

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WHAT IS FAITH?

"How sweet it is, my child,
To live by simple faith,
Just to believe that God will do
Exactly what He saith."

"Does faith mean to believe
That God will surely do
Exactly what He says, mamma,
Just as I know that you

"Will give me what I ask,
Because you love me well,
And listen patiently to hear
Whatever I may tell?"

"Yes, you may trust in God,
Just as you trust in me;
Believe, dear child, He loves you well,
And will your Father be.

"For when you sought His love,
Your Father up in heaven
Looked kindly down for Jesus' sake,
And has your sins forgiven.

"And now to pray in faith
Is simply to believe
That what you ask in Jesus' name
You surely shall receive.

"Go with your simple wants,
Go tell Him all you need,
Go put your trust in Christ alone,
Such faith is sweet indeed."

INO AND UNO.

Ino and Uno are two little boys
Who always are ready to fight,
Because each will boast
That he knows the most,
And the other one cannot be right.

Ino and Uno went into the woods,
Quite certain of knowing the way.
"I am right! You are wrong!"
They said, going along,
And they didn't get out till next day!

Ino and Uno rose up with the lark,
To angle a while in the brook,
But by contrary signs
They entangle their lines,
And brought nothing home to the cook!

Ino and Uno went out on the lake,
And oh, they got dreadfully wet!
While discussion prevailed
They carelessly sailed,
And the boat they were in was upset!

Though each is entitled opinions to have,
They need not be foolishly strong,
And to quarrel and fight
Over what we think right
Is, *You know* and *I know*, quite wrong!

"MY" OR "OUR."

JASPER had no brother, and Lucy had no sister, so they had to be playmates to each other, and they played a great deal together. Lucy loved Jasper, and Jasper loved Lucy; but there is one thing that I am sorry to speak of—they often had a quarrel. Jasper was too fond of the little word "my."

One day Lucy was trundling a hoop in the yard, when Jasper opened the gate and came in from school. "That is 'my' hoop!" cried Jasper, rudely snatching it from her hands; "you shan't use 'my' things so!"

At another time Lucy stood in the garden door reading a paper, when Jasper came along and looked over her shoulder. "That's 'my' paper!" said he, seizing it at once.

"Mother said I might have it," cried Lucy, holding it tightly.

"Give it up!" cried Jasper; "let go 'my' paper, Lucy," he said in an angry, threatening tone.

"Mother let me have it," persisted Lucy.

Jasper pulled it out of her hands, and in the pull the beautiful paper was soiled and torn.

After a while their Aunt Jane paid them a visit, and tried very hard to mend Jasper's ways. She could not bear to see such a fine little fellow spoiled by selfishness.

What do you think Mr. Jones gave Jasper out of his shop? You could never guess—a foot-ball.

Jasper took it in his arms and ran home. "Lucy! Lucy!" he called, as soon as he got into the house.

Lucy heard his pleasant voice, and ran joyfully to meet him.

"Lucy, dear," he said, "see 'my' foot-ball!—no, not 'my' foot-ball, but 'our' foot-ball Lucy. You shall play with it when you please."

"Foot-balls are boys' playthings," said Lucy, looking much pleased.

"That's no matter," said Jasper. "Now and forever my playthings shall be yours, Lucy, and your playthings shall be mine. We will not say 'my,' but 'our,' won't we, Lucy?"

And what answer do you suppose Lucy made? She put her arms around Jasper's neck and hugged and kissed him.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

MAMMA, I thought a mite was a little thing. What did the Lord mean when He said the widow's mite was more than all the money the rich man gave?"

Mamma thought a minute, then said, "Lulu, I will tell you a story, and I think you will understand why the widow's mite was more valuable than ordinary mites.

"There was once a little girl named Kitty, and she had ever so many dolls. Some were made of china, and others of wax, with real hair, and eyes that would open and shut; but Kitty was tired of them all, except the newest one, which her auntie had given her at Christmas. One day a poor little girl came to the door begging, and Kitty's mother told her to go and get one of her old dolls and give it away. She did so, and her old doll was like what the rich man put into the treasury. She could give it away just as well as not, and it didn't cost her anything.

"The poor little beggar girl was delighted with her doll. She never had but one before, and that was a rag doll, but this one had such lovely curly hair, and such an elegant pink silk dress on, she was almost afraid to hold it against her dirty shawl for fear of soiling it, so she hurried home as fast as she could. Just as she was going up stairs to her poor room, she saw through the crack of the door in the basement her little friend, Sally, who had been sick in bed all summer, and who was all alone all day, while her mother went out washing, to try and earn money enough to keep them from starving. As our little girl looked through the crack she thought to herself, 'I must shew Sally my new dolly.'

So she rushed into the room and up to the bed, crying, 'O, Sally! see!' Sally tried to reach out her arms to take it, but she was too sick; so her little friend held up the dolly, and as she did so she thought, 'How sick Sally looks to-day! and she hasn't any dolly.' Then, with one generous impulse, she said, 'Here, Sally, you may have her.'

"Now, Lulu, do you see? The little girl's dolly was like the widow's mite—she gave her all."

A GOOD BARGAIN.

A FARMER asked a boy what he would work for him for, for one year. The farmer was close at a bargain, and the boy knew it. Says the boy, "I will work for you if you will give me one grain of corn for the first week, two grains for the second, four for the third, and doubling each week until the fifty-two weeks or year is out."

"Good," said the farmer.

The boy began work, and took one grain for the first week, two for the second, four for the third, eight for the fourth, sixteen for the fifth, thirty-two for the sixth.

"Hold on," said the farmer, "you are taking too many."

"Not at all," said the boy, "I am but carrying out the contract."

The farmer began to figure how many grains the boy would take in fifty-two weeks, and to his astonishment, he found out he would be entitled to 1,457,593,257,463,808 grains. He could never pay him, and agreed to give him fair wages if he would let him off from the contract.

A LITTLE girl said: "I wish I could go to heaven and see my dear papa." My husband said: "But you would not know him." "Yes, I would, by the clothes he wore." "But he don't wear any." "Well, I'd know him by the smile he wore." What a beautiful way in which to be remembered.

Do you really believe that it is of any use whatever having children join your temperance society? was asked some time ago. "Indeed I do," replied a worthy minister of the Gospel; "I have had more parents reclaimed from intemperance, and added to my church, through the zeal of these little ones than from any other agency." We have known of parents becoming earnest, devoted Christians, all through the efforts of their little ones. Surely, "a little child shall lead them."

A LITTLE boy, whose mother had died, came to his infant-class in Sabbath-school with a sad heart. Young as he was he felt his loss. His first words were, "Teacher, my mother is dead." And he began to cry. The teacher tried to comfort him by telling him that Jesus loved little children and would take care of them, and that his mother had gone to heaven where Charley could see her again if he loved Jesus. On that Sabbath night Charley's father, going into the parlour saw him, all alone gazing intently at the beautiful moon. Talking to himself, he was saying, "I cannot see her, no I cannot see her." "What can't you see, Charley?" interrupted his father. "Why, I cannot see mother. Teacher said to-day that mother was in heaven, where Jesus was, and I have been looking, and looking, but I can't see her. But if I love Jesus I will see her when I die. I must wait."