

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

GATHER THEM IN.

Gather them in from the lanes and streets;
Gather them in from the dark retreats;
From the haunts of folly and dons of crime,
Gather them in, in their early prime;
Gather them in with a burning zeal,
Gather them in for their country's weal;
Gather them in with abundant store,
Garner'd in glory for evermore.

BERTIE AND HIS SONGS.

BERTIE FARLEY'S papa had just moved to the city of B—, and mamma was busily engaged in arranging the rooms which were to be their home for the winter. The front windows looked out on a pleasant street, with trees and plots of grass on either side, and flowers everywhere, adding to the beauty of the comfortable-looking homes. Happy children were coming home from school, and a little way to the right Bertie could see the street cars passing up and down.

He went down and stood by the gate a little while with Henry, his elder brother, but soon came in, and told mamma that his "foot hurt." So mamma made a little bed by the low window, and told him to rest while she was hanging the pictures.

Bertie was not quite three years old, and Henry less than five. So while the foot, which ached so strangely, was resting, Henry and Bertie talked about their long ride on the cars, and especially the crossing of the Detroit River. They crossed on the cars, and on the boat too, which seemed very wonderful to these wise little heads; and they never wearied of telling how the "the cars had a boat ride." The little brothers liked their new house very much; but as the flowers faded, and the leaves changed from quiet green to bright yellow and red, fading and falling too at last, the pain came oftener to the little foot, and papa asked a very wise and good doctor to come and see his little boy. When the doctor found how much Bertie was suffering, he felt of his back, and Bertie did not like him, because he hurt his back. The doctor said he feared that the spine was diseased, and so it proved.

Bertie was taken to ride during the pleasant Fall days, in a little baby-carriage, in hopes that the fresh air and exercise would aid in restoring him to health. Sometimes he would suffer a paroxysm of pain while riding; but if not, he would say joyfully, "I got home this time before my foot hurt."

One day when papa came home, he asked Bertie to guess what he had in his pocket. Bertie thought of a good many things, but couldn't guess right; and papa took his hand away, and there peeped out of his pocket a little white kitty. A friend of papa's had sent it to the little sick boy. And such a treasure as that little white kitty proved! Better than dolly or picture book, or any toy. Mamma told her little boy it was because he could love kitty, and kitty could love back again.

Kitty nestled in his arms as he lay on the couch the next day, and purred and purred. Bertie did not remember of ever hearing a kitty sing so before. He raised up from the pillow, and with eyes shining with joy said,

"Papa will have to come home, and hear kitty sing 'There is a happy land.' But the poor back grew worse and worse, so that Bertie had to have a cradle, and be carried on a pillow and fed like a baby. When the snow came, he would sit in mamma's lap, by the window, and watch Henry and some other little children playing in the soft, beautiful snow.

One day mamma said "How nice it will be when my darling is well enough to play out in the snow with brother," and with a hopeless look on his sad face he replied—

"I never shall be well enough to play out-of-doors any more." Mother pressed him to her heart with a great fear lest it might be true.

Nothing would comfort the little sufferer during his paroxysms of intense pain so much as singing,

"I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead."

Or,

"Jesus the water of life will give,
Freely, freely, freely."

Only these two.

For weeks these sweet hymns soothed and sustained him through suffering which no hearty, rosy-cheeked boy could imagine. So the days and nights of pain wore on, till the time of Thanksgiving drew near; and then, through the blessing of God, and the wisdom and care of the doctor, he seemed to be growing better; and when he found the pain was gone, and he could again walk and play as usual, "I love my doctor," he said, "because he made my back well." Well, there was giving of thanks in that household, for a little boy with a straight back and a well body!

Bertie is now a schoolboy, and climbs trees almost like a squirrel, and is as spry and active as any little boy who has never had a crooked back.

As he sings with all the spirit of childish abandon, his favourite songs, "Stand up for Jesus," and "Precious Jewels," there rises before the eyes of the mother a pale little sufferer, pleading, "Sing, mamma, sing 'Jesus, the water of life,' and the weary mother sings, as well as she can for the sobbing voice,

"Come to that Fountain; O drink and live—
Freely, freely, freely."

TEMPERANCE GLEANINGS.

DO you know what some of our learned doctors say about the use of alcoholic drinks? Here are some valuable testimonies:

"Alcohol is a poison to our organization. It is never digested and converted into nourishment."—*Dr. Murray.*

"It does not contain any of the elements of food, and therefore is not useful in developing bone, nor muscle, nor blood, nor brain, nor any part of the human body."—*Dr. Story.*

"The use of alcoholic drinks diminishes man's capacity to endure both mental and physical labour, increases his predisposition to disease, and shortens the average duration of life."—*Dr. N. S. Davis.*

"It is a lesson early to be remembered, that although there are so many drinks made and sold as beer, wine, and spirits, none of them are fitted to the first natural wants and desires

of man. I gather from the facts before us that the said drinks are not wanted at all. If a little child can live and grow up, and learn and work and play, and be very healthy and pretty, and strong and happy, without these drinks, a man or woman can live without them equally well."—*Dr. B. W. Richardson.*

FAMILIARITY WITH THE BIBLE.

HE who is so familiar with the Bible that each chapter, open where he will, teems with household words, may draw thence the theme of many a pleasant and pathetic song. For is not all human nature and all human life shadowed forth in those pages? But the soul, to sing well from the Bible, must be imbued with religion as the flower is alternately imbued with dew and sunshine. The study of the Book must have begun in the simplicity of childhood, when it was felt indeed to be divine, and carried on through all those silent intervals in which the soul of manhood is restored, during the din of life, to the purity and peace of its early being. He who begins the study of the Bible late in life must indeed devote himself to it night and day, with a humble and contrite heart, as well as an awakened and soaring spirit, ere he can hope to understand what he feels—thoughts and feelings breathing in upon his like spiritual sounds and scents, as if from a region hanging in its mystery between heaven and earth.

THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

"COME unto me," says Jesus. He wants little children, as well as young people and old people, to come unto Him. He loves the little ones. He calls them His "lambs."

If we hear His voice and go to Him He will make us happy in this world, and when we die He will take us to heaven, where we will be happy forever. Do you not love Jesus?

If you do, you will keep His commandments, just as you obey your parents, because you love them. Jesus loves you? Will you not love Him?

"IT KEEPS IT IN MIND."

SEVERAL little girls were in my study seeking counsel to aid them in becoming Christians. One of them, a dear child not much more than eleven years old, said,—

"I haven't been to two or three of the meetings lately." Desiring to test her, I answered, "It don't make us Christians to attend meetings, Lizzie." "I know that, sir," she replied at once "but it keeps it in mind."

Was there not much wisdom in the answer?

"It keeps it in mind." We suffer a slight excuse to detain us from the house of God on the Sabbath day. Are we reminded as much of our immortality and responsibility as if we had gone there? And if we continue in such a course for weeks, or even years, is there not danger that we shall forget almost entirely that there is even such a Being as God?

"DEVISE not evil against thy neighbour, seeing he dwelleth securely by thee. Strive not with a man without cause, if he have done thee no harm."—*Prov. iii. 29, 30.*