

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A LITTLE PRAYER.

O Thou, who in Jerusalem
Didst little children take,
And laid them in Thy bosom,
And on them blessings spake;
And looked and smiled upon them,
So sweet and joyously,
And said to their fond mothers,
"Of such My kingdom be."

We're told Thy heart's a fountain
Of grace to children dear;
A sea of love, an ocean,
Of which we love to hear.
O dearest Saviour, hear us!
Thy love on us bestow,
That we in life may serve Thee,
At death unto Thee go.

Oh love us, love us, Jesus!
We little children be;
See us bowed at Thy footstool,
Our eyes raised up to Thee.
We would lie in Thy bosom,
And there be blessed by Thee;
Heirs of Thy kingdom make us.
Amen. So let it be.

TREATING THE BOYS.

ONE summer day, when the sun was pouring down its burning rays and not a breath of air stirred, a tired, thirsty missionary, with aching eyes and throbbing temples, was passing along a street lined with liquor dens, when she saw four ragged, barefooted, bright-eyed boys, from eight to twelve years of age, turn to go into a beer saloon.

Though faint and heated with walking the dusty streets and burning pavements, she would not let slip this opportunity to sow some seed of truth and righteousness.

The headache was forgotten, and in a clear, cheery voice, she called, "Say, boys, what are you going in there for?"

The boys—two newsboys and two boot-blacks—stopped and looked curiously at the questioner, and one replied:

"We're going to get some beer."

"It's awful hot," added another.

"I'm choking to death," said the third.

"I wouldn't go in there," said Miss Carpenter. "Come with me, and I'll treat you to something better."

The boys looked at her and at each other for a minute, and one said,

"I say, let's go with her to her saloon."

"Agreed," said all the rest, turning to follow her.

Just then the proprietor of the saloon came to the door and growled out:

"What do you mean by interfering with my business this way?"

"I mean," said Miss Carpenter, pleasantly but firmly, "to interfere with it all that I can. My business is to do all that I can to break up yours, and I shall keep everybody out of your clutches that I can."

The proprietor shut the door with a slam, and turning to the boys, she said,

"Come, boys, I know a nice place out here, and I'll treat you all."

The boys followed, talking in their quaint way.

"Where's your saloon?" said one.

"Out here on the steps of the church is a

boy that sells the nicest, coolest lemonade you ever drank," said Miss O., "just the thing for a hot day like this."

"That's so," said one, "I'd just as lief have it as beer."

"When you drink lemonade it don't make you want anything stronger. You can drink all you want, and it won't make you feel foolish, or do anything wicked."

"How much does it cost?" asked one boy.

"It's just as cheap as beer, and ever so much healthier."

"That's the drink for me," cried one; "I guess I shan't buy any more beer."

"I say, let's treat her," suggested one, and the others readily assented.

When they arrived at the lemonade stand, one boy stepped up and said, "Give us five glasses of lemonade."

While they were drinking the boys cracked their jokes and made lots of fun, but they treated Miss Carpenter with great respect.

"How much?" asked one, pulling some coppers out of his pocket.

"Ten cents," replied the lemon vendor, a slender boy of a dozen years.

"I pay for that," said Miss Carpenter, producing her portemonnaie.

"No you won't," cried all the boys in chorus.

"We do the treating."

"Let me pay half," insisted Miss Carpenter.

"No," said one of them, "when such a lady as you be comes along and offers to treat us, we consider it an honour to treat her."

"Well, really," said Miss Carpenter, "I must say, gentlemen, I never was treated so handsomely before in my life. I thank you all heartily. Now sit down with me on those shady steps and we'll talk a while."

They sat down and talked together about temperance. She told them the dreadful sights she had seen in drunkards' homes, and they told her what they had seen, for all of these boys were familiar with some of the horrors of intemperance.

"All of these drunkards were once boys like you," said Miss Carpenter, "and probably began by drinking beer and cider."

"I'll never drink another drop as long as I live," declared one boy with energy.

"Don't you all want to sign the pledge?" asked Miss Carpenter.

"I will," said one.

"So'll I," said another.

"I can't write," said the third.

"Nor I," said the fourth.

"Well, you can make your mark," said Miss Carpenter, producing a pledge which they all signed, two writing their names, and the other two making a cross.

They soon separated. Miss Carpenter did not forget those boys. She kept sight of them, and often meets them in the streets selling papers or blacking boots, and always speaks a cheering word to them. They are keeping the pledge, and still patronize lemonade stands instead of beer saloons.

BE not discouraged by past failures in duty; but confess to God, beg His interference, and try again. "The way of the Lord is strength to the upright."

LILY'S FAITH.

ONE night there was a severe storm at sea. The waves dashed, the winds raged, and all around was heard the terrific roar of the breakers. A ship lay at the mercy of the waves. In the cabin was a little girl, the only child on board. She alone, of all the passengers, was calm. When her father, who was the captain, could find a moment to spare, he would come to see how she was getting along. After a while he asked her if she was not afraid.

"Oh, no, papa!" she replied. "When I feel the 'fraid coming, I just kneel down as mamma taught me, and ask God to take care of us; and I know He will."

The captain was not a Christian; but he had great respect for those who were. The little one noticed that he made no reply, and looking up into his face, saw how worn and haggard he was.

"Why, papa!" she cried, "you ain't afraid, are you?"

"Yes, Lily, I am," he replied solemnly—"afraid to die without a hope that my soul is saved. O, my child, pray for me!—pray hard! I must leave you now." And, with a kiss, he returned again to his duties.

Right down there in the midst of those weeping, groaning people, little Lily knelt and prayed: "O, dear Jesus! my papa isn't ready to die, and he's afraid. Won't you take the 'fraid away, and make his heart all clean and white? And, dear Saviour, please be with us to-night, and save us! I know you'll do it; for the Bible says so. Bless Lily, too, and all these people, and take us all home safe, for Jesus sake. Amen."

When the little one arose from her knees, there was not a dry eye in the cabin. She had brought God near to many hearts (which were near forgetting Him in their time of fear) by her simple little prayer.

Before long the captain came again, and said: "Lily, I'm afraid no longer. God has made me willing to bear whatever comes. Out there in the cold and wet I bowed myself before Him and gave up everything into His hands; and He has given me in exchange a strange sweet joy. Keep on praying, Lily, and I will be with you."

Lily wept for very sympathy.

"Oh, I wish mamma had lived to hear him say that!" she said; "it would have made her so happy!"

When the captain came again, it was to say that the storm had abated its fury, and there was hope; and, when the morning dawned over the sea, they were out of danger.

There were many thankful hearts in that ship, and not the least so were those of Capt. Burton and his Lily, for the strong man had found the peace that floweth as a river, making life's desert place bloom and smile; and the dear little child rejoiced for him.

"Wherefore He is able also to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

CONQUER thyself. Till thou hast done that thou art a slave; for it is almost as well to be in subjection to another's appetite as thy own.