

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE GIPSY BOY.

Into the tent, where a gipsy boy lay
Lying alone at the close of the day,
News of salvation we carried. Said he,
"Nobody ever has told it to me."

"Did He so love me, a poor little boy?
Send unto me the good tidings of joy?
Need I not perish, my hand will He hold?
Nobody over the story has told."

Bonding we caught the last words of his breath
Just as he entered the valley of death;
"God sent His Son, whosoever, said He,
Now I am sure that He sent Him for me."

Smiling, he said, as his last sigh was spent,
"I am so glad that for me He was sent;"
Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,
"Lord, I believe. Tell it now to the rest."

Tell it again. Tell it again.
Salvation's story repeat o'er and o'er,
Till none can say of the children of men,
"Nobody ever has told me before."

HEAPING COALS OF FIRE.

"Harry, you're cheatin'." "I don't care."
"I won't play." "Don't then." And Harry
Chester picked up his marbles and those that
belonged to his playmate and ran away.
Willie, his little friend, who was two years
younger than he, and only six years old, went
to his mother. His face was very red, and
his hands were clenched, and he had hard
work to keep back the tears. "Mamma," he
said, "Harry has stolen my marbles, and the
next time I see him won't I give him a pound-
ing!" His mother caught his little hands in
hers, and, looking down into his flashing eyes,
said sadly: "Is that the kind of a little boy
you are? Then you don't love your mother?"
"No, that is not the kind of a little boy I am,
and I do love you; but I'll find some big boy,
and I'll get him to pound him." Then his
mother took her angry son by the hand and
told him the story of our Saviour—how cruel
men nailed Him to the cross and put a crown
of thorns on His head, and struck Him, and
pierced Him, and spat on Him, and taunted
Him; and how, when Jesus might have called
thousands of angels to come and punish them.
He only prayed to His Heavenly Father.
"Forgive them, for they know not what they
do." "Why didn't He send for the angels,
mamma? I would." "Because He loved
His enemies and wanted to save them and
He could not, unless He suffered for them."
"What did He do, mamma?" "He died, and
rose again the third day and went to prepare
a place for us. What does my little son think
now about pounding Harry?" "I wouldn't
do it myself, mamma, but I'd like to get the
boy." "Willie, read in the Bible, 'if thine
enemy hunger, feed him, if he thirst, give
him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap
coals of fire on his head.'" "What is an
enemy, mamma?" "A little boy who steals
your marbles." "And what is heapin' coals
of fire on his head?" "Heaping coals of fire
on his head is being as kind as possible to him
the very first chance you get." "I believe
I'll do it, mamma." Then his mother kissed
him, and called him her good little boy; and
the bell rang and they went down to supper.
It rained for two days, and Willie did not go

out to play; but the third day about noon he
came running to his mother, and exclaimed:
"Get me a penny out of my box. Harry's
mother gave him two pennies to buy a kite,
and he's lost one, and he's crying, and I want
to heap coals—quick?" His mother gave him
the penny, and joyfully he ran to Harry with
it. "What makes you give it to me?" Harry
asked. "'Cause you're my enemy, and I am
heapin' coals." "I don't know anything about
your coals, but I know I was awful mean to
take your marbles the other day. Here, I'll
give you all these," he added, drawing a hand-
ful of marbles from his pocket and present-
ing them to his playmate. Then Harry and
Willie were friends again. Don't you think
"heapin' coals" was much better than Willie
finding a big boy to pound Harry?

A CHILD'S CREED.

We believe in God the Father,
Who made us every one,
Who made the earth and heaven,
The moon and stars and sun;
All that we have each day
To us by Him is given;
We call Him when we pray,
"Our Father who art in heaven."

We believe in Jesus Christ,
The Father's only Son,
Who came to us from heaven,
And loved us every one;
He taught us to be holy,
Till on the cross He died,
And now we call Him Saviour
And Christ the crucified.

We believe God's Holy Spirit
Is with us every day,
And if we do not grieve Him
He ne'er will go away;
From heaven unto Jesus
He descended like a dove,
And dwelleth ever with us,
To fill our hearts with love.

"WHAT DID YOU SAY?"

In a beautiful New England village, a boy,
about ten years old, lay very sick, drawing
near to death, and very sad. He was joint-
heir, with an only brother, to a great estate,
and the inheritance was just about coming
into his possession, but it was not the loss of
this that made him sad. He was dying and
his heart longed for a treasure worth more to
him than all gold.

One day I came into his room. I sat down
by him, took his hand, and, looking into his
face, asked him what made him so sad.

"Uncle," said he, "I want to love God.
Won't you tell me how to love God?"

I cannot describe the piteous tones in which
he said these words, and the look of trouble
which he gave me. I said to him, "My boy,
you must trust God first, and then you will
love Him without trying at all."

With a surprised look he exclaimed, "What
did you say?"

I repeated the exact words again; and I
shall never forget how his large eyes opened
on me, and his cheek flushed as he slowly
said, "Well, I never knew that before. I
always thought that I must love God first
before I had any right to trust Him."

"No, my dear boy," I answered; "God
wants us to trust Him. That is what Jesus
always asks us to do first of all; and He

knows that as soon as we trust Him we shall
begin to love Him. That is the way to love
God—to put your trust in Him first of all."

Then I spoke to him of the Lord Jesus, and
how God sent Him that we might believe in
Him, and how, all through His life, He tried
to win the trust of men; how grieved he was
when men would not believe in Him, and how
every one who believed came to love without
trying to love at all.

He drank in all the truth; and simply say-
ing, "I will trust Jesus now," without an
effort put his young soul in Christ's hands
that very hour. And so he came into the
peace of God which passeth understanding,
and lived in it calmly and sweetly to the end.
None of all the loving friends who watched
over him during the remaining weeks of his
life doubted that the dear boy had learned to
love God without trying to; and that, dying,
he went to Him whom not having seen he
had loved.

BY THE WAYSIDE.

Hunt up on your map the Straits of Magel-
lan; look at the mountains hanging over;
imagine the point of rock that leans the far-
thest out; and think of a barrel hung by a
heavy chain swinging there. That is a post-
office! The post master doesn't stay up there
to deliver the mails, and no post man unlocks
it; in fact it has no key.

Yet it is a grand old post-office. Ships
coming along that way stop and fish out
packages of precious letters that have been
dropped therein, see if they can find any that
want to travel their way, and if so, they take
them on; in their place they leave a package
which wants to go in another direction, and
some day a ship comes along, studies the direc-
tion of that package, says, "Ah, I can't take
that," and away she sails. And the barrel
swings, doing its duty day by day without
being watched, sending joy to many hearts.

A LANDLADY'S ADVICE.

An English admiral used to be fond of
relating that, on first leaving an humble lodg-
ing to join his ship as a midshipman, his land-
lady presented him with a Bible and a guinea,
saying, "God bless you and prosper you, my
lad; and, as long as you live, never suffer
yourself to be laughed out of your money or
your prayers." The young sailor carefully
followed this advice through life, and had
reason to rejoice that he did so.

A WRONG RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Remember the good old rabbi, who was
awakened in the watches of the night by one
of his twelve sons saying, "Behold! my eleven
brothers lie sleeping, and I am the only one
who wakens to praise and pray." "Son,"
said the wise father, "you had better be
asleep too than wake to censure your brothers."
No fault can be as bad as the feeling which is
quick to see and speak of other people's
faults.

A MAN'S heart deviseth his way: but the
Lord directeth his steps.