

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WE COME AND GO.

If you or I
To-day should die,
The birds would sing as sweet to-morrow;
The vernal spring
Her flowers would bring.
A few would think of us with sorrow.

"Yes, he is dead,"
Would then be said;
The corn would floss, the grass yield hay,
The cattle low,
The summers go,
And few would heed us pass away.

How soon we pass!
How few, alas!
Remember those who turn to mould!
Whose faces fade
With autumn's shade,
Beneath the sodded church-yard cold.

Yes, it is so—
We come, we go—
They hail our birth, they mourn us dead;
A day or more,
The winter o'er,
Another takes our place instead.

IN GOD'S CARE.

ONE night, when Mr. Hansen, a rich Swedish merchant, was visiting Pommerania with his son, he took lodgings at a tidy looking inn, where, many years before, he had passed three days. It had been pleasant weather then, but now the wind raged fiercely, and the sea lashed itself into fury. The hardiest of men had abandoned the coast, and, shivering with the cold, had returned to their homes. Edmund, the son of the merchant, Hansen, went out to look about him, wrapped in a woollen cloak, but soon came in, and said to the white-haired landlady:

"What fearful weather, Mother Martens! No one in his senses would venture on the sea just now."

"That is true enough, young man; no good would come of it," replied the old woman.

"You could very easily weather such a storm," said Edmund. "Such a voyage as you once made is not taken very often. My father has told me about it. You are shielded from wind and wave."

"Hush!" said the old woman, "we are everywhere under the eye of God. Those whom He keeps are well kept."

"That is true, Mother Martens," observed the merchant. "You have had proof of the divine power and goodness. The storm is still raging; let us close the shutters, and hear the story from the beginning to the end. Edmund will be pleased to know all about it."

"I do not like to speak of myself," said the woman; "one should leave that to others. However, you are right, sir; this narration may be useful to the young gentleman, and, as there is nothing more to be done outside, I will tell you how God gave me proof of His watchful care."

At these words the good old woman closed the shutters, put the kettle on the fire, and when the water was hot, and the tea served, she began:

"You see, sir, I am an old woman, I have lived many long years in this strange country; but the day I left my own land is as distinct in my memory as if it were yesterday. The cabin of my parents was situated on the sea coast in the southern part of Sweden. Our

greatest treasure was a cow, spotted black and white. We had raised her, and she was precious to us. It was my business to lead her every day to pasture. My father was a fisherman, and when the snow covered the country, and the sea was frozen over, we suffered much. Once we might have died of hunger if it had not been for the cow. The poor creature was the object of all our care.

"One time the winter was more severe than usual, the snow was piled up in heaps all around our cottage, and I, scarcely sixteen years old, longed for the spring as a bird for the sun. At last, one cold, foggy, misty day, the sun drew me to the door, and I led our cow along the shore, where, here and there, at the foot of the 'dunes' (banks of sand), were some tufts of grass. The cow bounded with joy, and I was truly happy. Suddenly she ran toward the sea, which was covered with thick ice that cracked and broke as she moved over it. She reached a large cake of ice, and, standing on it, attempted to drink. I had gone with her. I kept close to her side, and saw in the distance great blocks of ice carried away by the tide. Immediately I felt the ice under us move. I called to the cow and tried to drive her to the shore, but she had not drunk enough and would not stir; I cried aloud; I seized the cow and drew her with all my strength, and, I shudder to think of it, the ice on which we stood separated from the shore, and began to drift toward the open sea!

"To right and left, before and behind, the ice was carried away. I looked around. I was going farther and farther from the land. I was numb with fear. The ice collected in heads as it moved slowly or heavily along; and that on which we were floated as a small boat. The cow shook with cold. The swift tide pressed on us and drove us ahead. Darkness came on. The sun had set long ago, and now it was black night. The waves broke on our ice-cake—I fell on my knees—I prayed. The cow had lain down. I stretched myself close to her; this warmed me. Then I thought of my father—my mother—who would look for me so anxiously. I was filled with grief, and I slept, exhausted from fatigue.

"In the middle of the night I awoke, shivering, and my teeth chattering. Oh, what a spectacle was before me! On all sides where my eyes rested, nothing but the water, nothing but the dreadful sea. The stories about water elves or fairies, that I had heard told by sailors, came to my mind; I seemed to see monsters and phantoms come from the bottom of the abyss. I fancied I saw strange figures floating like clouds towards me. Then I shut my eyes and prayed again. When I opened them I saw a bright star ahead. I looked again. It was a light, and it surely moved. A boat, with men, is coming towards us. 'Oh, Nannette!' I cried, 'stand up.' It seemed to me she ought to shout for joy; but the poor shivering creature did not move.

"My fingers were numb and stiff, but I tore off my apron and waved it in the air, then—then—"

"Then," interrupted Edmund, with glowing eagerness, "they reached you and took you home—you and Nannette?"

"I do not know how it was," said the old

woman, whose eyes were filled with tears. "I remember only voices, and then finding myself on a big ship, and then being home again in the dear old cottage, and father thanking the blessed God and rubbing Nannette; and then the happiest moment, when father said, 'Oh! my daughter, I felt sure you would pray, and God would hear you.' My young friend, with God to help me, I was as safe on that open sea, as I am now by this bright, warm fire."

THE BABY'S SERMON.

THE children had been up in their mamma's room, after breakfast, Sabbath morning, learning their text; and when they had it perfectly, and were coming down stairs again for a run in the garden, while nurse was busy, Nannie and Frank fell to disputing. And what do you think about? Why, who should carry the great rubber ball down stairs.

Nannie wanted it because she had thought of it first, and Frank wanted it because he was the oldest. "You're a mean, selfish boy," said Nannie.

"You're a pig," said Frank.

"I'll just tell papa what a horrid boy you are," said Nannie.

"And I'll tell mamma I wish she'd sell you to somebody. I don't want such a sister," answered Frank.

"I don't love you one single bit," said Nannie.

"And who wants you to?" inquired Frank.

So these naughty children went on from bad to worse, saying all sorts of unkind and unpleasant things to one another—so very unkind that they were ashamed enough whenever they remembered them afterward.

At this time Baby Ben was coming down stairs behind them. Slowly, one foot at a time, holding fast to the bannister with both fat small hands, the little man made his way, and wider and wider opened his big blue eyes, as he heard the angry words.

The children stopped to finish their quarrel at the foot of the stairs. Frank was trying very hard to take the ball away from Nannie, and she had got as far as pulling his hair, the naughty girl, when the baby stopped on the lowest stair, and preached his sermon to them.

"Ickle children," said he, "love one another."

That was every word he said. It was the text the children had been learning in their mother's room such a short time before. Nannie dropped her hands, her face flushed, and she turned half away from Baby Ben, and nobody said anything for a moment.

"Here, Frank," said Nannie at last, holding out the ball, "you may have it, I'm going to be good."

"So am I," said Frank. "You shall have the first toss, Nannie. I'm—I'm real sorry I was cross."

So the two went off to the garden hand in hand, ashamed enough of having been so naughty, while the baby curled himself up in papa's big chair, and went fast asleep.

"SAY not, I will do so to him as he hath done to me: I will render to the man according to his work."—*Prov. xxiv. 29.*