

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### THE STORY OF A WEEK.

Little battles thou hast won,  
 Little masteries achieved,  
 Little wants with care relieved,  
 Little words in love expressed,  
 Little wrongs at once confessed,  
 Little favours kindly done,  
 Little toils thou didst not shun,  
 Little graces meekly worn,  
 Little slights with patience borne—  
 These shall crown thy pillowed head  
 Holy light upon thee shed;  
 These are treasures that shall rise  
 Far beyond the smiling skies.

### DEAF AND DUMB JACK.

When I was a child I was very fond of a certain story, a true story, told by Charlotte Elizabeth, about a poor little deaf and dumb boy, and I have never forgotten it. Perhaps the boys and girls of to-day may like to hear what it was I remembered most distinctly about Jack, as he was called.

But let me first tell you how his friend, Charlotte Elizabeth, tried to teach him. She was herself deaf, though not born so, as Jack had been. It was very hard to make him understand, for he was wholly ignorant, as much so as a dog, or any dumb animal. At last she succeeded in teaching him about God, who had made him and all the world; and then she tried to tell him of Jesus, who came to redeem him and all mankind. Jesus who was born a little baby, of his mother the Virgin Mary. Jack soon learned to love Jesus, and used to talk about him in his own way, as the dumb do on their fingers.

One day he told Charlotte Elizabeth that by and by, after he was dead, when he had lain a good while in the grave, God would call aloud, "Jack!" and he would start and say, "Yes, me Jack." Then he would rise, and see many, many people standing together, and God sitting on a cloud with a very large book in his hand. And God would beckon him to stand before him, while he found the name of Jack at the top of one of the pages. Upon that page, he said, God had written all his "bads," every sin he had ever done, and the page was full. So God would look, and try to read it. He would hold it up to the sunlight to see it, but it was all "No, no, nothing, none."

Charlotte Elizabeth asked him if he had done no bad. He said, "Yes, much bads," but that when he first prayed, Jesus Christ had taken the book out of God's hand, and had found the page with Jack's name at the top; and then passing his good red hand down the page, God could see none of Jack's bads, only Jesus Christ's blood. Then God would shut the book, and Jack would stay standing before him till the Lord Jesus came, and then when the Lord came saying to God, "My Jack," he would put his arm around Jack, and draw him aside, and bid him stand with the angels till all the people were judged.

It was this beautiful story of what Jack thought about Jesus Christ's "good red hand," that I remember so well from a child. His thought of it had helped me to understand how our transgressions will all be blotted out in Christ's most precious blood; how at last

God will see, not our many sins, but the blood of his own beloved son, whom he gave to be our Saviour.

You and I, little reader, will hope to see Jack in heaven, when we are called to go. There he will be able to tell the praises of the blessed Lamb of God, and to sing the song of the saved. For there will be no blindness nor deafness in heaven. "There the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing." Oh, let us learn the beginning of that song which is to be sung in heaven, while we are here on earth, and then it will not be strange to us when we stand with the redeemed above!

### CAN A CHILD HAVE FAITH?

Yes, a child can have faith. There is not one of our readers so young as not to be able to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved.

Every one knows how to believe in father or mother, in an older brother or sister. Children naturally believe. We say to all the boys and girls that they believe Him in the same way as they believe their parents. When they promise anything, no matter what, their children expect them to keep their promise. So when God promises anything, the smallest child may expect Him to keep His promise. And certainly he will do it.—God never disappoints those who put their trust in Him. The earlier that children can be taught to remember their Creator the better for them.

We once knew a most excellent young man at college. One day, in talking upon religious matters, we asked him when he became a Christian. His reply was:—"Ever since I can remember, I have loved God, and loved the Lord Jesus Christ."

So it will be seen that children from their earliest years may be Christians. They can have all the faith that is required of them. As they live in this world, and by degrees learn how to live and act, so by degrees they come to know more and more about religious matters. At first their faith may be small, but, like the mustard seed, it will grow and expand until it fills all their life.

### TWO WAYS OF DOING A THING.

An express train filled with listless, sleepy-looking passengers, stood in the Pennsylvania Railroad station at Jersey City, the other day, on the moment of departure for Philadelphia. The locomotive had backed up to the cars and poured a volume of thick smoke into the hot, stifling atmosphere of the station. The travellers lolled in their seats looking as though they dreaded the discomforts of the long, dusty ride, but yet were impatient to be whirling along through the open country, away from the smoke, the smell, and the noise. A slow-moving, surly-looking boy of fourteen or thereabouts, passed through the train, calling out:

"Fa-a-a-ns, five cents."

He spoke in a dreary, disconsolate tone,

which made the people feel more tired and languid than ever. He went from the smoking-car to the rear of the train and sold just two fans.

A colored boy, about the same age, followed immediately after him, with a big armful of new bamboo fans. The difference in the two lads was striking. The darkey had a cheery, business-like way with him which appealed directly to the comfort and to the pockets of the perspiring passengers. In a peculiar boyish voice, as mellow as a flute, he called out:

"Keep yo'selves c-o-o-o-l, now, ladies an gemmen! C-o-ney Island breezes! A big fan only five cents! Zephyrs from de billows, Buy 'em while you can!"

The effect was like a draught of cool air. Everybody at once wanted a fan. The darkey was as much in demand as the newsboy on an early train from the suburbs. People left their seats to avoid getting left. In two cars the boy sold sixty-seven fans. He could have sold as many more if he had had them. He jumped off the platform as the train moved from the station with his pocket full of change and his heart full of joy. "Hurrah!" he shouted, "dat was quick business." The other boy stared in stupid astonishment and wondered how it was done.

### HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER.

There is a touching story of the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson, which has had influence on many a boy, who has heard it. Samuel's father, Michael Johnson, was a poor bookseller in Litchfield, England. On market days he used to carry a package of books to the village of Uttoxeter, and sell them from a stall in the market-place. One day the bookseller was sick, and asked his son to go and sell the books in his place. Samuel from a silly pride, refused to obey.

Fifty years afterward Johnson became the celebrated author, the compiler of the "English Dictionary," and one of the most distinguished scholars in England; but he never forgot his act of unkindness to his poor hard-toiling father: so when he visited Uttoxeter, he determined to show his sorrow and repentance.

He went into the market-place at the time of business, uncovered his head, and stood there for an hour in a pouring rain, on the very spot where the bookstall used to stand. "This," he says, "was an act of contrition for my disobedience to my kind father."

The spectacle of the great Dr. Johnson standing bare-headed in the storm, to atone for the wrong done by him fifty years before, is a grand and touching one. There is a representation of it (in marble) on the Doctor's monument.

Many a man in after life has felt something harder and heavier than a storm of rain beating upon his heart, when he remembered his acts of unkindness to a good father or mother now in their graves.

CREATE in me a clean heart.