

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HE CARETH.

Birdie, little birdie,
With the feathers brown,
Who will feed and care for you,
When the snow comes down,
Covering up the flowers
With a soft, white spread,
And the leaves are hanging
From the branches dead?

Happy little workers,
Do you fret and grieve
'Cause you cannot understand
Why the summers leave,
And old winter, solemn,
With his frost sprites, come,
Chilling little birdies
In their airy home?

Do you ever wonder—
Does the great God care
For me, a tiny sparrow,
Flitting here and there?
Do you *know* He careth
For you, a birdie small,
And tenderly He marketh
Each wee one in its fall?

And yet we *went* ones doubt Him,
With all our boasted lore,
And grieve, and sigh, and wonder
Why sunshine comes no more!
When all the time His promise
Is shining clear and true,
"I never will forsake you,
But bear you safely through."

So from sparrows we learn lessons
Of faith, and hope, and love,
For they teach us to remember
There is One who reigns above.
And while caring for the wee ones,
He'll ne'er forsake His own,
Bear us safely all the way
Until we reach our Home;
And when from heavenly mountains
We view our backward way,
We will thank Him for the *shadows*,
As well as brightest day.

OBEDIENCE TO CHRIST.

Whatsoever He saith unto you do it.—John ii: 5.

How are you to know what He says to you? Ah, it is so easy to know if we are really willing to know, and willing to obey when we do know! He has spoken so plainly to us in His word! In that He tells us—tells even little children—*exactly* what to do. It is most wonderful how He has said every thing there for us—told us everything we ought to do.

When you read a chapter or hear one read, listen and watch to see what He saith unto you in it.

There is another way in which He tells us what to do. Do you not hear a little voice inside that always tells you to do the right thing and not to do the wrong thing? That is conscience, and He speaks to you by it.

Another way is by those whom He has set over you. He has told you, once for all, to "obey your parents," and to "obey them that have the rule over you." So, when they tell you to do something, it is the Lord Jesus himself you have that to obey in obeying them.

Now, "whatsoever He saith unto you do it." Yes, "whatsoever," dear little one, whether easy or hard, do it because He tells you; do it for love, ~~and~~ Him, and it will be a thousand times better and happier to obey your King than to please yourself. And He himself will

help you to do it; only look up to Him for grace to obey and He will give it.

"Whatsoever He saith unto you do it." Do not just think about doing it, or talk about doing it, but *do it*. "Do it." Do the exact thing He would have you do, not something a little bit different, or something which you think will be very nearly the same, but *do it*.

And "do it" at once. It is so true that "the very first moment is the easiest for obedience." Every minute that you put off doing the right thing makes it harder. Do not let your King have to "speak twice" to "Whatsoever He saith unto you do it," cheerfully, exactly, and instantly.

"Jesus, help me, I am weak;
Let me put my trust in Thee;
Teach me how and what to speak;
Loving Saviour, care for me.
Dear Saviour, hear me—
Hear a little child to-day!
Hear, O hear me!
Hear me when I pray!"

LONG AGO.

Round the house the birds were flying,
Long ago.

Came the little children, crying,
"Teach us, we are tired of trying,
How to fly like you,
In the far off blue,"—

Came the eager children, crying,
Long ago.

From the house-top lightly springing,
Long ago,
'Mid the birds' enraptured singing,
Over hill and valley winging,
All the day they flew,
Up and down the blue;
While the blithesome birds were singing,
Long ago.

When the summer day was dying,
Long ago,
Suddenly, their mother spying,
Down the children came, swift-flying,
And in cozy beds
Hid their weary heads.
Ended then the children's flying,
Long ago.

BLIND HENRY.

One sunny morning in spring I took a walk in the country. I had not gone far before I met a boy and girl. The girl made a courtesy to me, and, touching the boy, told him to make a bow to me, which he did, and looking up, said, "Good morning." I saw that he was blind, and feeling deeply interested in him, I asked him where he lived. He told me in the first cottage at the end of the lane.

The next day I went to see him. His name was Henry. I asked him what he was thinking about. He said, "Before it pleased God to deprive me of my sight I was, I fear, a very wicked boy in many ways. I never thought of God and heaven, until I was very ill and feared that I was dying. I was very miserable then. I remembered the days when I went to Sabbath school, and there was taught that Jesus died on the cross that sinners might be saved. Then it pleased God to turn my heart to Him, and though since blind, I am far happier than I used to be."

"How long have you been ill?" I asked.

"About half a year," he replied.

I saw poor Henry often. He appeared to be quickly sinking; he was always very glad for me to talk to him about Jesus. He told me that he was so happy, for he felt sure that

his sins were pardoned, and washed away by the blood of Jesus. He feared not to die, for he was sure that Jesus would be with him when he passed through the dark valley of death.

That valley was soon entered by the poor blind boy. His last words were, "Happy! happy! saved! saved!"

REASONING ANIMALS.

Two points distinguish the nature of brutes from that of man—their inability to worship God, and to kindle a fire. It would be folly to deny that brutes could reason. A sheep dog who wants to head a flock of sheep in a narrow lane will jump over a wall, and run along the other side until he has reached the exact point occupied by the sheep at the head of the flock, and then jump back in order to drive them home. A colly, who was fond of going out with a carriage, would go and hide himself as soon as he heard the order for the carriage given, so that he might not be tied up. If we analyze these and many other instances of sagacity, we cannot help admitting that a brute's mind is capable of two or three steps of reasoning.

THE RIGHT WAY.

We feel best if we give to the Lord something of our own—something that it has cost us an effort to get. Said a little girl to her father, "Papa, please let me have an apple tree this season."

"Why, my daughter?"

"So that I could call it my own and use the fruit as I wish."

"But how do you want to use it?"

"I want to pick the fruit and sell it, and make missionary-money, which will then be truly of my own getting."

It would be well for boys and girls to have a chicken, a sheep, a tree, a patch of ground, or something, and use the proceeds for church work.—*Young Disciple*.

TRUST IN GOD'S CARE.

One winter a poor little orphan boy of six or eight years begged a lady to allow him to clear away the snow from her steps.

"Do you get much to do, my little boy?" said the lady.

"Sometimes I do," said the boy, "but often I get very little."

"And are you never afraid that you will not get enough to live on?"

The child looked perplexed, but said, "Don't you think God will take care of a boy if he puts his trust in Him and does the best he can?"—*Morning Star*.

FRIENDSHIPS.

Choose good friends. There is nothing which contributes more to the sweetness of life than friendship; there is nothing which disturbs our repose more than friends, if we have not the discernment to choose them well. Be lenient to failings. Friendship is more firmly secured by lenity towards failings than by attachment to excellencies. One is valued as a kindness that cannot be explained, the other as payment of a debt to merit.