

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### SOMETHING TO DO

Think of something kind to do,  
Never mind if it is small;  
Little things are lost to view,  
But God sees, and blesses all.

Violets are wee modest flowers,  
Hiding in their beds of green,  
But their perfume fills the bowers,  
Though they scarcely can be seen.

Pretty bluebells of the grove  
Are than peonies more sweet;  
Much their graceful mien we love  
As they bloom about our feet.

So do little acts we find,  
Which at first we cannot see,  
Leave the fragrance pure behind  
Of abiding charity.

### WEEK-DAY BIBLE STORIES.

**W**ILLIE BARTON sat reading his Bible very attentively. His mother watched him with an expression of pleasure on her face; she had not often seen her little boy so absorbed in the good book.

By-and-bye Willie looked up and said: "Mamma, don't you think there are some very good week-day stories in the Bible?"

"Yes, I do; what are you reading now?"

"Oh, we read one in our Scripture history at school yesterday, and I have just looked it up for myself. It's in the sixth chapter of the Second Book of Kings. You remember about the sons of the prophets, mamma; and the one who dropped the axe that some one had lent him into the water. I can just fancy what a state the poor fellow would be in, something like I was when I lost Joe Nelson's knife; and I think it was so good of Elisha not to scold him for being careless, but to help him to get it back at once. Do you think I should have found that knife if I had prayed for it? I never thought of that."

"I don't know, dear, whether you would have found the knife in answer to prayer. You would have been quite right to ask God about it, because we have an invitation from our Heavenly Father to pray about everything. Do you know the words I am thinking of?"

"Oh, yes. I have learnt that text: 'In everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.'"

"Yes, dear, that is what I meant; do you remember the next verse?"

"No, mamma, I don't know any more, does it say we shall have whatever we ask for?"

"Well, no, not that; but something far better: 'And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.' Prayer is not a kind of magic charm to get us just what we want. We may tell our Father in heaven all our troubles and difficulties, just as you may tell your father or me anything that distresses you; but we don't always do exactly what you want us to do, and you know why we do not."

"Well, I suppose it would not be good for us to have just what we wanted always."

"No, if you always had your own way, you would grow up spoilt children, and just in the same way our wise and kind Father above does not want any who love Him to be His spoilt children; and He knows far better than we do what to give and what to keep back. We have only time now to talk about one more lesson, but that is a very beautiful and blessed one. What do we read in the third verse?"

"That one of them said, 'Be content, . . . and go with thy servants. And he answered, I will go.'"

"Yes; you see it seems as if at first the prophet meant to send the young men by themselves. But one of them at least could not be satisfied without the presence of his master. And we should feel the same about our Master in heaven. Some of God's children are content with just asking His blessing before they begin the day's work, and do not give a thought all the rest of the time as to whether He is with them or not; but others, who love God more, feel as the hymn says:

'Every hour I need Thee;'

and they are not moved or disturbed by temptation, because He is at their right hand. I read a beautiful story the other day about a boy who had a very quick temper, and yet he was trying to be a soldier of Christ. One day a schoolfellow did something that provoked him very much, and all the lads expected to see him in a terrible passion; but he kept quite quiet and took no notice. When he told his sister about it afterwards, he said: 'I asked God to help me, and somehow I did not have to pray right up into heaven, but Jesus seemed quite near, standing by my side.'"

### A LITTLE CHILD'S HYMN.

Thou that once, on mother's knee,  
Wert a little one like me,  
When I wake or go to bed  
Lay Thy hands about my head.  
Let me feel Thee very near,  
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

Be beside me in the light,  
Close by me through all the night;  
Make me gentle, kind, and true,  
Do what mother bids me do;  
Help and cheer me when I fret,  
And forgive when I forget.

Once wert Thou in cradle laid,  
Baby bright in manger-shade,  
With the oxen and the cows,  
And the lambs outside the house;  
Now Thou art above the sky;  
Canst Thou hear a baby cry?

Thou art nearer when we pray,  
Since Thou art so far away;  
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,  
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,  
Thou that once, on mother's knee,  
Wert a little one like me.

### WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

**T**HIS is a question often asked and not always satisfactorily answered; for the ideas conveyed to different minds by the word are very different.

To some persons he is a gentleman who wears fine clothes, who does not work, who has an abundance of money, and spends it

freely. But in truth, though a gentleman may be rich, well dressed, liberal, and have no need of toil, no one or all of these things give him any right to the name. But the man who is of kind and gentle demeanour to all, who is upright, candid, and truthful, who is loyal to his friends, and needs no bond to hold him faithful to his promise—this man is a gentleman, whether he be clad in broadcloth or homespun; yes, even though he may be so poor that he has no means for prodigal giving, and is compelled by stern necessity to labour hard for daily bread. It is what he *is*, not what he *has*, that makes the true gentleman.

### HOLD ON, BOYS.

**H**OLD on to your tongue when you are ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to punch, scratch, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running off from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon, or others are angry with you.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their mirth, games and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is of more value than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to virtue—it is above all price to you at all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is, and ever will be, your best wealth.

### GOD'S SPARROWS.

**A** GOOD woman, searching out the children of want one cold day, tried to open the door in the third story of a wretched house, when she heard a little voice say "Pull the string up high! Pull the string up high!" She looked up and saw a string, which, on being pulled, lifted the latch, and she opened the door upon two half-naked children all alone. Very cold and pitiful they looked.

"Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?" asked the good woman.

"God takes care of us," said the older one.

"Are you not very cold? No fire a day like this!"

"O, when we are cold we creep under the quilt, and I put my arms around Tommy and Tommy puts his arms around me, and we say, 'Now I lay me;' then we get warm," said the little one.

"And what have you to eat, pray?"

"When granny comes home she brings us something. Granny says God has got enough. Granny calls us God's sparrows; and we say, 'Our Father' and 'daily bread' every day. God is our Father."

So the good lady that God sent fed these little attic sparrows. Remember that not one of the sparrows, or the children, or the men or the women, is forgotten by Him to whom we say, "Our Father."