

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

MOTHER'S GIFT OF A BIBLE.

Remember, love, who gave thee this,
When other days are come;
Whom she who had thy earliest kiss
Sleeps in her narrow home.
Remember 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save

That mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest for her son,
And from the gifts of God above
She chose a goodly one;
She chose for her beloved boy
The source of light and life and joy.

And bade him keep the gift, that when
The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again
In an eternal home!
She said his faith in that would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer in his pride
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
And bid him cast the pledge aside,
That he from youth had borne,
She bade him pause, and ask his breast,
If he or she had loved him best.

A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing;
The love that would retain the one
Must to the other cling.
Remember! 'tis no idle toy,
A mother's gift. Remember, boy!

THE EYE.—II.

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"He that hath formed the eye, shall he not see?"—
Psalms xciv. 9.

"In wisdom hast thou made them all."—Psalms civ. 24.

A boy in a town received for his Christmas present a spy-glass.

It was made with three tubes, one sliding inside the other.

The tubes were made to slide in this way to suit the different eyes that might look through it, and also to suit the distance of the objects to be seen. Now, the spy-glass or telescope is more like the eye, in its make and use, than anything else in the world, only not so well made nor so wonderful. And the reason it is not so well made nor so wonderful is that man made the spy-glass, God made the eye.

Sir Isaac Newton, whom you have all heard of, tried a long time to make a telescope, but could not. What perplexed him was the "refraction" of light, as it is called—*i.e.*, the bending of the rays of light at an angle when they pass through certain media, so that what is straight is made to look crooked. A straight stick looks bent under water because of the "refraction" of light. Lenses, Sir Isaac Newton wanted for his telescope that would correct this refraction of light, but failing to find such he failed to make a good instrument.

Another man tried, and succeeded, and how did he succeed, think you? It occurred to him that if he could find out how the eye was made, and could make a telescope after the same pattern, it would be just right. He therefore made a careful examination of the eye, and found it had three lenses—one behind the other, and a little piece apart, and all made of different substances, one was thin and watery, another of the thickness of the

white of an egg, and a third jelly-like. And so these three lenses so controlled the light as it shone through that objects were seen always in their true shape and true colour.

He then got different kinds of glass and made lenses of these as near as possible like the lenses of the eye in power, and he succeeded in making a good and correct telescope.

The best telescope, then, in the world is only a poor imitation of your wonderful eyes that God has made.

But there was a difficulty about the eye which only one of God's skill could overcome, *viz.*, the difficulty of seeing things far off and near with the same pair of eyes. A book only twenty inches off you now look at, the next moment at a man twenty yards away, and the next moment at a mountain twenty miles distant, and how can the eye be changed to suit these distances?

In the case of the spy-glass this difficulty is met by sliding the tubes out or in till the right focus is got, or by changing one lens for another of different power.

But the eye could not be worked in this way.

How queer it would look and how unpleasant if the eye was drawn out an inch or two to see things afar off, or pushed back for things close by; and how troublesome if you had to use different sets of eyes, according to the distance you wanted to see.

You would need to carry with you a hundred eyes or more, and dozens of times a day you would need to change them.

But the eye is made on a plan far better and more skilful than the spy-glass. One pair of eyes does for everything, and as seen from the outside, the eye always remains the same shape and size. But inside wonderful changes take place, in ways so surprising that only God could plan and make them so.

The lenses I mentioned a moment ago are supplied with muscles which move them forward or backward, flatten or round them out, according to the distance of the object; while there are other muscles to contract the iris or expand it, according as the light is to be lessened or increased. These muscles act at the command of your will, and so quietly and easily that you don't know they are moving.

Who but God can do this?

There was another difficulty about the eye which only God's wisdom and skill could overcome—that is, how to make two eyes see only one object when only one object is present.

Fancy what it would be if two plates and two cups and two teapots seemed to be before you when there is only one; and every husband saw two wives, and every wife two husbands exactly alike; and when the mother looked at the babe on her knee there seemed to be twins.

Now, how is this difficulty overcome in the eye?

A picture of the object before you is formed on the optic nerve in the back part of the eye. Were this optic nerve placed straight back from the pupil or opening on front, each eye would form a separate picture, so as to make one object seem to be two. But God has placed the optic nerve to one side, and made the light fall upon it at such an angle that

though you use two eyes, yet the mind sees only one object, when there is only one present.

Now, who but God could make eyes so wonderful as this? and how should you feel towards Him, but full of wonder, love, and praise? And what should you do with those eyes but serve Him through them in every way He desires, and in no other.

How wicked it is to use them to carry out any evil scheme with them; to write or read any bad book with them; and how wrong to grow up ignorant and useless when by proper use of your eyes you may become so learned, and wise, and happy.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

When Charlie woke up one morning and looked from the window, he saw that the ground was deeply covered with snow. The wind had blown it in great drifts against the fence and the trees. Charlie's little sister Rosey said it looked like hills and valleys. On one side of the house nearest the kitchen the snow was piled higher than Charlie's head. Mamma said she did not know how black Aunt Patsey could get through it to bring in the breakfast.

"There must be a path clear through this snow," said papa. "I would do it myself if I had time; but I must be at my office early this morning." Then he looked at Charlie. "Do you think you could do it, my son?"

"I, papa! Why, it is higher than my head! How could a little boy like me cut a path through that deep snow?"

"How? Why, by doing it *little by little*. Suppose you try; and if I find a nice path cleared when I come home to dinner, you shall have the sled you wished for."

So Charlie got his wooden snow shovel and set to work. He threw first one shovelful, and then another; but it was slow work.

"I don't think I can do it, mamma," he said. "A shovelful is so little, and there is such a heap of snow to be cleared away."

"Little by little, Charlie," said his mamma. "That snow fell in tiny bits, flake by flake, but you see what a great pile it has made."

"Yes, mamma; and if I throw it away shovelful by shovelful, it will all be gone at last. So I will keep on trying."

Charlie soon had a space cleared from the snow, and as he worked on, the path grew longer. By-and-by it reached quite up to the kitchen door. It looked like a little street between snow-white walls.

When papa came home to dinner, he was pleased to see what his little boy had done. Next day he gave Charlie a fine blue sled, and on it was painted its name, in yellow letters. "*Little by Little*."

The boys all wanted to know how it came to have such a name. And when they learned about it, I think it was a lesson to them as well as to Charlie.

LET friendship creep gently to a height, if it rushes to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.

If you wish to have your life symmetrical and beautiful at the last, keep growing straight up God-ward; let there be no crooked leanings this way or that.