

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

I AM JESUS' LITTLE FRIEND.

I am Jesus' little friend ;
On His mercy I depend ;
If I try to please Him ever,
If I grieve His spirit never,
O how very good to me
Will my Saviour always be !
I am Jesus' little friend ;
On His mercy I depend.

He is with me all the day,
With me in my busy play ;
O'er my waking and my sleeping,
Jesus still a watch is keeping ;
I can lay me down to rest,
Sweetly pillowed on His breast.
I am Jesus' little friend ;
On His mercy I depend.

I am Jesus' little friend ;
On His mercy I depend .
Jesus will forsake me never ;
He will keep me safe for ever.
How I wish my heart could be,
Loving Saviour, more like Thee !
I am Jesus' little friend ;
On His mercy I depend.

A DOG-MISER.

Instances of canine economy are by no means rare ; but the account of a dog-miser is, so far as our records extend, unique. Dandie, the animal referred to, was a Newfoundland dog, belonging to a gentleman in Edinburgh. It frequently had money given to it, because, besides other interesting signs of sagacity, it would go to the baker's and buy its own bread. But Dandie received more money than his needs called for, and so he took to hoarding it. This his master discovered, in consequence of the dog appearing one day with a breakfast roll when it was known that no one had given it any money. Suspicion aroused, search was made in the room where the dog slept. Dandie appeared quite unconcerned until his bed was approached, when he seized the servant by her gown and tried to drag her away, and became so violent that his master had to hold him. Seven pence-halfpenny was found hidden in the bed. Dandie did not forego his saving propensities after this, but he exhibited a great dislike afterwards for the servant who had discovered his hoard, and in future was careful to select a different place of concealment.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

A mother one morning gave her two little ones books and toys to amuse them while she went upstairs to attend to something. A half-hour passed quietly away, when one of the little ones went to the foot of the stairs and in a timid voice cried out :

"Mamma, are you there?"

"Yes, darling."

"All right," said the child, and the play went on. After a little time the voice again cried :

"Mamma, are you there?"

"Yes, darling."

"All right," said the child again, and once more went on with her play.

And this is just the way we should feel toward Jesus. He has gone upstairs to the right hand of God to attend to some things

for us. He has left us down in this lower room of the world to be occupied here for a while. But, to keep us from being worried by fear or care, He speaks to us from His Word as that mother spoke to her little ones. He says to us, "Fear not; I am with thee." "Jehovah jireh—the Lord will provide."

GOD SEES US.

"God sees us," little Robbie mused,
Repeating thoughtfully
The verse which on his lesson page
That morning chanced to be :

"God sees us every day and hour ;
He knows what'er we do,
Not only when our deeds are good,
But when we're naughty, too.

"Oh, yes, I know, and when I'm good,
I'm glad He sees me, too ;
But, oh, I'm sorry God must know
Each naughty thing I do ;
I'm sure I want to please Him, but
It's very hard to be
At every time, the kind of boy
The good God likes to see."

Here Robbie paused ; a moment sad,
Then suddenly he cried
Right joyfully, "There is a way
I never yet have tried :
When am going to do wrong,
'God sees me,' I will say .
I'm sure it's just the plan to try,
And I'll begin to-day."

Oh, think "God sees me," children all,
And strive right hard to be
Always the kind of little folks
The good God loves to see !
Such habit formed in early years,
With practice will grow strong,
And often, in the future days,
Keep you from doing wrong.

ONLY ONE DAY AT A TIME.

A certain lady met with a very serious accident, which necessitated a very painful surgical operation and many months' confinement to bed. When the physician had done his work and was about taking his leave, the patient asked, "Doctor, how long shall I have to lie here helpless?" "Oh, only one day at a time," was the cheery answer ; and the poor sufferer was not only comforted for the moment, but many times during the succeeding weeks did the thought, "Only one day at a time," come back with its quieting influence. I think it was Sydney Smith who recommended taking "short views" as a good safeguard against needless worry ; and One, far wiser than he, said : "Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

THE THREE SIEVES.

"O, mamma!" cried little Blanche Philpot, "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard! I did not think she could be so very naughty. One—"

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Philpot, "before you continue, we will see if your story will pass three sieves."

"What does that mean, mamma?" inquired Blanche.

"I will explain it. In the first place, *Is it true?*"

"I suppose so; I got it from Miss White, and she is a great friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you can prove it to be true, *Is it kind?*"

"I did not mean to be unkind, but I am afraid I was. I would not like Edith to speak of me as I have of her."

"And, *Is it necessary?*"

"No; of course not, mamma; there is no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then put a bridle on your tongue. If you cannot speak well, speak not at all."

BE FIRM.

An English Admiral, who rose to his high station by his own steady exertions, used to be fond of relating that, on leaving an humble lodging to join his ship as a midshipman his landlady presented him with a Bible and a guinea, saying: "God bless and prosper you, my lad; and, as long as you live, never suffer yourself to be laughed out of your money or your prayers." The young sailor carefully followed this advice through life, and had reason to rejoice that he did so; while thousands have regretted, when too late, they have pursued a different course.

Never let your honest convictions be laughed down! Be true to yourself, and in the end you will not only be respected by the world, but have the approval of your own conscience. See to it that whatever you lose, whether it be money, or place, or reputation, you do not lose courage, honesty, or truthfulness.

HAVE A SWEET VOICE, GIRLS.

Were half the pains which is often taken to cultivate the voice in song bestowed upon its tones as used in speech, social intercourse would gain a very great charm. We hear harsh, metallic voices, which are cracked, a discord running through their cadences. Nobody can be where a number of ladies are gathered without being struck by the lack of culture which is evidenced in disagreeable voices. A sweetly-modulated voice in conversation is delightful and restful. In educating the young, example is more potential than precept, and if mothers and teachers always spoke with gentleness, and were careful to let their voice be clear and distinct, dropping from their lips like finished coin, a great benefit would accrue to the attractiveness of social intercourse.

A TRUE MISSIONARY.

The captain of a man-of-war in the Chinese Seas invited the king of Siam to dine on board his vessel, and as the guests took their places at the table he asked a blessing before they sat down to eat.

"Why, that is exactly what the missionaries do!" exclaimed the king in surprise.

"Yes," said the brave Christian sailor; "and I am a missionary too."

"WHAT would I not give," said Charles Lamb, "to call my dear mother back to earth for a single day, to ask her pardon, upon my knees, for all those acts by which I grieved her gentle spirit!" Remember this, children, and be kind to your mothers.