

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

TRUSTING GOD.

Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and by,"
He trusts in God.

Whoever sees, through winter's field of snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says, "to-morrow," "the unknown,"
"The future," trusts unto that power alone
He dares to disown.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Hear me, O Father, ere I rest
This night upon my bed,
Let Thy blest Spirit in the heart
Of my dear son be shed.

Forgive him, should he wayward seem,
For sake of Thy dear Son;
Without the blood of Calvary
Are all of us undone.

Lead him, as only Thou canst lead
The faltering steps of youth,
Through tempting and entangling snares,
To paths of heavenly truth.

Watch o'er him, with Thy loving care,
Wherever he may be;
Thou knowest the yearnings of my heart—
I leave it all with Thee.

A CHILD'S WORD IN SEASON.

AN English minister says: "Very recently a little boy in my parish, was sent by his mother to bring his father from a public house. He found his parent drinking with some other men, one of whom invited the little fellow to take some beer. Firmly and at once the boy replied, "No, I can't take that; I am in the Band of Hope." The men looked one at another, but no one was found to repeat the temptation. The man then said, "Well, if you won't take the beer, here's a penny for you to buy some bull's-eyes." The boy took the penny and said, "I thank you, but I had rather not buy bull's-eyes; I shall put it into the savings-bank." The men looked at each other, and for some moments were entirely silent. At length one of them rose and gave utterance to his feelings in these words, "Well, I think the sooner we sign the pledge and put our savings in the penny-bank the better." The men immediately left the house. Such was the effect of the two speeches of a boy only six years old.

WHERE IS YOUR LANTERN?

YOUNG Harry was sent on an errand one evening in early winter. After giving him his message his mother said, "Be sure you take the lantern with you, Harry." "Bother the lantern!" answered the boy, gruffly and disrespectfully; and he started, muttering to himself, "What do I want with a lantern? I guess I know the way well enough."

Very soon Master Harry, in crossing the street, stumbled into a hole which had been made by a recent rain. By his fall he knocked the flesh from his shin-bone and covered his

clothing with mud. On his way back he forgot the fence running along at the edge of the ravine. As he groped his way along the bank he fell over the brink and went sprawling to the bottom of the ravine. With much ado and after many bruises he got into the road once more, but when he finally reached his mother's door he looked more like a scarecrow than a living boy.

The lantern would have saved him all this. Was not he a foolish fellow not to take it? But what shall be said of those boys and girls who know the Bible to be the only lamp which can guide their feet safely through the paths of life to their home in heaven, and yet refuse to carry it? Are they not still more foolish? Are they not likely to suffer even more than the boy? You know they are.

JESUS AND THE CHILDREN.

A RECITATION FOR YOUR CHILDREN.

First child.

I know just the sweetest story
That any one ever heard,
How Jesus, our own dear Saviour,
Said such a beautiful word;
And this is how it all happened—
I can say every word by heart—
They brought unto Him young children:
The twelve said they must depart;
But Jesus, who sees and hears all things,
Was displeased at these, His twelve friends,
And said—I beg you to listen,
For my hope on these words depends—

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Second child.

I know one almost as pretty,
And I will tell it to you:
One day the twelve were disputing—
As e'en they sometimes would do—
About who should be greatest,
And would not be reconciled;
Then Jesus, their Lord and Master,
Taking a dear little child,
Set him amidst the disciples,
With manners so gentle and sweet;
Then, lifting him into His arms,
Said the words which now I repeat:

"Verily, I say unto you, Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Third child.

It surely should make us happy
That such things as these should be—
That the Lord, the King of glory,
Loved little ones such as we;
But you've not told all the story
Of the days when the little child
Taught the disciples this lesson—
They must be humble and mild.
I am so glad I can tell you
The very words that He said,
Lest some one else should despise us
When we want to Him to be led:

"And whoso receiveth one such little child in My name, receiveth Me."

Fourth child.

No matter when little children
Unto the dear Saviour came,
He always gave them a blessing,
And now it is just the same.
But I want you all to listen
While I my story repeat,
Of when they cut off green branches
And cast them down at His feet,
Singing the while glad hosannas
To Christ, their dear Lord and King;
Then still again in the temple
Loudly their praises did ring;
Some people cried, in their anger,
"Hearst thou what these children say?"
This is the beautiful answer
Jesus made to them that day:

"Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise?"

HELPING A FELLOW UP.

TOMMY is tugging away at another urchin who is pitifully crying on the ground.

"What are you doing, Tommy?" "O! only helping a fellow up!"

That is right, Tommy. Now, take that

as your motto through life, to help a fellow up.

There is that drunkard who is down through drink, and there is the man that is poor, or sick, or tempted. Give each a hand, and help a fellow up.

What would have become of Martin Luther, when he was a young man singing in the streets for his bread, if some one who had an eye to observe him and a heart to feel for him, had not put out a hand and helped a fellow up? There are thousands to-day who never could have stood where they now are if friendly souls had not extended aid and helped a fellow up.

CHILDREN CAN SERVE CHRIST.

THE boy that carried the five loaves and two fishes was of some service to the benevolent and wonder working Saviour.

A little boy once said to his mother, "I should like to have lived in the time of our Saviour that I might have done something for Him."

His mother smiled and said:

"What could a child of your years have done for Him to prove your goodwill?"

The little boy thought a moment and then said:

"I would run everywhere doing His errands."

Now this boy could still serve Christ by giving his little savings to translate, print, and circulate Bibles and Testaments. The Lord Jesus could still see him do it, and still remember all he did for heathen boys and girls.

WHAT CAN RUB IT OUT?

"MY son," said his mother to a flax-haired boy, who was trying to rub out some pencil marks he had made on paper: "My son, do you know that God writes down all you do in a book? He writes every naughty word, every disobedient act, every time you indulge in temper, and shake your shoulders, or pout your lips, and, my boy, you can never rub it out."

The little boy's face grew very red, and in a moment tears ran down his cheeks. His mother looked earnestly at him, but said nothing more. At length he came softly to her side, threw his arms around her neck, and whispered, "Can the blood of Jesus rub it out?"

Dear children, Christ's blood can rub out the record of your sins, for it is written in God's holy Word, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin."

FOR MAMMA.

ONE morning little Dora was busy at the ironing table smoothing the towels and stockings, and looking as if she felt her work was one of great importance.

"Isn't it hard work for the little arms?" I asked.

A look of sunshine came into her face as she glanced toward her mother, who was rocking the baby.

"It isn't hard work when I do it for mamma," she said softly. "How true it is that love makes labour sweet!"