

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

GOD EVERYWHERE.

God—that great God who made us,
And keeps us by His power,
Whose arms of mercy shade us,
And guard us every hour;

Who formed each sea and river,
Each flower, and field, and tree;
The kind and gracious Giver
Of every good we see;

That God is near to guide us,
By day or darksome night;
And nothing can divide us
From His all-piercing sight.

Whatever may be near us,
We have no cause for fear;
And this one thought may cheer us,
"My God, my guard, is here!"

TRUST IN A PROMISE.

A little girl whose mother had always told her the truth, and taught her to trust in her promises, went with her one day to a large town. The child had been used to living in the quiet country, and the noise and bustle of the city were not pleasant to her. A great crowd was gathered to see some show in the street, and Lucy pressed her mother's hand, for she felt afraid.

"Don't be afraid, my child," said her mother. "I won't take you into any danger. Keep hold of my hand, and nothing shall hurt you."

Lucy believed her mother, and was happy.

After awhile it began to rain. The mother looked at her delicate little girl, and said:

"Lucy, dear, I am afraid to take you any farther on account of the rain. I have some business in another part of the town. I must leave you in this store. Don't go away from it, and I will come for you as soon as I get through my errands."

The child looked into her mother's face and said:

"You won't forget me, I know."

Then her mother kissed her, and left her in the care of the storekeeper.

At first she was amused by seeing the gay ribbons measured, and in watching the ladies who came in to do their shopping; but after awhile she grew tired, and wished for her mother to come. Then a little girl older than she came in, and they began to talk together. Lucy told her she was waiting for her mother, who had promised to come for her when she got through her errands.

"Aren't you afraid your mother may forget you?" asked the little girl.

"No; I'm not afraid. I'm sure she won't do that," said Lucy.

"How can you be sure? She may, you know."

"She promised," was the child's reply, "and I never knew my mother to break her promise."

Another hour passed away. How long it seemed to Lucy! The customers had all gone home. The people in the store were putting away their goods. It was growing dark, and the gas lamps were lighted, but still her mother did not come. A lady came into the store whom Lucy knew. She lived near her father's house, and offered to take her home in her carriage.

"No, thank you, ma'am," said Lucy; "mother said she would come for me, and I know she will keep her promise."

At length her mother came. How glad Lucy was to see her! And when they were sitting by the fireside in the evening her mother told her this was just the kind of trust that God wanted His children to exercise. He gives us promises in His Book, and expects us to believe them, just as we believe the promises of our parents and dear friends.

GUESS.

Papa in the twilight sits
Nodding, half asleep;
Through the doorway two bright eyes
Full of mischief peep.

Two small feet on tiptoes steal
Softly o'er the floor,
Forward papa's sleepy head
Gently nods once more.

Suddenly two small, soft hands
On his eyelids press,
And a voice behind him calls—
"Who am I, now guess?"

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

One evening, just after Harry had gone up to his bed-room, his mother was called down stairs on business. There was no time to hear his prayers first, so she told him to stay quietly in the room and amuse himself with his books, while she was gone. After a few minutes Harry got too sleepy to enjoy these, and he thought he would go into the next room, which was his mother's, and look for awhile out of the window at the people who were passing.

On his way he saw one of his mother's bureau drawers open. In one corner of this, lay a package of candy and some other things done up in brown paper. "Oh," thought Harry, "those must be some of Uncle Walter's presents for my birthday. I thought I saw mamma carrying bundles upstairs yesterday, as soon as he came. I guess there will be no harm in my taking just a peep at them as I pass by."

The bundle of candy was open at one end. A red and white stick showed very plainly. Was it birch or peppermint? It could do no harm to look at it, he thought. It looked like birch, but he was not quite sure, so he took it out and just touched it to his tongue. A little crumb came off in his mouth. Of course, he had to eat it. How good it was! Ridley's candy was always so nice.

He was just going to break off a good-sized piece, when he remembered part of his prayer, "And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

"The minister said in Sunday school when he was taking about the catechism, yesterday, that that meant the evil one, the devil," said Harry, half aloud. "I guess he put it into my head to take this candy. I won't stay here another minute." And turning his back on the bureau, he ran out of the room as fast as his little feet could carry him.

When mother came up, she heard the whole story; and as Harry said his prayer to "Our Father," she prayed in her heart with him, asking God to keep her little boy from the very beginnings of evil.

Here we will bid good-night to our little Harry for the present. I hope all other Harrys will try to think every night as they kneel down to pray, what this prayer means, and say it with their hearts as well as their lips.

OUR GREAT EXAMPLE.

Do you really wish to follow the footsteps of the holy child Jesus? Have you asked God to make you more like Him? Are you ready to begin to-day? Then here is a motto for to-day: "Even Christ pleased not Himself." Will you take it, and try to imitate Him? You are sure to have plenty of opportunities of acting upon it, and thus proving not only to others, but to your dear Saviour Himself, that you mean what you say and mean what you pray.

You cannot tell, till you have fairly tried, how happy a little girl can feel who has cheerfully given up to another, for Jesus' sake, something which she would have liked for herself; nor how happy a boy can be when, of his own free will and by God's grace, he has chosen to do what his conscience tells him would please the Lord Jesus, instead of what would have pleased himself.

If you have never tried it yet begin to-day, and you will find it quite a new happiness.

Ah, what would have become of us if Christ had only "pleased Himself," and had stayed in His own glorious home instead of coming down to save us? Think of that when you are tempted to please yourself instead of pleasing Him, and the remembrance that even He pleased not Himself because He so loved you, will help you to try and please Him, and to please others for His sake.

"If washed in Jesus' blood,
Then bear His likeness too,
And as you onward press
Ask, 'What would Jesus do?'"

"Give with a full, free hand—
God freely gives to you—
And check each selfish thought
With 'What would Jesus do?'"

"WAS IT OUR JESUS?"

A little three-year-old girl stood at the window one Sabbath "watching for papa," who was at church. Soon she spied him coming; as he entered, she said:

"Papa, what did Mr. R—— preach about this morning?"

Her father replied, "He preached about Jesus."

"Papa, was it our Jesus?" she asked.

"Yes," said her father, "it was our Jesus."

The eyes brightened at the thought that papa's minister knew her Jesus and spoke about Him to his congregation.

Do you, dear reader, claim this Jesus as yours?

To-morrow may not come at all,
Or may not come to me;
Then teach me, Lord that while I live,
I still may live to Thee.

MORE copies of the Bible were distributed last year in Japan than in all the previous years together.

He that goeth about as a talebearer revealeth secrets: therefore meddle not with him that flattereth with his lips.