

Our Young Folk.

Lullabies From all Lands.

DANISH.

SLEEP, sleep, little mouse!
The field your father ploughs;
Your mother feeds the pigs in the sty,
She'll come and slap you when you cry.

CHINESE.

Snail, snail, come out and be fed!
Put out your horns and then your head,
And thy mammy will give the mutton,
For thou art doubly dear to me.

SPANISH.

The moon shines bright,
And the snake darts swift and light;
I see five baby bullocks
And a calf young and white.

ARABIC.

Sleep, my baby, sleep!
Sleep a slumber hale,
Sweetly rest till morning light,
My little farmer boy, so bright.

ZULU.

Hush thee, my baby!
Thy mother's over the mountain gone;
There she will dig the little garden patch,
And water she'll fetch from the river.

NORWEGIAN.

Row, row, to Baltzarock,
How many fish are caught in the net?
One for father, and one for mother,
One for sister, and one for brother.

SWEDISH.

Hush, hush, baby mine!
Pussy climbs the big green pine;
Mother turns the millstone,
Father to kill the pigs has gone.

GERMAN.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father guards the sheep,
Thy mother shakes the dreamland tree,
And from it fall sweet dreams for thee;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Mending His Nets.

MANY centuries ago an old man and his sons sat mending their fishing-nets in a boat upon a little inland sea in Asia. Their boat was anchored near the shore; other boats were near them, their crews hauling in fish. The old man, it is likely, was in haste to mend his nets, and go on with the day's work.

A man came down the beach. He called to them, and bade them lay down their nets, give up their fishing, and follow him. When they heard him, something told them in their hearts that this call meant that they should forsake the life to which they had always been used—fishing, eating, sleeping, surrounded by neighbors and friends—and that they should begin a different work for the people who were strangers to them.

Here were their nets, their own boats, and the blue waters filled with fish, the peaceful hills along the coast, the calm little valleys between; here were home and comfort and security.

Yonder was the man on the shore, calling to them to follow him—it might be to hunger, to pain, possibly to death.

But each man heard God speaking to his soul in that voice.

The fisherman's sons arose and followed him who had called. But their father sat still and mended his nets.

These two young men during the rest of their lives, wandered homeless, they suffered persecution, privation and pain, and one at least perished as a martyr to his faith. But they helped to bring truth into the world; they have lifted millions of souls out of barbarism up to light and freedom and love.

Of their father, we do not even know that he mended his fishing-nets securely.

Possibly to the reader of this article has come, or some day will come, the same voice, saying, "Follow me."

You will know that it means, do not any longer give up your life to the work of fishing or trading or earning money in any way merely to buy necessities and luxuries. Follow me. Help your fellowmen to come nearer to God. Do it in your business, in your daily life. Bring truth and order and love into the world. Be ready to sacrifice yourself. It may cost you comfort, it may cost you friends, possibly life itself. Do it.

Have you heard the voice?—*Youth's Companion*.

The Boy Preacher.

CHARLES H. SPURGEON began his preaching very early in life. When a child six years old, at his grandfather's at the old parsonage at Stambourne, he heard his grandfather lamenting the evil habits of one of his flock who used to frequent the public house to enjoy a mug of beer and a pipe.

"I will kill him," said the embryo preacher; and he shortly afterward told his grandfather, "I've killed old Rhodes. He will never grieve my poor grandfather any more."

"What do you mean, child?" said the minister.

"I have not been doing any harm, grandfather," said the boy; "I have been about the Lord's work, that is all."

Not long after, "Old Rhodes" explained the situation. He was in the public house when little Charley walked in and said to him, "What doest thou here, Elijah, sitting with the ungodly—you, a member of the church, and break your pastor's heart? I am ashamed of you! I would not break my pastor's heart, I am sure."

"Old Rhodes" evidently thought this was pretty plain talk for a six-year-old boy; but his momentary anger yielded to honest conviction. He knew the child was in the right, and he asked forgiveness for his fault. At the age of sixteen Charles became deeply convinced of sin, and earnestly sought for peace and salvation. He was converted while listening to the Gospel in a Primitive Methodist chapel in Colchester. Soon after his conversion he began to speak in meetings, out doors and in; but he was first led to preach by some kindly strategy of some Christian fellow-worker. In 1873, in the introduction to a sermon from the text, "Unto you, therefore, which believe he is precious," he told the story of his first sermon, as follows: "I remember well that more than twenty-two years ago the first attempted sermon that I ever made was from this text. I had been asked to walk out to the village of Taversham, about four miles from Cambridge, where I then lived, to accompany a young man whom I supposed to be the preacher for the evening. On the way I said to him that I trusted God would bless him in his labors. 'Oh, dear,' said he, 'I never preached in my life. I never thought of doing such a thing. I was asked to walk with you; and I sincerely hope God will bless you in your preaching.' 'Nay,' said I; 'but I never preached, and I don't know that I could do anything of the sort.' We walked together till we came to the place, my inmost soul being all in a trouble as to what would happen. When we found the congregation assembled, and no one else to speak of Jesus, though I was only sixteen years of age, as I found I was expected to preach I did preach; and the text was that just given."

The cottagers listened with delight and wonder to the boy in his short coat and his "turn-down collar."

After his sermon was concluded, and he took up the hymn-book, the question was asked, "How old are you?" He replied that that was not a proper question during service. At the conclusion of the exercises the question was repeated, "How old are you?" "I am under sixty," said