

Our Young Folk.

DO YOUR BEST.

DO your best, your very best,
And do it every day,
Little boys and little girls;
That is the wisest way.

Whatever work comes to your hand,
At home, or at your school,
Do your best with right good will;
It is the golden rule.

For he who always does his best,
His best will better grow;
But he who shirks or slights his task,
Lets all the better go.

What if your lessons should be hard?
You need not yield to sorrow,
For he who bravely works to-day,
His tasks grow light to-morrow.

JIMMIE'S FIRST MONEY.

JIMMIE KAY had acted as clerk in a shop for one week, and received five shillings for his pay—the first money he had ever really worked for. These shillings made Jimmie a very happy lad, and he wanted to do the best he could with them. So, like a good son, he asked his mother about it.

"Mother, how much do you think I ought to give the missionary collection to-day?"

"Well, Jimmie, I think your father's rule of giving one-tenth a very good one for you to follow. You know we are told to cast our grain upon the waters, and that we shall find it again though it may be many days after."

Jimmie had a twinkle in his eye, as he said—

"Well mother, I've seen a good deal of casting done, and now I'm waiting to see some of it coming back again."

This made his mother feel anxious, fearing that Jimmie, after all, might not want to give any of his money. Then she spoke of the widow's two mites—that *she* was not content to give a portion of her money, but had given all that she had to give—even "all her living."

As they walked home from church Jimmie said, "Well, mother, how much do you suppose I gave this morning?"

"Why, sixpence," said his mother.

"More than that," said Jimmie.

So his mother went on guessing, adding a little each guess, till she reached one shilling and sixpence, when she stopped, saying he must tell her.

"Well, then, mother, I did as the widow did. I cast in all that I had—I gave the five shillings."

You may be sure his mother was very glad and happy indeed to find him so willing to consecrate the "first fruits" of his labor to the service of the Lord, who loveth the cheerful giver.

THE SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

IT was the evening after a great battle. Among the many who bowed to the conqueror Death that night was a youth in the first freshness of mature life. The strong limbs lay listless, and the dark hair was matted with gore on the pale broad forehead. His eyes were closed. As one who ministered to the sufferer bent over him, he at first thought him dead; but the white lips moved, and slowly in weak tones he repeated,—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take:
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

As he finished he opened his eyes, and meeting the pitying gaze of a brother soldier he exclaimed, "My mother taught me that when I was a little boy, and I have said it every night since I can remember. Before the morning dawns, I believe God will take my soul for Jesus' sake; but before I die I want to send a message to my mother."

He was carried to a temporary hospital, and a letter was written to his mother, that he dictated, full of Christian faith and filial love. Just as the sun arose, his spirit went home, his last articulate words being,—

"I pray the Lord my soul to take:
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

So died William B—. The prayer of childhood was the prayer of manhood. *He learned it at his mother's knee in his infancy*, and he whispered it in dying when his manly life ebbed away on a distant battle-field. God bless the saintly words alike loved and repeated by high and low, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, old and young. Happy the soul that can repeat it with the holy fervour of the dying soldier.

THE LITTLE ALASKAN CHILD.

IN *Gospel of All Lands* we find the following true story about a little Indian girl in Alaska. She was sad and neglected. No one cared for her. Her hair was tangled, face and hands dirty; and her only garment, a cotton dress, was faded and soiled. One day this little girl found her way into a mission school and was gladly received by the teacher, who had come to bless just such poor little waifs. Soon the Indians gave the child to the teacher, who took her home. In six months she learned to speak English and to read the English Testament; also to write and sew, and do many kinds of housework. She became tidy, pleasant-mannered, clean, and happy.

After she had been with the teacher awhile, there grew up in her heart a great desire for a doll, only a cheap little doll, such as we can buy for sixpence. She began to save up her pennies to buy one. One day she picked several quarts of berries and sold them for sixpence.

That afternoon at the school the lesson was about Christ, who gave up so much, and for our sakes became poor. This made the little girl wish to do something to show her gratitude to the dear Saviour who had done so much for her. That night, when bedtime came, she carried to the teacher her sixpence,