everywhere. Remember that."

A LITTLE CHILD'S HYMN.

Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me,
When I wake or go to bed
Let Thy hands about my head;
Let me feel Thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

Be beside me in the light,
Close by me through all the night;
Make me gentle, kind, and true,
Do what mother bids me do;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

Once wert Thou in cradle laid,
Baby bright in manger shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house;
Now Thou art above the sky:
Canst Thou hear a baby cry?

Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since Thou art so far away;
Thou my little hymn will hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,
Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me.

JEANIE AND HER BIG BIBLE.

Jeanie was a little Scotch girl who lived far back during the days of the bloody persecutions under the reckless Charles II. It was a bitter time. Soldiers were marching all over the country, driving people from their homes, burning their houses, and putting many innocent persons to death. Jeanie's parents were pious people, and their turn came at last to be driven from their home.

One afternoon the cruel soldiers were seen advancing, and the poor folks had to leave their cottage and flee with what valuables they could carry. Jeanie was given the big family Bible for her load, and her father told her that she must be very careful with it, and not have it get hurt, nor lose it by the way, "for we could not live," said he, "without the good Book." She wrapped one of her clean gowns around the Book, and started with it in her hands, following her father and mother, each of whom carried a child. The fugitives directed their steps toward the next village, where there was a strong old church that could be used as a fort, and which they hoped to reach before their enemies came up.

A stream lay in their way, and this they dared not cross by the bridge for fear of their pursuers. So they hastened to a place in the

river where some stepping-stones had been laid down for the convenience of foot-passengers. It was quite dark when they reached the bank, and the water ran swift in its channel. But they did not hesitate. The father waded across carrying the others, one by one, in his arms, until Jeanie was left alone. Fearing solitude more than the dangers of the stream, the young girl followed her father on his last trip, stepping carefully from stone to stone. But it was so dark now that she could scarcely see the way before her, and presently her foot slipped and she went down to the bottom.

In her danger she did not forget, however, the treasure entrusted to her care. As her feet went down her arms went up, and her precious burden was held above her head. She struggled bravely against the current, and though the water came up to her waist she managed to keep on toward the shore, holding the dear old Bible as high as she could raise it. Her father met her before she gained the bank, and clasped both his treasures in his strong arms.

"Father," said the brave little maid, "you told me to take care of the dear old Bible, and I have done so."

Several pistol shots were heard at that moment, and the sound of approaching horsemen. The fugitives found concealment in a cliff among the rocks, and fortunately were not discovered. After their pursuers had rode away they issued from their retreat, and soon after reached the church in safety.

Jeanie married in after years, and lived happily with her husband to a good old age. The great Bible became hers after her father's death, and in it were recorded the names of her seven children. It is still in possession of her descendants, in a well-preserved condition.

Jeanie never forgot that night of peril when she carried the old Bible through the deep waters. When she was dying she dreamed of her girlish exploit, and cried out, "I'm in the deep river—in the deep river; but I will hold up the dear old Bible. There, father, take the Book."

With these words she ceased to breathe.

THREE Bengali Christian women have made a preaching tour on the banks of the Ganges, on behalf of their heathen sisters, who gather in large numbers there. Sometimes as many as 100 women listened to the gospel of purification, not through the waters of the Ganges, but by the precious blood of Jesus Christ.

TAKE your Bible with you to the Sunday school. Your familiarity with it will enable you to find quickly any book, chapter, or verse that is called for. Take it with you to church, and find the chapter which the minister reads, and the text when he announces it. To be a ready Bible scholar is a great honour.

EVERY Sunday school scholar, however young or however old, should be the owner of a Bible. It will cost something to get a Bible; but even a fine one will not cost as much as some of the garments you wear. Make your Bible your daily companion. Read one or more chapters every day. You cannot know how much it will help you to build up a solid character, and lead to a good and noble life.