

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY HYMN.

We are but a band of children,
Working for the blessed Lord,
Not too small to do His bidding,
Nor to heed His glorious Word.

When He says, go tell the people
Who have never heard My name,
That to lift them out of darkness,
Christ, the Lord of glory, came,

Came, that they might say, "Our Father,"
And that, in their sad home-lives,
Rays of hope and love may enter,
Such as Jesus' Gospel gives.

So, we bring our pennies, asking
That, like tiny grains of corn,
They may yield a rich soul-harvest
In the resurrection morn.

And that some of China's children,
Round the throne with us may stand,
Brought there by the prayers and pennies
Of our little mission band.

"THE SOFT PILLOW."

LITTLE ANNIE, before going to bed, lifted up her heart in prayer to Jesus and gave herself into His keeping, while Nettie, her sister, was thoughtlessly undressing herself and jumping into bed without prayer. Annie at once fell asleep and was resting peacefully in the arms of Him, to whom she committed herself, while Nettie was restlessly turning over. At length she awoke Annie, complaining that the pillow was hard and so flat she could not sleep upon it. "I know what is the matter with your pillow," said Annie; "there is no prayer in it." Little Nettie thought a moment, then crept quietly out of bed, prayed, laid down again and found her pillow softer. She then said to herself: "That is what my pillow wanted; it is soft now," and she soon, too, was sweetly sleeping.

Are there not thousands of other pillows in the world which might be softened by prayer?

"SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG."

"WHY, that's not four o'clock! I'm certain that it cannot be so late," exclaimed Minnie, starting from the seat on which she had been amusing herself with a book, while her work lay neglected beside her. "I looked at the great clock not ten minutes ago, and I'm sure that the long hand had not reached quarter past three."

"Oh! did you not know that something was the matter with the great clock?" replied her aunt, who, with her bonnet and shawl on, had just come downstairs, prepared to accompany her on a walk. "Since yesterday it has gone quite wrong; it strikes one hour, and points to another. I think that the hands must be loose."

"Something has gone wrong indeed!" cried the child, with impatience, "and I never will trust it again!"

She looked up, and saw a quiet smile on the face of the lady. "Aunt, what are you thinking of?" she said, quickly.

Her aunt glanced down at the unfinished seam, from which the needle and thread hung dangling down. "Did you not promise to have that ready before four?" said she.

"Yes," replied Minnie, looking a little ashamed; "but—but—"

"But there is somebody, I fear, besides the

great clock whose hands are in fault; who is swift to promise, and slow to perform; whose words say one thing, and whose actions say another. Shall I repeat your own words, Minnie, and say, Something has gone wrong indeed, and I never will trust her again!"

Dear young reader, ever keep this in mind, that our words and our actions should agree together, as the hands of a good clock with the chime of its bell. Never make a promise rashly; but, if once made, let no pleasure, no feeling of indolence, tempt you for one moment to break it. Let no one ever be able to say, in speaking of the word which you had given, but not kept, "Something has gone wrong indeed, and I never will trust him again!"

A CHILD'S CREED.

I believe in God the Father,
Who made us every one;
Who made the earth and heaven,
The moon and stars and sun.
All that we have each day
To us by Him is given.
We call Him, when we pray,
"Our Father who art in heaven."

I believe in Jesus Christ,
The Father's only Son,
Who came to us from heaven,
And loved us every one.
He taught us to be holy,
Till on the cross He died!
And now we call Him Saviour
And Christ the crucified.

I believe God's Holy Spirit
Is with us every day,
And if we do not grieve Him
He ne'er will go away.
From heaven upon Jesus
He descended like a dove,
And dwelleth ever with us,
To fill our hearts with love.

GOING TO BED.

Suppose, little darling,
I put you to bed—
Why, dear, you know growling
Is really ill-bred!

Off—shoes and stockings!
Off—little dress!
On—little night-gown!
What a success!

Here is the crib;
Here is the pillow;
A nice little nest
My dear will just fill, O!

I'll toss you up once,
I'll toss you twice,
I'll lay you down
As I toss you thrice.

Lie still, my pretty,
I'll tuck up your toes;
I'll tuck you up warm
To the tip of your nose.

Kiss me now, precious!
No, don't lift your head—
Such a bad little daughter
Won't stay in bed.

HE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT.

SOME time ago a gentleman was going from Boston to Albany, and on his journey got into conversation with a young man, a divinity student, who was travelling the same way. Something was said about drinking, when the divinity student said:

"I am only twenty-five years of age, but you can't tell me anything about that. I know all there is to know about drinking."

The gentleman shewed interest in the young man's experience, and he continued:

"When I was eighteen I went to Boston to take charge of the books in a mercantile house. In the boarding-house where I boarded were four young men. We became companions.

They all drank and invited me to join them. I declined. I said, 'I am eighteen and have never drunk, and it would not be just to my Christian home and my family to do so now.' I resisted for a time; but they resorted to ridicule, and that I could not stand. I drank, and in two years *delirium tremens* overtook me. All terrible things were present to me and pursuing me. I suffered agonies. I trembled and realized my danger, and in alarm sought refuge in my Saviour's strength, and now I expect soon to preach the gospel."

"And will you tell me," said the gentleman, "what has become of your boarding-house friends?"

"Three of them," said the young man, "are in drunkards' graves, and the fourth is in prison."

What an injurious thing this sting of strong drink is!

HELP THE BOYS TO LIKE THE FARM.

THE splendid rewards brought to the farmers during the past three years are doing more than all the preaching to keep the boys on the farm. Our idea is that this state of affairs ought to be improved by the farmers, and by those who are interested in the prosperity of the young, to fix the boys' choice of farming, and to teach them their business. And the shortest statement of the way to do it, according to our observation, is to make them like it. There are as many different ways to do this as there are boys to be influenced; but it may safely be said that any boy whose tastes, inclinations, ambitions and abilities lie in the direction of farming, can the more surely be kept at his vocation by rendering his apprenticeship to it as pleasant and hopeful as possible.

The wheels of this generation will not run in the ruts of the last one. Too many farmers forget this. The conditions of successful farming have greatly changed within fifty years. Markets and transportations have worked many modifications. Improved breeds of animals, perfected fruits, grain, farm machinery and commercial fertilizers, the classification of the different branches into specialties—all these have made it necessary for the young farmers to know a good deal more than sufficed for their fathers. And this knowledge must come from books, schools, farm journals, observation and experiments. The boy, therefore, should be permitted and encouraged to learn his business, that he may respect and succeed in it.

KIND words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips, and we have never heard of any mental trouble arising therefrom.

A LITTLE child beautifully said: "Thinking is keeping still and trying to find out something." Who could have stated the case better than this? It makes one think of these striking words of the Highest: "Be still and know that I am God." Silence, ye harsh noises and babbling tongues of human strife and folly and speculation. Be still. Listen. Find out something. Find out God, if you can. Climb up, in the silence of your soul, to a knowledge of the Almighty.