

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

Into her chamber went
A little girl one day,
And by a chair she knelt,
And thus began to pray:
"Jesus, my eyes I close;
Thy form I cannot see,
If Thou art near me, Lord,
I pray Thee, speak to me."

A still small voice she heard within her soul—
"What is it, child! I hear thee; tell the whole."

"I pray Thee, Lord," she said,
"That Thou wilt condescend
To tarry in my heart,
And ever be my friend.
The path of life is dark,
I would not go astray;
O let me have Thy hand
To lead me in the way."

"Fear not; I will not leave thee, child, alone."
She thought she felt a soft hand press her own.

"They tell me, Lord, that all
The living pass away;
The aged soon must die,
And even children may.
O let my parents live
Till I a woman grow;
For if they die, what can
A little orphan do?"

"Fear not, my child, whatever ill may come,
I'll not forsake thee till I bring thee home."

Her little prayer was said,
And from her chamber now
She passed forth with the light
Of heaven upon her brow.

"Mother, I've seen the Lord,
His hand in mine I felt;
And O, I heard Him say,
As by my chair I knelt,

"Fear not, my child, whatever ill may come,
I'll not forsake thee till I bring thee home."

NOT TRUSTWORTHY.

One afternoon a gentleman was shown into Mr. Lamar's library.

"Mr. Lamar," asked the visitor, "do you know a lad by the name of Gregory Bassett?"

"I guess so," replied Mr. Lamar, with a smile. "That is the young man," he added, nodding toward Gregory.

The latter was a boy aged about fourteen. He was drawing a map at the wide table near the window.

"A bright boy, I should judge," commented the visitor, looking over the top of his glasses. "He applied for a clerkship in my mill, and referred me to you. His letter of application shows that he is a good penman. How is he at figures?"

"Rapid and correct," was the reply

"That's good. Honest, is he?"

"O yes," answered Mr. Lamar.

"The work is not hard, and he will be rapidly promoted, should he deserve it. O! one question more, Mr. Lamar; is the boy trustworthy?"

"I regret to say that he is not," was the grave reply.

"Eh!" cried the visitor. "Then I don't want him."

That ended the interview.

"O uncle!" cried Gregory, bursting into tears.

He had set his heart upon obtaining the situation, and was very much disappointed over the result.

"Gregory, I could not deceive the gentleman," Mr. Lamar said, in a low tone, more regretful than stern. "You are not trustworthy, and it is a serious failing—nay, a fault, rather. Three instances occurred within as many weeks, which sorely tried my patience, and cost me loss of time and money."

Mr. Lamar's tone changed into one of reproach, and his face was dark with displeasure.

"I gave you some money to deposit in the bank," he resumed, "You loitered until the bank was closed, and my note went to protest. One evening I told you to close the gate at the barn. You neglected to do so. The colt got out through the night, fell into a quarry, and broke his leg. I had to shoot the pretty little thing, to put an end to its suffering."

Gregory lifted his hand in a humiliated way.

"Next I gave you a letter to mail. You loitered to watch a man with a tame bear. 'The nine o'clock mail will do,' you thought. But it didn't, being a way mail, and not a through mail. On the following day I went fifty miles to keep the appointment I had made. The gentleman was not there to meet me, because he had not received my letter. I lost my time, and missed all the benefit of what would have been to me a very profitable transaction. It is not too late for you to reform, and unless you do reform your life will prove a failure."

The lesson was not lost upon Gregory. He succeeded in getting rid of his heedless ways, and became prompt, precise, trustworthy.

HARRY'S MISSIONARY POTATO.

"I can't afford it," John Hale, the rich farmer, answered, when asked to give to the cause of missions. Harry, his wide-awake grandson, was grieved and indignant.

"But the poor heathen," he replied, "is it not too bad they cannot have churches and school houses and books?"

"What do you know about the heathen?" exclaimed the old man testily. "Would you wish me to give away my hard earnings? I tell you I cannot afford it."

But Harry was well posted in missionary intelligence, and, day after day, puzzled his curly head with plans for extracting money for the noble cause from his unwilling relative. At last, seizing an opportunity when his grandfather was in good humour over the election news, he said:

"Grandfather, if you do not feel able to give money to the Missionary Board, will you give a potato?"

"A potato!" ejaculated Mr. Hale, looking up from his paper.

"Yes, sir; and land enough to plant it in, and what it produces for four years."

"Oh, yes!" replied the unsuspecting grandparent, setting his glasses on his calculating nose in a way that showed he was glad to escape from the lad's persecution on such cheap terms.

Harry planted the potato, and it rewarded him the first year by producing thirteen; these, the following season, became a peck; the next, seven and a half bushels; and when

the fourth harvest came, lo! the potato had increased to seventy bushels, and, when sold, the amount realized was, with a glad heart, put in the treasury of the Lord. Even the aged farmer exclaimed:

"Why, I did not feel that donation in the least. And, Harry, I've been thinking that if there was a little missionary like you in every house, and each one got a potato, or something else as productive, for the cause, there would be quite a large sum gathered."

Little reader, will you be that missionary at home?

OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.

"Mamma," said little Annie, "won't you please give me two apples to-day for my lunch? I want to give one to Jane Woods."

"Certainly, my dear. But why do you want to give one to Jane?"

"Because, mamma dear, she stole one out of my basket yesterday; and I want her not to be tempted to do this again. For our teacher says that if we are sincere in praying—'Lead us not into temptation,' we should not only keep out of the way of evil ourselves, but should try to keep others from being tempted, and so, I think, if I gave Jane an apple, she will not want to steal any more."

The apple was given; and at recess time Jane came to Annie, looking very sorrowful, and said: "Annie, won't you please take this apple back again? I suppose it's mine, now, as you gave it to me; and I want to pay you back for the one I stole the other day." Jane never stole again. Annie's kindness saved her; her thoughts were thoughts of peace and love. And we see how she was helping the blessed Saviour to spread "peace on earth" by the peaceful, loving thoughts that she cherished in her heart. The first way in which we may promote "peace on earth," is by having peaceful thoughts.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

Get away from the crowd a little while every day, my boy. Stand to one side and let the world run by, while you get acquainted with yourself, and see what kind of a fellow you are. Ask yourself hard questions about yourself; find out all you can about yourself. Ascertain from original sources if you are really the manner of man people say you are; find out if you are always honest, if you always tell the square perfect truth in business dealings; if your life is as good and upright at eleven o'clock at night as it is at noon, if you are as sound a temperance man on a fishing expedition as you are at a Sunday school pic-nic; if you are as good a boy when you go to a large city as you are at home; if, in short, you really are the sort of a young man your father hopes you are, your mother says you are, and your sweetheart believes you are. Get on intimate terms with yourself, my boy, and, believe me, every time you come out from one of these private interviews you will be a stronger, better, purer, man. Don't forget this, and it will do you good.

THE fear of the Lord is a fountain of life to depart from the snares of death.