

Our Young Folks.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

From the sunny morning to the starry night,
Every look and motion meets our Father's sight.

From our earliest breathing to our latest year,
Every sound we utter meets our Father's ear.

Through our earthly journey, wheresoe'er we go,
Every thought and feeling doth our Father know.

Let us then be careful that our looks shall be,
Brave, and kind, and cheerful, for our Lord to see.

Let us guard each accent with a holy fear,
Fit our every saying for the Lord to hear.

Let no thought within us, hidden or confessed,
Ever bring a sorrow to our dear Lord's breast.

Help us, O, our Father!—hear our earnest plea—
Teach Thy little children how to live for Thee!

GOLDEN GRAIN BIBLE READINGS.

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

THE GODLY MAN'S DESIRES.

That he may win Christ, Phil. iii. 8.

" " " Know Christ and the power of His resurrection, Phil. iii. 10.

" " " Apprehend that for which he is apprehended of Christ, Phil. iii. 12.

" " " Grow up into Christ in all things, Eph. iv. 15.

" " " Make known the mystery of the Gospel, Eph. vi. 19.

" " " Seek the spiritual good of God's people, Phil. ii. 20-22.

" " " Be permitted to wait on God's ordinances, Ps. xxvii. 4.

" " " Hear the Word of God, Acts xiii. 7.

" " " Enjoy the better heavenly country, Heb. xi. 16.

" " " Possess spiritual gifts, 1 Cor. xiv. 1.

" " " Awake in God's likeness, Ps. xvi. 15.

" " " Dwell with God forever, Ps. xxiii. 6.

What a grand summary of His thoughts do we find in what is usually called the Lord's Prayer, Matt. vi. 9-13.

A GENTLEMAN.

"Step lightly, Arthur; don't make so much noise when you come in," said a little boy's mother one day, as he burst open the door and sprang into the room where she was sitting.

"Oh, mamma, why must I always be so still? It's a great deal nicer to make as much rumpus as you've a mind to." And Arthur didn't speak very pleasantly either, when he said this.

"Because," said mamma, in a quiet tone, "if you are a gentle boy, I shall hope to see you a gentle man some day."

"I'm sure I never thought of that. Why, is that what gentleman means?" exclaimed Arthur, in such surprise as indicated that he had got a new idea.

REPLENISHING THE LIGHT.

He stood in the street side by side with the electric lamp, which he had lowered from its lofty perch above the busy thoroughfare. We were curious to see it, and stepped into the street.

"Replacing the carbon?" we asked the man.

"Yes," he replied.

The carbons are slender pipes about nine inches long, a compound of charcoal and other ingredients. These supply the fuel which the electric current kindles into those dazzling embers that light the streets of our cities and large towns.

"How often do you replace them?" we asked.

"Every day," was the answer.

We went away busily thinking. This is not the only lamp that needs replenishing every day. Upon the pilgrim's shaded pathway to heaven, what a light is shed by prayer! Abraham prayed, Jacob prayed, Moses prayed, David prayed. Daniel got himself into serious earthly trouble because he prayed so persistently. All these, though, found light streaming out of prayer's lamp on life's pathway, and were cheered and comforted. Young pilgrim in the better way, if you would have steady light, let there be steadfast prayer. Don't forget to pray every day.

JOE FAIRCHILD'S NEW CAP.

When little Joe Fairchild had his new suit, there was a large piece of the cloth left, and Joe's grandmother said that she would make him a cap of that.

"Can you make a real nice one?" asked Joe. "I shall want it to look just like those in the store. I shall not want the boys to know that you made it."

Grandmother thought that she would make him a very pretty cap. When it was done Joe said it was "splendid," and he was sure that the boys would think it was bought at the store.

But on his way to school next morning Joe stopped on the bridge near the falls to throw stones down in the river. The grandmother had told him never to do it. He did it almost every morning, and she had never known it.

As he stood there, a fresh gale of wind came and took his new cap, and before he could catch it, it fell into the river—and that was the last of it.

A CHINESE BOY'S FORTUNE.

No sooner is a Chinese boy born into the world than his father proceeds to write down eight characters, or words, each set of two representing respectively the exact hour, day, month and year of his birth. These are handed by his father to a fortune teller, whose business it is to draw up from them a certain book of fate, generally spoken of as the boy's pat-tsz, or "eight characters." Herein the fortune teller describes the good and evil which the boy is likely to meet with in after life, and the means to be adopted in order to secure the one and avert the other.

In order to understand the value of this document we must glance at the Chinese method of reckoning time. There are only twelve Chinese hours to our twenty-four. Beginning with eleven p.m., to one a.m., which is their first hour, their names are rat, ox, tiger, rabbit, dragon, snake, horse, sheep, monkey, cock, dog and pig. As everybody is supposed to partake more or less of the nature of the animal at whose hour he is born, it is obvious that it would never do to send a rabbit boy to the school of a tiger school-master. Hence the necessity of consulting the pat-tsz of both parties before entering upon any kind of agreement. It is a fact that it is thus referred to on every important occasion.

THE WOUNDED LIP.

"I do not see what I have to do with missions at all!" cried curly-headed Robin, in answer to his sister Annie's gentle request that he would put just one penny into her missionary box. "I can see the good of building our church here (I gave my new six pence for that) of feeding hungry little children (we gave up buying sweet-meats last Christmas that they might have soup) but what do I care for work at the other end of the world, amongst black children whom I never shall see in my life?"

Poor Annie left the room with a sigh. Mrs. Mason had heard the conversation between her children.

"Do you know, my son, that all God's people form one body, though some are in India, some in China, some further off still? No part of the Lord's Church can say to another, 'I have nothing to do with thee; I care not what happens to thee.'"

"I don't understand," said the child.

Not many minutes afterward Robin came back to his mother, a handkerchief pressed to his bleeding lip, and tears in his eyes.

"Mamma, my foot slipped; I fell on the gravel; I have hurt my lip!" he exclaimed.

Mrs. Mason examined the hurt, and was glad to find that it was not severe, but there was gravel on the wounded lip. "I must wash and bind it," she said. "Run to the kitchen, my darling, ask for a little basin of warm water, bring it to me, and we will, I hope, soon put matters to rights."

Robin soon came back, carefully carrying the basin, which was full and rather heavy.

Carefully and tenderly the mother bathed her boy's lip. "Now," said she, while binding it up, "does not my Robin see how various parts of his body united in helping the one part that needed help?"

"I don't just see it," said the child.

"The feet never thought, 'How far we are from the lip—almost as far as can possibly be!' Right foot and left, off they trotted to get the warm water. The ears had heard what I wished you to do, and quick as

lightning had given their message to the brain. The tongue, like a kind near neighbour, did its part. The eyes."

"O, the eyes did nothing at all!" cried Robin, laughing at his mother's amusing smile. He had quite forgotten his pain.

"What! did they not guide you to and from the kitchen? If they had ill naturedly kept shut, you might have had a worse fall than that on the gravel. The fingers—yes, even the little ones—helped to carry the basin of water."

"It is a good-natured body," said Robin, "every part so ready to help the poor lip."

"Now my boy, do you see my meaning?" said the mother with a smile. "The missionaries who speak to the heathen are like the lip in the body, and they are sometimes in great trouble, and need our help and prayers. The ears are those who listen to the story of the wants of the heathen; and great societies are like the brain, to arrange how to send to them the Bible, and men and women to explain it. We who try to give and to collect may be compared to parts of the feet and hands. I must tell you something more about the body," said Mrs. Mason, to show you how like it is the Church. There is always a life-giving stream of blood flowing through it from the heart to the head, from the head to the feet, as it were, joining the most distant parts together."

"I feel it beating at my wrist," said Robin. "What is like the life giving blood? Is it not to love the Saviour?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Mason "and where that holy love joins the members of the Church together how is it possible for a Christian to say, 'I have nothing to do with missions?'"

MOTHER AND SONS.

Does any boy who reads this paper feels that he has a hard time with his chores about the house? I wish he would read this account of a family of four—father, mother and two sons—who lived years ago "in a small house situated in the roughest locality of the rocky town of Ashford, Connecticut."

The family was very poor; a few acres of stony land, a dozen sheep, and one cow supported them. The sheep clothed them, and the cow gave milk and did the work of a horse in ploughing and harrowing; corn-bread, milk, and bean-porridge were their fare. The father being laid aside by ill-health, the burden of supporting the family rested on the mother; she did her work in the house, and helped the boys do their work on the farm. Once, in the dead of winter, one of the boys required a new suit of clothes; there was neither money nor wool on hand. The mother sheared the half-grown fleece from a sheep, and in one week the suit was on the boy. The shorn sheep was protected from the cold by a garment made of braided straw. The family lived four miles from the "meeting-house," yet every Sunday the mother and her two sons walked to church. One of these sons became the pastor of a church in Franklin, Connecticut, to which he preached for sixty-one years; two generations went forth from that church to make the world better. The other son also became a minister, and then one of the most successful college presidents; hundreds of young men were moulded by him.

That heroic Christian woman's name was Deborah Nott; she was the mother of the Rev. Samuel Nott, D.D., and of Eliphalet Nott, D.D., LL.D., president of Union College.

MOTHER AND CHILDREN.

The mother who wishes her children to grow up with healthy minds must endeavour to deal aright with their minds, just as she strives to treat rightly the bodies which are equally her care. In the case of some children, little need be done for either. In other cases, both require most careful handling; and no one can understand mental needs without sympathy. Sympathy does not mean fussy questions, still less encouragement to self-analysis, which is even more injurious than neglect. It does mean a watchfulness which will at once perceive if a child is depressed, and try to discover and remove the cause by natural and healthy methods; and it means a readiness at all times to enter into a child's interests and amusements, and to aid and encourage every innocent taste, knowing that the more occupations a child can create for itself the better.