

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

GOD SEES ME.

God sees me every day,
When I work and when I play,
When I read and when I talk,
When I run and when I walk,
When I eat and when I drink,
When I only sit and think,
When I laugh and when I cry,
God is ever watching nigh.

When I'm quiet, when I'm rude,
When I'm naughty, when I'm good,
When I'm happy, when I'm sad,
When I'm sorry, when I'm glad,
When I pluck the scented rose,
Which in the next garden grows,
When I crush the tiny fly,
God is watching from the sky

When the sun gives heat and light,
When the stars are twinkling bright,
When the moon shines on my bed,
God still watches o'er my head;
Night or day, at church or fair,
God is ever, ever near,
Kindly guiding, lest I stray,
Pointing to the happy way.

JACK WHITE.

THE streets were icy, and the snow was beginning to fall. It was cold, too, and as poor Jack White stood looking in at the window of the toy shop, he thought his feet would freeze. Still, there he stood, looking in eagerly at a little girl warmly dressed in plaid and furs. Her grandpa was buying a doll for her—a beautiful great doll, with long hair and elegant dress.

As Jack stood there, his thoughts wandered back to another little girl—one not at all well dressed, but none the less dear to him for that. She, he knew, was lame and sick at home, and oh—what a treasure would that great open-eyed doll be to her!

"Just about as big," said Jack to himself; and he looked longingly, first at the little girl, and then at the doll which she held in her hand.

"Oh! if I were only rich," thought Jack, "don't I know what would be the first thing I would buy?"

But wishing was in vain, and Jack's feet were very cold. So he took his eyes away regretfully from the little girl and the doll, and was just about to start on a quick run down the icy street to try and make himself warm.

The shop door opened just then, and the little girl and her grandpa came out. She was holding to his arm with one hand, while with the other she held tightly to the doll which had so much excited Jack's envy. As she came out from the store with a merry little bound, she caught sight of Jack as he stood by the lighted window just ready to run off.

"O grandpa!" said Jenny, with a gay little laugh, "see, Jack White's out of gaol;" and she pointed directly at the boy, and laughed again.

"Out of gaol," thought Jack, and he was very angry; for he did not know that Jenny saw his shirt sleeve peeping through the elbow of his jacket, and that was what she called "Jack White out of gaol." Jenny had never seen the boy before. She did not know his name, and had no thought of hurting his feelings. So she tripped along very happily, while Jack, who hardly knew why he did so,

followed slowly, keeping himself carefully out of sight.

The next moment she saw her mamma across the street, and loosing her hold of grandpa's hand, ran to meet her, but, slipping upon the ice, she fell almost under the feet of Dr. Gray's fast horse. Jenny gave a little scream, and quick as thought Jack darted out and caught her up, just in time to prevent the horse from running over her. The doctor stopped his carriage to ask whether the little girl had been hurt, but Jack had brought her safely to the sidewalk.

Mrs. Williams was very pale when she came across, for she could scarcely believe that Jenny was not hurt at all.

"No, no, mamma! It didn't hurt me, not a bit," she said. "But I was frightened. Wasn't he a kind boy to help me, mamma?"

"Yes, yes," said grandpa. "Where is the boy?" But Jack had turned the corner, and was nowhere to be seen.

"Here's the little rascal!" said a man, catching hold of Jack's collar. He had seen him run and Mr. Williams look around as if to find him. "Here's the rascal, sir. I caught him as he was just turning the corner. What mischief has he been doing now?"

"Mischief, sir!" said Mr. Williams. "I thank you for bringing him back, for he has saved our little girl's life. Here, my boy, what should you like better than anything else in the world? Speak out now, and you shall have it if I can get it for you."

Jack did not answer. His hands wandered nervously up and down his ragged jacket, and his face began to get uncomfortably hot.

"Come," said Mr. Williams kindly, "What would you like better than anything else?"

"Better than anything else, sir?" said Jack. "Why, it's a doll, sir, thank ye."

"A doll, my boy! Surely you can't wish to play with it," responded Mr. Williams.

"O no, sir," answered Jack; "but it's for sister Hetty, sir. She's lame and sick, and oh, if she could only have a doll! Yes, sir; I'd like that better than anything, sir."

"What's your name, my boy?" asked Mr. Williams. "Jack White, sir. But I didn't come out of gaol, sir. It made me mad when she said so, sir," and he pointed his thumb at Jenny. "But I tell you true, I never was in it, sir. She's just about as big as Hetty, an' that's what made me forget I was 'mad when I thought she'd get run over, sir."

"Did you think Jenny meant that, Jack? She did not know your name," said Mr. Williams. Then he explained the saying to Jack, and, taking him into the toy shop, bought him the most beautiful doll he could find, and also a nice box-sled to take little Hetty out to ride.

"And now you must have a new suit, Jack," he said; "and Hetty will need a warm cloak and hood."

So Jack went home with his sled full of packages, and his poor, little lame sister's eyes sparkled with joy when she saw the doll and heard Jack's story of how he had earned it.

No soul was ever lost because its fresh beginnings broke down, but thousands of souls have been lost because they would not make fresh beginnings.

AFRAID TO SWEAR ALONE.

THE wicked practice of swearing, which is so common as to offend the ear in every hotel, and almost in every street, is often mere bravado. Boys think it sounds manly to be profane, and men think it gives force and character to their sayings. Unlike most other vices, it is done openly, and is intended by the swearer for other people's ears. It is a public sin against God, and a public insult to all good men. The boldest blasphemers are often the greatest cowards.

"I will give you ten dollars," said a man to a profane swearer, "if you will go into the village graveyard at twelve o'clock to-night, and swear the same oaths you have uttered when you are alone with God."

"Agreed!" said the man, "an easy way to make ten dollars."

"Well, come to-morrow and say you have done it, and you shall have the money."

Midnight came. It was a night of great darkness. As he entered the cemetery not a sound was heard; all was still as death. Then came the gentleman's words to his mind. "All alone with God!" rang in his ears. He did not dare to utter an oath, but fled from the place crying "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

BE SOMETHING.

A YOUNG girl had been trying to do something very good, and had not succeeded very well. Her friend, hearing her complain, said:

"God gives us many things to do, but don't you think He gives us something to *be*, just as well?"

"O dear! tell me about being." Marion looked up with penitent eyes. "I will think about being, if you will help me."

"God says:

"Be kindly affectionate one to another."

"Be ye also patient."

"Be ye thankful."

"Be not conformed to this world."

"Become little children."

"Be ye therefore perfect."

"Be courteous."

"Be not wise in your own conceits."

"Be not overcome of evil."

Marion listened, but made no reply.

Twilight grew into darkness. The tea-bell sounded, bringing Marion to her feet. In the firelight Elizabeth could see that she was very serious.

"I'll have a better day to-morrow. I see that doing grows out of being."

"We cannot be what God loves without doing all that He commands. It is easier to do with a rush than to be patient, or unselfish, or humble, or just, or watchful."

"I think it is," returned Marion.

A BIBLE DEFINITION.

A FRIEND of ours, who was one day hearing his little six-year-old Alice say her definitions, asked her the meaning of "earthquake" and "volcano."

"I know, father. God tells us in the Bible what they are." "Does He? Why, where, Allie?" "In the 104th Psalm, thirty-second verse." Now turn to that passage, and see if this little student of the Bible didn't make a good answer.