

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

LITTLE.

Hast thou little? Be content;
It is more than many have;
Joy in little makes it much,
And will help thy soul to save.

Canst do little? It's enough;
Do it well and let it be,
It will count as much as more,
When thy Judge requires it thee.

Little talent well improved,
Little service rightly done—
Be it all thy Master asks,
Things the victor's palm and crown.

Hopeful, gladsome, humble, too,
In thy toiling find thy rest,
And the little toils of time
Shall forever make thee blest.

OUR LIFE STORIES.

"We spend our years as a tale that is told."

I WONDER what kind of a story my little readers will make of their lives! I have a good idea of the way in which each may make it a good story. Suppose my reader is a boy. I would have him, when but a child, pray by himself as well as at his mother's knee, saying, like the child Samuel in the tabernacle, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." I would have him, like Timothy, fond of the Bible; knowing "from a child" the Holy Scriptures, "which are able to make" us "wise unto salvation." I would have him, indoors and out, obedient to his parents, like Jesus, who went down with his parents to the carpenter's home in Nazareth, and was "subject unto them." I would have him learn his lessons with diligence, remembering that—for the soul to be without knowledge is not good. When he is in the Sabbath School, I would have him, like Jesus in the temple, listening earnestly to his teacher and courteously asking questions. When he is a youth I would have him brave, like David, against all wrong and all wrong-doers. I would set him about God's work, for I would have him God's child by faith in Christ Jesus, that his life may be an echo of the words of his Elder Brother, "I must be about my Father's business." When he goes to business, I would have him faithful in all things, like Joseph in the house of Potiphar: "for the Lord was with him," and "the Lord made all that he did prosper in his hand." (Gen. xxxix. 3.) And then when he grows up to be a man, wherever he goes and whatever he does, he will still be like Jesus, doing good as he goes about. Then when grey hairs come, my boy would wind his story to its *finis* by the words of Paul the aged: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge shall give me."

I have supposed my boy-reader to make a long story of his life; as long as Moses, the man of God, thought at all likely: "The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away." But we never know at what point the story of our life will stop. God decides that. There are many lives that are like very short tales;

for there are many little graves in every cemetery, and little coffins in many graves. However short the tale may be, if the first paragraphs contain the right kind of facts, we may hope it will finish well.

A little boy was dying in the hospital, when he was visited by a kind lady on a Sabbath morn. "I've been thinking," said the little sufferer, "I began this Sunday a poor, sick boy in the hospital, surrounded by wicked men and sinful talk; and I think I shall be at home before night. I think I've begun a Sabbath that will never end." He died before night-fall, and his little story finished well.

A little traveller am I
Upon a road that looks
As pleasant as the flowery paths
Beside the summer brooks.

I may have very far to go,
No one can tell, they say:
For some the way is very long,
For some ends in a day.

I've gone a very little way,
And yet I can't go back
To pick up anything I lost
Or wasted on the track.

And if I careless pass each stone,
I mayn't my steps retrace,
And so I need a Friend all through
To keep me by His grace.

For there are snares I do not see,
I am a foolish child;
Then, Jesus, I will ask thee now
To keep me undefiled.

My feet from falling keep, O Lord!
My heart from wandering wide;
Until, the last stone passed, I dwell
Forever at thy side.

THE LITTLE ROCKING CHAIR.

IT was a beautiful home, one whose memory would warm and brighten the coming years, let their experiences be what they may.

It was a Christian home, where a father's voice hallowed by prayer the morning hour, and made the evening hour sacred also in its ascription of praise to the Giver of so many mercies.

And yet in that pleasant home were vacant places, and the echo of small feet in the distance, treading with thousands of little ones the shining streets of the New Jerusalem, a precious reminder of the house not made with hands which resounds continually with sweet young voices whose cadence will never know a tone of sadness.

And there it stood in the sun-filled room, the tiny rocking-chair, waiting for its wee owner. How suggestive it was of cherished little ones who, rejoicing in a like possession, rock away the untrammelled years with the fresh morning dew of youth glistening undimmed upon their heads.

The dear little feet must go out from Christian homes, away from their precious associations, and the little rocking-chair will no longer retain the happy forms which took such abiding comfort in their embrace. The oft-returning tears of childhood have been chased away by its soothing power, while to its motion glad time has been kept by sweet young voices.

How many, the broad world over, have, in memoriam, homes hallowed by a mother's prayers and unselfish love; and how vividly tender memory rises in the contemplation of these little chairs. Peace be to such homes,

and the Good Shepherd guide the little feet, as they go out from their sheltering care, unto himself!

Hearts must grow weary and hands tired, but when the flickering shadows of life's closing day can outline the tiny rockers, and the sweet home influence bridge the past and present, the aged pilgrim almost within the golden gates of heaven will echo with those who have not yet reached the meridian of life, God bless the wee occupants of the little rocking-chair.

TWELVE GOLDEN RULES FOR CHRISTIAN FAMILIES.

FROM THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

BE not conformed to this world—Rom. xii. 2.

Be ye followers of God, as dear children—Eph. v. 1.

Be ye sober, and watch unto prayer—1 Peter iv. 7.

Be ye kindly, affectioned one to another—Rom. xii. 10.

Be content with such things as ye have—Heb. xiii. 5.

Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only—James i. 22.

Be of one mind, live in peace—2: Cor. xiii. 11.

Be patient toward all men—1 Thes. v. 14.

Be clothed with humility—1 Peter v. 5.

Be pitiful, be courteous—1 Peter iii. 3.

Be glad in the Lord and rejoice—Psalm xxxii. 11.

Be ye ready, for the Son of Man cometh—Luke xii. 30.—*Word and Work.*

HELP YOUR TEACHER.

IF the teacher can do the scholar much good, it is equally true that the scholar can do much good to the teacher. Many a teacher would be utterly discouraged but for his one promising pupil. The attention and interest manifested by that one member of his class strengthen him more than he knows to labour for the others who are more refractory. The fact that there is one whose eye speaks a cordial welcome, whose voice is ready intelligently to answer, and whose whole deportment shows a warm appreciation of the pains that the teacher is taking, is so sweet a reward as to make him redouble his exertions to win from the others also a like grateful recognition. Every teacher has something to be grateful for who has one such pupil in his class.

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 guilty of doing a mean and wicked thing. We ought never to trifle with the truth.