

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HEAR US, HOLY JESUS.

Jesus, from Thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye.

Hear us, holy Jesus.

Little children need not fear,
When they know that Thou art near,
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear.

Hear us, holy Jesus.

Little lambs may come to Thee;
Thou wilt fold us tenderly,
And our careful Shepherd be.

Hear us, holy Jesus.

Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell,
Little hymns Thy praises swell.

Hear us, holy Jesus.

Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray.

Hear us, holy Jesus.

Make us brave without a fear,
Make us happy, full of cheer,
Sure that Thou art always near.

Hear us, holy Jesus.

May we grow from day to day,
Glad to learn each holy way,
Ever ready to obey.

Hear us, holy Jesus.

Jesus, from Thy heavenly throne,
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done.

Hear us, holy Jesus.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

WILLIE was guiding his little bright-coloured engine around the table. This was his favourite amusement, for he considered "Mars" quite complete, with its brass-banded boiler, and great silver-looking wheels, which could almost hum with speed, while Willie supplied what only was lacking—the "car noise," which is not hard for boys to do—when he stopped suddenly and said:

"It seems so strange that aunty is dead. I can hardly believe it," he continued as he seated himself near his mamma, as if to have a talk.

"Yes, dear, it does seem strange, and we cannot see why it is so. God's will often seems very contrary to our own, but as He is wiser than we, it is right," said mamma.

"But," continued Willie, "aunty was always so kind, and I loved her so much; and what will we do when Christmas comes?" and Willie's eyes filled with tears, and his voice trembled.

"We can always think of her, and her goodness," said mamma continuing her work.

After a pause of some minutes Willie continued: "Once, when I was there, I wanted to go calling with grandma, and I cried a little," here Willie smiled as he looked mamma full in the face, for he was conscious of his failing, and continued, "and aunty just said, 'Stay with me, Willie, and I will find something nice for you; we will have a nice time;' and, although I wanted to go, I just had to say, 'All right.'"

"And are you not glad now, Willie, that you did stay? You can remember that day among the nice things of life," said mamma.

Now Willie's aunty was a happy little crea-

ture, who always had time for a romp with the little ones, which made her a great favourite among them. Her life seemed all sunshine, and it was one of those sunbeams that Willie was recalling while at play. Neither can he ever forget when he first saw his dear aunty, as she stood beside Uncle Harry, dressed in pure white, with a wreath of lovely white flowers on her head, and a veil covering her delicate face and almost reaching the floor; and so many nicely dressed ladies he had never seen, but his dear aunty was nicer than any one else; indeed, his idea of her purity was closely connected with her lovely appearance on that evening.

"What made her so kind to every one?" continued Willie, after a long pause; "it seemed as if she did not think anything any trouble, and every one liked her."

"Perhaps that was the secret of your aunty's happiness," said his mother. "If we always consider the happiness of others we will forget ourselves," continued mamma. "I hope my little boy has learned a lesson he will never forget."

Willie looked very grave, when he said: "I never can forget aunty, but I can never see her again! I am so sorry to lose her," said Willie, his eyes moistening. "I mean not for a long time. I know I shall see her again, too. But—" He could say no more. He threw his head on mamma's lap and cried bitterly. Mamma left him to his thoughts a few minutes and said, "My dear boy, I am glad you have such a bright record of your dear aunty. I am truly glad that you remember her as you do. Think how unselfish she was, and be like her; and think of her sacrifices to please others, and be like her. And remember that a life made so beautiful by good deeds and kind words can never be forgotten."

GOD IS HERE.

Kneel, my child, for God is here;
Bend in love, but not in fear;
Kneel before Him now in prayer;
Thank Him for His constant care,
Praise Him for His bounties shed
Every moment on thy head;
Ask for light to know His will;
Ask for love thy heart to fill;
Ask for faith to bear thee on
Through the might of Christ, His Son;
Ask His Spirit still to guide thee
Through the ills that may betide thee;
Ask for peace to lull to rest
Every tumult of thy breast;
Ask in awe, but not in fear;
Kneel, my child, for God is here.

AN EASY PLACE.

A LAD once stepped into our office in search of a situation. He was asked:

"Are you not now employed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why do you wish to change?"

"Oh, I want an easier place."

We had not the place for him. No one wants a boy or man who is seeking an easy place; yet just here is the difficulty with thousands.

Will the boys let us advise them? Go in for the hard places; bend yourself to the task of shewing how much you can do. Make yourself serviceable to your employer at what-

ever cost of personal ease, and when the easy places are to be had they will be yours. Life is toilsome at best to most of us, but the easy places are at the end, not at the beginning, of life's course. They are to be won, not accepted.

"IS IT YOU?"

There is a child, a boy or girl—
I'm sorry it is true—
Who doesn't mind when spoken to:
Is it you? It can't be you!

I know a child, a boy or girl—
I'm loth to say I do—
Who struck a little playmate child:
I hope that wasn't you!

I know a child, a boy or girl—
I hope that such are few—
Who told a lie; yes, told a lie!
It cannot be 'twas you!

There is a boy, I know a boy—
I cannot love him though—
Who robs the little birdie's nest:
That bad boy can't be you!

A girl there is, a girl I know—
And I could love her, too,
But that she is so proud and vain:
That surely isn't you!

WHAT KILLED THE OYSTER?

LOOK at that oyster shell. Do you see a little hole in the hard roof of the oyster's house? That explains why there is a shell but no oyster. A little creature called the whelk, living in a spiral shell, dropped one day on the roof of the oyster's house. "The little innocents," some one has called the whelks. "The little villains," an oyster would call them, for the whelk has an auger, and bores and bores, and bores, until he reaches the oyster itself, and the poor oyster finds he is going up through his own roof. He goes up, but he never comes down. A writer speaks of noticing on the shores of Brittany the holes in the oyster bored by its enemy, both burglar and murderer we should call him.

"A little sin, a little sin!" cries a boy who may have been caught saying a profane word, or strolling with a bad associate, or reading a bad book, or sipping a glass of beer. "Don't make too much of it," he says.

Young friend, that's the whelk on the oyster's back. You have given the tempter a chance to use his auger, and he will bore and bore till he reaches the centre of all moral worth in the soul, and draws your very life away.

A CHEERFUL WORKER.

"I NOTICE," said the stream to the mill, "that you grind beans as well and as cheerfully as fine wheat." "Certainly," clacked the mill; "what am I for but to grind? and as long as I work what does it signify to me what the work is? My business is to serve my master, and I am not a whit more useful when I turn out fine flour than when I make the coarsest meal. My honour is not in doing fine work, but in performing any that comes as well as I can."

EVERY to-morrow has two handles. We can take hold of it by the handle of anxiety or the handle of faith.