

Our Young Folks.

"HE CARETH FOR YOU."

1 PETER v. 7.

In the silence of night,
At the dawning of light,
Everywhere,
Comes a voice to my ear:
Peace, my child, I am here;
Have no care!

Cast it all upon Him, He cannot be untrue—
He will never forsake, for He careth for you:
His the care.

Yes, leave it with Him,
The lilies all do,
And they grow;
They grow in the rain,
And they grow in the dew—
Yes, they grow;

They grow in the darkness, all hid by the night;
They grow by the sunshine, revealed in the light—
Still they grow.

They ask not your planting,
They need not your care,
As they grow:
Dropped down in the valley,
The field, anywhere,
There they grow;

They grow in their beauty, arrayed in pure white;
They grow clothed in glory by heaven's own light—
Sweetly grow.

The grasses are clothed
And the ravens are fed
From His store:
And you who are loved,
And guarded and led,
How much more

Will He clothe you, and feed you, and give you His care?
Then leave it with Him, He is everywhere—
Ample store.

Does your toil seem in vain?
Is your heart filled with pain,
Hurt and sad?
When the harvest is grown
From the seed you have sown,
'Twill be glad!

For others shall reap the rich fruits of the word
Which came from your lips and was willingly heard;
Harvest glad.

In the end of the years,
When the Bridegroom appears
For His own;
When He gathers His Bride
With Himself to abide
On His throne;

Then will sower and reaper together rejoice,
And exultingly shout with one heart and one voice,
Harvest Home!

Then leave it with Him,
'Tis more dear to His heart,
You well know,
Than the lilies that bloom,
Or the flowers that start
'Neath the snow:

Whatever the need, if you ask it in prayer,
You can leave it with Him, for you are His care:
You—you know.

THE TRUTH AT ALL HAZARDS.

Some time after the beginning of the present century there was living, in a busy country town in the North, a pious couple who had an only son. For this son they daily prayed to God, and what they asked in their prayers was that God would enable them to lay in his young heart, among the first lessons he should learn, the love of all things honest and good. So the foundations of an upright life were laid in the boy's heart, and among these, very especially, a regard for uprightness and truth.

In the course of years the boy's school days were ended, and also his apprenticeship to a business life

in the country town; and, as there was no prospect for him there, he came up to England, to one of the great seaports, and by-and-by he got a good position in a merchant's office. He was greatly pleased with his new office, and wrote to his father and mother that Providence had been very kind to him, and had opened up to him an excellent place.

But he was not long in this excellent place before he was put to the test in a very painful way with respect to the lesson he had received about truth. It was part of the business of that office to have ships coming and going. And it was the rule, when the ship came into the port, that its captain sent word to the office that he had arrived, and was waiting instructions where to discharge the cargo; and it was the duty of the manager of the office to send back instructions to the captain where and when this was to be done.

A few months after this little lad from the North came to the office, a ship laden with coal came in, and the usual message from the captain came; but, somehow or other, no answer was sent back to him. The captain waited a week, and still no word came back. Now, that was very hard on the captain. Until his ship got free of its cargo, it had to lie idle in the dock; and all who belonged to the ship were kept idle, too. So, at the end of a week, the captain sent word to the office that his ship had been kept so long waiting for instructions where to discharge its cargo, that it had missed a good offer of a new cargo, and the office would have to pay him for the loss. This payment was called "demurrage."

When the manager of the office got the message from the captain, he was very angry. He thought he had sent instructions where to discharge the cargo, or he made himself believe he had sent them. At any rate, he sent for the little lad from the North, and said to him, "Didn't I send you down to Captain Smith with instructions to discharge his coal?"

The little lad said, "No, sir: I do not remember being sent down."

"Oh, but I did," answered the manager. "You have forgotten." And there for a time, so far as the office was concerned, the matter was allowed to rest.

But the captain did not intend to rest there. He applied for his demurrage. And when that was refused, and his word that he had received no instructions was disbelieved, he took the master of the office to law. And by-and-by, his complaint came before the judges in a court of law.

The day before the trial the manager came to the little lad from the North and said to him: "Mind, I sent you to the dock with those instructions to discharge the coal."

"But, I assure you, I cannot remember your doing so," said the lad.

"Oh, yes, but I did. You have forgotten."

It was a great trouble to the lad. He had never been sent to the dock. He could not say he had been sent; and he foresaw that he would have to say before the judges what would certainly offend the manager and lead to the loss of his place.

On the morning of the trial he went to the court. The manager came up to him and said, "Now, our case depends on you. Remember, I sent you to the dock with the instructions to discharge the coal."

The poor lad tried once more to assure the manager that he was mistaken, but he would not listen.

"It is all right," he said hastily. "I sent you on such a day, and you have got to bear witness that I did—and see you say it clearly."

After a little while he was called into the witness-box, and almost the first question put to him was whether he remembered the day when Captain Smith's ship came in. And then this: "You remember during that day being sent by the manager of the office to the dock with a letter for the captain?"

"No, sir."

"Don't you remember taking instructions to Captain Smith to discharge his coal?"

"No, sir."

"Were you not sent by the manager of your office to the coal-ship on that day?"

"I was not, sir."

"Nor next day?"

"No."

"Nor any other day?"

"No."

The gentleman who put the question was a barrister. He had been engaged by the manager to win the case for them. But, when he heard the little lad's replies, he saw that the manager was in the wrong; and he turned to the judge and said, "My lord, I give up this case. My instructions were that this witness would prove that a message to discharge had been sent to Captain Smith, and it is plain no such proof is to be got from him."

So the case ended in the captain's favour, and against the office in which the little lad had found so excellent a place.

He went to his lodgings with a sorrowful heart, and wrote to his father and mother that he was sure to be dismissed. Then he packed his trunk to be ready to go home next day; and in the morning, expecting nothing but his dismissal, he went early to the office. The first to come in after him was the master. He stopped for a moment at the little lad's desk, and said, "We lost our case yesterday."

"Yes, sir," answered the lad; "and I am very sorry I had to say what I did."

By-and-by the manager came in; and after a little time, he was sent for to the master's room. It was a long while before he came out. The little lad was sent for. "I am going to be dismissed," he thought to himself. But he was not dismissed. The master said to him, naming him: "I was angry yesterday, but not with you. You did right to speak the truth; and, to mark my approval of what you did, I am going to put you in charge of all the workings and sales of our Glenfardle mine." Then he sent for the manager, and told what he had said, and added: "And the young man will make his reports direct to me."

In six months after, the manager left the office; and, young though he was, the little lad was appointed to his place. And, before as many years had passed, he was admitted as junior partner in the firm; and he is now at the head of the entire business—the managing partner.

Truth was the best. But I want to say that, if things had turned out other than they did, and he had been dismissed, it would still have been best for him to speak the truth.—*Dr. McLeod, in Sunday Magazine.*

It is far easier to give money than to be generous in judgment.

It is not the being rich that is wrong; but the serving of riches.

Hope is like the cork to the net, which keeps the soul from sinking in despair.

"Heroism can be in any life that is a *work life*, any life which includes energy and self-denial."