

Our Young Folks.

BE CAREFUL.

Be careful what you sow, boys !
For seed will surely grow, boys !
The dew will fall,
The rain will splash,
The clouds will darken,
And the sunshine flash,
And the boy who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, girls !
For every seed will grow, girls !
Though it may fall
Where you cannot know,
Yet in summer and shade
It will surely grow.
And the girl who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, boys !
For the weeds will surely grow, boys !
If you plant bad seed
By the wayside high,
You must reap the harvest
By and by.
And the boy who sows wild oats to-day
Must reap wild oats to-morrow.

Then let us sow good seed now !
And not the briars and weeds now !
That when the harvest
For us shall come,
We may have good sheaves
To carry home.
For the seed we sow in our lives to-day
Shall grow and bear fruit forever.

GOLDEN GRAIN BIBLE READINGS.

BY REV. J. A. R. DICKSON, B.D., GALT.

THE BELIEVER JOYFUL IN GOD.

Why? Because he is covered with the robe of
Christ's righteousness, Isa. lxxi. 10.
He is in the presence of God, Psa. xvi. 11.
He draws water out of the wells of }
salvation, } Isa. xii. 2.
He finds and feeds upon the Word of God, Jer. xv. 16.
He has hope of the glory of God, Rom. v. 2.
He is in the kingdom of God, Rom. xiv. 17.
He is on his way to the Eternal City, Isa. li. 11.
God is his salvation, Isa. xii. 2.
God is faithful to his covenant, Joel ii. 23, and
Gen. viii. 22.
God rejoices over his people with }
singing, } Zeph. iii. 17.
What a picture we have of the reciprocal joy of the
sinner and the Saviour—and both crowned by a
feast in Luke. xv. 11, 32.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

LIFE AND DEATH.

"And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place and let the dry land appear; and it was so. And God called the dry land earth, and the gathering together of the waters called He seas; and God saw that it was good," Genesis i. 9. At this stage of the world's history there was no life of any kind upon earth, and nothing could be seen but bare barren uplands and lowlands, surrounded by sullen, surging seas, and the whole having for an environment a dense mist, no rain having fallen as yet. The earth could scarcely be called a thing of beauty in this state, nor yet a thing of any apparent use; it wanted "life," vegetable, animal and human to complete it, and to render it both beautiful and useful to the comprehension and wants of finite beings. But where was this mysterious principle of life, any kind of life, to come from? The dead earth could not reach to heaven to obtain it, this was beyond its forces, for there is a great gulf fixed between life and death, which death can never cross. Life may pass and "weave from matter the robes we know it by," but to death the chasm is quite impossible. And upon these great truths, primal illustrations of many succeeding truths of a similar nature, our distinctive Presbyterian doctrine is based. The dead earth cannot, of itself, attain to even the time life; and man cannot of himself attain to the eternal life. But God can confer the time and the eternal life, because He alone can cross the gulf by the mighty power of His creative word.

And His creative word did cross the abyss. "And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth; and it was so," Genesis i. 11. "These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens, and every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew, for the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and there was not a man to till the ground," Genesis ii. 4, 5. No language could more clearly express the fact that every plant and every herb of the field were created before they were in the earth. And all science admits the fact that, at one time, no life could possibly exist upon earth.

The earth and the seas were dead, in the Scriptural sense of death, though they were certainly in existence. Death must then mean a state of utter unconsciousness of being, when applied to matter. Matter knew nothing and could know nothing of its own existence, far less could it have any conception of the life which was so soon to take possession of it. But life did take possession of it, and moulded it into the many beautiful forms of vegetable life we now admire so much. Animal life came next, but it could not tell the secret of its being to vegetable life, and neither could vegetable receive it even if the animal could have attempted the revelation. A whole gulf of being was between them. Vegetable life was "dead" to animal life, though it was living out its own existence. Human life next appears, but neither can it tell the story of its peculiar being to animal life, and though the animal is living out its own existence, it is "dead" to human life, in the sense that it can neither comprehend nor live the human life. Last of all comes spiritual life, and neither can it describe the secret of its new creation to the natural comprehension, the natural man being "dead" to the kingdom which is above him. A whole gulf of being divides the divinely spiritual from the natural, as it exists now; and the natural can no more grow into the spiritual, unless it be "born again," than the bare and naked earth could grow or expand to heaven by its own efforts, in order to clothe itself with the garments of life.

But back of all the kingdoms, temporal and eternal, is God, who performs His wonders in His own mysterious way and in no other; and if He saw fit to cross the gulf to clothe the desolate earth in garments of living verdure springing up from within itself, shall He not much more cross the greater gulf to re-clothe His own marred image in robes of innocence upon a clean form, cleansed by wells of living water springing up from within itself? M.

HOW A THIEF WAS DISCOVERED.

The following story, describing the unique plan by which a rogue was discovered among the native troops of British India, is told by a veteran English officer. Shortly after he had assumed command of the Fourteenth Native Bengal Infantry, a complaint was brought to him of a theft which had just been committed in the barracks, to the perpetrator of which there was not the slightest clue. The next morning, on parade, the colonel passed along the line, giving to each man in turn a strip of bamboo; and when all were supplied, he said, with solemn emphasis: "My men, there's a thief among you, and Brahma has revealed to me how I may detect him. Come forward one by one, and give me your bamboo chips; and the guilty man, let him do what he may, will have the longest."

The soldiers, not a little startled at this mysterious threat, obeyed without a word; but, before the first dozen had filed past, the colonel suddenly seized one of them by the throat and shouted:

"You are the man!"

The Hindu fell upon his knees, and whined out a confession of the theft, while his terrified companions salaamed to the ground before the dreaded "Sahib," to whom Brahma had given such a terrible power. When they had dispersed, the senior major, who had been looking on in silent amazement, came up, and said:

"I wish you would teach me that trick, colonel."

"It is a very simple one, my dear fellow," he answered, with a smile. "You see, these bits of bamboo were all the same length; but the thief, fearing to get the longest piece, bit off the end of his, just as I expected he would, and that is how I knew him!"

INVISIBLE REINS.

All our young readers may have power if they seek it. But what sort of power? Not the public office which makes conspicuous both their good deeds and their bad ones; not the great wealth which causes the world afoot to doff its cap while the millionaire rolls past and then curse him behind his back. Nay, but they may hold silken invisible reins of influence by which people of all conditions may be turned hither and thither, restrained, urged forward or controlled.

Would you find these invisible reins? There are many to be had; let only two of them be mentioned:

One is gentleness. "The power of gentleness," said Henry Martyn, "is irresistible." Is it not true? Look around your group of acquaintances. Whose word has most weight? Whose approval is most sought? Whose way is oftenest followed? Not the blusterer's, not the bold, loud voiced wrangler's, not the positive, unreasoning dogmatist's, but his whose gentle tone, modest opinion of self, quiet manner, willingness to stand back all point out true wisdom.

But gentleness alone will not do, it is a strong influence, but it needs a counter rein, lest the guidance be one-sided. Its balance is not far to seek. Let the silken rein of gentleness be united with the fine-drawn steel wire of firmness, and you hold in your grasp power which crowned heads might envy.

This is no fancy sketch. We have in mind one who from boyhood has ever exercised the strongest influence in whatever community his lot was cast, and all thoughtful people agree that he owes his position mainly to these two well-adjusted reins, gentleness and firmness; to the fact that, while his speech and behaviour to all are gentle and kind and considerate as a tender woman's, his principles in matters great and small are as fixed as is the mountain-chain of his native land.

MR. TEN MINUTES.

A touching story is told of the late Prince Napoleon. He had joined the English army, and was one day at the head of a squad riding horse-back outside of the camp. It was a dangerous situation. One of the company said, "We had better return. If we don't hasten we may fall into the hands of the enemy." "Oh," said the Prince, "Let us stay here ten minutes and drink our coffee." Before the ten minutes had passed, a company of Zulus came upon them, and in the skirmish the Prince lost his life. His mother, when informed of the facts, in her anguish, said: "That was his great mistake from babyhood. He never wanted to go to bed at night in time, nor to arise in the morning. He was ever pleading for ten minutes more. When too sleepy to speak he would lift up his two little hands and spread out his ten fingers, indicating that he wanted ten minutes more. On this account I sometimes called him Mr. Ten Minutes." How many have lost not only their lives, but their precious, immortal souls, by this sin of procrastination! When God calls we should promptly obey.

READY BEFOREHAND.

"What are you doing now? I never saw a girl that was so continually finishing something to do!"
"I'm only going to sew a button on my glove."
"Why, you are not going out, are you?"
"Oh, no. I only like to get things ready beforehand; that's all."

And this little thing that had been persisted in by Rose Hammond until it had become a fixed habit, saved her more trouble than she herself had any idea of—more time, too. Ready beforehand—try it.

As surely as you do, faithfully, you will never relinquish it for the shirshod time-enough-when-it's-wanted way of doing.

LITTLES.

Last spring, the superintendent of a Presbyterian Sabbath school distributed a few kernels of pop-corn to the members of the school, to be planted and tended by them for the missionary cause. At a harvest festival recently held, the corn which was raised was brought and sold at auction, and the amount realized, over \$14, goes to the Home Mission cause. Other donations in the shape of apples, potatoes and other fruits and vegetables were also sold, and that, together with the door and supper receipts, netted the school nearly \$40, to be used in buying new books.