

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A TINY SEED.

One May morning, two green leaves,
Peeping from the ground,
Patty and her brother Will
In the garden found.
They a seed had planted there,
Just ten days ago,
Only half believing that
It would ever grow.

"Oh, it's grown!" "It's grown!" they cried,
"And it soon will be,"
Will proclaimed, now full of faith,
"Like a little tree;
Then will lady slippers come,
And they'll all be ours;
Oh, how good God is to turn
Brown seeds into flowers!"

GOD IS HERE

Kneel, my child, for God is here:
Bond in love, but not in fear;
Kneel before Him now in prayer;
Thank Him for His constant care;
Praise Him for His bounties shed
Every moment on thy head;
Ask for light to know His will;
Ask for love thy heart to fill;
Ask for faith to bear thee on
Through the might of Christ, His Son;
Ask His Spirit still to guide thee
Through the ills that may befall thee;
Ask for peace to lull to rest
Every tumult of thy breast;
Ask in awe, but not in fear;
Kneel, my child, for God is here.

THE CHILD JESUS.

"I WONDER what the Lord Jesus really did when he was a child?" said Willie, one Sunday evening just before Christmas day. "So do I," said Katie, "and I wish the Bible had told us more about Him—whether He went to school or not, whether He ever played, or whether He was always quiet and thoughtful."

"A good many people have felt the same wish," aunt Kate answered; "but as God has not seen fit to tell us more, we may be sure there is some very good reason why we should not have our curiosity gratified. Still, we do know something about the childhood of our Lord, and the few notices we have teach us a great deal."

"He didn't go to school, I suppose," Katie said, "because the Jew asked 'How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?'" (John vii. 15.)

"Did Jesus never learn His letters?" asked Polly, with some surprise.

"Well, the Jew did not mean that Jesus had never learned the alphabet," Aunt Kate said, "but that He had not been taught in any of the schools of the Rabbis; and they were surprised, not at His being able to read, but at His knowing so much about the Scriptures. Whether He went to school at Nazareth or not I can't say, for the Bible tells us nothing about it."

"At any rate, I suppose He used to help Joseph at his work," Willie said, "and that proves that He must have been something like other boys."

"I have no doubt that in a great many ways Jesus was like other boys, only we can never think of His being idle or disobedient, or anything else wrong. Very likely He did

work at Joseph's trade, for the people called Him the carpenter's son; and St. Mark tells us that once they asked, 'Is not this the carpenter?'"

"And don't we know anything else about the Lord when He was a child?" asked Polly.

"Yes, there is another text which surely you will remember, that tells us what He did after Mary had found Him discussing with the doctors in the temple."

"He went home with Mary and Joseph, and did what they told him," Willie said.

Katie had found the place in St. Luke, and read: "And He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them, but His mother kept all these sayings in her heart, and Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favour with God and man."

"And so," said Aunt Kate, "though we know hardly anything else about the Lord's childhood, we do know that He was always obedient and gentle, setting an example to the boys and girls of Nazareth, and not only to them, but to all children in all parts of the world."

"I don't wonder that everybody loved Jesus when He was a child," said Willie, "for He must have been so good. But then it was easy for him to be good, and it's very hard for us."

"Yes; but, Willie, you know that He who was once a child and had to pass through all the temptations of childhood, knows how hard it is for you to be good; and if you ask Him, He will help you so that you may be like Him, and as you grow bigger and wiser you may also increase 'in favour with God and man.'"

SIMPLE EXERCISES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Who made all things?
God made all things in earth and sky,
From worms that creep to clouds that fly.

Where is God?
I cannot find a lonely spot,
Where the Almighty God is not.

What is God?
God is a Spirit, just and wise,
We cannot see with mortal eyes.

Can God see you?
He sees me in the darkest night,
As well as in the noonday bright.

Can you hide from God?
I cannot from His presence fly,
Nor hide me from His piercing eye.

How long has God lived?
Before the sun; He lived always,
I cannot count eternal days.

Is God holy?
He is so holy and so pure,
He can't the smallest sin endure.

Is God good?
How good He is no man can tell,
Nor angels who in glory dwell.

What good has God done you?
He sent His only Son to die
For such a sinful worm as I.

Is God merciful?
If I repent He will forgive
My sinful soul, and let it live.

JOHNNY'S ARITHMETIC.

THE unconscious point of infant prattle and inquisitiveness is sometimes sharper than deliberate rebuke. The following may be true or not, but it serves well as an illustration:

Johnny was poring over his mental arith-

metic. It was a new study to him, and he found it interesting. When Johnny undertook anything he went about it with heart, head, and hand.

He sat on his high stool at the table, while his father and mother sat just opposite. He was such a tiny fellow, scarcely large enough to hold the book, you would think, much less to study and calculate. But he could do both, as you shall see.

Johnny's father had been speaking to his mother, and Johnny had been so intent on his book that he had not heard a word, but as he leaned back on his high chair to rest a moment, he heard his father say, "Dean got beastly drunk at the club last night, he drank ten glasses of wine. I was disgusted with the fellow."

Johnny looked up with bright eyes and said, "How many did you drink, father?"

"I drank but one, my son," said the father, smiling down upon his little boy.

"Then you were only one-tenth drunk," said Johnny, reflectively.

"Johnny!" cried his parent, sternly, in a breath; but Johnny continued with a studious air:

"Why, yes, if ten glasses of wine make a man beastly drunk, one glass will make him one-tenth part drunk, and—"

"There, there!" interrupted the father, biting his lip to hide the smile that would come, "I guess it is bed-time for you. We will have no more arithmetic to-night."

So Johnny was tucked away in bed, and went sound asleep, turning the problem over and over to see if he was wrong. And just before he had lost himself in slumber he had thought, "One thing is sure: if Dean hadn't taken the one glass he would not have been drunk; and if father had taken nine more he would have been drunk; so it is the safest way not to take any, and I never will."

HALF LOP-EARED RABBIT.

THE little animals which look so much like rabbits, and which live in all our woods and groves, are not such, but are hares, though many persons call them rabbits. Rabbits dig burrows in the ground, and live together in large numbers; but hares do not dig burrows, and they live singly, each one by itself. The wild rabbits of Europe have short ears and small head, but, singular to say many of the tame kinds have exceedingly long and drooping ears. In some of them, strange to say, only one ear hangs down. Tame rabbits, too, shew a much greater variety of colour than wild ones—gray, brown, reddish, black, more or less mixed with white, and often pure white.

The Angora rabbit is a remarkable kind, with very long, silken hair. The rearing of this and other kinds is much practised in France, as the French people like the flesh of these animals, and their skins are used in the manufacture of gloves, etc.

HAVE no worldly talk on the Sabbath, "not speaking thine own words;" nor worldly work, "not doing thine own way." Have at least a Sabbath hour in every day, as well as a Sabbath day in every week.