

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

EVENING HYMN.

The day is done;
O God the Son,
Look down upon Thy little one.

O Light of Light,
Keep me this night,
And shed round me Thy Presence bright.

I need not fear
If Thou art near;
Thou art my Saviour, kind and dear.

Thy gentle Eye—
Is ever nigh;
It watches me when none is by.

WHAT CAN LITTLE CHILDREN DO!

What can little children do?
Little preachers of the Word,
Can those tiny, dimpled hands
Labour for the blessed Lord?

Little hearts can beat for Him,
Thinking how He blessed them;
Took them in His arms of love,
And smiled as He caressed them.

Little lips can speak for Him,
Careful that no naughty word,
And no harsh and angry tones,
Only loving ones, be heard.

Little feet can run for Him,
Carrying comforts to His poor;
Gentle messengers of love,
How they'll bless you o'er and o'er.

Little children, love the Saviour,
Strive His blessed word to do;
Then among the "many intrusions,"
One He will prepare for you.

"IF I SHOULD DIE BEFORE I WAKE."

"MOTHER, every night when I go to bed I say, 'Now I lay me;' and do you know, mamma, though saying it so often, I never thought what it meant until Fanny Gray died? I asked nurse if Fanny died before she waked, and she said, 'Yes; she went to bed well, and had a spasm in the night, and died before she knew anything at all.' Now, mother," continued Rena, "I want you to tell me about 'Now I lay me,' so that when I say it I may think what it means."

"Well, Rena," said her mother, "I shall be glad to tell you. What does it mean when you say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep?'"

"O! that means, mother, that I am just going to lie down in my bed, to go to sleep till morning."

"Well, then, as you lie down to sleep what prayer do you offer to God?"

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep. I want the Lord to take care of my soul while I am asleep, and take care of me all over, mother. But, mother, if I should die before I wake, would the Lord be taking care of me then? Now, it seems to me when Fanny died that God did not take care of her that night, and so she died."

"O no, Rena! God did take care of her. The little verse says, 'If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take;' so you see God took little Fanny's soul to Himself; and when she awoke she was in the arms of the blessed Jesus. Now, Rena, when you say, 'Now I lay me,' I want you to think in this way: 'Now I am going to bed and to sleep, and I want the Lord to take care of me.

If I am not a good child, and do not pray to God, ought I to ask Him or expect Him to take care of me? Let me lie down feeling that I am in the Lord's care, and if I should die before I wake, that still I am the Lord's child; and I pray that He may take my soul to dwell with Him."

"O, mother! I will try and remember. Why, I used to say it slow, and clasp my hands, and shut my eyes, and yet I did not think about it, Thank you, mother dear. Please hear me to-night when I go to say my prayers."

Ah, little children, are there not a great many, who, like Rena, say their prayers without thinking what they mean—more words, with no meaning in them? God cannot listen to such prayers. They are not for Him "unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known and from whom no secrets are hid."

Think of what I have written about little Rena when you say, "Now I lay me," to-night; and pray that God will watch over you, waking and sleeping.

SUCH A LITTLE ONE AS I.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

1st voice.—Such a little one as I,

Will not Jesus pass me by?

2nd voice.—No; for in His Word we read
He His little ones will lead.

1st.—I am often naughty, too;
Then I know not what to do.

2nd.—Jesus tells us if we pray
He will take our sins away.

1st.—But His throne is up so high,
Far above the starry sky.

2nd.—Yet He's never far away
From the children when they pray.

Together.—Let us, then, His word believe,
Nor His gentle Spirit grieve.
Jesus, Master, from above,
Fill our little hearts with love.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

"Little children, love each other,"

'Tis the Saviour's blessed rule;

Every little one is brother

To his playfellows at school.

We are children of one Father,

That great God who reigns above;

Shall we quarrel? No; much rather

Would we dwell like Him in love.

He has placed us here together,

That we may be good and kind;

He is ever watching whether

We are one in heart and mind.

Who is stronger than the other?

Let him be the weak one's friend;

Who's more playthings than his brother?

He should like to give or lend.

HOW TO LOVE GOD.

IN a beautiful New England village, a boy about ten years old lay very sick, and very sad. He was joint heir, with an only brother, to a great estate, and the inheritance was just about coming into his possession, but it was not the loss of this that made him sad. He was a dying boy, and his heart longed for a treasure which he knew had never been his, and which was worth more to him now than all the gold of all the western mines.

He was very dear to the one who writes about him now, and during the last weeks of his life I was with him in the house of his guardian, where he died. One day I came into his room, the windows of which over-

looked a beautiful meadow, over which the noon wind was gently playing, but the sight of which seemed to have no charm for the pale boy on the bed. I sat down by him, took his hand, and, looking in his troubled face, asked him what made him so sad.

"Uncle," said he, "I want to love God. Won't you tell me how to love God?"

I cannot describe the piteous tones in which he said these words and the look of trouble which he gave me. I said to him:

"My boy, you must trust God first, and then you will love Him without trying to at all?"

With a look of surprise he exclaimed:

"What did you say?"

I repeated the exact words again, and I never shall forget how his large hazel eye opened on me and his cheek flushed as he slowly said:

"Well, I never knew that before. I always thought that I must love God first before I had any right to trust Him."

"No, my dear boy," I answered, "God wants us to trust Him; that is what Jesus always asks us to do first of all, and He knows that as soon as we trust Him we shall begin to love Him. That is the way to love God, to put your trust in Him first of all."

Then I spoke to him of the Lord Jesus, and how God sent Him that we might believe in Him, and how, all through His life, He tried to win the trust of men; how grieved He was when men would not believe in Him, and how every one who believed came to love without trying to love at all. He drank in all the truth, and, simply saying, "I will trust Jesus now," without an effort put his young soul in Christ's hands that very hour, and so he came into the peace of God which passeth understanding, and lived in it calmly and sweetly to the end. None of all the loving friends who watched over him during the remaining weeks of his life doubted that the dear boy had learned to love God without trying to, and that dying he went to Him whom not having seen he had loved.

THE EARLIER THE EASIER.

AN old man one day took a child on his knee and talked to him about Jesus, and told him to seek the Saviour now, and pray to Him. The child knew that the old man was not himself a Christian, and felt surprised; then he looked up into the old man's face and said, "But why don't you seek God?"

The old man was affected by the question, and replied, "Ah, my dear child, I neglected to do so when I was young, and now my heart is so hard that I fear I shall never be able."

Ah, my little reader, believe him! "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." It will be more difficult to hear to-morrow; and weeks and months, and years hence, how high and strong a barrier will gradually be rising between you and Christ! Will you not resolve, "I will begin now to seek my Saviour?"

"Whoso keepeth the law is a wise son; but he that is a companion of riotous men shameth his father."—Prov. xxviii. 7.