

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WHAT CHRIST DID FOR YOU.

For you He left His home on high;
For you to earth He came to die!
For you He slumbered in a manger;
For you He dwelt with fishermen;
For you He slept in cave or glen;
For you abuse He meekly bore;
For you a crown of thorns He wore;
For you He braved Gethsemane;
For you He hung upon the tree;
For you His final feast was made;
For you by Judas was betrayed;
For you by Peter was denied;
For you by Pilate crucified!
For you His precious blood was shed;
For you He slept among the dead!
For you He rose with might at last;
For you beyond the skies He passed;
For you He came, at God's command;
For you He sits at His right hand!

HEARING THE SERMON.

"MOTHER," said a little boy one Sabbath, "mayn't I stay at home? There's no use for me to go to church, I can't understand one word the minister preaches about. I do not want to go." "Not one word?" "No, *not one word*," he said in that positive tone little boys are apt to have. His mother thought he had better go; but he twisted his limbs and pouted his lips, and said he didn't want to go. I dare say you have seen little boys do so.

"If puss went to church I should not expect her to understand a word. If Rover went, I should not expect him to understand, or the cow, or the pig; but I should have expected better things of a boy. I wish you to try again. See if you cannot at least understand *one word* the minister says. After that we will see." Mother looked very sober as she spoke, and the little boy did not quite like to be put on the same shelf with cats and pigs.

After a little more talk the church bells rang, and he went off with the honest wish in his heart to listen to the sermon and learn what a little boy could.

His father was out of town, and his mother was sick at home, so he and his two older sisters, with a man, occupied the pew. Henry liked the singing, for he could find the psalm, and keep his eye on the place. He could bow his head when the minister prayed, and liked to hear "Our Father who art in heaven." When the sermon came, he fixed his eyes on the minister's face and his mind on the minister's words, trying to find something he could understand. Nobody was more attentive than Henry.

When he got home, "Mother," he said, "I *did* get *one word* out of the minister's sermon. I got 'God.' He said God ever so many times, and I kept thinking God, God, God, all the way home. I said to myself, God made the sky, God made the trees, God made the rain, God made the little ants, He made the busy bees. God made me—my hands to handle with, and my eyes to see with, and my mind to learn with. But God *didn't* make my new jacket with those bright buttons, did He? You made it, mother."

"God created the lambs' wool for the weavers and spinners to make the cloth of," said his mother; "and down in the dark earth He created the substance of brass for the button makers to use."

"Then without God it would not be," said the little boy. "What a great, good God He is."

"Yes," said his mother, "and how we should desire to know Him more, and to please Him constantly in everything we do."

"I think as much," cried little Henry, as if a bright, new thought had struck him. It *was* bright and new to him, because he had worked it out all himself, and his little mind *kept* on the subject, for he asked his mother questions growing out of it four or five days after.

Now was it not better for that little boy to go to church than to stay at home?

Aside from the duty and privilege of taking our little children with us to the house of God, some parents think there is not much use for them to go, because they cannot understand, and therefore are not interested; yet, if we encourage them to *try* to understand, I am sure there are few so small but a precious little seed-thought, even no bigger than *one word*, may be in their tender souls for the shoots and blossoms of early piety.

LITTLE THINGS.

"Though little I bring,"
Said the tiny spring,
As it burst from the mighty hill,
"Tis pleasant to know,
Wherever I flow,
The pastures grow greener still."

And the drops of rain,
As they fall on the plain,
When parched by the summer heat,
Refresh the sweet flowers
Which drooped in the bowers,
And hung their heads at our feet.

Though the drops are small,
Yet, taking them all,
Each one doing all that it can
To fulfil the design
Of its Maker divine,
What lessons they give unto man!

May we strive to fulfil
All His righteous will
Who formed the whole earth by His word!
Creator Divine,
We would ever be thine,
And serve Thee, our God and our Lord.

THE CROOKED FINGERS.

WHILE shaking hands with an old man, the other day, I noticed that some of his fingers were quite bent inward, and he had not the power of straightening them. Alluding to this fact, he said, "In these crooked fingers there is a good text for a talk to children."

"Let us have it, if you please," we said.

"For over fifty years, I used to drive a stage, and these bent fingers shew the effect of holding the reins for so many years."

The old man's crooked fingers, dear children, are but an emblem of the crooked tempers, words, and actions of men and women.

ASHAMED TO TELL MOTHER.

"I WOULD be ashamed to tell mother," was a little boy's reply to his comrades, who were trying to tempt him to do wrong.

"But you need not tell her; no one will know anything about it."

"I would know all about it myself, and feel mighty mean if I could not tell my mother."

"It's a pity you were not a girl. The idea of a boy telling his mother every little thing."

"You may laugh if you want to," said the noble little boy. "I have made up my mind

never, so long as I live, to do anything I would be ashamed to tell my mother."

Noble resolve; and one which will make almost any life true and useful.

LITTLE DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

LITTLE Ellie found a thirsty flower by the side of her path. She thought it needed water, and so she went with a big pitcher and poured a little stream gently upon it. It was a very little thing to do, and yet it was a very good thing. If the flower had not had some water it might have drooped and died, but when the water fell upon it, it revived and grew, and all summer long it sent out sweet perfume, and showed bright blossoms, and pleased everybody that looked at it. A great many good deeds are just as simple as this. Kind words and bright smiles make people happy.

"I WON'T."

THE other day a little boy burst out a crying in school, and he cried as if his heart would break. Did another boy pinch or hurt him? No. Was his spelling lesson too hard? No. What *were* those tears for? His teacher called him to her side, and asked Freddy what the matter was. "I want to go home. Oh, *do* let me go," sobbed Freddy. "What for, my dear child?" asked the teacher in her own kind way. "Oh," said Freddy, "I said 'I won't' to my mother before school, and I want to go home and tell her how sorry I am, and ask her to forgive me."

They were *penitent* tears, then, the best tears a child can shed. But then you must remember,

'Tis not enough to say
We're sorry and repent,
And still go on from day to day
Just as we always went.

Repentance is to leave
The sins we loved before,
And shew that we in *earnest* grieve
By doing so *no more*.

Yes, *no more*. I hope Freddy had no more "I won't's" for his mother.

"REMOVE thy foot from evil."—Prov. iv. 27.

WHERE two ways meet the children stand,
A fair, broad road on either hand:
One leads to Right, and one to Wrong,
So runs the song.

Which will you choose, each lass and lad?
The right or left, the good or bad?
One leads to Right, and one to Wrong,
So runs the song.

HE who murmurs at his lot is like one baring his feet to tread upon thorns.

WHAT keeps me from being saved is pride, heart-pride, wanting to come to God as something else than a sinner.

My first is in smiles, but not in laughter.
My second is in sun, but not in moon.
My third is in nothing, and also in something.
My fourth is in demon, but not in angel.
My fifth is in rain, but not in snow.
My sixth is in yield, but not in conquer.
My whole is what we cannot do without.

THE Gospel idea of a Christian is our every day life. No matter what we profess to be; no matter what we were yesterday; what we are to day and every day, that question will have to be answered.