

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

DARLING'S QUESTION.

"Where does the Old Year go, mamma,
When it has passed away?
It was a good Old Year,
I wish that it could stay.

"It gave us spring and summer,
The winter and the fall;
It brought us baby sister,
And that was best of all.

"Where does the Old Year go, mamma?
I cannot understand."
"My love, it goes to join the years
Safe folded in God's hand."

"From where will come the New Year
When the good Old Year is dead?
Now all my birds and all my flowers
With the Old Year have fled.

"I do not think that I shall love
This New Year at all."
"Yes, dear, it, too, will bring the spring,
The summer and the fall."

"Where will it come from, mamma?
I do not understand."
"It comes from where all coming years
Are hidden in God's hand."

WHICH IS YOUR LOT?

Some children roam the fields and hills,
And others work in noisy mills,
Some dress in silks, and dance and play,
While others drudge their lives away;
Some glow with health and bound with song,
And some must suffer all day long.

Which is your lot, my girl and boy?
Is it a life of ease and joy?
Ah! if it is, its glowing sun
The poorer life should shine upon.
Make glad one little heart to-day,
And help one burdened heart to play.

THE CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS.

CORA and Jim were talking earnestly about something; no one could tell just what.

"Are you sure, Cora?" Jim asked.

"Yes, I am sure," said Cora, decidedly.

"But how are you sure, Cora?"

"Why, just as sure as I am alive," replied Cora. But even this did not satisfy Jim.

"What are you so puzzled over?" asked Cousin Ray.

"Cora says there isn't a spot anywhere where we can hide from God. Mind, Cousin Ray, we are not talking about a spot in this world, but anywhere. Now, it seems to me if we could just get far away, off from the world, you know, there might be a place where one could be quite alone."

"Alone, without God, Jim? What does David say in that beautiful psalm?"

Jim was not sure he could say the psalm.

"Do you mean the one where David speaks of going up to heaven, and flying to the uttermost parts of the earth?" he asked.

"Yes," said Cousin Ray. "If you like, I will repeat two or three verses, it is so beautiful: 'If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee, but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.' It is the 139th Psalm, children. I advise you to take it for your evening chapter."

"I am so glad it is that way," said Cora.

"It would be dreadful to be in a place where God is not!"

"Yes, when one has done wrong, one feels like running away to hide," said Jim, thoughtfully.

"That only makes the wrong worse," replied Cousin Ray. "Do you not know a better way?"

"Yes," said Jim. "I suppose we should go to our heavenly Father and confess our sins; He will forgive us for Jesus' sake."

"But even if we do not think of God's eye when we sin, we are quite sure to hear a voice telling of our wrong deeds."

"A voice?" repeated Cora.

"Yes, the voice of conscience; and conscience seems to tell other folks, too; at least it seems to us as though many people knew just the naughty things we have done. In old times there lived a man named Bessus. He was rich, and among other things owned a large number of birds. They sang in every corner of his grounds. But the music almost set Bessus crazy. He endured it as long as possible, and then killed every bird.

"What harm had the birds done?" asked one.

"Ah!" exclaimed Bessus, "they were telling me all the time that I had killed my father. I could not go to a corner of the grounds that I did not hear the same story."

"True enough, Bessus had killed his father. His conscience troubled him so much, and he was so full of terror lest some one should suspect him, that he imagined the birds knew his secret, and were telling it to the world. No, dear children, we cannot escape from God nor from conscience."

This is a blessed thought to those who really want to walk in the way of God's commandments; they feel glad that God sees down into the very depths of their hearts, and knows just how much they wish to please Him, and how sorry they are when they do wrong. They know, too, that He is ready to forgive, and to help them to begin all over again.

Be glad, then, in the truth, "Thou, God, seest me."

WHAT ONE LITTLE GIRL DID.

WHEN Mr. Whitefield was preaching in New England a lady became a Christian, and her spirit was much drawn out in prayer for others. She could persuade no one to pray with her but her little daughter, about ten years of age. After a while God saved the child. In a transport of holy joy she then exclaimed:

"O, mother, if all the world knew this: I wish I could tell everybody. Pray, mother, let me run to some of the neighbours and tell them that they may be happy and love my Saviour."

"Ah, my child," said the mother, "that would be useless, for I suppose that, were you to tell your experience, there is not one within many miles who would not laugh at you, and say it was all a delusion."

"O, mother!" replied the little girl, "I think they would believe me. I must go over to the shoemaker and tell him; he will believe me."

She ran over and found him at work in his shop. She began by telling him that he must die, and that he was a sinner, and that she was a sinner, but that her blessed Saviour had heard her mother's prayers, and had forgiven all her sins, and that now she was so happy she did not know how to tell it.

The shoemaker was struck with surprise, and his tears flowed down like rain; he threw aside his work, and by prayer and supplication sought mercy. The neighbourhood was awakened, and within a few months more than fifty persons found Jesus and rejoiced in His love.

JESUS.

Let us sing to Jesus,
Let us bless His name;
For to seek and save us,
To our world He came.

Let us pray to Jesus,
He will hear our cry,
And will send to help us,
From His throne on high.

Let us all love Jesus,
For He loved us so
That He died to save us,
From our sin and woe.

Let us trust in Jesus,
He alone can save,
And He waits to give us
Life beyond the grave.

Let us follow Jesus,
In the path He trod;
This will upward lead us,
To the throne of God.

There we shall see Jesus
Sitting on His throne,
He will smile upon us,
Calling us His own.

FIVE REASONS WHY CHILDREN SHOULD BE CHRISTIANS.

FIRST.—Because children are sinners, and may be lost.

Second.—Because very many dear children have found the Saviour and are happy in His love.

Third.—Because our Lord Himself tells us that there are little ones who believe in Him.

Fourth.—Because those who spend their youthful days in learning in Christ's school will become the wisest Christians.

Fifth.—Because they can learn how to be useful all through their lives.

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."—Prov. xxv. 11.

Boys, remember, you grow old every day, and if you have bad habits, they grow old too, and the older both get, the harder you are to separate.

"I WANT the spirit that will look temptation in the face and say 'Begone!'" said a boy to his sister. "And one thing more: you want God's spectacles to know temptation when he comes," answered his sister; "for he don't always shew 'his colours.'"

If children only knew the loving care and unwearied labour bestowed upon them in early life by their mothers, we think they surely would never allow a cross or unkind word to escape their lips, nor would they fail to yield a ready obedience to their mother's wishes. Be to your mother what she is to you—a comfort, a joy and a blessing. Say to yourself, "I will do what my mother desires me to do; I will be what she desires me to be."