

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

JESUS.

Let us sing to Jesus,
Let us bless His name;
For to seek and save us,
To our world He came.

Let us pray to Jesus,
He will hear our cry,
And will send to help us,
From His throne on high.

Let us all love Jesus,
For He loved us so
That He died to save us,
From our sin and woe.

Let us trust in Jesus,
He alone can save,
And He waits to give us
Life beyond the grave.

Let us follow Jesus,
In the path He trod;
This will upward lead us,
To the throne of God.

There we shall see Jesus
Sitting on His throne;
He will smile upon us,
Calling us His own.

FIELD-BLOSSOMS.

ONE morning, early, Ida and Gerty had permission to go to the woods; and after some time they came back, loaded with a heap of flowers. And what were they going to do with these flowers? Come with me, and I will tell you.

In a large room near the railway station we find a number of ladies very busy with their work. Great baskets of flowers stand in the waiting-room. Some of them contain flowers from gardens and hot-houses; others, flowers from the woods and fields. All these flowers have come this morning by rail from the country. The ladies tie up all these flowers into little bouquets or bunches, and on every one they tie a little strip of paper with a red edge, on which a text of Scripture is written. Immediately they go out, and take with them these beautiful little bouquets, each bound together with a verse from the Word of God. And where do they go with them? To the different hospitals of the great city.

There was once a poor crippled girl, whose name was Anna; she had lost both parents, and they had now brought her into the hospital of the work-house. There she lay, the poor child, in great suffering. One day a lady came in with a bunch of fresh flowers in her hand, and reached it out to the poor crippled Anna. "Oh, how beautiful!" said she; "are they for me? I never in all my life saw such beautiful flowers." The poor orphan child had lived with her parents in a dark attic room of a great tenement house, and because she herself could not go down, and her parents were sick too, she had hardly ever seen a flower.

"Yes, Anna, this bunch of flowers is for you; and see here, there I have some glad news for you, too." The child turned the bunch of flowers around, and read the text which was fastened to it: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"But is that for me? I thought that was only for the great and wise."

"My dear Anna, it is for you, that great

saying; for it is there for all; so that all who believe it have a part in it. All you have to do is to believe it from your heart, and take it to yourself. God has given His only begotten Son to die for you, since He desires you to live, and to be happy and saved."

Anna was quite astonished as the lady said this to her and added some more cheering words. But she could not now speak much with her, for there were many other sick ones there besides her, to whom the flowers were to be distributed.

About fourteen days later the lady came again to the sick-room. Anna was expecting her, with great longing, and was very glad indeed, as she came to her, and said:

"I have brought with me another bouquet."

"O, how good!" said the child; "and is there another verse with it, too?"

"Yes, indeed, dear Anna, and one that will please you very much."

The little girl received her bouquet. But she hardly smelled it before she turned it around, so as to read what sort of a message God had sent her to-day. The verse read in this way: "Jesus called a little child to Himself." She thought to herself, as she read that, "that word Jesus has sent just for me," and said:

"Yes, Jesus calls me."

"Yes, dear Anna, that is true; Jesus calls you, and just with this little verse from His Word, for you to give Him your heart."

I cannot relate here all the rest they said; but it was a happy day for the little sick child. The lady came often afterwards to her, and always found her happy and pleased. She believed on her Lord and Saviour, heard His voice, and knew that He had suffered and died for her. The dear Lord and Saviour had made her His child.

In the same sick-room lay also a little girl whose name was Grace, about eleven years old, likewise an orphan child, and a cripple all her life long. She had had a foot taken off, and much to endure. But she had also come to the knowledge of the Saviour; and now it was a great source of enlivenment when the two children talked with each other of the love of the Lord Jesus, and repeated to one another the verses which they had received. Young as these children were, they were a shining light for our Lord Jesus in that dark place where much sin and godlessness prevail. There were many old women there, sick and feeble, but full of envy and malice, who gave the children many bad nicknames, and made sport of them, when they talked with each other of our Saviour. Even there it was not easy to be a Christian.

But the children did not allow themselves to be frightened at that; they were all the more good and accommodating to these old women, whenever an opportunity presented itself at the different meal-times or other little occasions; and it is quite a remarkable thing how the opposition of the old women was quite broken down by the quiet behaviour of the children; and two or three of them were glad to let them tell them of Christ, and were converted to Him.

You dear little children who read this, you too can do much for your Lord and Saviour,

if you are always obedient, and keep away from every strife and quarrel, and walk in love. Yes, you can help very much, too, in sending flowers. If you pick flowers, tie those together in bouquets, and give them to those who collect such bouquets and send them to the great cities, where they will be carried to the hospitals for the sick and infirm, to bring joy to the sick ones.

Yes, you can also hunt up suitable verses and write them on slips of paper, so that they can be distributed with the bouquets, and tell those who lie sick and sorrowful of Him who is their true physician and friend. The poor invalid, as he looks at his flower, is reminded of the giver's thoughtfulness; and, as he reads his text, he thinks of the loving-kindness of the Giver of all good things.

A SILENT SERMON.

MR. HARVEY was riding slowly along the dusty road, looking in all directions for a stream, or even a house, where he might refresh his tired, thirsty horse with a draught of water. While he was thinking and wondering, he turned an abrupt bend in the road, and saw before him a comfortable looking farmhouse, and at the same time a boy ten or twelve years old came out into the road with a small pail, and stood directly before him.

"What do you wish, my boy?" said Mr. Harvey, stopping his horse.

"Would your horse like a drink, sir?" said the boy, respectfully.

"Indeed he would, and I was wondering where I could obtain it."

Mr. Harvey thought little of it, supposing, of course, that the boy earned a few pennies in this manner; and therefore he offered him a bit of silver, and was astonished to see him refuse it.

"I would like you to take it," he said, looking earnestly at the child, and observing for the first time that he limped slightly.

"Indeed, sir, I don't want it. It is little enough I can do for myself or any one. I am lame, and my back is bad, sir, and mother says no matter how small a favour may seem, if it is all we are capable of, God loves it as much as he does a very large favour; and this is the most I can do for others. You see, sir, the distance from Painsville is eighteen miles to this spot, and I happen to know there is no stream crossing the road that distance, and the houses are at some distance from the road, and so, sir, almost everyone passing here is sure to have a thirsty horse."

Mr. Harvey looked down into the gray eyes that were kindling and glowing with the thought of doing good to others, and a moment later he jogged off, pondering deeply upon the quaint little sermon that had been delivered so innocently and unexpectedly.

GOOD-NATURE, like a bee, collects honey from every herb. Ill-nature, like a spider, sucks poison from the sweetest flowers.

THE new year's plans and purposes may bring to mind failure in carrying out the old year's plans and purposes, to discourage us from renewed effort; but we shall all the more need to "try, try again."