

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

VALUE OF SMALL THINGS.

Thou art little I bring,
Said the tiny spring
As it burst from the mighty hill,
'Tis pleasant to know,
Wherever I flow
The pastures grow greener still.

And the drops of rain,
As they fall on the plain,
When parched by the summer heat,
Refresh the sweet flowers
Which drooped in the bowers,
And hung down their heads at our feet.

Though the drops are small,
Yet, taking them all—
Each one doing all that it can
To fulfil the design
Of its Maker Divine—
What lessons they give unto man!

May we strive to fulfill
All His righteous will,
Who formed the whole earth by his word!
Creator Divine!
We would ever be thine,
And serve Thee, our God and our Lord.

FOUR SERVANTS OF SATAN.

SATAN has a great many servants, and they are busy running about, doing all the harm they can. They ride in the trains; they follow the soldiers; they do business in the city; they go into the country; they enter houses and break open shops; they visit our schools. Some of their favourite spots are colleges and academies, where our boys are. Boys, do you hear that?

Indeed, they are very fond of young people everywhere. Some of Satan's servants are so "like roaring lions, going about seeking whom they may devour," that you are not much in danger from them, because you can keep out of their way. Some are so vile-looking, you would naturally turn from them in disgust; others are such fellows that you would not be seen in their company; and there are still others you would rather keep clear of, without exactly knowing why. You know they are not good, and that is enough. But all of Satan's followers are not so quick to show their colours. Some are cunning, and pretend to be a great deal better than they are, in order to deceive people; and they do deceive people horribly. It makes my blood run cold to think of it. I know four of them, and some of the mischief which they have done. I found out their names, and I want to put you on your guard against them, for they are very sly. They will make-believe to be your friends. They appear sociable, easy, good-natured, and not too much in a hurry. They seem to wait your own time, and entice you when you least expect it.

"Oh, we want you to enjoy yourselves," they say, "and not be so particular;" and the arguments they use are very taking, at least I must think so, since so many of the young listen to them and are led away by them.

And all, I believe, because they did not know in the first place *who* was speaking to them. They were deceived. They did not see it was Satan's uniform they had on. Do you ask for their names? Here they are:—

"There's no danger." That is one.

"Only this once." That is another.

"Everybody does so." is the third; and

"By-and-by," is the fourth.

If you are tempted to leave God's house and break the Sabbath-day, to go for a sail or a ride, or to do a little work in the shop or the counting-room, and "Only this once," or "Everybody else does so," whispers at your elbow, be sure it is false. The great evil of *one* sin is, that you bring your heart and conscience into such a state that you will be likely to go on sinning, for there is not half so much to stop you as there was to prevent you from setting out at first. Hold no parley with "Only this once," or "Everybody does so." Listen to their bad advice, no, not a moment.

Are you thinking seriously about the welfare of your soul? Has the Holy Spirit fastened upon your conscience the solemn warnings of a faithful teacher, and brought to mind a tender mother's prayers for your conversion? Does the tear start in your eye, and are you almost persuaded to choose Christ and that better part which cannot be taken from you? That is a moment when "By-and-by" hovers near to snatch your confidence and persuade you to put away serious things. It succeeded with poor Felix when Paul preached to him, and the Roman ruler was almost persuaded to become a Christian. "By-and-by" whispered in his ear. He put off his soul's salvation to a more convenient season, and it never came.

"By-and-by is a cheat as well as a liar. By putting you off, he means to cheat your soul of heaven. God says now: "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." He never asks you to postpone it. He makes no promises and no provision for "By-and-by."

Dear children, be on your guard against these four servants of Satan; in little things as well as in great ones, for their only aim is to harm and ruin you.

A YOUTHFUL MARTYR.

IN the first ages of the Church of Christ, in the city of Antioch, a believer was carried forth to die as a martyr. "Ask any little child," said he, "whether it were better to worship one God, the Maker of heaven and earth, and one Saviour, who is able to save us, or to worship the many false gods whom the heathen serve."

Now, it was so that a Christian mother had come to the spot, holding in her hand a little son of about nine or ten years old, named Cyril. The heathen judge no sooner heard the martyr's words than his eyes rested on the child, and he desired the question to be put to him.

The question was asked, and to the surprise of those who heard it, the boy replied: "God is one, and Jesus Christ is one with the Father,"

The judge was filled with rage. "O, base Christian!" he replied, "thou hast taught that child to answer thus!" Then, turning to the boy, he said, more mildly: "Tell me, child, how did you learn this faith?"

The boy look lovingly in his mother's face and replied. "It was God's grace that taught it to my dear mother, and she taught it to me."

"Let us now see what the love of Christ can do for you," cried the cruel judge; and at a sign from him the officers—who stood ready with their wooden rods, of the fashion of the Romans—instantly seized the boy. Gladly

would the mother have saved her timid dove, even at the cost of her own life, but she could not do so; yet she did whisper to him to trust in the love of Christ and to speak the truth.

"What can the love of Christ do for him now?" asked the judge.

"It enables him to endure what his Master endured for him and for us all," was the mother's reply, as again and again they smote the child.

"What can the love of Christ do for him?" and tears fell even from the eyes of the heathen as that mother, as much tortured as her son, answered: "It teaches him to forgive his persecutors."

The boy watched his mother's eyes as they rose up to heaven for him; and when his tormentors asked whether he would now acknowledge the gods they served and deny Christ, he still said; "No, there is no other God but one, and Jesus Christ is the Redeemer of the world. He loved me, and I love Him for His love."

The poor boy now fainted beneath the repeated strokes, and they cast the bruised body into the mother's arms, crying: "See what the love of your Christ can do for him now?"

As the mother pressed her child gently to her own crushed heart she answered: "That love will take him from the wrath of man to the rest of heaven."

"Mother," cried the dying boy, "give me a drop of water from our cool well upon my tongue."

The mother said: "Already, dearest, hast thou tasted of the well that springeth up to everlasting life—the grace which Christ gave to his little ones. Thou hast spoken the truth in love; arise now, for thy Saviour calleth for thee. May he grant thy poor mother grace to follow in the bright path!"

The little martyr faintly raised his eyes and said again: "There is but one God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent;" and so saying, he gave up his life.

FOR THE BOYS.

"SIR," said a boy, stopping before a man on his cart, "do you want a boy to work for you?"

"No," replied the man, "I have no such want."

The boy looked disappointed; at least the man thought so, and asked:

"Don't you succeed in getting a place?"

"I have asked at a good many places," said the boy. "A woman told me you had been after a boy; but it is not so I find."

"Don't be discouraged," said the man in a friendly tone.

"Oh, no, sir," said the boy, cheerfully, "this is a very big world, and I feel certain God has something for me to do in it."

"Just so, just so," said a gentleman who had overheard the talk, "Come with me my boy; I am in want of somebody like you."

It was the doctor, and the doctor thought any boy so anxious to find his work, would be likely to do it faithfully when he found it.

If everybody had the spirit of this little lad there would be no idlers in the world, standing on the corners, sitting in the shops, waiting for work to come to them. Work does not often come so. Almost everything worth having, like ore in the mine, must be sought for.