

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

REAPING.

EVERYONE is sowing, both by word and deed;
All mankind are growing, either wheat or weed;
Thoughtless ones are throwing any sort of seed.

Serious ones are seeking seed already sown;
Many eyes are weeping, now the crop is grown;
Think upon the reaping—each one reaps his own.

surely as the sowing shall the harvest be—
See what you are throwing over hill or lea,
Words and deeds are growing for eternity.

There is One all knowing, looking on alway,
Fruit to Him is flinging, feeding for the day—
Will your heart be glowing, in the grand array?

O that would be bringing sheaves of golden grain,
Fruit that you are flinging, both from hand and brain,
Then 'mid glad songs singing, you shall glean great gain.

THAT POLICE OFFICER.

"YOU are wanted!" was the sharp and startling voice that suddenly smote my ears.

"Wanted!" That means, "Arrested."

I was no sooner recovered from my surprise than I perceived that I was in the hands of a personage of stern authority. I must appear instantly in court, where I found myself at once, for the court was not outside my own personality.

I shall never forget the arrest or the name of the officer. His name was Conscience.

Several things about him:

1. His authority. Did he need a badge to shew it when he arrested me? That one word, "Wanted!" startled the accused like an electric shock. It made him feel in the depths of his soul that behind this officer was an invisible Power that warranted all his boldness, and assured his right to arrest. Ideas were started about a Supreme Ruler acting through this officer that superseded the need of any other credentials.

2. His power. Could I not arrest his hand? Could I not, as an injured man, turn upon him to defy him? The moment I felt his presence, I knew that in a fight he alone would be the victor. The mightiest of men have tried to conquer. Shew us one record of success.

3. Mistaken in the person—might he not be? Police officers have thus erred. But this agent of law never arrests on surmise or vague suspicion and never fails of getting the right man. Did I not know how well he judged, the moment the word "Wanted" startled me? It was not some one else he was after. Nothing could be clearer.

4. Could I not fly? Some criminals are swifter than the police. Did Conscience ever lose one by flight? Who went to Joppa, and on the ship the same day and hour and moment with the fleeing Jonah, extorted confession by augmenting the terrors of the storms? Did Judas shake off this officer, even with death to help him? Can continents or oceans interpose between a man and his accusing conscience?

5. Fight the officer—how about that? Policemen have been killed by arrested criminals. But can a deathblow be given to this inward accuser? Was this officer ever seen to reel and fall by the hand of violence? Has there ever been a desperate fight between those two parties where the assailant of Conscience was the victor?

To the honour of this officer I will add, that my experience taught me that, so far was he from being harsh, cruel, or vindictive, he was in fact carrying out the plans of Infinite Love towards me. Painful as was my early experience, I at last came over fully to his side, as regards his opinion of myself; and having, by his powerful aid, sought and found the favour of the Infinite Ruler, "being sprinkled from an evil conscience by blood that cleanseth from all sin, I am now upon the happiest terms with this officer, finding some of the most precious pleasures of life in intercourse with him, and trust I shall enjoy his presence through a happy eternity.

THE LITTLE CRICKET.

What are you saying,
You dear little cricket,
Chirping so shrill
In the dark-green thicket?
Piping and singing
The whole night through;
Don't you get tired,
And wet with the dew?

You teach me a lesson,
You dear little cricket,
Not tired and cross
In the dark-green thicket;
I weary and fret
Over duty so soon;
But you keep so busy
You're always in tune.

I will try to be like you,
You dear little cricket,
Chirping away
In the dark-green thicket;
Whatever God bids me
I'll do with my might,
Though it's only the singing
A song in the night.

A HINT

Our daisy lay down
In her little nightgown,
And kissed me again and again,
On forehead and cheek,
On lips that would speak,
But found themselves shut, to their gain.

Then, foolish, absurd,
To utter a word,
I asked her the question so old
That wife and that lover
Ask over and over,
As if they were surer when told!

There, close at her side,
"Do you love me?" I cried;
She lifted her golden-crowned head;
A puzzled surprise
Shone in her gray eyes—
"Why, that's why I kiss you!" she said.

THE CHILDREN AT BEDTIME.

EVERY parent who has been in the habit of reading or talking to the little ones after they are safely tucked in bed, will bear witness to the value of this mode of influence. With laying off of the clothes, the angers, worries and discontents of the day subside. With the brief season of prayer, they fly still farther into the background. And when the little form rests in its bed, they seem to vanish out of sight. The body is at rest. The heart is plastic to the touch of a loving father or mother.

Now is the time to exert a moulding power. At this hour the little ones listen with hushed attention to what is read to them. Hymns, the Scriptures, Bible stories are heard with close attention, until the reader's voice is stilled, or the hearers sink into gentle sleep; or conversation may take the place of reading. The will that was in a state of resistance an

hour ago is now relaxed. The anger that blinded moral discernment has passed away. With open heart the child utters its confessions, and gladly receives the forgiving kiss.

Plans for the morrow can be discussed and duty can be made to put on an attractive form. Irritations can be looked at quietly, and admonitions to watchfulness may be dropped with soothing efficacy into the listening ear. And then, how delightful the embrace with which the young arms clasp your neck, the intense "dear mother" with which the "good night" is said. Parents, if you have not thus parted from your birdlings at the evening hour, you have something yet to learn of hopeful instruction—to experience of love's delights.

EDDY AND HIS BALL.

THE boys were playing ball one Saturday afternoon, when a poor lad came on the ground to watch them. After he had stood for a few moments, a voice seemed to whisper to Eddy Wilson—

"Could not you lend him your ball?"

"Oh, no, I want to play myself."

"But you have been playing all day."

"I don't believe he wants to anyway."

"Suppose you ask him."

Just then the strange boy turned to walk away, and the voice whispered louder than before to Eddy.

"Run quickly, Eddy, or it will be too late."

This time Eddy did not wait to reply, but ran up and offered the boy his bat and ball. The lad was very much astonished, but he was soon having a fine game with the others. Oh, how happy our Eddy was! for he had given up his own pleasure for another's.

FOLLOWING JESUS IN THE DARK.

"MAMMA," said little Bessie, "I should be afraid to die, 'cause I should lose my way in the dark." Her mother did not say a word, but just went out and turned off the gas in the hall. Then she opened the door a little way, and said: "Come, dear, it is your bed-time. Take hold of my hand and I will lead you up stairs."

So Bessie put her little fat hand in her mother's, and trotted bravely up stairs in the dark. After she had said "Our Father," and "Now I lay me," and had laid her curly head upon the pillow, her mother said, "You were not afraid coming up, were you my darling?" "Oh no, mamma," she answered "I couldn't be, 'cause I had hold of your hand."

"Well," said her mother, "then you need not be afraid of death; for Jesus is holding out His hand to you, and you have only to put your own in His, and He will lead you safely through the dark."

"But how can I take hold of His hand, mamma?"

"By trying to be good every day, and praying to Him to help you; He loves little children so well, that they need not be afraid to follow Him everywhere."

"I guess He'll take me up stairs to heaven some day," said Bessie; "I won't be afraid any more; would you, mamma?"