

Our Young Folks.

THE LORD WILL TAKE ME UP.

The winds of autumn howled drearily through the trees. One leaf after another came floating down, until the ground was covered with them and the leafless branches stood gaunt and bare. Little Maggie Gray pulled her warm shawl closely together, and tried to keep her bare feet warm by jumping about. She had been sent out to play by the woman with whom she lived, "because there were so many children under foot there was no doing anything."

The rich Mrs. Vernon came walking slowly along the road. She was dressed in the deepest mourning; her face was very sorrowful, and she was obliged to continually wipe away the tears which filled her eyes and overran her cheeks. She was returning from the cemetery, whither she had been to sit beside the grave of her little Ellie, who had been but a short time an angel. The mother's heart seemed to be buried in that little grave, and she refused to be comforted. She also cherished hard and bitter thoughts against God, who had taken away her treasure.

As she walked sadly along, she observed little Maggie. "Just the age of my little Ellie," she said to herself; "but one is cold and dead who had a home and plenty, while this poor child could have been better spared. God is very cruel." But, being very kind-hearted, she spoke to Maggie, saying, "Come here, my child. Why are you out with no shoes on this cold day?"

"I haven't any, ma'am," replied Maggie, lifting her blue eyes to the questioner's face.

"No shoes? Where are your parents?" questioned Mrs. Vernon.

"They are dead," answered the child, sorrowfully.

"Whom do you live with?"

"I live with Mrs. Merrill, but she is poor and can't buy shoes for her own children."

"What are you going to do, poor child!" continued Mrs. Vernon.

"The Lord will take me up," was the little one's answer.

"What do you mean?" asked the lady, astonished at such a reply.

"My mother said when she died that I must not be afraid, for the Lord would take me up; and He will, ma'am," the child continued, trustingly. "I don't know how, but He will, for mother was always right."

Mrs. Vernon was struck by the faith of the little barefooted orphan, and her conscience smote her as she thought of her own rebellion against God's chastisements. When Ellie died, her clothes and playthings had been "put away for ever"; but now Mrs. Vernon could not but think of the good they would do little Maggie; and, with the exception of the last she had worn and some articles for which she had had an especial fancy, the lady determined to bestow them upon the destitute girl. So she said to her, "If you will come to my house, I will give you some shoes."

Maggie's eyes shone with delight as she followed her kind benefactress. On arriving at the house, Mrs. Vernon gave the little girl into the hands of a servant, with instructions to bathe and dress her. When Maggie reappeared, clad in pretty, warm clothes, her hair brushed and feet neatly dressed, she was so changed that Mrs. Vernon was charmed. The child had evidently been well taught. She went to the lady and said very prettily, "I thank you very much for these nice clothes."

"She's a nice little thing," whispered kind Ann, the servant. "It's a pity to send her out again."

Mrs. Vernon asked Maggie how she would like to stay with her for a few days.

"O! so much," answered the child, clasping her hands. "I will be so good!"

At the end of the week, during which she had watched her closely, Mrs. Vernon told her that she might stay with her always and be her little girl. Maggie's delight and gratitude knew no bounds, and that night, as her kind friend bent over her little white bed to kiss her ere she slept, the child said, "Mother was right. The Lord has taken me up, for He put the thought into your heart to care for me, a poor little orphan."

THE NAME UPON THE WINDOW PANE.

In the old Scottish inn we met,
A motley group from every land,
Scholar and artist, peer and priest,
And many a traveller, browned and tanned:
All pilgrims, waiting for an hour,
Chatting in idle courtesy,
And yet, amid the drifting talk,
A little message came to me.

It happened thus: A restless boy
Unto the dripping window went,
Whose glass, scarred with a thousand names,
His mind to the same fancy bent.
He sought and found a vacant spot,
And took the diamond from his hand;
But ere a letter had been formed
A voice, accustomed to command,

Cried, "Philip, stop; before you write,
Consider well what you're about."
'Father, why should I hesitate?'
"Because you cannot rub it out!"
These words fell on my idle ear;
I said them o'er and o'er again,
And asked myself, O who would choose
All they have written to remain?

Unto a loving mother oft
We all have sent, without a doubt,
Full many a hard and careless word,
That now we never can rub out.
For cruel words cut deeper far
Than diamond on the window pane;
And, oft recalled in after years,
They wound her o'er and o'er again.

So, in our daily walk and life,
We write and do and say the thing
We never can undo nor stay
With any future sorrowing.
We carve ourselves on beating hearts!
Ah! then, how wise to pause and doubt,
To blend with love and thought our words,
Because we cannot rub them out!

BOYS AND MEN.

You are boys now, but you soon will be men. Then you will have your own way to make in the world. Do you mean to be idle and fretful, and deceive people, and give them a bad opinion of you? Or do you intend to go to work, and act bravely and nobly, and do your duty, and leave a name behind you when you die which the world will love and respect? Take care, now is the time! Did you ever notice a large tree that grew crooked, and was an ugly eyesore on that account? Perhaps it stood on the lawn, right in front of the porch, and your father would have liked very much to straighten it. It was impossible to do so. A hundred horses could not have dragged it erect. And yet think of the time when the large tree was a small sappling; a child might have straightened it then, and it would have grown properly, and every one would have admired it. By this I mean that boys ought to grow straight, not crooked. You are young now, as the tree was once; begin in time, and you will be as straight as an arrow when you are a man. If you wait, it will be too late. The way to make men erect and noble is to take them when they are boys and show them that there is nothing in this world so noble as doing their duty. Once more I say, remember that though you are boys now, you will be men soon.

You may do good or evil. If you are false and worthless, you and everybody else will have a hard time of it. You may be soldiers, judges, statesmen and presidents. What you say or do may decide the fate of millions of other people. These will look to you; and more than all, God will

watch you, and hold you to a strict account. If you are brave and true and unselfish, heaven will bless you, and every one who knows you will love and respect you. If you are mean and cowardly, and think of nothing but your own pleasure, God and man will be displeased with you. Which will you be? The best of all things is to be pure and do your duty.

A GOOD MAN'S TENDERNESS.

Boys are sometimes tempted to think that to be tender hearted is to be weak and unmanly. Yet the tenderest heart may be associated with the strongest and most forcible mind and will. Take, for example, the story told of him to whom we owe our wonderful railway system.

George Stephenson went one day into an upper room of his house and closed the window. It had been open a long time because of the great heat, but now the weather was becoming cooler, and so Mr. Stephenson thought it would be well to shut it. He little knew at the time what he was doing. Two or three days afterward, however, he chanced to observe a bird flying against that same window, and seating against it with all its might again and again, as if trying to break it. His sympathy and curiosity were aroused. What could the little thing want? He went at once to the room and opened the window to see. The window opened, the bird flew to one particular spot in the room, where Stephenson saw a nest—that little bird's nest. The poor bird looked at it, took the sad story at a glance, and fluttered down to the floor, broken-hearted, almost dead.

Stephenson, drawing near to look, was filled with unspeakable sorrow. There sat the mother bird, and under it four tiny little ones—mother and young—all apparently dead. Stephenson cried aloud. He tenderly lifted the exhausted bird from the floor, the worm it had so long and so bravely struggled to bring to its home and young still in its beak, and carefully tried to revive it, but all efforts proved in vain. It speedily died, and the great man mourned for many a day. At that time the force of George Stephenson's mind was changing the face of the earth, yet he wept at the sight of this dead family, and was deeply grieved, because he himself had unconsciously been the cause of death.

A WORD TO YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

1. Never neglect daily private prayer; and when you pray, remember that God is present, and He hears your prayer. Heb. xi. 6.

2. Never neglect daily private Bible reading; and when you read, remember that God is speaking to you, and that you are to believe and act upon what He says. I believe all backsliding begins with the neglect of these two rules. Job iv. 39.

3. Never profess to ask God for anything you do not want. Tell Him the truth about yourself, however bad it makes you; and then ask Him for Christ's sake to forgive you what you are and make you what you ought to be. John iv. 24.

4. Never let a day pass without trying to do something. Every night reflect on what Jesus has done for you, and then ask yourself, "What have I done to-day for Him?" Matt. v. 13-16.

5. If ever you are in doubt as to a thing being right or wrong, go to your room and ask God's blessing upon it. Col. iii. 17. If you cannot do this it is wrong. Rom. xiv. 23.

6. Never take your Christianity from Christians, or argue that, because such and such people do so and so, therefore you may. 2 Cor. x. 12. You are to ask yourself, How would Christ act in my place? and strive to follow Him. John x. 27.

7. Never believe what you feel, if it contradicts God's word. Ask yourself, Can what I feel be true, if God's word is true? and if both cannot be true, believe God, and make your own heart the liar. Rom. iii. 4; 1 John v. 10, 11.