

Our Young Folks.

LITTLE BARBARA'S HYMN.

A mother stood by her spinning wheel,
Winding the yarn on an ancient reel;
As she counted the thread in the twilight dim,
She murmured the words of a quaint old hymn:
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

Little Barbara, watching the spinning-wheel,
And keeping time with her toe and heel
To the hum of the thread and her mother's song,
Sang in her own sweet words ere long—
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

That night in her dream as she sleeping lay,
Over and over again the scenes of the day
Came back, till she seemed to hear again
The hum of the thread and the quaint old strain,
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

Next morning, with bounding heart and feet,
Little Barbara walked in the crowded street;
And up to her lips as she passed along
Rose the tender words of her mother's song—
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

A wanderer sat on a wayside stone,
Weary and sighing, sick and lone;
But he raised his head with a look of cheer
As the gentle tones fell on his ear—
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

Toiling all day in a crowded room,
A worker stood at her noisy loom;
A voice came up through the ceaseless din,
These words at the window floated in:
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

A mourner sat by her loved one's bier,
The sun seemed darkened, the world was drear;
But her sobs were stilled and her cheek grew dry,
As she listened to Barbara passing by:
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

A sufferer lay on his bed of pain,
With burning brow and throbbing brain;
The notes of the child were heard once more
As she chanted low at his open door—
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

Once and again, as the day passed by,
And the shades of the evening-time drew nigh,
Like the voice of a friend or the carol of birds
Came back to his thoughts those welcome words
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

Alike in all hearts as the years went on,
The infant's voice rose up anon,
In the grateful words that cheered their way,
Of the hymn little Barbara sang that day—
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

Perhaps when the labour of life is done,
And they lay down their burdens one by one,
Forgetting forever those days of pain,
They will take up together the sweet refrain—
"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

WHAT SHE DID.

She, herself, thought it a little thing, the heroine of the story we heard one day in a distant city. She was a prosperous woman. Her husband had won fame and fortune, and was a power in the country, and she, who had shared his struggles, shared his triumphs, was one of the social magnates of the city in which she lived.

She had dealt often at a store where one of the departments was in charge of a delicate and refined woman, in whom, through long dealing

with her, our friend had become sincerely interested.

One day she went to make a purchase at this store, and the young woman came forward to serve her. But our heroine—for she was really a heroine, as you will see—was shocked at the change a few weeks had wrought.

A sudden chill, a neglected cold, days of unremitting labour, and something that seemed like swift consumption had set in. The lady thought it a case for her interference. She asked the history of the malady, and then said:

"You must not stay here any longer. It will be death if you do. You must go home and be nursed."

The dark sad eyes of the saleswoman met hers with a mild surprise in them.

"My home is in Washington," she answered. "Here I live in a boarding house, and I am really more comfortable at the store than in my small room. Besides, madam, my weekly living is dependent upon my weekly work."

She had spoken uncomplainingly; simply stating the hard facts in answer to the inquiries whose unexpected kindness had beguiled her from her habitual reserve.

Our heroine considered for a moment whether this was not a work God had appointed her to do. She had left her luxurious country home, and was living for the winter in a furnished house—a small, pretty house, which was filled by her little family, and had no spare room. But yet—

"I shall come for you to-morrow," she said. "I shall arrange here for your absence. I am going to take you to my house and nurse you."

"You!" The saleswoman's eyes filled first with hope and then with tears. Then she tried to refuse this too-great kindness, but her weak protests were overruled.

The next day she was taken out of her task-work—taken home to Mrs. Blank's comfortable house, installed in Mrs. Blank's comfortable bed, and there for six weeks was nursed and tended like some beloved sister, until she was able to take up her burden of life again.

"It was so lovely of you," a friend said to the lady who had wrought this good work.

"Oh, no," was the answer, "I made no sacrifice. My husband was in Washington, or I could not have given up our bed; but I am such a good sleeper that my sleeping for a few weeks on a sofa was nothing."

And it really seemed to her that she had done nothing at all; but one day will not the Voice we wait for say to her: "I was sick, and ye comforted me."

HER OWN FAULT.

"It is all her own fault. Let her pout it out."

The girls were on the way to the play-ground, and a happy group they were. Each one had some plan to talk about to her own chosen friend as she hurried down the stairs. All were bright and animated except one girl who passed along a little apart from the rest, and looked at them all with a sullen, discontented air.

The girl's name was Effie Lee. She had a jealous, suspicious temper, and although she was in very comfortable circumstances this scowl was too often to be seen on her otherwise pretty face. At home she was well cared for and kindly treated, but she was never satisfied because she fancied that she was not quite so much indulged as her younger brother and sister were. At school she was always on the watch for some slight either from the teachers or her companions.

On this day Effie had lost her place in the class, and although she could not deny that she had missed her lesson she was angry. She accused Martha Gay of cheating, and the teacher of partiality because she had allowed Martha to go above her. She had been one of the first to leave the room when the bell rang, but lingered on the stairs and allowed the other girls to pass her without speaking.

"How hateful she is!" said Martha, as she glanced back at her. "I do wish that she did not come to this school."

"Never mind her," said Martha's friend; "she is not worth minding."

"Do see the old cross-patch!" said Jane Elliott. "I would not have such a temper for the world."

"Do not point your finger at her," said Mary Armstrong, who was always considerate and kind.

But sweet Eva Perry could not enjoy herself when any one was in trouble without at least trying to impart comfort.

"I mean to speak to her," she said, hanging back as Ida Lewis tried to hurry her away. "I mean to ask her to come with us."

Then Ida put her hand on Eva's arm and said: "It is all her own fault. Let her pout it out."

Eva refused to yield to Ida, dearly as she loved her.

"It makes it all the worse for her that it is her own fault," she said. "It must be dreadful always to be so cross and unhappy. I pity her."

"I do not pity her one bit," said Ida. "She might have a good time if she would. And I do not want her to come with us, either. The very sight of her face spoils all our fun."

"But if we are kind to her and love her very much, perhaps she may not be so cross," said Eva.

"If she would only smile and be good I think her face would be nice to look at. Do not you?"

A loving heart is always prompting Eva to kind actions. A jealous temper carries its own punishment with it.

HEROISM AT HOME.

How useless our lives seem to us sometimes! How we long for an opportunity to perform some great action! We become tired of the routine of home life, and imagine we would be far happier in other scenes.

We think of life's great battle-field, and wish to be heroes. We think of the good we might do if our lot had been cast in other scenes. We forget that the world bestows no such titles as noble as father, mother, sister, or brother. In the sacred precincts of home we have many chances of heroism. The daily acts of self-denial for the good of a loved one, the gentle word of soothing for another's trouble, the care for the sick, may all seem as nothing; yet who can tell the good they may accomplish? Our slightest word may have an influence over another for good or evil. We are daily sowing the seed which will bring forth some sort of harvest. Well will it be for us if the harvest will be one we will be proud to garner. If some one in that dear home circle can look back in after years and, as he tenderly utters our name, say: "Her words and example prepared me for a life of usefulness; to her I owe my present happiness," we may well say "I have not lived in vain."

THE Lord loveth a cheerful giver.

THE lips of the righteous feed many; but fools die for want of wisdom.

ENTER not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men.