

Our Young Folks.

GOD WANTS THEM ALL.

God wants the boys—the merry, merry boys.
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
The thoughtless boys;
God wants the boys with all their joys.
That He as gold may make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure.
His heroes brave
He'll have them be,
Fighting for truth
And purity.
God wants the boys.

God wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,
The worst of girls.
God wants to make the girls His pearls,
And so reflect His holy face,
And bring to mind His wondrous grace,
That beautiful
The world may be,
And filled with love
And purity.
God wants the girls.

FRANKIE'S DECISION.

A few mornings since a little incident came under my notice and touched me as one of John B. Gough's wonderfully pathetic stories could not. A little lad of St. Louis, whose mother has been an invalid for months, saw—aye, and felt, too—that the little they had left from a once handsome property was melting hopelessly away. Seeing his little sister going out to her daily duties in a Christian publishing house, it occurred to Frankie that he, too, could do something. The mother's heart ached sadly as from her pillow she saw him walk bravely out into the October sunshine to conquer fortune. Of course no one wanted a boy without experience or prestige, so in a couple of hours, his feet began to lag, and his heart sank, when whom should he meet but Mrs Wilson, a former acquaintance of his mother's, who seemed heartily glad to see with what bright-faced bravery the little lad had taken up his burden. So she said: "Yes, Frankie, I want just such a boy."

Those who have tried and failed, and at last met with partial success, will understand with what eager alacrity his feet flew over the pavement on errands for Mrs Wilson until near dinner-time, when she said: "Now, Frankie, you may go and get the beer for Mr. Wilson's dinner." Had she presented a pistol to his head, he would not have staggered more under its spell than under this mandate; and how easy it would have seemed to some—and to none more so than to really kind-hearted Mrs Wilson—to take that five-minutes' walk and earn money to buy some luxury for sick mamma. Not so with Frankie. His religious training was pronounced; there were no modern by-ways in it. So there came slowly, and with a little quiver in his boyish voice:

"I cannot go, Mrs Wilson."

"Tired so soon?" she asked.

"No, ma'am; but I can't buy beer."

The angry blood rose to her face, and she was about to lecture him on what she thought, at the time, impertinence; but the quick-seeing instinct of childhood saw the storm rising, so he slipped quickly out and home.

It was well the heavily-shaded room did not allow even a mother's quick eye to see the trace of tears; but the mother's heart always vibrates to the least note of sadness in the voices of her little ones, and she knew he was disappointed. So she drew his head close to hers on her pillow, and said: "O my precious boy, you are not the first who has found that the world does not meet you half way; but be brave, and by-and-by you will succeed."

And he was brave enough to keep his bitter

sorrow in the background; and it was only after Mrs Wilson's anger had cooled, and she saw his conduct in its real light, that she came to the mother and related the incident, and offered to take him back. But he preferred to make paper boxes at twenty-five cents a day. Now, I would like to know how many lads—aye, and men, too—are ready to stand as bravely by their colours as does little Frankie.

ON PICKET-DUTY.

"Rob, how heedless you are!" cried Fannie. "I told you to be sure you shut the door when you went out. You didn't do it, and now the biscuits are so cold they won't be light in time to bake for tea."

"I'm sorry, Fan—truly I am—but I forgot all about it."

"I suppose you did. It would be a comfort if you could ever remember anything."

At the supper-table Mrs Bertram asked:

"Rob, did you do that errand at Gleason's?"

"O mamma, I'm awful sorry! The boys wanted me to play ball, and I thought I'd go there when we came home, and then I forgot it."

"Did you go to the Post Office?" asked his father.

Rob's face showed plainly that he had forgotten that too.

"I should think a boy of sixteen was old enough to remember a few things," remarked Mr. Bertram, but Rob's untrustworthy memory had become such an old story that little comment was made.

"I wish I'd lived in war times," exclaimed our hero a few days later, as he laid down an exciting book he had just finished. "The battles must have been grand, but I think I should have liked picket-duty too. What an inspiration it would be to a man, as he walked back and forth in the dark, to remember that perhaps the safety of the whole army lay in his keeping!"

His mother shook her head.

"I don't think you would have made a good picket."

"Now, mother, why not?" asked Rob, quite indignant that his patriotism should be thus assailed.

"I doubt whether you would have believed in a danger you couldn't see, and so you would have laid down your gun and been at the mercy of the lurking foe."

"Why, mother, a fellow would be a fool to do that."

Mrs Bertram smiled.

"Did you ever see me do anything so silly?"

"Very recently."

Rob only looked his incredulity.

"The comfort of a family, if not the safety of an army, often lies in your keeping, and you prove a very negligent picket. You surrender to the first temptation that presents itself, with no better excuse than 'I forgot.' It was he who was 'faithful in little things', who was made 'ruler over many things.'"

HER LOST FAITH.

The mother of David Hume was a susceptible woman. Affectionate by nature, she lived in the affections of her family. More than this, she was a religious woman, and it was her aim to rightly educate the consciences of her orphan children.

David Hume was a brilliant lad. His success in his intellectual pursuits and studies led his mother to hope that he would become an eminent

man. With this vision like a bow of promise before her, her life had many happy hours.

But one day a shadow crossed the light of this beautiful dream. Her son avowed himself a sceptic. His mother viewed the change of his opinions with alarm, both on account of his own future happiness and his influence over others.

He loved his mother. Her love and admiration for him gave him great influence over her. He determined to overthrow her religious belief, and succeeded. His subtle, specious reasoning destroyed her faith in God, and left her without religious hope.

Hume became a leader among men, and crowned himself with fame. He associated with courtly people, philosophers, wits and men of genius. He was quoted, and multiplied his influences among men.

He went abroad, roaming over the sunny provinces of France and historic fields of Italy. Returning to London on his way home to Scotland, he was met by a postman who gave him a letter. The communication was from his mother. It began substantially as follows:

My Dear Son. My health has failed me. I am in a deep decline and I cannot long survive.

My philosophy gives me no comfort. I am left without the consolations of religion, and my mind is sinking into despair.

I pray you hasten home to console me.

Hume hurried back to Scotland, and when he arrived at his home he found his mother dead.

We do not know what his feelings were. We only know that had he arrived before her death he would have had no consolations to offer. He himself died jesting, and we have no moral to draw from any regrets which one might reasonably imagine he would feel in such a case.

But the incidents suggest a situation to better hearts than had David Hume. There are no consolations in unbelief for the hour of sorrow, disaster or death.

He who destroys the religious hopes of others may one day be asked to give in their place a substitute that will meet the needs of the soul. What is there to give? In these times, when opinions are changing, God's laws do not change, and the needs of the soul remain ever the same. Be careful of your influence, lest you one day be called to face a scene such as this might have been.

THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

Miss Louise M. Alcott says: I can only hope that with the new and freer ideas now coming up, some of the good old ways may also be restored. Respect shown to the aged, modesty, simple-dress, home-keeping, daughters learning from good mothers the domestic arts, are so much better than the too early frivolity and freedom so many girls now enjoy. The little daughter sent me by my dying sister has given me a renewed interest in the education of girls, and a fresh anxiety concerning the sort of society they are to enter by and bye. Health comes first, and early knowledge of truth, obedience, and self-control; then such necessary lessons as all must learn, and later such accomplishments as taste and talent lead her to desire,—a profession or trade to fall back upon in time of need, that she may not be dependent or too proud to work for her bread. Experience is the best teacher, and with good health, good principles, and a good education, any girl can make her own way, and be the braver and better for the exertion and discipline. No late hours, unwholesome pleasures and dross, no mixing of school and flirtation, but simple amusements, daily duties, and a purpose in life to keep them girls at heart even while preparing for the work and happiness of women.