

Our Young Folks.

BIRDIE'S BEDTIME STORY.

"A story! Goody! goody! I will soon be in bed," said Birdie Brown as her mother promised to tell her a story. So the mother began:

"There was a king who had a little daughter whom he loved very much. He wanted to make her a beautiful and wise princess; so he sent her to a country where she was to pass through many schools and learn lessons that would fit her for her father's home. This kind father did not send his little daughter alone. He gave her ten servants to wait upon and care for her.

"Two of these servants were to show her all the beautiful and useful things that she would meet with in her absence, and when she got home-sick they were to bid her look up and tell it all to father, and he would hear and comfort her. Two more were to help the little girl to hear sweet music and sounds that would give her joy and pleasure, and voices that would tell her about what she saw and bid her always remember her father's love. Two more carried her wherever she went; and poor indeed she would have been without these little servants. Another told her all that she wanted to say to those around her, and sang hymns of praise to her father, the king. Two more helped her to do everything that would give happiness to herself and others about her; but the last servant was only seen by her father and herself. When this did his bidding, then all the other servants were faithful and true, and the little girl was beautiful and happy. This last servant always told its little mistress to love her father dearly and not want to guide the other servants to do what would displease him. Sometimes the princess would say to herself, 'Father is not here, and I will do what I please;' then, in spite of this servant's pleading, she bade him guide the others into forbidden paths, and thus brought upon herself trouble and pain.

"You see that even a little princess, with ten servants to wait upon her, may at times do naughty things.

"At last the loving father gave a command to each of his daughter's servants calling them by name as he spoke. The names and commands were these:

"Little Eyes, look up to God;
Little Ears, hear His word;
Little Feet, walk His ways;
Little Mouth, sing His praise;
Little Hands, do His will;
Little Heart, love Him still."

"When the little princess heard these commands, she made them into one great message for herself; and when she was tempted to bid her servants do wrong she would say, 'No, no, I will not, for they are

"Two little eyes to look to God,
Two little ears to hear His word;
Two little feet to walk His ways;
One little mouth to sing His praise;
Two little hands to do His will;
And one little heart to love Him still."

Then the whole soul would be filled with love to her kind Father, and all wicked thoughts would fly away."

"Oh, mamma, I understand your story. I am the little princess, and God is my heavenly Father. He has given me the ten little servants to help me do His will. Mamma, I think my little heart does 'love Him still.' Isn't it delightful that I am a little princess?"

"Yes, darling. Now shut your eyes and go to sleep, for the King likes His little princess to be up in time in the morning."

"Good-night, mamma. I guess I will not grumble any more about servants when I have ten of my own. We are going to be little workers tomorrow for the King."

A QUARREL.

There's a knowing little proverb
From the sunny land of Spain,
But in northland as in southland
Is its meaning clear and plain,
Lock it up within your heart,
Neither lose nor lend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel,
One can always end it.

Try it well in every way,
Still you'll find it true,
In a fight without a foe
Pny, what could you do?
If the wrath is yours alone,
Soon you will expend it.
Two it takes to make a quarrel,
One can always end it.

Let's suppose that both are wroth,
And the strife begun,
If one voice shall cry for peace,
Soon it will be done.
If but one shall span the breach,
He will quickly mend it.
Two it takes to make a quarrel,
One can always end it.

THOSE THREE CENTS.

We want to tell you a story we heard the other day. It is true from beginning to end. A clergyman told it, and told it about himself.

He said that when he was a little fellow he was playing one winter day with some of his boy friends, when three cents, belonging to one of them, suddenly disappeared in the snow. Try as they would they could not find them, and the boys finally gave up the search, much to the disappointment of the one who owned them. "The next day," said the clergyman, who was telling us the story, "I chanced to be going by the spot, when suddenly I spied the three coins we had been looking for. The snow which had covered them the day before had melted, and there they lay in full view. I seized them, and put them in my pocket. I thought of the candy I could buy with them; and when conscience would not keep still, but insisted on telling me what it thought of me, and above all, what God thought of me, I just told it to be quiet, and tried to satisfy it by saying that Charlie R— had given up thinking about his three cents by this time, and that the one who found them had the right to them.

"Well, to make my long story short, I spent the money, ate my candy, and thought that was the end of the whole matter. But I was never more mistaken. Years passed on. I grew from a boy into a man, but every now and then those three cents would come into my mind. I couldn't get rid of them. They would come. However, in spite of them, I had all along a strong desire to be a good boy, and to grow up to be a good man—a Christian man. This desire grew stronger and stronger, for God never left me, and so I gave myself to Him, and finally, when I grew up, became a clergyman. Now perhaps you may think my trouble was over. But no, every now and then, 'those three cents' would come into my mind as before. Especially when I would try to get nearer to God, there were 'those three cents' right in the way.

"At last I saw, what God had all along been trying to make me see, that I must tell Charlie R— that I had taken them! To be sure, he was a man by this time, and so was I, but no matter, God told me, as plain as I am telling you now, that till I had done this, He could not bless me. So, then and there, I sat down and wrote to him, inclosing in my note twenty-five cents—the three cents with interest. Since then I have had peace, and God has blessed me."

Boys and girls, a very little may come between

you and God. What are your "three cents?" God will show you if He has not already. Don't ever let any sin, however small, come between you and Him. Confess it right away, and He will make you clean. You should try so to live that you may be always sure of the smile of Jesus. Then you will be happy, and then you can be blest.

A PROTECTING PROVIDENCE.

It will not be difficult to mention cases in which eminent individuals have been preserved from danger and death by the manifest hand of Providence.

John Knox, the Scotch Reformer, had many enemies, who sought to compass his destruction. He was in the habit of sitting in a particular chair in his own house, with his back to the window. One evening, however, when assembling his family, he would neither occupy his accustomed seat, nor allow anybody else to do so. That very evening a bullet was sent through the window with a design to kill him. It grazed the chair which he usually occupied, and made a hole in the candlestick.

It is related of Augustine that he was going on one occasion to preach at a distant town, and took a guide to direct him on the way. By some means the guide mistook his way, and got into a by-path. It was afterwards discovered that a party of miscreants had designed to waylay and murder him, and that his life was saved through the guide's mistake.

Charles of Bala was once saved from death by what some would call a foolish mistake. On one of his journeys to Liverpool his saddle-bag was put into the wrong boat. He had taken his seat when he discovered it, and had to change at the last minute. At first he was vexed and disappointed, but he afterwards learned that the boat in which he intended to go was lost, and all its passengers drowned.

Howard, the philanthropist, was once preserved from death by what some would call mere chance, but which was no other than a special Providence. He always set a high value on Sabbath privileges, and was exact and careful in his attendance on the means of grace. That he might neither increase the labour of his servants, nor prevent their attendance on public worship, he was accustomed to walk to the chapel at Bedford, where he attended. One day a man whom he had reprobated of his idle and dissolute habits resolved to waylay and murder him. That morning, however, for some reason or other, he resolved to go on horseback, and by a different road. Thus his valuable life was preserved.

The Rev. John Newton was in the habit of regarding the hand of God in everything, however trivial it might appear to others. "The way of man is not in himself," he would say. "I do not know what belongs to a single step. When I go to St. Mary Woolnoth, it seems the same whether I go down Lothbury, or go through the Old Jewry; but the going through one street and not another may produce an effect of lasting consequence. A man cut down my hammock in sport, but had he cut it down half an hour later I had not been here, as the exchange of the crew was then making. A man made a smoke on the sea-shore at the time a ship was passing, which was thereby brought to, and afterwards brought me to England."

The world's threatenings should drive us to God's promises.

We must always speak of the things of God reverently and seriously, and as becomes the oracles of God.

The integrity of the upright shall guide them; but the perverseness of transgressors shall destroy them.