

OUR YOUNG FOLK.

A LITTLE CHILD'S HYMN.

Thou that once on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me,
When I wake, or go to bed,
Lay Thy hands about my head;
Let me feel Thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

Be beside me in the light,
Close by me through all the night;
Make me gentle, kind and true,
Do what mother bids me do;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive me when I forget.

Once wert Thou in cradle laid,
Baby bright in manger shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house;
Now Thou art above the sky,
Canst Thou hear a baby cry?

Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since Thou art so far away;
Thou my little hymn will hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.
Thou that once on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me.

1 FLOWER SERMON.

Come, dear young friends, let us fancy that we are sitting down together on this mossy bank, to have a little talk about the flowers, and see if we cannot find out what are some that should be blooming in our hearts. I am sure you must all love the daisies. Look at this one growing at your feet; how it turns upward its yellow eye and pure white petals. See how steadily it is looking straight upward into the heavens. Of what does it remind you? It makes me think of that sweet, trustful faith that is always looking up, away from the little difficulties and temptations that often surround us, to the place where help and strength are always to be found. The daisy that we know and love so well, has often to hang its pretty head because the dark clouds gather above; but to the upturned eye of faith there is ever a spot of brightness to be seen, a ray of light to gladden the darkest day. Dear child, have you such a daisy in your heart?

Look a little further, and you will see an old friend the buttercup: there it is, nodding its sprightly head in every breeze, so common and well-known that few stop to notice it, yet living its own happy life and fulfilling its own little mission, just as faithfully as the oak tree or the rose. It seems to be an emblem of a contented, useful spirit, often not much noticed, too often but little admired, yet filling its own place in the world, and making that place the brighter for its presence. Are the flowers of usefulness and contentment growing in our hearts?

The sweet, modest violet has followed the retreating footsteps of spring, and we seek it in vain among the hedgerows; but the fragrant violet of humility may always bloom in our heart's garden, if only we will tend it with patient care.

There is one fair flower I must not forget, for no truer summer has come to the soul where it is not found. Now I do not think when I speak of a holy life that I mean anything that is gloomy or sad. The happiest, brightest boy or girl may be holy, for holiness just means to have what Christ hates, and to love what He loves; and to live a holy life is

to live pleasing Him each day. Summer has never really come to you unless this lily is found blooming in your heart. Every one who loves the Lord Jesus has some of these lilies. With some, alas! they are small and poor; but that heart is most like Christ where they grow fairest and purest.

There is one blossom of which I must be sure to remind you. Its name is joy. But, O, I can compare it to no earthly flower! The most beautiful we see here droop their heads when the bitter winds blow, and are battered to the ground when the storm is raging; but this heavenly blossom is ever most bright when the clouds above are darkest; strongest and most vigorous when all around it dies. It is a plant that springs from no earthly seed; it can be planted by no human hands, but One has power both to plant it and to keep it blooming. Has it taken root in your heart?

Just one more flower, and then I have finished my list; but like the last, I can liken it to nothing on earth. It has the beauties of all other flowers, and the imperfections of none. We call it Love, and of its wondrous beauty we can never say too much, for it can make radiant the plainest face; it can make fragrant the most homely life. He who carries it in his heart will be blessed himself, and be made a blessing to all around. Boys and girls, it is icy winter, and not summer with you, if you are neglecting to cultivate this sweet flower.

Roses, violets, and all such lovely children of the sunshine and the dew cannot, you know grow on the hard, bare rock; no more can the blossoms of grace grow on your hard heart and mine—they will only droop their heads and die. Will you not ask the great Husbandman to plough up the hard ground, to water it with the gentle rain of His Spirit? Will you not ask the divine Sower to sow therein His own heavenly seed? Will you not ask the Sun of Righteousness to shine upon the tender buds, and bring them to perfection? Will you not do all you can to clear away the weeds that would hinder their growth? Then your heart will be like a fair garden, in which the Lord will walk, and bless it forever with the smile of His love.

FAITHFULNESS TO DUTY WELL REWARDED.

A story told of Gerhardt, a German shepherd boy, illustrates the fact that he who is faithful over a few things will become the ruler over many.

One day he was watching his flock, which was feeding in a valley on the borders of a forest, when a hunter came out of the woods and asked,

"How far is it to the nearest village?"

"Six miles, sir" answered the boy; "but the road is only a sheep-track, and very easily missed."

The hunter looked at the crooked track, and said,

"My lad, I am very hungry and thirsty; I have lost my companions, and missed my way. Leave your sheep, and show me the road; I will pay you well."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir," rejoined Gerhardt. "They will stray into the woods, and may be eaten by wolves or stolen by robbers."

"Well, what of that?" queried the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or two wouldn't be much to your master, and I'll give you more than you have earned in a whole year."

"I cannot go, sir," replied Gerhardt, very firmly. "My master pays me for my time, and he trusts me with his sheep. If I were to sell my time, which does not belong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be the same as if I had stolen them."

"Well," said the hunter, "you will trust your sheep with me while you go to the village and get me some food, drink, and a guide? I will take care of them for you."

The boy shook his head.

"The sheep," said he, "do not know your voice, and —" He stopped speaking.

"And what? Can't you trust me? Do I look like a dishonest man?" asked the hunter, angrily.

"Sir," said the boy, "you tried to make me false to my trust, and tried to make me break my word to my master. How do I know that you would keep your word?"

The hunter laughed, for he felt that the lad had fairly cornered him. He said,

"I see, my lad, that you are a good, faithful boy. I will not forget you. Show me the road, and I will try to make it out myself."

Gerhardt then offered the contents of his satchel to the hungry man, who, coarse as it was, ate it gladly. Presently his attendants came up, and then Gerhardt, to his surprise, found that the hunter was the grand duke, who owned all the country around.

The duke was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he sent for him shortly after that, and had him educated. In after years Gerhardt became a very great and powerful man, but he remained honest and true to his dying day.

GOD'S CARE.

It has been said, and I will repeat it, "God is great in great things, but He is very great in little things." I will illustrate this by an incident which occurred in the room of a relative during a Scripture reading. There was a beautiful engraving on the wall, of the Matterhorn mountain. We were remarking that the wondrous works of God were not only shown in those lofty, snow-clad mountains, but also the tiny mosses found in their crevices. A friend present, said: "Yes, I was with a party at the Matterhorn, and, while we were admiring the sublimity of the scene, a gentleman of the company produced a pocket microscope, and having caught a tiny fly, placed it under the glass. He reminded us that the legs of the household fly in England are naked; then called our attention to the legs of this little fly, which were thickly covered with hair," thus showing that the same God who made these lofty mountains rise, attended to the comfort of the tiniest of His creatures, even providing socks and mittens for the little flies whose home these mountains were,