

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONSECRATION HYMN.

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.

—Frances Ridley Hergal.

A BRAVE BOY.

IT was a stormy evening in January. It had been very cold all day, but toward night it grew warmer, clouds came up rapidly from the northeast, and now it was snowing. Freddie Johnson, a bright chubby little fellow of six years, was sitting by the fire, looking at the pictures in the last "Nursery," when his papa said, "Come, Freddie, I am going to write a letter, which I wish you to take to the post-office for me. Run and put on your coat and hat. The letter will be ready as soon as you are."

"All right," said Freddie, who was accustomed to obey without asking questions—a rare trait in a little boy.

Now, the post-office was half a mile distant, and Freddie had never been there alone, though he had often gone with his papa; but he was a courageous little fellow, and very proud of doing errands for his papa, so he did as he was bidden, and with his mamma's help was soon muffled up to his chin in overcoat and scarf, and when he came back for the letter looked as if he could defy any storm.

"Here, little Dutchman," said papa, "you see I have wrapped this letter up in paper so that it will not get wet. Now when you get to the office take the paper off, and drop the letter into the box. Don't stop anywhere but come directly back."

"Yes, sir," said Freddie; and then he whispered to papa, "Do you believe I shall see any dogs?"

"No, dear," Mr. Johnson replied, "the dogs have all gone to bed, I guess. Now good-bye."

Freddie started off bravely. It was a very dark night, and he could only see a little way ahead, but on he trudged, wading through the deep snow, trying to whistle as his Uncle Charlie did.

"Halloo, sir, where are you going?" said a man who met him on the way down.

"Post-office," said Freddie.

"Aren't you afraid you'll get lost?" asked the man in surprise.

"No, sir," said Freddie stoutly, as he passed on; "papa sent me."

He found the post-office without difficulty, dropped the letter into the box, and started for home. But we must go back a little in our story.

As soon as Freddie had left the house, his papa hastily put on his overcoat and hat, and hurried after him. Walking on the opposite side of the street, and a little behind, he followed Freddie, keeping his eyes on him all the way, to see that no harm came to his dear little boy. When they had nearly reached home Mr. Johnson hurried ahead, and was calmly reading his paper when Freddie came in, looking more like the snow man he had built in the yard than like Freddie Johnson. Then what a greeting the little hero received! How his mamma and his aunties crowded around to help him off with his wraps, shake off the snow, and kiss his bright, rosy cheeks! How his eyes sparkled with delight when his papa called him "his brave little boy," and told him that he must hurry and grow up, for he needed in his store just such a clerk as Freddie would make! But it was now bedtime, and with a "good-night" all around Freddie went up stairs, and was soon sleeping soundly.

Now, children, this is a true story, and to me it has a beautiful lesson. Just as Freddie's father followed him all the way, ready to help if any danger should threaten him, so our Father in heaven watches us wherever we go, and whatever we do, and although we cannot see Him, we may be sure that He will never let any real harm come to us.

HOW THE FLOWERS GROW.

First a seed so tiny,
Hidden from the sight;
Then two pretty leaflets
Struggling toward the light;
Soon a bud appearing
Turns into a flower,
Kissed by golden sunshine,
Washed by silver shower,
Growing sweeter, sweeter,
Every happy hour!
Kissed by golden sunshine,
Washed in silver shower.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS.

WHAT glorious fun it is to have regular pitched battles with snow-balls! And can anything be jollier than skating on the polished ice. Yes, it is all this and more to the well-fed, well-clothed boys; but how is it with other poor boys, who are sometimes obliged to go out in the cold, cold snow, bare-headed, bare-footed, and often have to creep into an empty barrel and spend the night there, not having any warm, comfortable home to go to. My dear children, do you ever think of these poor boys, when you rise from your breakfast of hot coffee or tea, toast, meat, etc. Don't turn so coldly away, if they happen to hold out their hands to you for a few cents to buy bread. Don't say in that scornful tone:—"Now, mamma, I wouldn't let such ragged fellows come into the kitchen; very likely they will steal something before they leave." Perhaps *you* would steal if you were starving? Wouldn't you though? Well, I hope you wouldn't, but your

principles *might* change if you were half-starved. Circumstances alter cases now and then, you know. It is hard to see these poor boys turned from house to house and nothing given to them. A warm breakfast would do them so much good and make them so happy. How many could give them a breakfast, also shoes for their feet; yes, and a cap and a thicker jacket too. How many poor girls and boys could be clothed and fed comfortably with money so many children spend extravagantly and foolishly!

"SINGING ALL THE TIME."

ONCE a little boy was hurt at a spinning-mill in Dundee, and, after being taken home, he lingered for some time and then died.

I was in the mill when his mother came to tell that her little boy was gone. I asked her how he died. "He was singing all the time," said she.

"Tell me what he was singing," I asked.

"He was singing,—

'Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb on Calvary!
The lamb that was slain has risen again,
And intercedes for me.'

You might have heard him from the street, singing with all his might," she said with tears in her eyes.

"Had you a minister to see him?" I asked.

"No."

"Had you no one to pray with him?" "No."

"Why was that?" I inquired. "Oh, we have not gone to any church for several years," she replied, holding down her head. "But, you know, he attended the Sunday school, and learned hymns there, and he sang them to the last."

Poor little fellow! he could believe in Jesus, and love Him through these precious hymns, and die resting "safe on His gentle breast," forever.

THE BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN.

A CHILD, three years old, was dying of scarlet fever. She lingered long, and the last day of her life she was unconscious for hours. Many times her mother tried to rouse her, but in vain. She seemed to be sinking away in death without a token of recognition.

Suddenly she opened her eyes wide, lifted her head, and looked around the room as though filled with wonder and delight. She clapped her hands and cried eagerly to her mother:—

"O mamma, see the beautiful children!"

Her mother said, "Where?"

"O, all around!" She replied; and she turned her head as though she saw them in every direction. No written words can describe the rapture of her look and voice.

"They are coming, they are coming, *they are close to me!*" she said in a transport of joy.

She put up both hands, laughing out with that gleeful ringing sound peculiar to little children, and then she died.

HE who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the defect when the weaving of a lifetime is unrolled.