

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### LOVE.

Love is the theme of saints above;  
Love is the theme of saints below;  
Love is of God, for God is love;  
With love let every bosom glow.

Love stronger than the grasp of death,  
Love that rejoices o'er the grave;  
Love to the Author of our breath,  
Love to His Son, who came to save.

Love to the Spirit of all grace,  
Love to the Scriptures of all truth,  
Love to our whole apostate race,  
Love to the aged, love to youth.

Love to each other;—soul and mind,  
And heart and hand, with full accord,  
In one sweet covenant combined  
To live and die unto the Lord.

Christ's little flock we then shall feed,  
The lambs we in our arms shall bear,  
Reclaim the lost, the feeble lead,  
And watch o'er all in faith and prayer.

Thus through our isle, on all our bands,  
The beauty of the Lord shall be;  
And Britain, glory of all lands,  
Plant Sabbath schools from sea to sea.

—James Montgomery.

### "CAN THE LIKE OF US GET IN?"

COMING rather late, one stormy afternoon in November, to the place where a children's service was to be held, I was surprised to find a group of little ones standing outside the door in the heavy rain, apparently waiting for something. They were strangers to me, but as I came up three of them ran to me, asking eagerly, "Is there anything to pay to get in?"

"Nothing, dear children," I said, and in the three ran at once.

But two little ragged ones, with bare feet, still lingered outside, till one of them shyly asked me, "Can the like of us get in?"

Glad was I to be able to say, "O, yes; all are welcome;" and we went in together.

But I had learned a lesson from the children which I hope I shall never forget. They had all been invited to come. They were cold and weary outside, and they wanted to get in. The door was open, and a kind welcome awaited them inside. They kept themselves out by thinking the invitation could not be meant for them—that they were not fit to come in. Here, then, is my lesson. God has, in His infinite love, provided a rich feast, to which He freely and fully invites all. Before God could give you and me—guilty sinners—this full and free invitation, His only begotten Son had to suffer and die in the sinner's stead, in order that He might take away the mighty barrier of guilt that blocked up our way to heaven. But now there is "boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way which He hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, His flesh" (Heb. x. 19, 20); and in every outcast who enters, Jesus sees of the travail of His soul and is satisfied.

Jesus, then, wants you to come. The Father is waiting to welcome you. He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to Him and live. The Holy Ghost saith, "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." And God's messengers are sent out to say, "All things are ready: come;" "Whosoever will, let him

come." "Whosoever:" that means you; you will never get a fuller invitation.

Do not think the invitation is not meant for the like of you. Do not let any thought, as that you are not fit to come in, keep you out. The like of you may come in. Jesus "came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance" (Matt. ix. 13); and He has declared, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37).

Reader, will you accept the invitation and come just as you are? And come now.

### FOR THINE IS THE POWER.

"I CAN'T do it—it's quite impossible. I've tried five times, and I can't get it right"—and Ben pushed his book and slate away in despair.

Mrs. Hartley gave a little sigh at her boy's perplexity, but only said, quietly, "Then you don't believe in the Lord's Prayer?"

"The Lord's Prayer, mother! Why, there's nothing there to help me with this example."

"Oh! yes; there is help for ever trouble in life in the Lord's Prayer, if we only know how to get at it. I'm afraid you don't yet know that prayer."

Ben flushed. If it had been anybody else who had said that, he would have been really vexed, but mother was different. Ben always tried to be sure he quite understood her, for he never for one instant forgot why her hands were never idle.

"Now, mother, you don't mean that. I've said that prayer ever since I was a baby! I couldn't go to bed or leave my room in the morning without saying it. I know I sometimes don't think enough of what I'm saying, but you know, mother, I do try to mean it—I—I—" But Ben stopped, his voice half choked.

The mother saw that her boy had misunderstood her, and answered quickly. "I never doubt, Ben, my boy, that you are trying and praying; but I was trying a long time before I knew what the last part of the Lord's Prayer really meant. I'm no minister or scholar, but I'll try and tell it to you. You know we ask God for bread, to be kept from evil and to be forgiven, and then we say, 'for Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory.' It's God's power we rely on—not our own; and it often helps me, Ben, when I have a difficult new pattern to fit. I say 'For Thine is the power—this is my duty, Heavenly Father, give me Thy power,' and He does, Ben, He does."

Ben sat silent. It seemed almost too familiar a prayer. And yet that time when he had to stay from school because he had no clothes he had asked God; and the minister's wife had brought him a suit the very next day. "But a boy's sums, mother!" he said.

"I think that sum is just as much to you, as many a grander sounding thing to some one else. You say, if you only get that right, you'll be perfect for a month. Now, I care a great deal about that, but I'm sure your Heavenly Father loves you better than I do. I would help you so gladly, Ben, if I could, but He can help you; His is the power; ask Him."

There was another silence, and then Mrs. Hartley said: "Now, Ben, I want you to run to the store for some sewing silk for me; the air will do you good. I believe, my son, that, if you ask, you can do that sum when you come home."

Ben started at once; his mother's slightest wish was law to him. He ran along, enjoying the rest from study and the cool, fresh air. The sewing-silk was bought, and Ben started home, when he caught sight of Phil Earlie across the street. Ben gave the whistle boys so delight in, and Phil looked back and joined him.

"Done your lessons?"

"All but my sums."

"Did you try that fifteenth example?"

"Yes."

"Get it right?"

"No, not yet; but I will."

Phil gave a provoking little laugh.

"You will? I guess not. I've done it, but I never could have found it out alone. I had help."

Ben's heart fairly ached with envy for a moment. It was always so; Phil had his Uncle George, and other boys had big brothers or fathers to help them, only he was left quite alone. But just then he remembered his mother's words, "It's God's power we rely on—not our own." "I'll get help, too," he said to himself. The boys chatted on, played leap-frog and raced each other; but even as he raced and romped Ben felt changed. He had begun to believe in his Heavenly Father as never before, and was wonderfully happy.

After giving the silk to his mother, he picked up his slate and book and went up to his own little room. Kneeling by the bed he repeated the Lord's Prayer, stopping at "Thine is the kingdom," and saying, with all his heart, "And Thine is the power, Heavenly Father. I want power to understand this. There's no one to help me; please give me power."

Ben waited a moment, and then, still on his knees, he took his slate and tried again. Do you ask me, did he succeed?

"If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not." Ben had asked and God had answered. After a little earnest thought, he saw what rule he had neglected, and worked the example correctly. The next day he was "head," for he was the only boy who had "done his sums without being helped."

"Yes, I was helped, mother," he said; "and I shall never forget the last part of the Lord's Prayer after this."

VIRTUE is the safest helmet—the most secure defence.

If money is not your servant, it will be your master.

WHENEVER you see persecutions there is more than a probability that truth lies on the side of the persecuted.

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy name, O Most High; to shew forth Thy loving kindness in the morning, and Thy faithfulness every night."—Ps. xcii. 1, 2.