

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

BE IN TIME.

Be on time for every call,
If you can, be first of all—
Be in time.
If your teachers only and
You are never once behind,
But are like the dial, true,
They will always trust in you—
Be in time.

Never linger ere you start;
Set out with a willing heart—
Be in time.
In the morning up and on,
First to work, and soonest done—
This is how the goal's attained,
This is how the prize is gained—
Be in time.

Those who aim at something great
Never yet were found too late—
Be in time.
Life with all is but a school;
We must work by plan and rule,
With some noble end in view,
Ever steady, earnest, true—
Be in time.

Listen then to wisdom's call;
Knowledge now is free to all—
Be in time.
Youth must daily toil and strive;
Treasure for the future hive;
For the work they have to do;
Keep this motto still in view—
Be in time.

GRANDMA SUNBEAM.

CAN you guess why they call her Grandma Sunbeam? I will tell you. Though eighty years of age, she is always cheerful to both old and young.

See her as she comes back from her morning walk. The very kittens follow her. Harry, who is sitting on an old tub before the woodshed door, cries out, "I'm glad you've come back, grandma; I've been waiting to hear a story."

"What, little man!" cries grandma; "do you want a story so early in the day? Well, I will tell you a story that I read in the newspaper last week. In one of the Western States there is a lake, and near the lake lives a little girl named Edith. She has a little boat and she has two tame pickerel, which she keeps in a tank and feeds."

"How tame are they?" asks Harry.

"They are so tame that they will let Edith harness them to her boat. Then she will get in and take the reins, and they will swim with her all around the pond."

"Is not that what they call a fish story, Grandma?"

"I read it in print," said she. "I have known fish to get so tame as to let a little girl take them out of the water."

"But did you ever see a little girl harness a pickerel?"

"In all my life, Harry, I never saw such a sight."

"Oh, Grandma Sunbeam," said Harry, "you must not believe all that you read in the newspapers."

A CHILD'S FAITH.

AN intelligent and sparkling-eyed boy of ten summers sat upon the steps of his father's dwelling, deeply absorbed with a highly embellished and pernicious book, calculated to poison and deprave the mind. His father, approaching, discovered at a glance the character of the book. "What have you there, George?"

The little fellow, looking up with a confused air, as though his young mind had already been tainted with tales of romance and fiction, promptly gave the name of the work.

His father gently remonstrated, pointing out the danger of reading such books; and having some confidence in the effects of early culture upon the mind of his child, left him with the book closed by his side.

In a few moments the father discovered a light in an adjoining room and on inquiring the cause was informed that it was George burning the pernicious book.

"My son, what have you done?"

"Burned that book, papa."

"How came you to do that, George?"

"Because I believed you knew better than I what was for my good."

Here was a three-fold act of faith—a trust in his father's word, evincing love and obedience, and a care for the good of others. If this child exercised such faith in his earthly parents, how much more should we, like little children, have true-hearted, implicit faith in our heavenly Father, who has said, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."—*Little Christian.*

IN THE DARK.

BABY JENNIE had been away from home a long time—a week is a long time to a baby; she was very good and very happy while visiting with her mamma, but she missed the dear home faces, no doubt.

When she and her mamma reached the depot, on their return home, Baby's grandpa was there to meet them.

The platform was quite dark to little Jennie, as she was lifted down from the car; but when her grandpa spoke to her, although she could not see him, she sprang into his arms at the sound of his voice.

In the dark, the little one knew and trusted the loving call of her guardian: is not this a sweet lesson of faith for us, dear children?

You do not know yet how often, as you go on in life, you will hear our Father's voice calling you *in the dark*.

I mean, you will be called to take some step onward—called to some act of duty and obedience—when you cannot see or know the reasons, when all seems dark and strange.

Then you will need Baby Jennie's faith. If you are sure it is your Heavenly Father's voice that bids you go forward; He will not suffer you to fall.

"When we cannot see the way,
Let us trust, and still obey."

You will surely know His voice in the dark, if now in your young, bright, happy hours you always listen to it gladly and dutifully.

Listen when he speaks to you through your conscience, by His ministers, or in His holy Word.

Listen always, as little Samuel did, saying: "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

Then when the dark days come, as the Bible says: "Thine ears shall hear a voice saying unto thee: 'This is the way.'" And you will be comforted, for you will know that voice.

And when you come to the dark "valley the shadow of death, oh, how gladly will you hear that Father's voice! How joyfully will you trust yourself in His arms, to be borne through the darkness into everlasting light!

"JESUS WOULDN'T DO IT."

IT was Sabbath morning, and as was our custom, the missionary box was placed upon the breakfast table, for servants and children to give in their weekly offerings.

My little Blanch had tripped away to her nursery to fetch nurse's forgotten penny, and she lingered on the way down again.

I was wondering a little what could have delayed her, when a flushed little face appeared in the doorway, and two tear-filled eyes looked imploringly into my face.

"Come here, Blanch," I said. "Where have you been? What has made you so long?"

"Oh, mamma," said the little penitent, coming and standing before me in an attitude of deepest humility—"oh, mamma, I went into your room to steal some pennies from your table to put into the missionary box, and—and—then I thought Jesus wouldn't do it, so I came running away, and I am so 'shamed to think I thought of it!"

Dear little woman! Her chest was heaving, and the tears rained down her cheeks now as she buried her head on my shoulder, and I answered soothingly:

"I am so glad you thought of Jesus, darling. If you never do anything you do not think Jesus would do, you will be such a happy little girl. It was the Holy Spirit who made you think of Jesus."

Jesus wouldn't do it. What a lesson for all who love the Lord Jesus Christ! If Christian lives were regulated by this principle, how many things would be left undone that are now done; how clear and definite would be the life-utterances of believers!

Reader, pause, and put a question in place of a statement—not "Jesus wouldn't do it," but, "What would Jesus do?" Are there not many times in this day when, thus bringing your deeds to the light that they may be made manifest that they are wrought in God, you would feel obliged to exclaim with my little daughter, "I'm so 'shamed to think I thought of it!"

"Good prayers," says Leighton, "never come weeping home. I am sure I shall receive what I ask or what I should ask."

A LITTLE boy, for a trick, pointed with his finger to the wrong road when a man asked him which way the doctor went. As a result, the man missed the doctor and his little boy died, because the doctor came too late to take a fishbone from his throat. At the funeral, the minister said that "the boy was killed by a lie, which another boy told with his finger." I suppose that the boy did not know the mischief he did. Of course nobody thinks he meant to kill a little boy when he pointed the wrong way. He only wanted to have a little fun, but it was fun that cost somebody a great deal; and if he ever heard of the results of it, he must have felt guilty of doing a mean and wicked thing. We ought never to trifle with the truth.