

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

OUR BRIGHT HOME ABOVE.

We are going, we are going,
To a home beyond the skies,
Where the fields are robed in beauty,
And the sunlight never dies;
Where the fount of joy is flowing,
In the valley green and fair,
We shall dwell in love together,
There will be no parting there.

Chorus.—We are going, etc.

We are going, we are going,
And the music we have heard,
Like the echo of the woodland,
Or the carol of a bird,
With the rosy light of morning
On the calm and fragrant air,
Still it murmurs, softly murmurs,
There will be no parting there.

We are going, we are going,
When the day of life is o'er,
To that pure and happy region,
Where our friends have gone before.
They are singing with the angels
In that land so bright and fair;
We shall dwell with them forever,
There will be no parting there.

IN DEBT.

BBROWNING M—— is not at all *brown*, but very fair, with blue eyes, and the most flaxen of tresses. Neither is he one of the imaginary beings sometimes so called, but a real live boy, eight years old, with all a boy's fondness for fun and frolic.

One evening his father noticed a very sober look on his son's face, usually so careless and merry.

"What is the matter, my son?" he asked as the boy hung around him with a wistful, persevering air, which said as plainly as words could, "I want something, but don't like to ask for it."

But in reply to his father's question he said:

"I want twenty-five cents, papa."

"Twenty-five cents!" repeated Mr. M——; "and what will you do with it?"

"Why, you see, papa, I borrowed a quarter of a dollar of Fred when I bought my dominoes, and I want to pay him back," said Brownie, in voice that trembled with tears.

Fred is Brownie's elder brother, who has lately begun keeping an account book, of which he is not a little proud. Looking up from the book he was reading he exclaimed:—"I'll tell you papa, why Brown is so anxious all at once to pay me. I showed him his name in my book to-day, where I have him down for twenty-five cents, borrowed money."

"Ah!" said the father, "is that it?"

"Yes," answered Brownie, "he has me on his book. I don't want to be on *anybody's* book, so please give me the money."

"Well, my son, I hope you will always have such a hatred of debt as to make you always unwilling to have your name in a creditor's book," was the reply of the father, as he put a shining silver quarter into the little boy's hand. Brownie, with a bright, happy face, passed the coin over to his brother, and then bounded lightly away to his play.

But that night, as he was preparing for his sleep, the mother, who had overheard the whole, said, "So you do not like being in debt, do you?"

"No, mother; it made me feel dreadfully to think my name was in a book as a debtor, and I couldn't take pleasure in anything till it was

paid, for something seemed to keep saying, 'You are in debt, in debt.' And papa said he hoped I would always feel so about it."

"I hope so too, Brownie, but are you sure you are now out of debt?"

"Why yes, mother, I didn't owe anyone but Fred, and now that I have paid him I feel as light as a feather," in proof of which assertion Brownie capered up and down the room in a very lively manner. His mother waited until he became quiet and then said:

"Brownie, who gives you every day food to eat and clothes to wear? Who gives you health and strength, and cares for you day and night?"

"It is God, mother," answered the boy, reverently.

"And who gave His Son to die for us, and His Word to guide us in the way of salvation? Do you not owe your Heavenly Father something for all these precious blessings, and others too many to be counted?"

"But I thought these were gifts, mother, and that God asked nothing in return for all He does for us, and that we *never could* pay Him for all His benefits to us, never."

"True, my son; yet there is one thing which He requires us to give in payment for His great sacrifice."

"What is that, mother?"

Mrs. M—— turned over the leaves of the Bible which lay beside her, and then placed her finger on a passage which Brownie read aloud, "*My son, give Me thy heart.*"

The boy was silent for a few moments, and then said, "But what does that mean, mother, and how can we do it?"

"It means, my son, that our best and warmest love must be given to God; and that we must play, work, and study, sing and pray, as He has told us to do, because we love Him so much that it is our delight to please our kind Father in Heaven who does so much for us."

"But how can we ever feel so?" asked Brownie, in a doubtful tone.

"Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and love to God are His gifts, which all may have for the asking. He only can give us hearts that love to do His will. When we give to Him the love of our hearts, the work of our lives, all we have and are, to be used in His service, then, and not till then, are we out of debt."

"Well, then all persons who are not Christians are in debt, are they not, mother?"

"Yes, my dear boy, *all* who have not given God what He requires in the verse you read. Many persons who, like you, cannot rest under a debt to a fellow creature, and who think themselves honest and honourable, because they are unwilling to remain for a moment under obligations to others, are yet content to take and use God's gifts without giving what He asks for them. More than that, they claim heaven as a reward for their honesty toward their fellow-men. But God's Spirit causes the conscience to whisper, 'In debt, in debt.' No rest is given till the debt is paid, by surrendering the heart and life to Him, giving up our wicked feelings and desires, and having the mind that was in Christ Jesus."

He that has Christ for his leader and captain, may follow Him with confidence, courage and comfort.

"MY SPARE MOMENTS."

A POOR country lad came one morning to the door of the head master of a celebrated school, and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go round to the kitchen. The boy did as he was desired, and soon appeared at the back door.

"I should like to see Mr.——," said he.

"You want a breakfast, most likely," said the servant; "and I can give you that without troubling him."

"Thank you," said the boy; "I've no objection to a bit of bread, but I should like to see Mr.——, if he can see me."

"Some old clothes maybe you want," remarked the servant, again eyeing the boy's patched clothes.

"I think he has none to spare," and without at all minding the boy's request she went about her work.

"Can I see Mr.——?" again asked the boy, after eating his bread and butter.

"Well he's in the library; if he must be interrupted, he must, but he does like to be alone sometimes," said the girl in a peevish tone. Opening the library door, she said, "Here's somebody, sir, who is very anxious to see you, and so I let him in."

I do not know how the boy introduced himself, or how he opened his business, but I know that after talking a while, the Principal put aside the paper he was studying and took up a Latin book and began to examine the newcomer. The examination lasted some time. Every question which the Principal asked, the boy answered as readily as could be.

"Well!" exclaimed the Principal, "You certainly do well!" looking at the boy from head to foot, over his spectacles.

"Why, my boy, where did you pick up so much?"

"In my spare moments," answered the boy.

Here he was, poor and hard-working, with but few opportunities for schooling, and yet almost fitted for college, by simply improving his spare moments! Truly, are not spare moments the "gold dust of time?" How precious they should be! and yet how apt we are to waste them!

What account can you give of your spare moments? What can you shew for them? Look and see. This boy can tell you how much, how very much can be laid up by wisely improving them; and there are many, many other boys I am afraid, in the gaol, in the house of correction, in the fore-castle of a whale-ship, in the gambling-house or the tavern, who, if you could ask them when they began their sinful courses, might answer, "In my spare moments." "In my spare moments I gambled for marbles." "In my spare moments I began to smoke and drink." "It was in my spare moments that I first began to steal chestnuts from the old woman's stand." "It was in my spare moments that I got acquainted with wicked associates." Take care of your spare moments!

"FAITHFUL are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful."—*Prov.*