

Page for the Young.

SIX LITTLE WORDS.

Six little words arrest me every day ;
 I ought, must, can—I will, I dare, I may.
 I OUGHT—'tis conscience' law, divinely writ
 Within my heart—the goal I strive to hit.
 I MUST—this warns me that my way is barred,
 Either by nature's law or custom hard.
 I CAN—in this is summed up all my might,
 Whether to do, or know, or judge aright.
 I WILL—my diadem, to the soul imprest
 With freedom's seal—the ruler in my breast.
 I DARE—at once a motto for the seal,
 And dare I ? barrier 'gainst unlicensed zeal.
 I MAY—is final, and at once makes clear

[appear,
 The way which else might vague and dim
 I ought, must, can—I will, I dare, I may ;
 These six words claim attention every day,
 Only through Thee, know I what every day.
 I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may.

ONLY A STEP BETWEEN YOU AND HEAVEN.

I shall never forget one summer afternoon, when I was preaching in a village chapel about the joys of heaven, that an elderly lady, sitting on my right, kept looking to me with intense delight. Some people's eyes greatly help the preacher. A telegraph goes on between us. She seemed to say to me: "Bless God for that. How I am enjoying it!" She kept drinking in the truth, and I poured out more and more precious things about the eternal kingdom and the sight of the Well-Beloved, till I saw what I thought was a strange light pass over her face. I went on, and those eyes were still fixed on me. She sat still as a marble figure, and I stopped and said:—"Friends, I think that you sister over there is dead." They said that it was even so, and they bore her away. She had gone. While I was telling of heaven, she had gone there; and I remember saying that I wished it had been my case as well as hers. It was better not, perhaps, for many reasons; but, O! how I did envy her! I am always looking for the day when I shall see her again. I shall know those eyes. I am sure I shall. I shall re-collect that face, if in heaven she is anything like what she was here or bears any marks of identification. I shall not forget that inward fellowship which existed between a soul that stood with wings outspread for glory and the poor preacher who was trying to talk of that which he knew but little of compared with her. Well, well, it will soon be my turn. Good-night, poor world! It will soon be your turn, and then you shall say: "Good-night." Let us meet in glory. Let us meet in glory, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.—*Spurgeon.*

ARE YOU SAFE?

Two little girls were playing with their dolls in a corner of the nursery, and singing, as they played:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
 Safe on his gentle breast;
 There by his love o'er-shaded
 Sweetly my soul shall rest."

Mother was busy writing, only stopping now and then to listen to the little ones' talk, unobserved by them.

"Sister, how do you know you are safe?" said Nellie, the younger of the two.

"Because I am holding Jesus with both my hands tight"—promptly replied sister.

"Ah, that's not safe," said the other child. "Suppose Satan came along and cut your two hands off?"

Little sister looked very troubled for a few moments, dropped poor dolly, and thought seriously. Suddenly her face shone with joy, and she cried out:

"O I forgot! I forgot! Jesus is holding me with his two hands, and Satan can't cut his off; so I am safe?"

CAN A CHILD HAVE FAITH?

Yes, a child can have faith. There is not one of our readers so young as not to be able to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved. Every one knows how to believe in father or mother, in an older brother or sister. Children naturally believe. We say to all the boys and girls that they believe Him in the same way as they believe their parents. When they promise anything, no matter what, their children expect them to keep their promise. So when God promises anything, the smallest child may expect Him to keep His promise. And certainly He will do it. God never disappoints those who put their trust in Him. The earlier that children can be taught to remember their Creator the better for them. We once knew a most excellent young man at college. One day, in talking upon religious matters, we asked him when he became a Christian. His reply was: "Ever since I can remember, I have loved God, and loved the Lord Jesus Christ."

SAINT CRISPIN.

There is an old story of a shoe-maker of Rome, long years ago, who thought he must become a preacher. Taking his son, he started out to tell the heathen of France and Britain about the Christ. They were very poor, so they paid their way by making shoes. Very nice ones they made, and found plenty of custom. For a long time they followed these two trades, till at last, in savage Britain, they were martyred. And to this day the twenty-fifth of October, the day upon which Crispin was killed, is called St. Crispin's day, and every shoemaker in the world is called a son of St. Crispin.