

Our Young Folks.

GOOD MORNING TO GOD.

"Oh! I am so happy!" the little girl said,
As she sprang like a lark from the low trundle-bed.
"Tis morning, bright morning! Good morning, papa!
Oh, give me one kiss for good morning, mamma!
Only just look at my pretty canary,
Chirping his sweet notes, 'Good morning to Mary!'
The sunshine is peeping straight into my eyes—
Good morning to you, Mr. Sun, for you rise
So early to wake up my birdie and me,
And make us as happy as happy can be!"

"Happy you may be, my dear little girl,"
And the mother stroked softly a clustering curl.
"Happy as can be, but think of the One
Who awakened this morning both you and the sun."
The little one turned her bright eyes with a nod—
"Mamma, may I say then 'Good morning' to God!"
"Yes, little darling one, surely you may,
As you kneel by your bed every morning to pray."

Mary knelt solemnly down, with her eyes
Looking up earnestly into the skies;
And two little hands that were folded together
Softly she laid in the lap of her mother.
"Good morning, dear Father in heaven," she said,
"I thank Thee for watching my snug little bed;
For taking good care of me all the dark night,
And waking me up with the beautiful light.
O keep me from naughtiness all the long day,
Blest Jesus, who taught little children to pray."

TENEO ET TENEOR.

The Morris family was sitting around the large open fire in the dining-room one winter evening last December. Harry, aged twelve, was busy with his Latin Reader, while the other children were looking at pictures, and Mrs. Morris was sewing.

"Father," said Harry, looking up from his book, "what does '*tenuit*' mean? I can't find it in my lexicon."

"I don't wonder, my boy; it is the perfect of '*teneo*,' I hold. By and by, I shall have a story to tell about that verb when you shall have finished your studying."

Half an hour later the four children were gathered around Mr. Morris, and he began:

"A number of years ago I was travelling in Europe in company with some gentlemen friends of mine. I think you all have heard me speak of Mr. Eaton. He was one of the party, and if you were to go into his office to-day you would see hanging above his desk the motto, '*Teneo et teneor*.' What does that mean, Harry?"

"I hold and I am held," was the prompt reply.

"Well among other places which we visited was the Strasburg Cathedral. Up and up the tower we went until we reached the platform where travellers usually stop. The view was a grand one, but we were ambitious and wanted to go even higher. So the guide unlocked a door, and we climbed up, up, until we reached the end of the inside staircase. We were up so high that everything below looked like little toys, and we could hardly realize that the people and horses were not mechanical playthings wound and set in motion for our especial benefit.

"But Mr. Eaton was not satisfied; he wanted to go to the top. To do this it was necessary to make the remainder of the ascent on the outside—a very dangerous thing even for one so cool-headed as he. Notwithstanding our warning he stepped out and commenced his hazardous climb.

"Slowly, slowly, farther and farther up he went, until he finally reached the top, more than four hundred feet above the pavement. Unintentionally, he looked downward; a feeling of dizziness came over him, and he began to realize that he could not long keep his balance. Glancing around he saw only the four iron bars which supported the cross at the very top. These were

too far apart; they could not help him. Looking upward so as to keep his eyes from below, he saw an iron ring hanging from the foundation of the cross. So dizzy that he could hardly see to guide himself, he put first one hand, then the other, on that ring and held on. Fortunately the ring was so firmly fixed that it held, too."

"But, papa, how did he get down?" queried Harry.

"Oh, he waited, with his eyes closed, till the dizziness passed away; then he climbed down safely."

Mr. Morris leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. Then May climbed up on his lap and said—"But, papa, you didn't tell us the moral; most of all your stories have morals."

"And do you like the morals so very much, kitten, that you want one for every story?"

"No—o, papa, I'm afraid it isn't that. But it is so interesting to see it begin in the story, and follow it out, and it's so nice when the moral I find is the same as the one you have."

"And what one did my May find here?"

"I don't know as I can 'spress myself, but I think you meant that we should hold to the Cross, not the one at Strasburg, but the other."

"Yes, May, that is just what I meant. Hold to the Cross of Christ, and be held by it."

HOME DUTIES FIRST.

A girl of fourteen, who had lately been converted, asked God to show her what she could do for Him, and what was her special work. After praying for some time, the thought came to her mind that she could take her baby brother, only a few months old, and nurse him for the Lord. So she took charge of the child, and relieved her mother in the work and care of the little one. This was godly and Christ-like. Home duties and fireside responsibilities have the first claim upon every child of God. We need not go abroad for work when God places work within our reach.

"The daily round, the common task," provides ample opportunities for serving God, doing whatsoever our hands find to do.

"Little words, not eloquent speeches; little deeds, not miracles, nor battles, nor one great heroic act or mighty martyrdom, make up the Christian life."

ONE USE OF BIRTHDAYS.

You know that birthdays are the days that our friends remember, and tell us they do by sending us presents. Now, these presents should always mean this: "I send you this, to tell you how glad I am that you were born. You have made me happier because you live in this world." I wonder if we are all trying to make our friends feel this.

There is a blue-eyed little girl living not a thousand miles from New York who calls her birthdays "worth days." She is so sweet and lovable that every day she lives is a "worth day" to those about her. We can all make our days "worth days" to our friends, each day richer and more happy because we live here, if we try.

There are different ways of celebrating our birthdays, but those that are most to be desired are thanksgiving birthdays. Last winter there was such a pretty birthday celebration not far from Boston that I know you will enjoy hearing about it.

The little girl was twelve years old. She had been receiving presents and birthday letters all day. When night came and the family were all at dinner—a dinner prepared especially to suit this little girl—she came into the dining-room carrying a tray, on which were a number of paper parcels, neatly tied. Each parcel had on it a white card, with the name of some member of the

family and contained a gift. These she gave to each one, to remember her birthday by, she said, and had been purchased by saving her own pocket money. That certainly was a pretty way of keeping a birthday. Giving, you will find, makes you just as happy as receiving, and sometimes more happy. In a small Sunday-school room in New York State there is a pretty money jug standing on the desk. On the Sunday after each teacher's and scholar's birthday they put into the jug a penny for each year they have lived. Johnny, who is five years old, brings five pennies. Johnny's father, who is thirty-eight years old, brings thirty-eight pennies—one for each year. This money goes to the missionary society of the church.

These pennies must be thank-offerings. You might try it in your family. Have a money jug on the dining-room mantel, and use the pennies to buy Christmas presents for some one who would not have any Christmas if you did not remember him. Call the jug, "The Birthday Jug."

JUST AS I AM!

Some time ago a poor boy came to a city missionary. Holding out a dirty and worn-out bit of paper, he said, "Please, sir, father sent me to get a clean paper like that." Opening it out, the missionary found that it was a page leaflet, containing that beautiful hymn beginning, "Just as I am, without one plea." The missionary asked where he had got it, and why he wanted a clean one. "We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket after she died. She used always to be singing it while she was ill, and she loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one, and to put it in a frame and hang it up. Won't you give us a clean one, sir?" That simple hymn given to a little girl seems to have been, by God's blessing, the means of bringing her to Christ.

THE CHILD AND THE DRUNKARD.

The late John B. Gough, in one of his powerful addresses, told the following most touching story:

"I was once playing with a beautiful boy in the city of Norwich, Conn. I was carrying him to and fro on my back, both of us enjoying ourselves exceedingly; for I loved him and I think he loved me. During our play I said to him, 'Harry, will you go with me down to the side of that green bank?' 'Oh, yes,' was his cheerful reply. We went together, and saw a man lying listlessly there, quite drunk, his face upturned to the bright blue sky; the sunbeams that warmed and cheered and illumined us lay upon his porous, greasy face; the pure morning wind kissed his parched lips and passed away poisoned; the very swine in the field looked more noble than he, for they were fulfilling the purposes of their being. As I looked upon the poor degraded wretch, and then upon that child, with his bright brow, his beautiful blue eyes, his rosy cheeks, his pearly teeth and ruby lips, the perfect picture of life, peace and innocence; as I looked upon the man and then upon the child, and felt his little hand convulsively twitching in mine, and saw his little lips grow white, and his eyes dim, gazing upon the poor victim of that terrible curse of our land—strong drink—then did I pray to God to give me an everlasting increasing capacity to hate with a burning hatred any instrumentality that would make such a thing of a being, once as fair as that child."

HAPPY is the man that findeth wisdom.

MAKE God thy last thought at night when thou sleepest, and thy first when thou wakest; so shall thy fancy be sanctified in the night, and thy understanding be rectified in the day; so shall thy rest be peaceful, and thy labours prosperous.