

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### GOD SEES ME.

God sees me every day,  
When I work and when I play,  
When I read and when I talk,  
When I run and when I walk,  
When I eat and when I drink,  
When I only sit and think,  
When I laugh and when I cry,  
God is ever watching nigh.

When I'm quiet, when I'm rude,  
When I'm naughty, when I'm good,  
When I'm happy, when I'm sad,  
When I'm sorry, when I'm glad,  
When I pluck the scented rose,  
Which in the next garden grows,  
When I crush the tiny fly,  
God is watching from the sky.

When the sun gives heat and light,  
When the stars are twinkling bright,  
When the moon shines on my bed,  
God still watches o'er my head;  
Night or day, at church or fair,  
God is over, ever near,  
Kindly guiding, lest I stray,  
Pointing to the happy way.

### WHAT IS FEAR?

THERE was once a little boy who went on a visit to his grandmamma when he was not much more than five years old.

His grandmamma was very kind to him, and very fond of him. He was a bold, venturesome little lad, and would often run out by himself for hours together, climbing the hill-sides after flowers, or seeking nuts and berries in the woods, till the good old lady sometimes felt quite nervous for fear the gypsies should entice the child away, or he should fall into the brook, or get lost.

One day when he had gone out quite early in this manner, he did not come back at noon to dinner, nor as the afternoon wore on; and then a thunderstorm broke over the hills, and the lightning flashed, and rain fell in torrents. You may imagine how uneasy she felt about him, and how she sent the gardener and stable-boy in different directions to seek for him; and how glad she felt when, in the twilight, he was brought back to her safe and sound.

They had found him on the far hill-side, in an old hut, where he had crept for shelter from the rain, and was sitting quite contented, watching the noisy brook splashing down over the stones. His grandmamma scolded him a little, which was no wonder, for he had made her sadly uneasy. "I wonder fear did not drive you home, child," said she.

"Fear grandmamma?" said he. "I never saw Fear! I do not know what it is."

That little boy was Horatio Nelson, afterward that famous Lord Nelson, who won for England those great sea fights of which you have read and heard, and fell at last at the battle of Trafalgar, on board the "Victory."

It is good to be brave and strong; and a bold and fearless nature is a fine thing to possess. But there is one kind of fear we all ought to have within us, the fear of doing wrong—the fear of offending God, and "grieving His Holy Spirit."

That is the one sort of fear it is good and safe to have; and the bravest and boldest and most noble men have always felt this fear the most.

"The fear of God which is the beginning of wisdom," the Bible calls it, and rightly; and the more we learn to love God, the more of this "fear" we shall have, because we shall fear to do the least evil thing to displease our dearest Lord, and then we need have no other fear of any kind.

### GIVE ME THINE HEART.

Hark! my child, a voice is heard,  
Sweeter than the song of bird;  
Soft as heaven's melody.  
Hearken! for it speaks to thee:  
"Give me thine heart."

'Mid the busy scenes of life,  
O'er the waves of earthly strife,  
Jesus calls in accents mild  
To the tiniest little child:  
"Give me thine heart."

Though I sinful am, and weak,  
Lord, Thy face in truth I'd seek,  
Low before Thy presence fall,  
And obey Thy gracious call:  
"Give me thine heart."

Now, my Father, I am Thine;  
Fit me by Thy grace Divine,  
I a loving child must be  
Since Thou first didst say to me,  
"Give me thine heart."

Jesus! soon may heathen lands  
Look upon Thy pierced hands,  
And may all their idols fall  
At their loving Saviour's call:  
"Give me thine heart."

### THE STEPPING-STONES.

A LITTLE girl was sent on an errand one day to the neighbouring village. Her path lay through beautiful fields. On her way she had to cross a wide but shallow stream. The bridge was a long way off, but there were firm, tried stepping-stones all the way over.

"Oh, I am afraid!" said the child to a lady who was passing.

"But you see the stones, my child; they go all the way across."

"The water is so wide!" she said tearfully, looking across the stream.

"Yes; but it is very shallow. See how easily I can cross it." So, carefully picking her way, she went quite over and then returned.

Very timidly the little girl began to cross. "Just one step at a time is all you have to take," said her kind guide.

So one step followed another—the first few were the hardest to take—and soon she was safe on the other shore, smiling at her fears.

"It is not so hard, after all," she said, looking back on the watery way. "Just one step at a time brought us over."

"Remember this walk, dear, when you have other hard things to do. Go forward, and the way will look easier and easier. When troubles come—as they are almost sure to do in this world—don't look at the waters before you, but at the stepping-stones Jesus places for your feet. The thing that we feared very often does not come upon us, or if it does, Jesus sends such comfort as we never could have imagined. Here is a strong, firm stepping-stone that has often saved me from sinking: 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.'"

There came many times in her after life when Mary remembered that day's lesson, and it brought cheer and peace to her soul.

### BRAGGING BOYS AND DOING BOYS.

HAVE you not heard how some boys brag about what they are intending to do? They are always going to do wonders.

"You just wait," say they, "and we will show you, some day, what we can do."

Now is your chance, we would say to you. You are old enough now, and you will never have a better time. Better begin now; we are anxious to see your first effort. Let us at once see you animated by the practical purpose, not by the dream of doing, and then we will compute your future for you.

Make an effort. Even if you shall fail the first time, a hundred times, still continue to try. The result is inevitable. It is only those who falter that come to grief.

### CHILDREN CAN SERVE CHRIST.

THE boy that carried the five loaves and two fishes was of some service to the benevolent and wonder working Saviour.

A little boy once said to his mother:

"I should like to have lived in the time of our Saviour, that I might have done something for Him."

His mother smiled and said:

"What could a child of your years have done for Him, to prove your good-will?"

The little boy thought a moment, and then said:

"I could run everywhere doing His errands."

Now this boy could still serve Christ by giving his little savings to translate, print, and circulate Bibles and Testaments. The Lord Jesus could still see him do it, and still remember all he did for heathen boys and girls.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise."—Prov. vi. 6.

"He that followeth after righteousness and mercy findeth life, righteousness and honour."—Prov. xxi. 21.

THE word diligence is derived from a Latin word, meaning "to delight in." So we may wisely be reminded that there is no true industry which does not spring from pleasure in our work.

A boy has two eyes; if he lose one he can use the other. He has two hands; if he lose one he can use the other. He has two feet; if he lose one he can use the other. He has but one soul; if that is lost, what then?

ONE day a lady said to a little girl, "Helen, have you given your heart to Christ?" "I do not know just what that means," answered the child; "but I know I used to please myself, and now I try to please Christ."

It was amid the darkness of the night, at the brook Jabbok, that Jacob of old wrestled with the angel and prevailed. It is in the soul's dark, lonely, and solitary seasons still that the Church's moral and spiritual wrestlers are crowned with victory, and, as princes, have power with God.