

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

ABOUT GOD.

God is in heaven—can He hear
A feeble prayer like mine?
Yes, little child, thou need'st not fear.
He listeneth to thine.

God is in heaven—can He see
When I am doing wrong?
Yes, that He can; He looks at thee
All day and all night long.

God is in heaven—would He know
If I should tell a lie?
Yes, if thou say'st it very low,
He'd hear it in the sky.

God is in heaven—can I go
To thank Him for His care?
Not yet; but love Him here below,
And thou shalt praise Him there.

AN HONEST BOY.

IN a country school a large class were standing to spell. In the lesson there was a very hard word. I put the word to the scholar at the head, and he missed it; I passed it to the next, and so on through the whole class, till it came to the last scholar—the smallest of the class—and he spelled it right; at least, I understood him so, and he went to the head, above seventeen boys and girls, all older than himself.

I then turned and wrote the word on the blackboard, so that they might all see how it was spelled, and learn it better. But no sooner had I written it than the little boy at the head cried out, "Oh, I didn't say it so, Miss W—; I said *e* instead of *i*," and he went back to the foot, of his own accord, quicker than he had gone to the head. Was not he an honest boy? I should always have thought he spelled it right, if he had not told me; but he was too honest to take any credit that did not belong to him.

"TOLD A LIE WITH HIS FINGER."

A LITTLE boy, for a trick, pointed with his finger to the wrong road when a man asked him which way the doctor went. As a result, the man missed the doctor; and his little boy died, because the doctor came too late to take a fish bone from his throat. At the funeral the minister said that "the little boy was killed by a lie which another boy told with his finger." I suppose that the boy did not know the mischief he did. Of course, nobody thinks he meant to kill a little boy when he pointed the wrong way. He only wanted to have a little fun; but it was fun that cost somebody a great deal, and if he ever heard the results of it, he must have felt guilty of doing a mean and wicked thing. We ought never to trifle with the truth.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

THE shepherd of the East lives with his sheep. He knows each one by name, and the little lambs are his tenderest care: He watches to see that each one has food and shelter and a place of refuge from danger. He does not forget any of his sheep, because he loves them, and least of all does he forget the sick and ailing and helpless ones. When the sheep stray away and get lost, he follows

them into the wilderness, and seeks until he finds them.

Jesus calls Himself the "Good Shepherd," and He tells us that He even lays down His life for the sheep! The care of the shepherd for his sheep is something wonderful, but far above and beyond this is the loving care of Jesus for the least of His little ones!

He knows you by name, dear child, and He never sees you straying away from Him, that His heart is not filled with tenderest pity for you. He gave His life so that you might not be lost in the wilderness, and still He is seeking you. May be you think He doesn't notice a child like you. Never think that again. *He gave His life for you.* Isn't that answer enough?

LOVING.

Loving words and loving ways,
Loving actions all our days:
Loving father, mother, home,
Loving all, where'er we roam.

Loving largely, loving long;
Loving *always* is the song;
Loving while at work or play,
Loving all, the live-long day.

Loving, says the sainted John
(Though the loving saint is gone),
Is the way to live and die.
Loving! loving!—children, try!

Loving Saviour, O how blest,
Loving us, He offers rest;
Loving, calls us up on high;
Loving, bids us live, and die.

LOVE TO GOD.

When I look up to yonder sky,
So pure, so bright, so wondrous high,
I think of One I cannot see,
But One who sees and cares for me.

His name is God; he gave me birth,
And every living thing on earth;
And every tree and plant that grows
To the same hand its being owes.

Then shall I not forever love
Thine gracious God who reigns above?
For very good indeed is He
To love a little child like me.

THE SLAVE GIRL.

A LITTLE slave girl in Travancore was so earnest and constant in telling others of the Saviour, that she was known by the name of the "Child Apostle." Cruelly did she suffer for her faithfulness, but she persevered, and often won to Christ those who had been her most cruel enemies. When the late Bishop of Madras was visiting Travancore, this child was presented to him, her face and neck and arms all disfigured and scarred by blows. The good bishop's eyes filled with tears as he looked at her and said: "My child, how could you bear this?" She looked up in his face with simple surprise and said: "Sir, don't you like to suffer for Christ?" This dear child did not put off working for Christ till she was older; if she had, she would have lost her opportunity. The next year the cholera raged through the district, and she was one of the first whom God called home to Himself.

"THE fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge, but fools despise wisdom and instruction."—*Prov. i. 7.*

GOOD AND EVIL.

WHAT is EVIL? That which God hates. That which destroys you. That which Satan would have you do. It is thought and word and deed which you would shrink from if you felt that the Holy God was beside you. And God is beside you—looking on you—hearing you—knowing what is in your hearts. We are all prone to evil—we naturally love it, and like to follow it. But we are told to "ABHOR IT."

And what is GOOD? That which God approves. That which makes you better like Himself. That which Satan tries to hinder you from doing. It is—thought, word, and deed, you would try to think and to speak, and, to do if you felt that the Holy God was beside you. And He is beside you. And He smiles on those who seek good and love it. We do not naturally care about it. But we are told to "CLEAVE to that which is good."

THE NINTH COMMANDMENT.

"WHICH is the ninth commandment?" said a teacher to a boy in the Sabbath school.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour."

"What is bearing false witness against your neighbour?"

"It is telling a falsehood."

"That is partly true; and yet it is not exactly the right answer—because you may tell a falsehood about yourself."

Then a very little girl said:

"It is when nobody did anything, and somebody went and told it."

"That will do," said the teacher with a smile.

The little girl had given a curious answer; but underneath her odd language there was a pretty clear perception of the true meaning.

GIVE A KIND WORD.

A FRIEND of the Lord Jesus one day met a lame man. When he saw the poor man stretching out his hand to him, he stopped and said, "I have neither gold nor silver; but what I have I give unto thee."

"What did He give him?"

He healed him. No one now can give such good help to a poor person: but there is something which every one can give.

"What is it?"

A kind word. Even little children can give that. The poor and unhappy are pleased when any one speaks kindly to them.

"THE eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."—*Prov. xv. 3.*

FOR the best results there needs be the longest waiting. The true harvest is the longest in being reached. The failures come first, the successes last. The unsatisfactory is generally soonest seen.

If you sow a handful you will reap a bushel; if you sow the wind you will reap the whirlwind. I tremble for those young men who laugh in a scoffing way and say, "I am sowing my wild oats." You have got to reap them.