

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### LITTLE TEMPLES.

"Ye are the temples of God."

Jesus, can a child like me  
Thine own living temple be?

Yes, Thy Spirit day by day  
In my heart will deign to stay.

Then that heart must ever be  
A fit dwelling-place for Thee.

Naughty tempers, thoughts of sin,  
These things must not enter in.

But a temple is a place  
Built for constant prayer and praise,

And the teaching of Thy Word;  
Am I such a temple, Lord?

Yes, if all I do and say,  
In my work and in my play,

Shall be gentle, true, and right,  
Pleasing in Thy holy sight.

Help me, Lord, for I am weak;  
Make me hear when Thou dost speak.

Cleanse my heart from every sin,  
Make me beautiful within.

May Thy presence from above  
Fill my heart with holy love.

Then shall those about me see  
That the Saviour dwells in me.

### NEVER FORGET TO PRAY.

Never, my child, forget to pray,  
Whate'er the business of the day;  
If happy dreams have blessed thy sleep  
If startling fears have made thee weep,  
With holy thoughts begin the day,  
And ne'er, my child, forget to pray.

The time will come when thou wilt miss  
A father's and a mother's kiss,  
And then, my child, perchance thou'lt see  
Some who in prayer ne'er bend the knee;  
From such examples turn away,  
And ne'er, my child, forget to pray.

### THE MOTHERLESS.

SITTING in the school room, I overheard a conversation between a sister and a brother. The little boy complained of insults or wrongs received from another little boy. His face was flushed with anger. The sister listened a while, and then turning away, she answered, "I do not want to hear another word; Willie has no mother." The brother's lips were silent; the rebuke came home to him, and stealing away, he muttered, "I never thought of that." He thought of his own mother, and the loneliness of "Willie" compared with his own happy lot. "He has no mother." Do we think of it when want comes to the orphan, and rude words assail him? Has the little wanderer no mother to listen to his little sorrows? Speak gently, to him, then.

### "I CAN'T UNDO IT."

A LITTLE girl sat trying to pick out a seam that she had sewed together wrong. Her chubby fingers picked at the thread, that would break, leaving the end hidden somewhere among the stitches that she had laboured so wearily to make short and close; and though the thread came out, yet the needle-holes remained, shewing just how the seam had been sewed; and with tears in her eyes she cried, "O mamma, I can't

undo it!" Poor little girl! you are learning one of the saddest lessons there are. The desire of undoing what can never be undone gives us more trouble than all the doings of a busy life; and because we know this so well, our hearts often ache for the boys and girls we see doing the things they will wish so earnestly by-and-by to undo. And now where is the bright side? Right here. Let us try to do a thing the first time, so we will never wish to undo it. We can ask our heavenly Father. He never leads us wrong; and anything we do under His guidance we shall never wish to undo.

### TAKE A DRINK?

Take a drink? No! not I;  
Reason's taught me better  
Than to bind my very soul  
With a galling fetter.  
Water, sweet and cool and free,  
Has no cruel chains for me.

Take a drink? No! not I;  
I have seen too many  
Taking drinks like that of yours,  
Stripped of every penny.  
Water, sweet and cool and clear,  
Costs me nothing all the year.

Take a drink? No! never;  
By God's blessing, never  
Will I touch or taste or smell,  
Henceforth and forever!  
Water, sweet and clear and cool,  
Makes no man a slave or fool.

### EVENING HYMN.

The day is done;  
O God the Son,  
Look down upon Thy little one.

O Light of light,  
Keep me this night,  
And shed round me Thy Presence bright.

I need not fear,  
If Thou art near;  
'Thou art my Saviour, kind and dear.

Thy gentle eye  
Is ever nigh;  
It watches me when none is by.

Thy loving ear  
Is ever near,  
Thy little children's voice to hear.

So happily  
And peacefully,  
I lay me down to rest in Thee.

To Father, Son,  
And Spirit One,  
In heaven and earth all praise be done.

### "ALMOST SAVED!"

A MAN drowning! He fell off the pier into the sea; and, look, you can see his head just above the waves! There! he has caught hold of the rope those men have thrown to him! Now—he has it! No—he has missed it! Ah! that huge wave has carried him farther out. Nothing can save him now! Oh, if he had caught the rope when he was near!

"And he was so near being saved," says one honest fellow, dashing a tear from his eye. "Why, the rope fairly touched his hand."

Ay, that made it all the worse. To think of him being drowned after all, when he was almost saved!

Almost saved! Children, do you hear that cry from another world? "I was once very near being saved. I had almost made up my

mind to accept of Christ, but did not do it. Now it is too late! Lost! lost!—and forever! Oh, if I might go back to earth again, and hear once more of Jesus! Oh, that I had come to Him when I might have come!"

### HOW TO PRAY.

A LITTLE boy in Jamaica called on the missionary, and stated that he had been very ill; and often wished the minister had been present to pray with him.

"But, Thomas," said the missionary, "I hope you prayed yourself."

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Well, but how did you pray?"

"Why, sir, I begged."

A child of six years, in a Sabbath school, said, "When we kneel down in the school room to pray, it seems as if my heart talked to God."

A little girl about four years of age being asked, "Why do you pray to God?" replied, "Because I know He hears me, and I love to pray to Him."

"But how do you know He hears you?"

Putting her hand to her heart, she said, "I know He does, because there is something here that tells me so."

We must remember to pray, and to pray aright.

### JETTY AND THE BEE.

WE have a beautiful little spaniel, with such bright black hair that we call her Jetty. She has long ears, black sparkling eyes, a white breast, brown silky paws, and a brown spot over each eye. She is only about the size of your frisky kitten, though she is several years old.

Jetty was rather melancholy yesterday, and not inclined to eat her breakfast, so I gave her a little bit of sugar; and she liked the sweetness so much that she thought she would have something else that was sweet—something of her own choosing. Well, she trotted down stairs, but presently returned, shaking her ears and looking as if her mouth had been hurt. Then she carefully laid a treasure upon the carpet, turned it over with her nose, and shook her ears again. What do you think she had got? A great humble bee! I suppose she had licked some honey off its legs; but, alas! it had stung her tongue.

Little children, beware of stolen sweets! There is always a sting in them!

"He that despiseth his neighbour sinneth; but he that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he."—Prov. xiv. 21.

A LITTLE girl was lying in bed so ill that her disease had taken away her sight. Her teacher went to see her, and said, "Are you quite blind, Mary?" "Yes," she replied; "but I can see Jesus." "How do you see Jesus?" "With the eye of my heart."

NOTHING is easier than faultfinding. No talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character, are required to set up in the grumbling business. But those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmuring or complaint.