

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### CONSECRATION.

Lord, I am in thy hands; for Thee  
Nothing or anything I'll be;  
A willing sacrifice, I give  
Myself to Thee, for Thee to live.

Meat for the Master's use I'd be,  
Finding my joy in serving Thee;  
Humble, that all around might see  
Only the mind of Christ in me.

Nothing would I esteem too rare  
To place within Thy loving care.  
Here, Lord, I give this will of mine,  
For I would know no will but Thine.

### AN AMERICAN KING DAVID.

WHEN the Spaniards, under the famous Cortes, came to Mexico in 1519, they found the country inhabited by people already civilized.

About a hundred years before, the Tezucans, the most enlightened of the native tribes, had a prince whose history has a striking resemblance to that of the Hebrew King David. His name is a hard one, but by dividing it into double syllables we may master it,—Neza-hual-coyotl. In his youth, like David, he was obliged to flee for his life from the wrath of a morose monarch who occupied the throne, and he met with many romantic adventures and hair-breadth escapes.

Once, when some soldiers came to take him in his own house, he vanished in a cloud of incense, such as attendants burned before princes, and concealed himself in a sewer until his enemies were gone. He fled to the mountains, where he slept in caves and thickets, and lived on wild fruits, occasionally shewing himself in the cottages of the poor people, who befriended their prince at the peril of their own lives. Once, when closely pursued, passing a girl who was reaping in a field, he begged her to cover him from sight with the stalks of grain she was cutting; she did so, and when his enemies came up, directed the pursuit into a false path. At another time, he took refuge with some soldiers who were friendly to him, and who covered him with a war-drum, about which they were dancing. No bribe could induce his faithful people to betray him.

"Would you not deliver up your prince if he came in your way?" he once asked a young country fellow, to whom his person was unknown.

"Never!" replied the peasant.

"Not for a fair lady's hand and a great fortune?" said the prince.

"Not for all the world!" was the answer.

The prince, who was rightful heir to the throne, grew every day in the favour of the people, and at last he found himself at the head of an army, while the bad king was more and more detested. A battle was fought, the usurper's forces were routed, and he was afterward slain. The prince, who so lately fled for his life, was now proclaimed king.

He at once set about reforming abuses, and making wise laws for his kingdom. He established a society devoted to the encouragement of science and art. He gave prizes for the best literary compositions (for these people had a sort of picture-writing), and he was himself a poet, like King David. His poems,

some of which have been preserved and translated, were generally of a religious character. His favourite themes were the vanity of human greatness, praise of the Unknown God, and the blessings of the future life for such as do good in this. The Tezucans, like the Aztecs, were idolaters, who indulged in the horrid rites of human sacrifice to their awful deities; but this wise and good king detested such things, and endeavoured to wean his people from them, declaring, like David, that, above all idols, and over all men, ruled an unseen Spirit, who was the one God.

The king used to disguise himself, and go about among his people, in order to learn who were happy, how his laws were administered, and what was thought of his government. On one such occasion, he fell in with a boy gathering sticks in a field.

"Why don't you go into yonder forest, where you will find plenty of wood?" asked the disguised monarch.

"Ah!" cried the boy, "that forest belongs to the king, and he would have me killed if I should take his wood; for that is the law."

"Is he so hard a man as that?"

"Aye, that he is,—a very hard man, indeed, who denies his people what God has given them!"

"It is a bad law," said the king; "and I advise you not to mind it. Come, there is no one here to see you, go into the forest, and help yourself to sticks."

"Not I!" exclaimed the boy.

"You are afraid some one will come and find you? But I will keep watch for you," urged the king.

"Will you take the punishment in my place, if I chance to get caught? No, no!" cried the boy, shrewdly shaking his head, "I should risk my life if I took the king's wood."

"But I tell you it will be no risk," said the king. "I will protect you; go and get some wood."

Upon that the boy turned and looked him boldly in the face.

"I believe you are a traitor," he cried,— "an enemy of the king! or else you want to get me into trouble. But you can't. I know how to take care of myself; and I shall shew respect to the laws, though they are bad."

The boy went on gathering sticks, and in the evening went home with his load of fuel.

The next day, his parents were astonished to receive a summons to appear with their son before the king. As they went trembling into his presence, the boy recognized the man with whom he had talked the day before, and he turned deadly pale.

"If that be the king," he said, "then we are no better than dead folks, all!"

But the king descended from his throne, and smilingly said:

"Come here, my son! Come here, good people both! Fear nothing. I met this lad in the fields yesterday, and tried to persuade him to disobey the law. But I found him proof against all temptation. So I sent for you, good people, to tell you what a true and honest son you have, and that the law is to be changed, so that poor people can go anywhere into the king's forests, and gather the wood they find on the ground."

He then dismissed the lad and his parents with handsome presents, which made them rich for the remainder of their lives.

While our boys and girls are taught to read the histories of many an Old-World prince and monarch far more barbarous than he, they need not neglect the story of the Indian king Neza-hual-coyotl, our American King David.

*J. T. Trowbridge, in St. Nicholas.*

### HELPING THE TEACHER.

"I DIDN'T quite get that," said Ben, edging his way nearer to his teacher. And so the teacher repeated what she had been saying.

"O' yes I've got it now. I can tell that easy enough," and Ben settled back content.

"But why do you want to tell it, Ben?" asked the teacher.

"'Cause mother likes it, o' course. I always tell it over to her."

"If your mother likes what you get at Sabbath-school, why don't she come herself?"

"Come herself! Don't you know?" and Benny looked in extreme astonishment.

"Know what?"

"Know mother can't step her foot to the ground to go anywhere. She don't never expect to again."

"I wish you had told me before Ben, and I would have gone to her," said the teacher, with compassion in her face.

"I s'posed, of course, you knew," said Ben. It seemed to him as though all the world must know what great grief had befallen him and his mother.

"That's it, children," said the teacher, looking kindly over her class. "You little folks think we grown-up people know everything, and you don't help us to know more as often as you might."

"Well," said Benny, "I never thought I could help you any."

"But you see you might. If you had only looked out for me, and told me, I should have so liked to help you take home comfort to your mother; and doing so I should have been a better teacher, would I not? So you would have helped me do my work well."

This was a new thought to Ben, and after finding out, as the school closed, what day his teacher was most likely to come, he went home, thinking, 'Catch me not' looking out for her next time. I'll tell her everything I know."

A LITTLE boy had two cents given him by a friend, one for his missionary box and one for himself. He lost one of them, and concluded it was the missionary cent that was lost. There are a great many children of larger growth who, if they lose some part of their income, also conclude that it is the money which was to be devoted to religion or charity that has been lost.

We can lie without saying a word. If a man sells me a basket of apples that has the good ones all on top, and the bad ones underneath, he lies to me. He says by his acts that all the apples are as good as those I can see, I do not know that the man lies, until I empty the basket, but God knows it all the time. A boy lies if he makes believe he has learned his lesson when he has not learned it.