

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### AN EVENING PRAYER.

Blessed Saviour, hear me now;  
Lowly at Thy feet I bow;  
Let Thy watchful care this night  
Keep me safe till morning light.

Bless, O Lord, my parents dear;  
Keep them in Thy holy care;  
Bless my brothers, sisters too,  
And our evil hearts renew.

Bless the sick on beds of pain;  
Saviour, give them health again;  
Or prepare them, should they die,  
For Thy mansions in the sky.

Bless the poor with needful good,  
Clothe and give them daily food;  
Thou who makest o'en birds Thy care,  
Bless Thy creatures everywhere.

Lord, bestow a grateful heart  
For the gifts Thou dost impart  
To a little child like me,

All my sins, O Lord, forgive:  
Fit me with Thyself to live  
In that glorious home above,  
Purchased by Thy dying love.

### "TEARS AND KISSES."

A writer in the *Sunday-School Times* tells a pathetic story of that language of signs which is common all over the world: "Two little Italians accompanied a man with a harp out of the city along the country roads skirted by fields and woods, and here and there was a farm-house by the way.

"He played and they sang at every door. Their voices were sweet, and the words in an unknown tongue.

"Not knowing how to make themselves understood, the little children, when they had finished singing, shyly held out their little brown hands or their aprons to get anything that might be given to them, and take it to the dark man out at the gate, who stood ready to receive it.

"One day the dark harpist went to sleep, and the little boy and girl, becoming tired of waiting for him, went off to a cottage under the hill, and began to sing under the window.

"They sang as sweetly as the voices of birds. Presently the blinds were opened wide, and they saw by the window a fair lady on a sick-bed regarding them.

"Her eyes shone with a feverish light, and the colour of her cheeks was like a beautiful peach.

She smiled and asked them if their feet were not tired. They said a few words in their own tongue.

"She said, 'Are the green fields not better than your city?'

"They shook their heads.

"She asked them, 'Have you a mother?'

They looked perplexed.

"She said, 'What do you think while you walk along the country roads?'

"They thought she asked for another song, so eager was the face, and they sang at once a song full of sweetness and pity, so sweet that the tears came into her eyes.

"That was a language they had learned: so they sang one sweeter still.

"At this she kissed her hand and waved it

to them. Their beautiful faces kindled, and like a flash the timid hands waved back a kiss.

"She pointed upwards to the sky and sent a kiss thither.

"At this they sank upon their knees and also pointed thither, as much as asking, 'Do you also know the good God?'

"A lady leaning by the window said, 'So tears and kisses belt the earth, and make the whole world kin.' And the sick one added 'And God is over all.'"

### A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

I wish you a happy New Year,  
Dear bright-eyed girls and boys;  
May all its days and hours be  
Filled full of wholesome joys.  
I wish you a happy New Year,  
With health and true success,  
And the best of all good fortune—  
The power to aid and bless.

### HOW QUARRELS BEGIN.

"I wish that pony was mine," said a little boy who was sitting at a window, and looking down the road.

"What would you do with him?" asked his brother.

"Ride him; that's what I'd do."

"All day long?"

"Yes, from morning till night."

"You'd have to let me ride him sometimes."

"Why would I? You'd have no right to him if he was mine."

"Father would make you let me have him a part of the time."

"No, he wouldn't!"

"My children," said the mother, who now saw that they were beginning to get angry with each other, "let me tell you of a quarrel between two boys no bigger nor older than you are. They were going along a road, talking in a pleasant way, when one of them said:

"I wish I had all the pasture-land in the world."

"And I wish I had all the cattle in the world" said the other. 'What would you do then?' asked his friend. 'Why, I would turn them into your pasture-land.' 'No, you wouldn't,' was the reply. 'Yes, I would.' 'But I wouldn't let you. You shouldn't do it.' 'I should.' 'You shan't.' 'I will.' And with that they seized and pounded each other like two silly, wicked boys as they were."

The children laughed, but their mother said: "You see in what trifles quarrels often begin."

### SWEET POISON.

A little boy, when his mother was out, got a chair and climbed up to the shelf in the press, to see if there was anything nice. He saw a small white paper parcel. It was filled with some white powder. The boy tasted it, and found it sweet; he took some more, and then put it up again. His mother came back. The boy soon fell ill, and complained to his mother. She asked what he had eaten. He told her he had "tasted some of that sweet sugar in the press." "Oh, my boy, it is poison! it will kill you!" she exclaimed. The doctor was

sent for and the boy's life was saved. But he never forgot that what is sweet may be poison. So with sin. Something we like much may be wrong; but if it is wrong, it is sin—it is death!

### A CHILD HEROINE.

She was only a little girl, dressed in a homely garb, but with a face that bespoke innocence, confidence, and love. A miniature maiden, young in years, but the other day she performed an act of valour that places her on a level with Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale, and other heroines whose deeds have been emblazoned on the scroll of fame.

As the Jefferson City passenger train on the Missouri Pacific was rushing at full speed through the cut on the road between Glendale and Webster Stations, the engineer noticed a little girl standing on the track waving her apron wildly, and making other gestures signifying that the train should stop. The engineer was undecided for a moment, believing that the child was at play. He looked again, and saw the little maid still holding her position, and still waving aloft the signal of distress. The engine was reversed and the steam brakes applied, the train coming to a halt almost in the middle of the curve. Looking down the road a little distance, the train men were horrified to see the Washington express coming down upon it, and the little one still on the track waving her apron. The engineer of the incoming train saw the child's signal, and the engine was stopped 100 feet of the Jefferson City train. Both trains were on the same track, and according to the best mathematicians, could not possibly pass each other, and had it not been for the girl's action a terrible accident would have occurred, entailing a great loss of life. The girl disappeared as soon as the danger was over, and her name and residence could not be learned. The railroad company will see that she is suitably rewarded.

### A LIE STICKS.

A little newsboy, to sell his paper, told a lie. The matter came up in Sabbath school the following week.

"Would you tell a lie for a penny?" asked a teacher of one of her boys.

"No, ma'am," answered Dick, very decidedly.

"For sixpence?"

"No ma'am."

"For a shilling?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a thousand?"

Dick was staggered. A thousand shillings looked big. Oh! wouldn't it buy lots of things! While he was thinking, another boy called out: "No, ma'am," behind him.

"Why not?" asked the teacher.

"Because, when the thousand shillings are all gone, and all the things they've got with them are gone, too, the lie is there all the same," answered the boy. It is so. A lie sticks. Everything else may be gone, but this is left; and you will have to carry it with you, whether you will or not. A hard, heavy load it is!