

Our Young Folks.

NOT DARK AT ALL.

A child lay dying; but still her brow was clear:
Sad faces drooped around; but on her own
No shadow darkened. Was the end unknown
To her young heart? And struck with sudden fear
Lest Death should take her by surprise—"My dear,"
Her mother whispered, "thou wilt soon be gone;
But, oh, my lamb will not be left alone;
Thou art in Death's dark vale, but Christ is near."

The child looked wonderingly in her mother's face.
"I am in no dark vale," she said, and smiled.
"I see the light; it is not dark at all!"
Love, Thou didst light Death's valley for that child;
And to the child-like soul that trusts thy grace
Thou wilt thou come when Death's dark shadows fall!

GOLDEN GRAIN BIBLE READINGS.

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GOD DWELLING WITH MAN.

This is God's great promise, Ex. xxix. 45; Jno. xiv. 4.
Fulfilled by Christ, Matt. i. 21.
For all believers it is effected by 1 Cor. i. 6-19.
the Spirit, Jno. xiv. 17.
Perfectly fulfilled in the new world, Rev. xxi. 3.
The outcome of this indwelling is Joy, Zech. ii. 10.
Truth, Zech. viii. 4. Sanctification 1 Cor. vi. 15.
Grace and truth in the life, Jno. i. 14.

MIND THE DOOR!

Have you ever noticed how strong a street door is? how thick the wood is? how heavy the hinges? what large bolts it has? and what a grim lock? If there was nothing of value in the house, or no thieves outside, this would not be wanted; but as you know there are things of value within, and bad men without, there is need that the door be strong; and we must mind the door, especially as to barring and bolting it at night.

We have a house our hearts may be called that house. Wicked things are forever trying to break in, and go out of our heart. Let us see what some of these bad things are.

Who is at the door? Ah, I know him! It is Anger. What a frown there is on his face! How his lips quiver! How fierce his looks are? We will bolt the door, and not let him in, or he will do us harm.

Who is that? It is Pride. How haughty he seems! He looks down on everything as though it was too mean for his notice. No, sir, we shall not let you in, so you may go.

Who is this? It must be Vanity, with his flaunting strut and gay clothes. He is never so well pleased as when he has a fine dress to wear, and is admired. You will not come in, sir; we have too much to do to attend to such fine folks as you.

Mind the door! Here comes a stranger. By his sleepy look and slow pace we think we know him. It is Sloth. He likes nothing better than to live in my house, sleep and yawn my life away, and bring me ruin. No, no, you idle fellow! work is pleasure, and I have much to do. Go away, you shall not come in.

But who is this? What a sweet smile! What a kind face! She looks like an angel! It is Love. How happy she will make us if we ask her in! Come in! Come in! We must unbar the door for you.

Oh, if children kept the door of their heart shut, bad words and wicked thoughts would not go in and out as they do. Open the door to all things good; shut the door to all things bad! We must mark well who comes to the door before we open it, if we would grow to be good men and women. Keep guard—mind the doors of your hearts!

NEVER SORRY.

Not long ago the writer asked a class of small boys in Sunday school what their idea was of heaven. It was curious to note how their replies were influenced by their own circumstances in life. A ragged little urchin who had been born and brought up in a squalid city street, said it was "all grass and green trees"; one from the richer quarter of Boston said it was like a big, broad avenue, with tall houses each side. A sweet-voiced Episcopal choir boy was of the opinion that people would sing a good deal in heaven. The last member of the class—a quiet, thoughtful boy—though one of the smallest in the class—answered: "A place where—where—you're never sorry!"

A HAPPY CHILD.

Bishop Ryle, of England, says the happiest child he ever saw was a little girl eight years old, who was quite blind.

She had never seen the sun nor moon, nor stars nor grass, nor flowers nor trees, nor birds, nor any of these pleasant things which have gladdened your eyes all your life. More trying still, she had never seen her father nor mother, yet she was the happiest child of all the thousands the Bishop had seen.

She was journeying on the railway this day I speak of. No one she knew was with her; yet though totally blind she was quite happy and contented.

"Tell me," she said to some one near by, "how many people there are in this car. I am quite blind, and can see nothing." And she was told.

"Are you not afraid to travel alone?" asked a gentleman.

"No," she replied, "I am not frightened. I have travelled alone before, and I trust in God, and people are always very good to me."

"But tell me," said the Bishop, "why are you so happy?"

"I love Jesus, and He loves me; I sought Jesus, and I found Him," was the reply.

The Bishop then began to talk to her about the Bible, and found she knew a great deal about it.

"And how did you learn so much of the Bible?" he asked.

"My teacher used to read it to me, and I remembered all I could," she said.

"And what part of the Bible do you like best?" asked the Bishop.

"I like the story of Christ's life in the Gospels," she said; "but what I like best of all are the last three chapters of Revelation."

Having a Bible with him, the Bishop read to her, as the train dashed along, Rev. xx., xxi., xxii.

I ONLY WANT YOU.

Nearly four years ago I was going to spend the day in a large city. Before starting I said to my dear invalid sister, who is now in glory, satisfied with the fulness of her Father's house, "Can I buy anything for you, dear? I do want so much to bring you something from town." She interrupted my question, saying with a sweet, yearning look, "Nothing, dear. Don't bring me anything. I only want you. Come home as soon as you can." Her tender words rang in my ears all day—"I only want you"—and O, how often, since her bright entrance within the pearly gates, have her touching words and loving look returned to memory!

Well, dear reader, is not this too, what a dear Saviour says to you? Do you not want sometimes to offer prayers, tears, almsgiving, deeds of kindness, sacrifices, earnest service and patient endeavour? But He, too, turns from all, and says, "I only want you." "My son, My daughter, give Me thine heart." No amount of service can satisfy the love which claims only the heart. "Lovest thou Me?" was the thrice-repeated question to His erring disciple. "He that loveth Me shall be loved by My Father"—John xiv. 21. Devotion of life, earnestness of service, fervent prayers are only acceptable to Him as fruits of love. They are valueless without the heart. He says to each of us, as my sainted sister said to me, "I only want you."

MANNERS BETWEEN BOYS.

There is a great deal of idleness between boys in their intercourse and bearing with one another that is not really intended as such, but is not, therefore, any the less to be disapproved. It is often simply the overflow of excessive high spirits. But the very best good-humour, unrestrained by proper bounds and limitations, may become the most positive incivility.

We often apologize for the coarseness of people by saying, "He means well." It is well if we can make such an apology for them, for if their rudeness is really intentional, they are not fit to be received into any worthy person's society. But they who mean well should also do well, and the ways of politeness are never so easily learned as in youth.

The boy who is habitually coarse and rude in his bearings toward other boys will be such as a man toward men, and all his life will never gain the reputation of being a gentleman.

FILLED WITH LIGHT.

A wise man in the East had two pupils, to each of whom one night he gave a sum of money, and said, "What I have given you is very little, yet with it you must buy something that would fill this dark room."

One of them purchased a great quantity of hay, and cramming it into the room, said, "Sir, I have filled the room."

"Yes," said the wise man, "and with gloom."

Then the other, with scarcely a third of the money, bought a candle and, lighting it, said, "Sir, I have filled the hall."

"Yes," said the wise man, "and with light. Such are the ways of wisdom, for it seeks good means to good ends."

The teacher certainly had a droll way of instructing his pupils, but it was a very good way. They learned that it was one thing to fill, and another thing to fill properly. One of them knew this before; the other seemed not to know it—he was a simpleton. There are many such in the world.

TURNING ENEMIES TO FRIENDS.

It is recorded of a Chinese emperor that, on being apprised of his enemies having raised an insurrection in one of the distant provinces, he said to his officers: "Come, follow me, and we will quickly destroy them." He marched forward, and the rebels submitted on his approach. All now thought that he would take the most signal revenge, but were surprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity. "How!" cried the first minister, "is this the manner in which you fulfil your promise? Your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed, and behold you have pardoned them all, and even caressed some of them." "I promised," replied the emperor, with a generous air, "to destroy my enemies. I have fulfilled my word; for, see, they are enemies no longer. I have made friends of them."

GOING TO SCHOOL.

The important matter to you in beginning school is not how this teacher or that one conducts himself toward you—whether he is partial, incapable, unjust; but how you conduct yourself toward him—whether you are truthful, honest, manly. Forty years hence what will his injustice or incapacity matter to you? But the lie you tell, the cheating to gain high standing, tricky meanness shown to a weaker boy, they will live with you; you will carry their marks with you when you lie stiff and white in your coffin. In a word, boys and girls, it is not parents or schools that are making you; it is you who make yourselves. It is not Legendre or Virgil which the world will see alive in you at middle age, but the trifling actions of your daily life now—the little vices and uncleannesses, or the sweet, high courtesies, kindnesses and courage of your school-day lives.

STRENGTH.

Strength is never so strong as when "hand-in-hand with virtue." Virtue, when it is rooted in divine love, develops and directs strength, making it mighty to bless humanity with its benefactions. Let the young man who in the pride of his intellectual strength is looking for a sphere of action suited to his powers, see this truth illustrated in Paul, in Luther, in Wilberforce, in Shaftesbury and in the long list of noble men whose lives were benedictions to mankind. In the light of such facts he will be taught to ally his strength with the strength of Christ, and thus learn the secret of achieving all that is possible to his powers, however great or small they may be.

A LITTLE GIRL'S RELIGION.

A little girl of twelve was telling, in a simple way, the evidence that she was a Christian. "I did not like to study, but to play. I was idle at school, and often missed my lessons. Now, I try to learn every lesson well to please God. I was mischievous at school when the teacher was not looking at me, making fun for the children to laugh at."

"Now, I wish to please God by behaving well, and keeping the school laws. I was selfish at home, didn't like to run errands, and was sulky when mother called me from play to help her in work. Now it is real joy to me to help mother in any way, and show that I love her."

Such a religion is essential to the best interests and moral growth of youth, and will make life cheerful.