

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HIDING FROM PAPA.

Papa's lost his baby!
Searches everywhere,
Under chairs and tables,
With the greatest care!

Pulls aside the curtain,
Peeps behind the door!
Never sees the little heap
Curled up on the floor.

Never hears the whisper,
"Mamma, don't you tell!"
Nor the little laughter,
Muffled, like a bell!

Off he scampers wildly,
Hunting here and there,
Overturning everything,
With the greatest care!

Canary has a visit,
Sitting on his perch,
Mamma's apron pocket
Suffers by the search!

"Now I am so tired—
Elephant at play—
That I must take a rest
A minute by the way,

I'll lay my weary head
On this little rug."
Under mamma's towel,
Lay her darling snug!

Then the merry scramblings
Papa laughed to see!
"And you didn't sink, now,
That it could be me?"

"IT GROWS WORSE."

THIS was the honest confession of a boy who fell into a wrong habit. He knew it as wrong; he regretted it; he confessed it. In his way he fought against it. The fight was not always a hard nor a protracted one. Once in a while he forgot to fight; sometimes he fought but feebly and with but half a heart; he yielded oftener than he resisted.

In one of his hours of deep sorrow because of the wrong, he came to his father to whom he had frankly confessed the whole matter before. "Father," said the dear fellow, his eyes full of tears, "I am sure it grows worse."

"I have large hope for you, my boy, because you feel this anxiety, and because you see that it grows worse. Sin always grows worse if we do not fight it in the right way."

"But what is the right way?" asked the boy, eagerly.

"What is the right way to fight disease, my son?"

"That depends upon the disease."

"Well suppose it is some disease that you see proves fatal with other people, and which you have tried in your own way, by rest and dieting and the use of many remedies, to cure?"

"I should go to my doctor."

"What would you say to him?"

"Well, I should tell him what was the matter, and ask him for medicine."

"After that, what?"

"I should take the medicine as he told me, and do everything else that he directed."

"Suppose you go to Dr. Blakewell about your sin?"

"That would be no good," said the boy. "He could not cure my sin; he has no medicine for that."

"Has no medicine for sin? Is there no physician can cure you?"

"Father, I see what you are after; I un-

stand what you mean. But Jesus doesn't seem real to me, like Dr. Blakewell, He is unseen, and not to be seen by our mortal eyes. How can I go to Him?"

"Your sin is real, is it not? The thoughts and feelings out of which it grows are real. You could easily enough stop the outward act if it were not for the inward and powerful feelings which come before the act."

"Certainly," said the boy. "There is my most serious trouble; my heart is wrong."

"You don't mean that your real heart—the heart that you can feel beating in your breast—you don't mean that your physical heart is unhealthy? You have no heart-disease in that sense?"

"Of course not. I mean that my spiritual heart (I suppose you would call it), my heart that loves and hates, that feels pleasure and pain, that resolves and desires and suffers—I mean that this heart is diseased. It loves sin; it chooses sin; it yields to sin."

"That heart which you now describe is very real, although you do not see it, and although it is not a physical or 'real' thing. Do you not think so, my son?"

"Well, yes, if that is real which brings ache and sorrow, and discouragement and fear."

"Now, my precious boy, take your unseen but real sin and sorrow to the unseen but real Physician. To do it you need not go anywhere; He is here. You need not see anything; you do not see the sinful heart you want to have cured. You must think. You must read in the Bible about Christ, that you may think true thoughts about Him. You must think prayers to Him. Talk to Him; tell Him all about the trouble. Trust Him. Obey Him."

"If I could only feel that He is real!" said the boy.

"By feeling your need, and by this kind of thinking, talking, trusting, and obeying, you will soon feel the reality of Jesus Christ, the Saviour from sin. In the meantime, take your troubles to Him in the moment of temptation; then, thinking about Him, resist. He will help you."

"I am glad you have said these things to me, father, I will try; but won't you help me?"

The father folded the boy to his heart, and while both wept, the father prayed.

"One thing," said the boy, "I have been afraid of: it is that God would hate me for my sin. But if you love me like this, father, won't God also love me?"

I love you, my darling boy, and hate your sin; and God is a father. We need not be afraid of Him. He hates sin and loves us. As you come to me go to Him. Trust Him."

From this little talk with his father the boy found strength; and the boy's father, when he was alone, said, "O my Father in heaven; dost Thou love me as I love my boy? Then I will trust Thee more."

A BOY TO BE TRUSTED.

"THAT'S a boy one may trust," said I to myself of little Fred Lincoln; "and the mother of such a son is happy and good; I know she is."

"And what great thing has Freddy done?"

asks my wondering little reader. "And how do you know his mother is happy and good? she's away off in the south, and here Fred is in Boston, at his aunt's."

It was not a great thing that this little boy did, who won my confidence and high respect. It was a little thing. Ah, but little acts involve great principles.

We were all sitting at the tea-table, a happy and hungry set, after our long ride. A plate of cake was handed round, rich and nice-looking enough to tempt even a weak stomach. As it came to Freddy, he raised his hand to take a piece, then stopped, and turning to his sister, who was a little older than he, said in a low voice:

"Shall I, Bell? would mother like to have me take it?"

"I think not," said the sister; "it is richer cake than mother gives us."

Then "No, thank you," said Fred; and the plate went by.

Perhaps no one at the table observed this except myself; but I could read in the bright face of our little friend the happiness which follows self-denial and obedience. A child who regards his parents' wishes and commands equally in their absence as in their presence is really trustworthy, and cannot fail to give rich happiness to those parents' hearts.

Is there anything you can learn of Freddy, my little reader?

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Lord, look upon a little child,
And teach me how to pray;
Make me obedient, gentle, mild,
And lead me day by day.

Keep me from every sort of harm,
From every thought of ill;
Protect me with Thy guiding arm,
And make me do Thy will.

So may I grow up year by year,
And still increase in grace,
That when my work is finished here,
I may behold Thy face.

MONEY.

Money borrowed is a foe
Veiled in kindly seeming;
Money wasted is a friend
Lost beyond redeeming.

Hoarded, it is like a guest
Won with anxious seeking,
Giving nothing for his board
Save the care of keeping.

Spent in good, it leaves a joy
Twice its worth behind it;
And who thus has lost it here
Shall hereafter find it.

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOUR.

ONE morning I found Dora busy at her ironing-table, smoothing the towels and stockings.

"Isn't it hard for the little arms?" I asked.

A look of sunshine came into her face, as she glanced towards her mother, who was rocking the baby.

"It isn't hard work when I do it for mamma," she said, softly.

How true it is that love makes labour sweet.

HEART work must be God's work. Only the great heart-maker can be the great heart-breaker. If I love Him my heart will be filled with His Spirit and be obedient to His commands.—Baxter.