

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A GERMAN TRUST SONG.

Just as God leads me, I would go;
I would not ask to choose my way;
Content with that He will bestow,
Assured He will not let me stray.
So as He leads, my path I make,
And step by step I gladly take,
A child in Him confiding.

Just as God leads I am content;
I rest me calmly in His hands;
That which He has decreed and sent—
That which His will for me commands.
I would that He should all fulfil;
That I should do His gracious will,
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads, I will resign;
I trust me to my Father's will;
When reason's rays deceptive shine,
His counsels would I yet fulfil;
That which His love ordained as right,
Before He brought me to the light,
My all to Him resigning.

Just as God leads me, I abide,
In faith, in hope, in suffering true;
His strength is ever by my side—
Can aught my hold on Him undo?
I hold me firm in patience, knowing
That God my life is still bestowing—
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads, I onward go,
Oft amid thorns and briars seen;
God does not yet His guidance shew—
But in the end it shall be seen
How, by a loving Father's will,
Faithful and true, He leads me still.
—Lampertus, 1625.

BERTIE.

"TELL me about the little boy that was dead, and wasn't dead," said Genie, as her mother turned over the leaves of her album, shewing Genie and Georgie the faces of which they never tired.

"You always like to hear about Bertram," said her mother, turning to one particular face which Genie liked better than any other. It was a beautiful face of a boy, whose large eyes and broad forehead and rich clustering curls might have made any mother proud to call him her son.

"Tell me about *him*," she said, putting her finger on Bertram's curls.

"Well, Bertie was a beautiful boy, and he had a beautiful and good mother, and lived in a beautiful home. There were velvet carpets, and soft lace curtains, and books and pictures and flowers."

"Is it true?" asked Genie for the twentieth time.

"Yes, it is true. Once this beautiful boy was drunk, and his mother, his sweet, gentle, good mother, said she was *glad!*"

Genie took a long breath; she knew very well what came next, but this was such a wonderful state of things she always had to stop here and take breath.

"Yes, when they came to her and said, 'Bertie is drunk,' her heart leaped for joy! She had seen the little fellow carried into the house, his face white, and his body still and helpless, and she thought, 'My boy is dead!' She ran from him into another room in her terror, and stood alone and trembling, until a dear lady friend, who was visiting her, came in and said those three words. At any other time they would have been fearful words, and that they were not now was because her boy was *not dead*, as she had thought, and he would soon be over this cruel suffering, which she found more cruel boys had caused him—

rude, coarse boys, who had envied this pure, manly fellow, and enticed him into their company and succeeded in their dreadful work. But it was the first and the last time, and Bertie's mother felt sure of this. She knew her boy so well that she at once suspected how it had happened, and felt sure it would never happen again. That was why she could be glad. I do not think she could have been more sorry to see him dead than to see him as he then was, and feel sure he would never be anything but a drunkard."

"It's good he *wasn't* dead," said Genie, with another long breath; "and I guess another time he wouldn't go a minute with such boys, nor touch a single drop."

SHEPHERDS' DOGS.

THE late Mr. Jesse, in a lecture at Brighton, told the following anecdotes about shepherd's dogs: "In Cumberland there are very extensive and high hills, on which numerous flocks of sheep pasture, and which, at a distance, look like little white specks. A shepherd will stand at the bottom of one of these hills, and send his dog up in the evening to collect his flock. This the dog will do by selecting the sheep from the different flocks, and bring them down to his master, there being seldom one missing. Should there, however, happen to be one, the dog is sent back, and never fails to return with the proper sheep. I have watched this proceeding, and it has always appeared to me most wonderful that, in a flock consisting probably of some hundreds, mixed with several others, a poor dog should be able to distinguish each one of his master's sheep. A caress on the head, or a kind word, seems sufficient to repay him for his trouble. He will return at night to his master's cottage, wet and tired, and coil himself up before a fire, probably of a few sticks, and be ready to renew his toil next day.

"These sheep-dogs have a wonderful degree of intelligence. When I had a small farm I was in the habit of having two hundred sheep sent me from the Cheviot Hills, some two hundred and fifty miles from my farm in Surrey. On asking the shepherd who brought them the first year how he had got on, he said that he had got but a young dog, and found much difficulty by the sheep taking wrong turnings, going up lanes and by-roads. The next year I asked him the same question. He told me that he had been accompanied by the same dog, who recollected all the false turnings the sheep had made the year before, and had gone before them and kept them in the proper road, so that he had no difficulty with them. Here was recollection, intellect, and a certain degree of reason as well as instinct.

"The Highland shepherds are firmly convinced that their dogs perfectly understand what is said. Indeed, Hogg, the celebrated Ettrick shepherd, related to me one or two instances in proof of this, which, I am sorry to say, I have forgotten, but you shall hear another. A Highland shepherd, speaking to a gentleman, said, 'I'm thinking that the coo (cow) is in the corn.' His dog immediately rose, passed out of the house, and climbing to the top of a pig-sty, which commanded a view

of the corn-field, satisfied himself that the cow was not there, and returned to the house. In order to try the dog, he said, 'Deed, sir, the coo's in the taters.' Again the dog went out, made his own observations, and again returned. A third trial was then made, which shewed that there was no occasion for the dog's services. He returned and went under the bed, sulky, growling, and dissatisfied, evidently disgusted at having been made a fool of.

"A shepherd was in the habit of taking his little son with him, a boy of three or four years of age, when he was going to attend his sheep. He left him one day on the slope of a hill, while he went to some distance. On his return, he looked and hunted for the lad in every direction, but at last went back, late at night, to his cottage, and told his wife of their loss. While they were sitting together, miserable and disconsolate, they heard a scratching at the door. On its being opened, the shepherd's dog came in, which had not been missed, and by his significant actions, by pulling the shepherd's coat, and looking earnestly at him, induced him to follow the animal with his lantern, and was led by him to some rocks, into which the boy had slipped; and thus the life of the child was saved."—*Leisure Hours.*

A SERMON FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

"IF ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."—John xiii., 17.

I.—"These things;" that is your duties, wherever you are:

1. At home, obedience and respect to parents, and kindness to brothers, sisters, and servants.

2. At school, respect to teacher, faithfulness in study, and fairness in play.

3. At church, be quiet, listen, worship, and give your hearts to the Saviour.

4. On the street, good manners, modesty, kindness, minding your own business.

II.—How should you do your duty?

1. Not for pay. That is a low motive. Some always ask, "What will you give me?"

2. But from love. So the Saviour did when a boy at Nazareth. So the angels do God's will—which is only another name for duty. This will make you do it cheerfully.

3. Better every day. By trying to do your duties, you will become more skilful; so you improve in reading, writing, and music. Peter says, "Grow in grace."

III.—Doing duty makes you happy. Sin cannot make you happy. Sin did not make Eve happy, nor Cain, nor Judas. Disobedience at home does not make you happy; idleness, unkindness, bad manners, no kind of sin can make you happy.

But happiness comes from doing your duty. That is God's reward. This is the promise in the text. Think of this every day for just one week, and see how true it is.

Try, then, to know your duty. Be faithful in duty, in doing it for love to God and man; then you will be happy in heaven.

"BE ye kind one to another; tender-hearted; forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you." (Eph. iv. 32.)