

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

GOING TO JESUS.

"BUT I'm too little."

"O no, because He says, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me.'"

"But that means when they die to come up to Heaven."

"O no; mamma says it means for us all to love Him, and pray to Him, and let Him see us love Him now."

"He's so far off, maybe He won't know anyhow. But it 'most frightens me to think of His looking away down from Heaven every minute, and how can He hear when He's so far off?"

"God is not so far off; He is ever near, taking care of us, putting pleasant thoughts in our minds, and helping us to do pleasant things."

"I am so little I don't believe He sees me."

"Mamma says He sees the birds and fire-flies, and even watches over the flowers, and that He loves little children."

"I'm sure I don't know how to go to Him except by dying."

"O no, you need not go out of this room, for He is here, and mamma says that going to Him is only giving Him our love."

Kitty's blue eyes were full of tears.

"Jesus is so good and great, and I am so bad."

"He loves you and me a great deal, and though He is so great, He is Jesus after all. He was a little child once, and had every kind of trouble, so that he can feel for little children."

"But, Florrie, I'm so bad; you don't know how bad I am sometimes, and Aunt Harberger says, 'There is no place in the kingdom for such evil ones.' I upset her splatters yesterday evening on the kitchen floor because I was careless and pouting, and let the tea-kettle go dry and crack, and swept the dirt into the corner instead of into the dust-pan. I know I'm too bad and too small for Jesus to care about," and Kitty's apron was held close to her eyes as she sobbed herself out of breath.

"Aunt Harberger is cross and cruel," thought Florrie, but she kept her thoughts to herself. "If I had Aunt Harberger, instead of dear mamma, who knows how bad I might be," and the thought made her sigh, wondering as she did, if she had really gone to Jesus, or if she was only good because those around her were good.

"I'm always forgetting and upsetting; always making mistakes and making trouble; nothing but trouble have I brought to Aunt Harberger. Do you think Jesus would ever care for me?"

"Mamma says He cares for the most wicked men and wicked women in the world, and you are only a little girl trying to do right and getting wrong sometimes"

"If Jesus is close by and sees me every minute, He knows how bad I am, and He can hear how often Aunt Harberger tells about it. Oh dear, if I could only find some place where Jesus did not come; but now He sees me all the time and what can He think?"

Florrie's face was very serious as she said: "Jesus came to save sinners; mamma says that knowing He sees us is the best thing in the word to help us to do right, because it stops us when we go to do wrong and remember He is just close by."

"What are you crying for!" said Aunt Harberger, popping her head in the door and thinking the little girl was complaining about her.

"Oh, nothing," said Florrie, blushing and looking down, "only we are talking about Jesus, and Kitty is crying because she cannot please you and Him better."

"Humph!" said Aunt Harberger, bustling down stairs, the tears bubbling up in her eyes. "Humph!" and though it may seem odd, Aunt Harberger from that time found no more "dirt in the corners," no more "splatters spilled on purpose;" for the little girl, growing bigger and stronger every day to work, was also learning to remember that Jesus saw her, and that Jesus loved her through everything; and if Aunt Harberger did not tell, as she had done before, fifty times a day, to the walls upstairs and down, and to the people indoors and out, what a bad child that pesky Kitty Holcomb was, it was hard to say if it was altogether because she remembered the scene in the attic with Kitty crying over her bad ways, or altogether because Kitty, without going further than her own trundle bed and her own little attic room, had found and given herself to Jesus.

STOP.

RAILWAY signals are positive. At certain points are seen sign-posts on which appears this word "STOP." It is unattended by adjective or adverb. It is as condensed as a rifle-bail. The approach to a railway-crossing or a drawbridge is guarded by the peremptory signal.

We were riding on a swift train at high speed when with a sudden jerk the "Westinghouse" slowed our train to a stand-still. A look at the "block-signal" ahead explained. The red signal was silent, yet "its voice was heard" above the roar of our many wheels. It said *stop* as plainly as the sign-board with large words in black at the drawbridge.

To a human being this little word is as positive as to a railway train. I recall a case. More than eighty years ago a boy went to Newark to learn a trade. His brave father was an invalid, but earned his own bread. The mother was dead, but not forgotten. When she died she told this son to fear God. The very morning he started the father had repeated to him that message. And yet one Sabbath he had spent in reckless and bad company. That night he did not sleep. He thought of his mother's words—her dying words. The words of the invalid father were recalled. He was in good company that Sabbath night and the fruit was unto life.

As he tossed and thought and wept the boy said:

"It is time to stop, and I will stop."

And he *did* stop. A long life of honourable usefulness followed.

And was his the only good mother that has

a son on the road to ruin? It is possible that some such son in the place of sin, if he would but listen, would hear *her* voice saying to him with such pathos in it, *Stop!* Or, as he has hurried along the "broad road" he has heard within his own heart, as distinctly as if human lips had spoken—his own conscience—the word *Stop!*

THOUGHTS AND WORDS.

CHILDREN: A little boy at table was reminded that he should say, "Thank you," when anything was handed to him. Not feeling in the best humour, he replied, "Thanks haven't got up yet; 'way down in my boots." Soon after he said, "Thanks coming up now;" and then, in good humour, "Thank you." It took thanks some time to get up out of his boots into his heart, his head, his tongue, so as to be properly expressed. This was not very lovely conduct, but we may get a good hint from it.

David says in Psalm cxxxix. 2, "Thou understandest my thought afar off." What does that mean? Not that God is far away, in heaven, and can see our thoughts all that distance, for David says He is near—behind him and before him, all around him—so that he cannot flee from His presence, as in verses 3-10. He is not far off, but near. But our thoughts may be like the little boy's thanks—'way down in our boots, so to speak. But God can see them there; that is, He can see our thoughts before they come into our minds—when they are, as it were, at a great distance, He can see them coming. He understands them afar off—before they arise in our minds—when they are away down in our boots. Then we must be careful what we think, careful what thoughts we let come into our minds, for God sees them afar off, before they come, and He knows them when they are there.

Another thing David says in Psalm cxxxix. 4: "There is not a word in my tongue, but, lo! O Lord, thou knowest it altogether." Just as He knows our thoughts afar off, before they get into our minds, so He also knows our words while yet *in our tongues*, before they are uttered, before we speak them; and much more does He know them when they are spoken. Yes; He knows our unuttered words altogether—fully, entirely, all about them. Then we must be very careful what words we let get into our tongues, and especially what words we let go out of our tongues, for God knows them. Beware of naughty words!

Yes, children, keep bad thoughts away down in your boots, under your feet; do not let them get out. Keep bad words out of your tongues; do not let them get in—especially do not let them get out. Guard your thoughts and your words. Remember what David says in this one hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm, and commit the whole of it to memory: "Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; Thou understandest my thought afar off; Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways; for there is not a word in my tongue but, lo! O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether."