

Our Young Folks.

ALL YOU CAN.

"I cannot do much," said a little star,
"To render the dark world bright;
My silvery beams will not struggle far
Through the folding gloom of night;
But I'm only part of God's great plan,
So I'll cheerfully do the best I can."

"What can be the use," said a fleecy cloud,
"Of these few drops that I hold?
They will scarcely bend the lily proud
If caught in her cup of gold;
But I too am part of God's great plan,
So my treasures I'll give as well I can."

A child went merrily forth to play,
But a thought, like a silver thread,
Kept winding in and out all day
Through the happy golden head:
Mother said "Darling, do all you can,
For you are a part of God's great plan."

She knew no more than the glancing star,
Or the cloud with its chalice full,
How, why, or for what all strange things were,
She was only a child at school;
But she thought "It is a part of God's great plan,
That even I should do all that I can."

So she helped another child along
When the road was rough to the feet;
And she sang from her heart a little song,
That we all thought passing sweet;
And her father, a weary, toil-worn man,
Said "I too will do the best that I can."

Our best—O children, the best of us all
Must hide our faces away,
When the Lord of the vineyard comes to look
At our task at the close of day;
But for strength from above 'tis the Master's plan
We'll pray, and we'll do the best that we can.

GOLDEN GRAIN BIBLE READINGS

BY REV. J. A. R. DICKSON, B.D., GALT.

THE GODLY MAN'S WORK.

Every man has his work given him, Mark xiii. 34.
It is a work of faith, 1 Thess. i. 3; 2 Thess. i. 11.
" " love, Heb. vi. 10.
" " according to ability, Matt. xxv. 15.
" " for eternity, 2 Cor. iii. 14, 15.
" " to be tested at the judgment, 2 Cor. iii. 13.
" " that will be rewarded, 2 Cor. iii. 14; Matt. xxv.
" " demands diligence, 2 Peter iii. 14.
" " requires the whole heart in it, Eccl. ix. 10.
" " brings happiness to the soul now, John xiii. 17.
" " glorifies God, Matt. v. 16.
" " has gracious influence following it, Prov. xiv. 13.
It is a work that provokes others to like service, Heb. x. 24.
" " seeks the salvation of men, Rom. xi. 14.
" " copies after the example of Christ, Mark ii. 14; viii. 34-38.

SADIE ARNOLDS POWER.

"I wonder if that girl has any idea of the power she might be if she only would," said Miss Lawrence to herself, as she stood looking out of the window, watching her niece, Sadie Arnold, and Tom Evans, who stood talking by the gate.

There was a certain, reckless, don't-care look in Tom's boyish face that pained Miss Lawrence, and there was a flip-pant self-satisfied air about him that was anything but manly, so she thought. But to all appearances Sadie did not disapprove of him or share her disparaging thoughts. Presently they separated, and Sadie came into the parlour.

"I don't like Tom Evans' looks, Sadie," said her aunt, abruptly. "I don't believe he's doing very well, is he?"

"I don't really know; but I'm afraid not, Auntie."

"Mrs. Ames told me the other day that he was with the Rogers boys and the Deanes most of the time, and your father says that they are low, worthless fellows; his being with them speaks badly for him."

"I know, auntie; but they say that all young fellows must 'sow their wild oats.' He may come out all right yet."

"My child, that is one of the most false and dangerous of sayings. No man or woman ought to sow anything but good seed in this life; for whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap. Oh, it is a pitiful, pitiful sight to see how recklessly and thoughtlessly you young folks sow seeds that will surely reap the bitter harvest of unavailing regret and remorse. Don't you see or think what you are doing, or don't you care?"

"Aunt Sarah, what do you mean?" asked Sadie, her face flushing with surprise and indignation. "I am sure I cannot see how I am to blame in the least for Tom Evans' doings."

"There is another old saying besides the one that you have quoted, which I would like you to remember, Sadie—'Power to its least particle is duty.' You girls, with your pretty faces and bright ways, have a world of power in your hands, and you know it; but how are you using it? Do you make your gentlemen friends feel that they must be good, pure and true, if they would win your favour and smiles; or do they feel that all you care about is a good time, and will not question if their lips and hearts are pure or otherwise? I tell you, Sadie, God will call you to account for the use of the power entrusted to you. You are accountable to him for your use of it, and more than all that, if you do not use it to its utmost limit. Power to its least particle is duty."

Sadie's merry face grew sad and earnest. It startled her, this way of looking at it. Was she accountable in the least for Tom's doings? He was not doing well; she felt it, if she did not actually know it. She remembered several things that had happened of late. She had not approved of them; but she had laughed and talked with him just the same. There were others of the boys, too. Will Norcross, in particular. Could it be that she was in any way responsible?

"Have your good times, child; but remember always that you hold a great power in your hands. Strive in every way to be true and earnest yourself and make them feel that they must be also if they would win your favour."

"God help me," prayed Sadie, earnestly and humbly.

They were busy getting up charades for the sociable, and met the next morning in the church parlours to prepare for them. Tom and Sadie, with one or two others, were fixing the curtains. Tom was over in the corner by himself, as he supposed, when accidentally his hammer came down with full force on his thumb, and, without thinking, he uttered an oath half audibly. When he moved the curtain a second later, he saw Sadie standing there with flushed face and eyes brimming with tears. Tom's face coloured with vexation.

"I beg your pardon, Sadie; I did not know that you were there."

"But it was wrong all the same, Tom, if I was not here; God heard it, and that is worst of all."

The others came up just then, and there was not a chance for Tom to say anything more.

When they broke up to go home, he presented himself as usual at Sadie's side, but to his surprise she quickly drew back.

"Not to-night, Tom, after that," she said, sadly.

"Well," said Tom to himself, as he walked slowly and thoughtfully home alone, "if she was so shocked at just that, what would she say if she knew all? I declare I never felt so mean in my life; she looked so shocked and sorry. I supposed that a good time was all that the girls cared about; but if Sadie really does care, I will be worthy of her favour."

Tom was young, his feet had only begun to stray into the bye-paths of sin and danger; it was not so hard for him to change his course as it would have been later. And whenever he was tempted, the memory of that shocked, grieved look of Sadie's came to him, and held him back, turning him to seek divine help for the battle of life.

"I don't know what there is about Sadie Arnold," said Will Norcross once, "but whenever I am with her I feel ashamed of my real self, and resolve that I will never think or do a mean thing again."

Girls, dear girls, how are you using the power in your hands? Are you seeking to lead your companions up? Are you trying to influence them to be purer and better? Are you holding up a high standard to them?

God grant that you are.

ONLY TONGUE-LOVE.

Mary Martson was always telling how much she loved her mother. Words were very cheap, and little Mary seemed to have a great number of them—so many that her mother got tired of hearing her talk.

Of course, you will expect me to tell you that Mary was a great comfort to her mother, and was always glad to help her in every way possible. That was exactly what Uncle Ralph thought when he heard his niece's fine, loving words one day; but before his visit was half over, he found the little girl loved her mother with a love that is good for just nothing at all.

One day, the girl who did the work was taken sick, and baby Willie was very fretful, so the mother's hands were more than full of work. Mary kissed her mother when she saw how tired she was, and called her "darling mamma," but did not offer to amuse the sick baby, or take Ann's cup of tea up stairs to her room—oh, no! she could not stop, for she was making her dolly a new hood for the winter. Uncle Ralph said to his sister:

"What can I do to help? I see that your little daughter does not love you any, but I do."

Mary stopped knitting and rocking in her comfortable chair, and looked at her uncle in surprise.

"I do love my mother," she said angrily.

"Oh no; you don't," said her Uncle Ralph, shaking his head sorrowfully.

"I do." And here, I am sorry to say, one little foot went down on the floor very hard.

"You have plenty of tongue-love, I know, but that is like 'sounding brass'—noise only; doesn't amount to anything."

"Mary began to cry at this, and 'wonder' what she could do.

"Ask mother, 'What can I do?'" said her uncle.

Poor little Mary stopped crying, but looked very unhappy; for it seemed to her that she must sit in that very comfortable chair and knit dollie Jane's hood. But she might take care of baby.

"I will take baby out," said her uncle; "that will help."

Then Mary felt quite easy again, for some one else was doing her duty for her.

"I wish your Mary loved you," said her uncle to his sister, as he put baby into his little carriage; "but she does not, I fear—only tongue-love, no real heart-love."

After quite a while, Mary went softly into the dining-room, and set the table neatly for dinner, picked up baby's playthings in the sitting-room, and made his little crib bed for his nap besides taking care of her own little room.

What kind of love did this show? Which kind have you for your mother?

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