

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### THE GREAT HELPER.

Jesus, I need Thy strength,  
I am so frail, so weak;  
Oh, listen to my prayer,  
And grant the help I seek.

I cannot stand alone,  
I cannot walk aright,  
Unless Thou hold my hand  
And aid me with Thy might.

Oh, guard me with Thine arm,  
In peril or in pain;  
And when temptation tries,  
Oh, Lord do Thou sustain.

Help me in all things, Lord,  
Gentle and kind to be;  
And let me grow each day  
More and still more like Thee.

Oh, make me patient, Lord,  
Patient in daily cares;  
Keep me from thoughtless words  
That slip out unawares.

And help me, Lord, I pray,  
Still nearer Thee to live;  
And as I journey on,  
More of Thy presence give.

### OUR BEST FRIEND.

IT was a clear, cold morning in the beginning of the New Year. The stage would start in an hour, but Willie was ready. The last stitch had been taken in the new outfit, the last of the old stock had been neatly mended and brushed, and all were carefully packed in the modest leather trunk. Willie shut down the lid, settled the lock, put the key in his pocket, and seated himself for one more talk with "Mother." Willie R. was a Christian boy and a member of the church. He could not remember the time when he did not love God and His church. And though now he was a well-grown boy of sixteen, yet he had never outgrown his love for his mother. There was no one in the world in whom he reposed such confidence, or to whom he could talk so freely. But now instead of beginning at once, as usual, he sat for a long time in silence, and seemed to be attentively regarding the various figures in the delicate frost work on the window panes, but in reality trying to map out his future life in the great city to which he was going to seek employment. At length, rousing himself, he said, in reply to his mother's look of inquiry:

"Now, if I only had some friend or relative in the city who is rich or influential; or if I had a letter of introduction from some such person, how easy it would be to get a place. You know George Harris, who went there last year! Well, he got a splendid situation through the influence of his uncle, who is Mayor of the city. I know you say, mother, that it is more noble and honourable to fight one's own battles, and make one's own way in life, than to depend upon the help or favour of the rich and great; but sometimes I feel weak and faint-hearted at the thought of going into the world alone."

Tears were in the gentle blue eyes of the mother as she replied, "My dear boy, you cannot feel more weak and shrinking at the thought of going out from me depending only on yourself than I do. But I know you need not, and do not, go alone. You have a Friend richer than any of the merchant princes of the city to which you are going, for the silver, and gold, and all things are His. He is higher in authority than the Mayor; for He is King of kings and Lord of lords. He is more

powerful and influential than any earthly sovereign, for He can move the hearts of His subjects as He wills."

Willie's face brightened. "Yes, mother, if God is my friend how can I be so weak and faithless as to be troubled because I have no other? I know I do all things in His strength."

"Remember, my son, He never breaks a promise, but always keeps perfect faith with us. He is kinder, too, than any earthly friend you could have. Those who are in the high places of the earth, sometimes refuse to recognize or help those of their relatives who are poor and lonely. But whoever may treat us scornfully or turn us away, the dear Lord never does."

"Indeed, mother, He does not, but invites all such to come to Him for help in time of trouble."

"And here is His word, His precious message to guide and comfort you," said the mother, as she put a small pocket Bible in the hands of her son, "Never cease to love and obey it, but make it the man of your counsel."

"Thank you, dear mother, the stage is coming," and with a "good-bye" kiss, and a low-murmured "pray for me," he left her, and was soon rolling away toward new and untried scenes. After the talk with his mother, his heart kindled into a warmer, brighter glow of love to the dear "Friend above all others," who so well deserved the name, and he went with a light, brave heart to face the world in the care and love of such a precious friend.

Dear reader, are you the friend of Jesus? Of all the titles by which He addressed His disciples when on earth, that of "friend," was most endearing. "Ye are My friends," He says, "if ye do whatsoever I command you." And what a friend He is to us! Though there be those around us who love us deeply and tenderly, yet

Which of all our friends, to save us,  
Could, or would have shed his blood?  
But this Saviour died to have us,  
Reconciled, in Him, to God.

By giving His life for us, He has proved that He feels for His creatures a love stronger than death, and lasting as eternity.

### THE GREAT MASTER.

"I AM my own master" cried a young man proudly, when a friend tried to dissuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand; "I am my own master!"

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked his friend.

"Responsible—is it?"

"A master must lay out the work which he wants done, and see that it is done rightly. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the lookout against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, else he must fail."

"Well."

"To be master of yourself, you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, and your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you don't master them they will master you."

"That is so," said the young man.

"Now, I could undertake no such thing," said his friend. "I should fail, sure, if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master, and failed. Herod did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. 'One is my Master, even Christ.' I work under His direction. He is regular, and where He is Master, all goes right."

### JESUS ALWAYS.

A LITTLE girl went with her mother, a woman in lowly circumstances, as she had occasion to call on a wealthy lady in a neighbouring city. The lady felt quite an interest in the child, and took her all over the house to show her all the beauties and wonders of her comfortable home. Much surprised at all she saw, the little thing exclaimed: "Why, how beautiful! I am sure Jesus must love to come here, it is so pleasant. Doesn't He come here very often? He comes to our house, and we have no carpet home. O how Jesus must love to come here." The hostess made no reply, and her visitor asked again: "Doesn't Jesus come here very often?" Then, with much emotion, the lady replied: "I am afraid not." That was too much for the child; she hastened to her mother and begged to be taken home, for she was afraid to stay in a house where Jesus did not come. That night the lady related to her husband the whole circumstance, and the question of the child went to the hearts of both husband and wife, and it was not long before Jesus was made a guest in their home.

### "LET ME PRAY FIRST."

A SWEET and intelligent little girl was passing quietly through the streets of a certain town a short time since, when she came to a spot where several idle boys were amusing themselves by the dangerous practice of throwing stones. Not observing her, one of the boys by accident threw a stone towards her, and struck her a cruel blow in the eye.

She was carried home in great agony. The doctor was sent for, and a very painful operation was declared necessary. When the time came, and the surgeon had taken out his instrument, she lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if she was ready for the doctor to do what he could to cure her eye.

"No, father, not yet," she replied.

"What do you wish us to wait for, my child?"

"I want to kneel in your lap, and pray to Jesus first," she answered.

And then kneeling, she prayed a few minutes, and afterwards submitted to the operation with all the patience of a strong woman.

How beautiful this little girl appears under these trying circumstances! Surely Jesus heard the prayer made in that hour; and He will hear every child that calls upon His name. Even pain can be endured when we ask Jesus to help us bear it.

### THE FIRST LINKS.

IT is related of the poet Robert Burns that, after he became a slave to his great enemy, strong drink, he once said that "if a barrel of rum were placed in one corner of the room, and a loaded cannon in another pointing towards him, ready to be fired if he approached the barrel, he had no choice but to go for the rum." If the chain which binds a man, when wound about him in its full strength, is so great, what shall be said of those who thoughtlessly forge the first links? Are you forging any?

A LITTLE blind girl who was dying, as her friends were weeping around her, said, "Christ will open my eyes now, mother, and I shall see Him."

As it is not putting on a gown that makes the scholar, but the inward habit of the mind; so is it not putting on an outward walk or profession that makes a Christian, but the inward grace of the heart.