

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### THE LITTLE LIGHT.

The light shone dim on the headland,  
For the storm was raging high;  
I shaded my eyes from the inner glare,  
And gazed on the wet, gray sky.  
It was dark and lowering, on the sea  
The waves were booming loud,  
And the snow and piercing winter aloft  
Wove over all a shroud.

"God pity the men on the sea to-night!"  
I said to my little ones;  
And we shuddered as we heard afar  
The sound of minute-guns.  
My good man came in his fishing coat,  
(He was wet and cold that night),  
And he said, "There'll lots of ships go down  
On the headland rocks to-night."

"Let the lamp burn all night, mother,"  
Cried little Mary then;  
"Tis but a little light, but still  
It might save drowning men."  
"O, nonsense!" cried the father,  
(He was tired and cross that night),  
"The headland light-house is enough,"  
And he put out the light.

That night on the rocks below us  
A noble ship went down;  
But one was saved from the ghastly wreck,  
The rest were left to drown.  
"We steered by a little light," he said,  
"Till we saw it sink from view."  
If they'd only 'a left that light all night  
My mates might be here too!"

Then little Mary sobbed aloud,  
Her father blushed for shame;  
"Twas our light that you saw," he said,  
"And I'm the one to blame."  
Twas a little light—how small a thing!  
And trifling was its cost;  
Yet for want of it the ship went down,  
And a hundred souls were lost.

### THE QUEEN AND THE CHILD.

Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, had a palace at Schonhausen. One day Queen Elizabeth, the wife of Frederick, was walking in the garden connected with this palace. Her gardener had a little niece named Gretchen with him in the garden. She was on a visit to her uncle. Gretchen lived in the city of Berlin. Her father was a gardener too. He was a poor man, but he was a Christian, and he had taught his little daughter to know and love Jesus.

The Queen talked with little Gretchen, and was so much pleased with her simplicity, and her bright, intelligent answers to the questions she asked her, that she told her uncle to let her come to the palace the next day and make her a visit.

So Gretchen dressed herself very neatly, and went to the palace at the time appointed.

One of the court ladies who knew about it, saw her coming, and told the Queen, who was then at dinner. The good Queen was much pleased to hear that her little visitor had come. She ordered her to be brought in at once. Gretchen ran up to her kind friend, courtesied to her very respectfully, and kissed her dress. At the request of the Queen, she was placed on a chair by her side, where she could see at once all the splendid sight which that table presented. There was a large company dining with the Queen. Lords and princes, and officers of the army, and ladies were there, sparkling with gold and jewels. It was the

first time this innocent girl had ever seen such a sight, and the Queen felt curious to know what effect the brilliant display would have upon her.

Gretchen looked quietly at the costly dresses of the company, and at the beautiful dishes of china and gold that covered the table, and was silent for a while. Then, while all the persons at the table were looking at her, she clasped her little hands and closed her eyes, and repeated in a simple, touching way, this verse of a hymn her father had taught her:

"Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are—my glorious dress;  
'Midst flaming worlds, in those arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head."

The company were greatly surprised and deeply moved. One of the ladies said to the Queen, with tears in her eyes, "Happy child. We thought she would envy us, but we have much more reason to envy her."

That little girl knew Jesus as the Bread of Life, and she was so satisfied with this Bread, that she did not want the rich and beautiful things that were before her in that great palace. She preferred her own humble home.

### THE REPORT OF THE HOUSE.

Amid the blue and starry sky,  
A group of hours one even  
Met, as they took their upward flight  
Into the highest heaven.

Commissioned each to bear above  
Whatever had been done,  
By little children, good or bad,  
Since the last rising sun.

And some had gold and purple wings,  
Some drooped like faded flowers,  
And sadly soared to tell the tale,  
That they were misspent hours.

Some glowed with rosy hopes and smiles,  
And some had many a tear;  
Others had some kind words and acts,  
To carry upward there.

A shining hour with golden plumes,  
Was laden with a deed  
Of generous sacrifice, a child  
Had done for one in need.

And one was bearing up a prayer  
A little child had said,  
All full o' penitence and love,  
While kneeling by his bed.

And thus they glided on and gave  
The records dark and bright,  
To Him who marks each passing hour  
Of childhood's day and night.

O, let us all remember how  
Each hour is on its way,  
Bearing its own report to heaven  
Of all we do and say.

### HOW TO BE HAPPY

Eddie was very busy looking over his New Year presents, while his mother sat by hushing Baby Helen to sleep.

"How pretty my card is!" Eddie said. "Mamma, I read what was on it the moment I saw it, though the letters were so queer-looking: 'I wish you a happy New Year.' Of course I'll be happy with such lots of presents. I guess there'll be enough to make me happy till the year is old."

"Did your Christmas presents make you

so, even that one day, Eddie?" asked his mother, as she quietly rocked the baby.

Eddie looked rather ashamed. He recollected how cross he was Christmas morning because Helen had knocked down the great house he had built with his new box of blocks, and how in the afternoon he had to be sent to his room for an hour because he was so naughty when his mother thought it was too damp for him to take his new sled out.

No; presents did not make him happy that day. Would they another time? Just then from the parlour below came up Jane's voice singing softly as she dusted the furniture—

"Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away!  
He taught me how to watch and pray,  
And live rejoicing every day,  
Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away."

"There, Eddie!" said his mother. "That is the only way for even little children to be really happy. If you begin this year asking Jesus to wash your sins away and to make you His loving child, you will be happy, with playthings or without them. I suspect Jesus remembered how He used to play when He was a little child like you. I think it is very probable that He played in Joseph's shop very often with the blocks and shavings, just as you do with your blocks. I know he never felt or looked angry if anyone interfered with Him, though. Who knows but that He helps along the play of little boys and girls who are trying to please Him? He helps grown people with their work, and you can ask Him to bless your play. Jesus is near to bless you. He is with you when you pray to Him, but He is near you at all other times. He is close to you all the day and all the night. You may forget that He is near to you, but He guides you by His spirit while you wake or sleep. His love is round about you. Knowing that He loves you makes you happy."

Eddie kissed his mother and went quietly back to his toys, but he did not forget that New Year's day talk.

### READ YOUR BIBLE.

Mr. Hughes, in "Tom Brown," tells an anecdote showing how we may influence others without meaning it.

A fragile boy came to Rugby, and was put under the care of "Tom Brown," and he, with a number of other boys, all slept in one large hall, and at night they all frolicked and played. Before the lights were out they were all ready for bed, and were very much surprised to see this boy kneel down by his bed to say his prayers. One hard-hearted boy thought he would put a stop to this, so he threw his shoe at him, and in turn "Tom Brown" threw his boot at him. That night "Brown" woke up with a heavy feeling, and thought how much ashamed he was when he came there to say his prayers, and that he had promised his mother before he left his home that he would read his Bible every day, and had never read it since he came there, so he thought he would do better. And next morning when he got up he knelt down by his bed and all was silent. Before long all got into the habit of reading their Bibles and kneeling every night and morning. All from the actions of this boy.