

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

DEAR CHILDREN FAR AWAY.

In lands full of darkness across the blue wave
Are many dear children the Lord died to save,
Who, reaching out hands from over the sea,
Are pleading for light, here shiving so free.

No kind Christian parents to show them the way,
To tell them of Jesus, to teach them to pray,
To lead them in paths of wisdom and truth,
And to teach them the love of God in their youth.

No Bible to lighten life's pathway of gloom,
No hope full of glory beyond the dark tomb,
No promise of God the sad soul to sustain,
No knowledge that death to the Christian is gain.

No Jesus, no Bible, how sad is the sight!
While here o'er our pathway the Gospel shines bright.
Let us open our hearts to the poor children there,
And give them the Bible, our help, and our prayer.

ROBERT WATSON'S WATCH.

WHEN Robert Watson was about twelve years old, a kind relative made him the present of a watch. It had a beautiful appearance, and kept time to a minute. Indeed, Robert was very proud of his new watch, and was ready to tell the hour to any person. One day, however, he came to his papa and said, "Papa, my watch isn't going right. The hands haven't moved for such a long time." His papa took the watch and looked at it a little, and said, "I'm afraid, Robert, your watch requires cleaning. You had better take it to the watchmaker."

Off Robert started to the watchmaker's, and when he entered the shop he pulled his watch out of his pocket, and said, "Please, sir, can you mend my watch? It doesn't go well?" The watchmaker took the watch, and putting a curious glass before one of his eyes, he turned to a small gas jet, and, screwing up his face in such a way as to make Robert smile, he examined the works of the watch.

In a short while he said to Robert, "I'll set it all right for you, my boy. It needs cleaning. Call for it in a week."

Robert missed his watch greatly during that week. You see its tick, ticking in his vest pocket had made him almost feel that it was like a living friend; and he had got attached to it, and even used to take it out, when no one was near, to have a quiet look at it, and to admire its beautiful cases and pretty hands.

What a long week that seemed to Robert! And when the day appointed did arrive, how eagerly he set out for the watchmaker's! "There's your watch, nicely cleaned," said the watchmaker to him; "it will keep time now like the town clock."

So Robert got his watch again, and thought more of it than ever, because it was so reliable and exact. Every now and then he would test it by the great clock in the tower of the town hall; and it went so well that Robert declared it was quite as good as new.

Now let us see whether we can learn anything from this story of Robert's watch. I have known children who resembled it in some things; perhaps you may know them too. They are pleasant to look at, they have beautiful faces, and are nicely dressed; but just as Robert's watch would not go rightly, they do not act rightly. There is something wrong with them. They need to use that

prayer which David used, "Create in me a clean heart, O God."

You know that God is the great Maker, for the Bible tells us that "He hath made us, and not we ourselves." And as the watchmaker made Robert's watch, and knew all about its works, and could say at once what it needed, so God knows about us children, and when a wrong word is spoken, or a wicked deed is done, it shows that the heart requires cleansing, because sin is there.

Now, we read in the Bible, too, that "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." And it was because God saw how sinful our hearts were that He sent His Son to shed His blood. And I wish you all to know that by coming to Him you will be cleansed from sin. Only, God does not require to take us to pieces, as the watchmaker did with the watch. He sends His Spirit, so that we are renewed in the inner man. He puts new thoughts, new feelings, new hopes, in us, and thus makes us clean every whit.

After Robert had seen his watch go wrong, and when his papa had told him what was the matter with it, and where to take it to get it put right, if he had still carried it in his pocket, and not troubled to take it to the watchmaker, we would have thought him foolish. We would have said to him, if we had known him, "What's the use of carrying a watch that won't go, that doesn't keep right time?"

So may we not say to all boys and girls, "What's the use of having a heart that is not right with God, and that is not keeping in the way of His commandments?" And here, I think, you will admit that Robert teaches us a lesson. For instead of not caring to go to the watchmaker, he went off at once, and had his watch cleaned and put in order. So, children, let my last word to you at this time be, Go at once to God when you feel you have done wrong or are doing wrong. Tell your wants to Him, Do not hide your faults, but ask that He may give you a clean heart and renew within you a right spirit.

"I KNEW, BUT DID NOT TELL."

AS the ice was just beginning to melt, there were a few bad-looking cracks across the pond above the mill-wheel. Willie heard that some of the boys were going to slide there. He knew the danger, for the master had explained it to him that very day. He felt that he ought to tell them; but it was a long way, and he wanted to have a game, and so did not. He did not get much enjoyment from his game all that evening.

That night the sad news was heard that one of the boys had been drowned. What a burst of pain and fear struck Willie when he heard it! It was the very boy that his mother had often, in times of trips and games, put under Willie's care!

That is one story; here is another.

A great nation has been given over into the care of Great Britain. The Christians here know that India is on the dangerous ice of idolatry. They believe that thousands are perishing; yet, as a Christian nation, we have never been properly in earnest in telling

India what we believe. There are millions who have never had a kind, earnest, pains-taking message.

Have we, amidst our pleasant lives, no sense of *guilt* about India?

FOUND OUT.

ON the top of a hill was an orchard, and in one of the trees was a boy stealing apples; another boy was at the bottom of the tree, to see that nobody found them out. Nobody was near that they could see, but that did not prove that no one saw them; for, seven miles off, Professor Mitchell, the astronomer, was examining the setting sun with his telescope, and the hill happened to come within its range; the actions of the boys, the very tell-tale look on their faces, attracted his notice. He found them out. There was no escaping the great eye of his telescope looking full upon them. They little thought of such a thing. But there was another eye upon them, a greater and a sharper eye, and it followed them. It was God's eye, and His eye is on us. It sees in the night. It sees out of doors, it sees indoors. It sees our actions, it sees our hearts. It sees us, too, by name. Professor Mitchell did not know the boys. God knows everyone.

THE SNOW-PRAYER.

A LITTLE girl went out to play one day in the fresh new snow, and when she came in she said:

"Mamma, I couldn't help praying when I was out at play."

"What did you pray, my dear?"

"I prayed the snow-prayer, mamma, that I learned once in Sabbath school; 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'"

What a beautiful prayer! And here is a promise to go with it, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow." And what can wash them white? The Bible answers, "They have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

VIRTUE is the safest helmet—the most secure defence.

"If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink: for thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee."—*Prov. xxv. 21, 22.*

A LITTLE boy came home one day from church, from which his parents had been detained, and asked his father if he had ever read the twenty-first chapter of Revelation. "O, yes; often," said his father. "But did you ever read it aloud to us here at home?" "I think so." "Well, father, I don't think I ever heard it. The minister read it to-day, and it was just as if he had taken a pencil and paper and pictured it right out before us." So much is there in good reading, I have often wondered how Jesus read the old prophets, the day He went into the meeting and took up the Scriptures and read them before the congregation. The eyes of every one were fastened upon Him, and all "wondered at the gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth."