

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### LITTLE FOXES.

Among my tender vines I spy  
A little fox named—By-and-By.

Then set upon him, quick, I say,  
The swift young hunter—Right away.

Around each tender vine I plant,  
I find the little fox—I can't.

Then fast as ever hunter ran  
Chase him with bold and brave—I can!

No use in trying—lags and whines  
This fox, among my tender vines.

Then drive him low and drive him high,  
With this good hunter named—I'll try!

Among the vines in my small lot  
Creeps in the young fox—I forgot.

Then hunt him out and to his den  
With—I will not forget again!

The little fox that, hidden there  
Among my vines is—I don't care!

Then let—I'm sorry—hunter true,  
Chase him afar from vines and you.

### NOW IS THE TIME.

"Not yet," said a little boy, as he was busy with his trap and ball; "when I grow older I will think about my soul." The little boy grew to be a young man. "Not yet," said the young man, "I am now about to enter into trade; when I see my business prosper, then I shall have more time than now." Business did prosper. "Not yet," said the man of business; "my children must have my care; when they are settled in life I shall be better able to attend to religion." He lived to be a grey-haired old man. "Not yet," still he cried; "I shall soon retire from trade, and then I shall have nothing else to do but to read and pray." And so he died; he put off to another time what should have been done when a child. He lived without God, and died without hope.

"Now is the time," says *Conscience*. "It is right you should give to God the earliest and best of your life. While your heart is tender, and your life is before you, you should begin to love and serve Him. If you had a rose to give to a friend, would you wait till it was faded and dead before you offered it? Would you not give it when it was in its blossom and beauty?"

"Now is the time," says *Providence*. You will never again have so good a time. The Word of God is all written, and is in your hands. You have teachers, and ministers, and Sabbaths. The door of mercy is open. "All things are ready." You will gain nothing, and may lose much, by delay. A man on a journey came to the side of a river, and there sat down on a green bank. A traveller, who found him playing with some wild plants which grew by his side, asked him what he was doing. He said he was waiting till all the water ran past. But soon night came on, the river still flowed, and the man was left in darkness in a strange land. You say, "He was a foolish man." But when you sit down, and do not go to Christ until you think there is less to hinder, you act just like that man. If you do not yield yourself to Him now, sin will harden your heart as you grow older.

"Now is the time," says the *Word of God*.

It is "the accepted time." Your Saviour says, "I love them that love Me, and those that seek Me early shall find Me." "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." He speaks to you, "Give Me thine heart,"—not the body only, though that must be given. He asks not for the shell, but for the kernel; not for the casket only, but for the jewel. Not only your tongue, your hands, your ears, but your heart. It is the best thing you have to give; and Jesus is pleased to accept it. It is better in His esteem than silver, and gold, and diamonds. If you give Him your young heart, He will make it better. By nature it is sinful; He will renew it by His Holy Spirit. It is naturally hard; He will soften it with His love. It is barren and unprofitable; He will make it fruitful by His grace. He can make it not only holy, but happy. He will make it a faithful heart. Then your sins will be blotted out by His precious blood, and you will be one of His redeemed family. But do not forget, "Now is the time."

It is *wicked* to delay to make this gift. It is true you are young; but you must not put off faith and repentance. Young as you are, you have sinned against God, and it is not too soon to repent. You need a Saviour; it is not too soon to believe on Him. It is also *dangerous* to delay. There was a famous general named Hannibal, who went with a great army to take the city of Rome. When he could have taken it he did not, and when he would have taken it he could not. He lost all by delay. So when many young persons may come to Jesus, they will not; they put it off till it is too late. Consider, you may die soon, and if you die in your sins you will be lost for ever. It is related of a little Syrian boy that he asked his teacher to instruct him in the law of God, and was told that he was too young. "But, master," said the boy, "I have been in the burial ground, and measured the graves, and find some of them shorter than myself; now, if I should die before I have learned the Word of God, what will become of me?" Now is the time.

"Give me thy heart," the Saviour cries;  
Ye children, hear His voice;  
Now in your early days be wise,  
And make a heavenly choice.

"Give Me thy heart," nor linger more,  
Too soon you cannot give;  
Now on your knees His grace implore,  
Believe, obey, and live.

Come, children, supplicate His grace,  
Let this your answer be—  
"Behold, O Lord, we seek Thy face,  
And give our hearts to Thee."

### GRATITUDE.

One evening last Christmas a gentleman was strolling along a street in Toronto with apparently no object in view but to pass the time. His attention was attracted by the remark of a little girl to a companion in front of a fruit stand: "I wish I had an orange for ma." The gentleman saw that the children, though poorly dressed, were clean and neat, and calling them into the store he loaded them with fruit and candies. "What's your name?" asked one of the girls. "Why do you want to know?" queried the gentleman. "I want to pray for you," was the reply. The

gentleman turned to leave, scarce daring to speak, when the little one added: "Well, it don't matter, I suppose. God will know you, anyhow."

### SUMMER IS GONE, BUT SPRING WILL COME AGAIN.

The leaves are fading and falling,  
The winds are rough and wild,  
The birds have ceased their calling,  
But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes,  
Doth darker and colder grow,  
The roots of the bright red roses  
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,  
The boughs will get new leaves,  
The quail come back to the clover,  
And the swallow back to the eaves.

The robin will wear on his bosom  
A vest that is bright and new,  
And the lowliest wayside blossom  
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves to-day are whirling,  
The brooks are all dry and dumb,  
But let me tell you, my darling,  
That spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,  
And winds and rains so wild;  
Not all good things together  
Come to us here, my child.

So, when some dear joy loses  
Its beauteous summer glow,  
Think how the roots of the roses  
Are kept alive in the snow.

### WHAT LITTLE ARTIE DID.

Little Artie and his brothers. Three of them, and dear little fellows they were, all brave and self-reliant, and brought up by their parents in the right way.

As these children lived some distance from town, it was often found necessary to leave them at home when father and mother attended meeting; especially was this the case in cold weather. Through the summer months the children were often taken along, to their great delight. And as their parents were Methodists of the good old-fashioned kind, the boys were in the habit of hearing—at such times—the hearty "Amen" break forth from their father's lips when the sermon was particularly enjoyable.

One cold Sabbath day these children were left at home, with many cautions to be careful; yet hardly had the parents left, ere the woodwork near the stovepipe was discovered to be on fire, and out of the children's reach; but, with wonderful activity and energy, the eldest climbed up on a table, and put out the flames.

When the father and mother returned, they shuddered to see the danger to which their dear ones had been exposed, and with thankful hearts praised them for their courage.

"How did you manage, Tommy, to reach the fire?" asked their father.

"Why," said Tommy, "I pushed the table up to the wall, and got upon that."

"And did you help brother, Jimmy?" to the next.

"Yes, sir; I brought him a pail of water and handed him the dipper."

"And what did you do?" said the proud father to his pet, the youngest of the group.

"Well, papa," said Artie, "you see I was too small to help put out the fire, and so I just stood by and holler'd 'Amen.'"