

Our Young Folks.

A SONG FOR THE CHILDREN.

I'm not afraid of Jesus,
Though I am but a child,
And He the King of Glory,
The Lord, the Undeified.
He calls the children to Him,
Each little girl and boy,
And in His arms He rests them,
And gives them love and joy.

I'll go and talk with Jesus,
And this is what I'll say—
"Oh bless and keep me, Saviour,
And ever with me stay."
For oh it must be pleasant,
In times of grief and fear,
To feel His arms around me,
And know that He is near.

I'll go and walk with Jesus,
Along the King's highway;
He'll hold my hand securely,
And help me every day.
And when we reach the city
Whose gates are open wide,
What happiness to enter
With Jesus by my side!

THE CHILD MARTYRS.

A TALE OF THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS.

By the side of a brawling mountain stream stood a bonnie Scottish lassie, with glinting hair, and bare brown legs and laughing eyes. Poised on one foot, she touched the water lightly with the other, and then drew back with an affectation of alarm.

"It's cauld, Donald, and it's deep," she cried, with a merry laugh. "Winna ye lift me across."

"Dee, nae; gin ye canna come yersel', ye maun gang hame," answered Donald from the opposite bank.

"Weel, gin I maun, I maun," and with a dash and a splash the little lassie crossed the stream, and stood by her brother's side.

"Donald, luik!" she exclaimed, laying her hand on the boy's arm. "Canna ye see—"

But the boy's hand was on her mouth, and the words arrested. "Whis, Mysie, it's the sodgers."

Up the mountain pass came the glittering bayonets, and before the children could gain the shelter of the underwood the open space by the stream was filled with armed men.

"Min' ye dinna tell them onything; be a brave lassie, Mysie," whispered the lad, putting on a bold front. "They winna hurt ye."

"Here, boy," cried one of the foremost men, in a tone of authority, "have you seen anybody pass this way this morning?"

"No mony folks pass this way," answered Donald, evasively.

"No, perhaps not," said the soldier, significantly; "but one has passed, and that not an hour ago. Bring the boy here," he added, turning to the men. And two of them seized the lad and forced him to the horse's side. "Have you seen the man I speak of, man?"

"What like was he?" asked the boy, with a warning glance at Mysie.

"The cub knows him," said one of the men behind. "Robert Brock has been to his father's house often enough."

"Do you knew Robert Brock?" asked the officer.

"I ken him for a gude man, who never did onybody harm," replied the boy, bravely.

"Well, then, which road did he take when he passed here?"

"I canna say."

"Did you see him?"

"Ay, I saw him."

"Then which road did he take?"

"What for do ye want him?"

"To send a bullet through his head, as I will

send one through yours if you don't answer," was the brutal reply, and the boy turned pale.

"You may send a bullet through my head, gin you like, but I'll no tell ye which way Robert Brock went. He's the Lord's servant."

"Try the girl; she'll tell us fast enough," suggested one who had not spoken before, and a soldier grasped the child's delicate wrist, and drew her forward.

"Dinna ye tell them, Mysie," cried Donald, as she passed him, but a heavy hand fell on his mouth with cruel force, and checked the words.

"Now, child," said the officer, slowly, "which way went this saintly man of God?"

She cast a frightened look at Donald, and answered with a cheering smile, as he wiped the blood from his swollen lips:

"I canna tell ye, sir."

"Will not, you mean. Did he take the right or left road?"

"I dinna ken—I mean I ken, but I winna tell."

"Then I must find some way to make you tell."

Slowly the man's strong fingers closed round the little wrist, twisting it till the child screamed with pain.

"Now will you tell?"

"Donald, Donald, what maun I do?" sobbed Mysie.

"Lat her be!" cried the boy fiercely. "Lat her be, ye black-hearted coward?"

"I'll let her be when she has answered my question."

"Dinna ye answer, Mysie."

"Silence!" said a soldier, savagely, "leave the child alone."

"Donald, he hurts me sair," sobbed Mysie.

"Will you tell?"

"I canna."

Again the brutal hold tightened on the delicate arm, and the tortured child sank on the green sward in an agony of pain and fear.

Wresting himself from the grasp of the soldier, Donald sprang forward and lifted her up, his eyes blazing with indignant wrath.

"It's brave work for men," he cried, with bitter contempt, "to hurt such a wee bit of a lassie! My bonnie, brave Mysie! Dinna greet, I'll take ye hame."

The child clung to him convulsively. "Dinna let them touch me, Donald! Tak' me hame to my mither."

"Ay, that I will, Mysie, dinna greet," said the boy, soothingly.

"Not just yet, my lad," said the officer, with a smile. "I'm going to know which way Robert Brock went first."

"Then ye maun gang to them as 'll tell ye, for I winna," was the brave reply.

"Take the child away from him," said the officer, preemptorily.

"Nae, nae, Donald! dinna let them take me awa'," screamed Mysie.

But what was the strength of a boy against that of the stalwart men? Roughly they unclasped the child's hands, and dragged her away.

"Is she your sister?" asked the officer of Donald.

"Ay, my ain sister, an' gin ye lat her be, I dinna care what ye do till me."

"Will ye let her tell me what I ask, or will you tell me yourself?"

"I winna help ye to find good Robert Brock."

"Set the child against that stump."

With his heart beating almost to suffocation, Donald watched them.

What were they going to do to Mysie! Surely they would not hurt such a wee bairn! They were men, not fiends.

"Now, my boy, once more. Which way went the godly Robert Brock?"

"Gin ye tear my tongue out, I winna tell ye." "Fire!"

A wreath of blue smoke floating away toward the bluer heavens. A mass of fair hair dabbled in blood. A little white face on the green, green grass.

With a cry of horror the boy throw himself beside the still little form.

"Mysie, Mysie, speak! it's yer ain brither, Donald!"

But the life had gone out for ever from the happy blue eyes! The silence of death was on the parted lips.

"Throw the child into the stream," came the cold, inexorable command, and in a moment the pure waters blushed in God's sunlight with the blood of an innocent life.

"For the last time. Which way went Robert Brock?"

"Fin' out," replied the dauntless boy, "ye have shot my bonnie wee sister, and now you may shoot me; but I'll never help ye wi' your black work! God will tak' care o' Robert Brock."

"It is an easy thing to talk of dying, boy," said the officer.

"I'd rather gang to heaven, wi' clean han's than stain them wi' the blood of God's servants and live."

"Once."

Steadfast and calm was the brave young face; silent and firm the young lips.

"Speak, thou young fool!" cried one of the soldiers, roughly; "dost think we shall not catch Robert Brock? Thy silence does but delay his death an hour or so. Save thy life and speak."

"I canna stain my han' wi' blood."

"Twice."

The fair, green, smiling earth below, the high arched heaven above, the broad stream murmuring over its rocky bed, the sweet-voiced birds making glad the morning air, all nature bright and pure and beautiful, speaking of goodness and love to ears that heard not, to seared and cruel hearts.

"Thrice. Fire!"

Once more the curling smoke! Once more the blood-stained turf! Down the mountain side pressed the soldiers, eager for their prey, and the waters flowed calmly on over the silent dead. Up toward the clear blue sky was turned the proud young face of the murdered boy, and the fair hair of his "bonnie wee sister" floated over his bare brown breast, and only the crimsoned wave, and deep-dyed turf, bore witness of the cruel deed; but God and the angels watched over the lonely resting place of the little Scottish martyrs.

NEATNESS IN GIRLS.

Neatness is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young, she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable. Not because a boy, to start with, is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort, not so many colours in them; and people do not expect a boy to look so pretty as a girl. A girl that is not neatly dressed is called a sloven, and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty, and her eyes bright, but if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek, and her fingers' ends are black with ink, and her shoes are not laced or buttoned up, and her apron is dirty, and her collar is not buttoned, and her skirt is torn, she cannot be liked. I went into a little girl's room once, and all her clothes were on the floor, and her playthings, too. Learn to be neat, and when you have learned it, it will almost take care of itself.

"BLESSED are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."—*Mat. v. 8.*