

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### THINKING OF MOTHER.

My mother's care, her tender eye,  
Watched o'er my helpless infancy;  
And when within my dimpling face  
She thought that some smile could trace,  
For all her trouble care and pain,  
She felt herself repaid again.

She taught my infant lips to raise  
Their lisping voice in prayer and praise;  
And then she'd set me on her knee,  
And tell that Jesus died for me;  
And very fond I ought to be  
Of Him who was so kind to me.

And how shall ever I repay  
Her kindness both by night and day?  
In every way I'll try to do  
Whatever's right, and good, and true,  
And by obedience try to prove  
She has not thrown away her love.

### LITTLE LIGHTS.

Jesus bids us shine  
With a clear, pure light,  
Like a little candle  
Burning in the night:  
In the world is darkness,  
So we must shine,  
You in your small corner,  
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,  
First of all, for Him,  
Well He sees and knows it,  
If your light is dim:  
He looks down from heaven,  
To see us shine,  
You in your small corner,  
And I in mine.

### LITTLE SINS.

CHARLIE was spending the winter with his married sister. Every one thought him a good boy; indeed, he himself was quite sure he could do nothing wrong. One day, as he was passing the pantry, he saw a box of raisins. They were the largest raisins he had ever seen. He stepped in slyly and took bunch after bunch, and then slipped away, feeling like a thief and yet thinking, "It's only a little thing." This he did day after day till there was quite a hole in the box of raisins. Still no one seemed to notice it.

One day a visitor told the following story at the dinner table.

Walking through a fine park two years before, he had seen a large sycamore tree. A wood-worm about three inches long was forcing its way under the bark of the trunk. "Ah!" said the gentleman who was with him, "in time that worm will kill the tree."

"A hard thing to believe," said his friend.

"By and by you will see," replied the other.

Soon the worm was found to have got quite a distance under the bark. The next summer the leaves dropped off earlier than usual. Something serious seemed the matter. When the next summer came—just two years from the time the worm began work—the tree was dead. The hole made by the worm could be seen in the very heart of the trunk.

"You were right," said the gentleman, "the tree was ruined by that worm, only three inches long."

If a worm could do such harm, what may not what people call little sins do to a man or woman, a boy or girl?

Charlie felt the blood rush into his face. He was sure every one must know about the raisins, and that the story was told on purpose. He did

not dare look up from his plate. After dinner they all went into the parlour, but as no one took especial notice of him, Charlie concluded he must be mistaken. Still he began to feel now as never before that God knew all about it.

The next time he was tempted to take from a basket what was not his, he remembered what the worm did to the tree. "That is just what sin is doing to my soul," he thought. He drew back in fear and ran away as fast as possible, nor could he rest until he told his sister the whole story. Then he went, with a lowly, penitent heart, to his heavenly Father, asking that all sin might be forgiven, and that, for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, a new spirit might be put within him.

### LITTLE THINGS.

One gentle word that I may speak,  
Or one kind, loving deed,  
May, though a trifle, poor and weak,  
Prove like a tiny seed;  
And who can tell what good may spring  
From such a tiny little thing?

Then let me try each day and hour  
To act upon this plan;  
What little good is in my power  
To do it while I can.  
If to be useful thus I try,  
I may do better by and by.

### GOOD ADVICE.

Dare to be honest, good, and sincere;  
Dare to please God, and you never need fear.

Dare to be brave in the cause of the right,  
Dare with the enemy ever to fight.

Dare to be loving and patient each day,  
Dare speak the truth whatever you say.

Dare to be gentle and orderly, too,  
Dare shun the evil whatever you do.

### THE ECHO-BOY.

A LITTLE boy once went home to his mother and said, "Mother, sister and I went out into the garden, and we were calling about, and there was some boy mocking us." "How do you mean, Johnny?" said his mother. "Why," said the child, "I was calling out 'Ho!' and this boy said 'Ho!' So I said to him, 'Who are you?' and he answered, 'Who are you?' I said, 'What is your name?' He said, 'What is your name?' And I said to him, 'Why don't you shew yourself?' He said, 'Shew yourself!' And I jumped over the ditch, and I went into the wood, and I could not find him, and I came back, and said, 'If you don't come out I will punch your head;' and he said, 'I will punch your head!'"

So his mother said, "Ah, Johnny, if you had said, 'I love you,' he would have said, 'I love you.' If you had said, 'Your voice is sweet,' he would have said, 'Your voice is sweet.' Whatever you said to him, he would have said back to you." And the mother said, "Now, Johnny, when you grow and get to be a man, whatever you will say to others, they will, by and by, say back to you;" and his mother took him to that old text in the Scripture, "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

### THE LITTLE SNOWDROPS.

"OH, that I could do more good in the world!" moaned a little snowdrop. It was in a pot with a number of other snowdrops, and when they heard what this tiny one said, they all shook their heads, and said that they wished the same.

Did I say all? No, one snowdrop, who was actually a day older than the rest, and conse-

quently one day wiser, smiled when she heard their wish, and said, "All in good time, my friends; all in good time. I heard our mistress say to-day that she would send us up to the Hall soon, to see if the lady would buy us for her garden."

The little snowdrop's curiosity was aroused, and they all eagerly inquired if the old snowdrop knew more; but that was all she knew. So they put their little white heads together in consultation, and longed greatly for the time to come when they would be taken from Mrs. Hudson's humble cottage to the great Hall, where the squire lived with his wife and little daughter.

Before a week had passed, the snowdrops came into the possession of the squire's daughter, Alice. She took great care of them, and was greatly pleased with the dear little white blossoms, so pure and lovely.

### THE BIRD WHO WOULD NOT BE FOOLED.

WHERE do you think a bird once built its nest? On the edge of a quarry of slate; so near that when the rock was blasted, pieces of the flying and falling slate frightened and incumbered the poor bird very much. It was a thrush. Yet she did not change her quarters. But being a pretty observing bird, she noticed that at the ringing of a bell the men started and ran. "Ah," thought the bird, "I'll run too." So the next time the train was fired, and the bell rang to warn the men away, the thrush flew from her nest and lighted among them; indeed, close under their feet. The explosion over, she returned to her nest, and they to their work.

This she did whenever they blasted. Of course, it highly diverted the men, and visitors were told of her sensible and discerning conduct. They were anxious to see the thrush. The slate could not be blasted to gratify visitors, but the bell could be easily rung, and it was. The bird heard it, and down she flew. After a few times she saw herself hoaxed, and when the bell rang again she peeped over her nest to see if the men left. If they did not, she sat still and cocked her head as much as to say, "No, gentlemen, I am not to be fooled again. Life in my nest is too serious to be trifled away for your amusement. No more make-believes to me. I see through you."

The thrush family is large. Blackbirds belong to it. But this, I suppose, was the stone thrush, which loves to build among the rocks. It lays from three to five bluish-green eggs, and is a lively little creature. Its song is very sweet, and it pours forth its notes day and night, as if it could do little else but praise God for making it.

### WHAT CAN RUB IT OUT?

"MY son," said his mother to a flaxen-haired boy, who was trying to rub out some pencil marks he had made on paper, "My son, do you know that God writes down all you do in a book? He writes every naughty word, every disobedient act, every time you indulge in temper, and shake your shoulders, or pout your lips, and, my boy, you can never rub it out."

The little boy's face grew very red, and in a moment tears ran down his cheeks. His mother looked earnestly at him, but said nothing more. At length he came softly to her side, threw his arms around her neck, and whispered, "Can the blood of Jesus rub it out?"

Dear children, Christ's blood can rub out the record of your sins, for it is written in God's holy Word, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin."