

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE GREAT GOD.

Little boy, with laughing eye,
Bright and blue as yonder sky,
Come, and I will teach you, love,
Who it is that lives above.

It is God, who made the earth,
God, who gave my darling birth;
God, who sees each sparrow fall;
God, who reigns, great King of all;

God, who sends the pleasant breeze,
Blowing sweet through flow'rs and trees;
God, who gives you every joy;
God, who loves you, little boy.

He is beautiful and bright,
Living in eternal light.
Would you not, my little love,
Like to live with Him above?

Ask Him, then, to show you how
You may please Him here below,
Ask Him grace and help to send;
Pray to Him, your kindest friend.

You must learn to read, and look
Often in His Holy Book;
There, my darling, you will find
God is very good and kind.

TINY AND WILLIE.

Wearied with play, Leila and Tiny drew their garden-chairs close together, and sat down under the chestnut-tree which grew beside their home. Their laps were full of flowers, which they had just gathered to make into a nosegay for their mother. Birds were singing in the branches overhead, and a little robin, which they fed every day till it was quite tame, hopped round them with a consequential air, and sometimes perched on their shoulders.

Both children had been quite silent for a few minutes, when Tiny suddenly raised her blue eyes and said:

"I am so happy. I do love the flowers, and birdies, and you, and everybody so much."

Then she added in a whisper:

"And I love God, who made us all so happy. Sister, I wish I could give Him something."

"Mother says if we love Him that is what He likes best of all," replied Leila.

"Yes, but I do want to do something for Him—something that would give me trouble. Can't you think of anything?"

Leila thought a little and said:

"Perhaps you could print a text for the flowers mother sends every week to the sick people in the hospitals. They are so glad to have the flowers, and then the texts make them think about our Father in heaven."

"O, I should like that! I will write, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not.'"

But Tiny was only six years old, and it was very difficult for her to hold a pen, so she only did two letters every day until it was finished. Then she went alone to her room and knelt down. "Please, God," she said, "I did this text for you. Please take it from Tiny, for Jesus Christ's sake." And God heard the prayer, for He always listens when little children truly pray.

So Tiny's text was sent up to London, and a lady put a very pretty flower into the card and took it to a hospital. She stopped beside

a bed where a little boy was lying. His face was almost as white as the pillow on which he lay, and his dark eyes were filled with tears.

"Is the pain very bad to-day, Willie?"

"Yes, miss, it's dreadful. But it's not so much the pain as I mind, I'm used to that, yer know. Father beat me every day almost when he was drunk. But the doctor says I'm too ill for'm to 'ave any hopes for me, and I'm mighty afear'd to die."

"If you had a friend who loved you very much, and you were well, should you be afraid to go and stay with him, Willie?"

"Why no, I'd like to go, in course."

"I have brought you a message from a Friend who has loved you all your life long. He wants you to trust Him, and to go and live with Him. He will love you always, and you will always be happy."

Then the lady read Tiny's text, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." She told him how Jesus had died, and then rose again and went to heaven to prepare a place for him, and many other children too. She told him how Jesus is still saying, "Come," and His hand is still held out to bless.

So Willie turned to the Good Shepherd, and was no longer afraid.

A few days afterwards he whispered, "Lord Jesus, I am coming," and died with Tiny's text in his hand.

CHILD'S HYMN.

Jesus! holy Saviour,
Hear me now, I pray;
Look upon Thy little child,
And bless me all the day.

Thou hast loved me dearly,
Thou hast died for me,
And very good and loving
Thy little child should be.

Make me very gentle,
Make me good and true,
Teach me how to please Thee
In everything I do.

Forgive me when I'm naughty,
Take all my sin away,
Help me to love Thee better,
Dear Saviour, every day.

ARE YOU LIKE HER?

How pleasant it is to see a little girl trying to be useful! There is little Rhoda May sitting in a poor old woman's cottage, and writing a letter for her to her absent son. It is an act of great kindness to the old lady, for she does not know how to write herself, and would not be able to let her "dear boy John" hear from her at all, if some one did not write instead of her. That "some one" is good little Rhoda. She has given up her play this afternoon—and no one loves play more dearly than Rhoda—in order that she may, in this way, help her aged friend. Rhoda wishes very much to be useful. I wonder whether you are like her.

HOW SIN GROWS.

The sixth commandment is: "Thou shalt not kill."

Did you say little boys and girls never kill folks? Only big folks do that! Let us see. What made that man kill the other last week?

When he was a little boy, he would get angry if his playmates did not please him. When he was larger, he hated the boys who would not do as he wanted them to, and he would fight them, and now he has killed the man because he hated him. He let anger and hate be in his heart when he was little, and they grew. The Bible says. "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer."

REPENTANCE.

If Jesus Christ was sent
To save us from our sin,
And kindly teach us to repent,
We should at once begin.

Repentance is to leave
The sins we loved before,
And show that we in earnest grieve
By doing so no more.

BOYS AND THIMBLES.

No man can, like the writer, live sixty years without often wishing he had learned to use a sewing thimble well in his early boyhood, especially if he has gone about the world much. Buttons will come off, stitches will break, and how handy it is for boys at school—often at home—to be able to whip on a button, stop a starting rent, and do many other little sewings, without calling on a woman, or perchance sending for a tailor. One seldom, if ever, learns to use a thimble, if this part of his education has been neglected in small boyhood. The writer has travelled a good deal, and at a rough guess he has broken threads at least five hundred times in attempting to work a needle through a button or garment without a thimble. Boys, take our advice, and every one of you learn to use a thimble well before you grow up.

SIGNS.

When I see a boy in haste to spend every penny as soon as he gets it, I think it a sign that he will be a spendthrift.

When I see a boy hoarding up his pennies, and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose, I think it a sign that he will be a miser.

When I see a boy always looking out for himself, and disliking to share good things with others, I think it a sign that he will grow up a very selfish person.

"KNOCK!"

Where am I to knock? "I am the Door," says the Saviour; "no man cometh to the Father save by Me."

When am I to knock? "Now is the accepted time—now is the day of salvation." "To-day, if you will hear His voice, harden not your heart."

For what am I to knock? "Knock, and it shall be opened, seek, and ye shall find; ask, and ye shall receive."

How shall I knock? "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me."

You are to knock, then, at the Door, which is Christ, now, for admission into the fold of Christ, by coming to Christ, by way of His commandments.