

Our Young Folks.

KATIE'S PART.

"What have you done, dear children?"
The mother gently said,
As she kissed her white-robed babes at night
And tucked them up in bed.
"What have you done through all this day
To help some one along the way?"

Then each one told of some kind deed—
A loving word just spoken,
Some sacrifice for others' wants,
Or gift of friendly token—
But when it was Katie's turn to speak,
A tear-drop glistened on her cheek.

"I cannot think of anything
So very good to-day,"
She sadly said, "only I helped
A chicken find its way
Back to its mother—that was all.
But it was lost, and oh, so small.

"'Twas naughty when it ran away;
But, dear mamma, I know
It felt so sorry, for it tried
The right way back to go.
You told us once we ought to seek
To save the lost ones and the weak.

"The little chicken looked distressed,
And how it cried, poor thing!
It was so glad to cuddle up
Under its mother's wing.
And I was happy when I found
'Twas there with her all safe and sound."

The children hid their smiles beneath
The bed's white coverlet,
But the mother kissed her Katie
Just where the cheek was wet.
"Your part," she said, "you, too, have done;
God is well pleased, my little one."

I AM NOT MY OWN.

"I wish I had some money to give to God,"
said Susy; "but I haven't any."

"God does not expect you to give Him what
you have not," said her papa, "but you have other
things besides money. When we get home I will
read something to you, which will make you see
plainly what you may give to God."

So after dinner they went to the library, and
Susy's papa took down a large book and made
Susy read aloud. "I have this day been before
God, and have given myself—all that I am and
have—to God; so that I am in no respect my own.
I have no right to this body, or any of its mem-
bers; no right to this tongue, these hands, these
feet, these eyes, these ears. I have given myself
clean away."

"These are the words of a great and good man,
who is now in heaven. Now you see what you
have to give God, my darling Susy."

Susy looked at her hands, and at her feet, and
was silent. At last she said in a low voice, half
to herself:

"I don't believe God wants them."

Her papa heard her. "He does want them,
and He is looking at you now to see whether you
will give them to Him, or keep them for yourself.
If you give them to Him, you will be careful not
to let them do anything naughty, and will teach
them to do every good thing they can. If you
keep them for yourself, they will be likely to do
wrong and to get into mischief."

"Have you given yours to Him, papa?"

"Yes, indeed, long ago."

"Are you glad?"

"Yes, very glad."

Susy was still silent; she did not quite under-
stand what it all meant.

"If you give your tongue to God," said her
papa, "you will never allow it to speak unkind,
angry words, or tell tales, or speak an untruth, or
anything that would grieve God's Holy Spirit."

"I think I'll give Him my tongue," said Susy.
"And if you give God your hands, you will
watch them, and keep them from touching things
that do not belong to them. You will not let
them be idle, but will keep them busy about some-
thing."

"Well, then, I'll give Him my hands."

"And if you give Him your feet, you never will
let them carry you where you ought not to go;
and if you give Him your eyes, you will never,
never, never let them look at anything you know
He would not like to look at, if He were by your
side."

Then they knelt down together, and Susy's papa
prayed to God to bless all they had been saying,
and to accept all Susy had now promised to give
Him, and to keep her from ever forgetting her
promise, but to make it her rule in all she said,
and all she did, all she saw, and all she heard, to
remember—"I am not my own."

THE POWER OF GENTLENESS.

It is related that a belated stranger stayed all
night at a farmer's house. He noticed that a slender
little girl, by her gentle ways, had a great in-
fluence in the house. She seemed to be a bringer
of peace and goodwill to the rough ones in the
household. She had power over animals also, as
the following shows: The farmer was going to
town next morning, and agreed to take the stranger
with him. The family came out to see them start.
The farmer gathered up the reins, and with a jerk
said: "Dick, go 'long!" But Dick didn't "go
'long." The whip cracked about the pony's ears,
and he shouted: "Dick, you rascal, get up!" It
availed not. Then came down the whip with a
heavy hand, but the stubborn beast only shook
his head silently. A stout lad came out and
seized the bridle, and pulled and yanked and
kicked the rebellious pony, but not a step would
he move. At this crisis a sweet voice said, "Wil-
lie, don't do so." The voice was quickly recognized.
And now the magic hand was laid on the neck of
the seemingly incorrigible animal, and a simple
low word was spoken. Instantly the rigid muscles
relaxed, and the air of stubbornness vanished.
"Poor Dick," said the sweet voice, as she stroked
and patted softly his neck with the childlike
hand. "Now go 'long, you naughty fellow," in a
half-chiding, but in a tender voice as she drew
slightly on the bridle. The pony turned and rub-
bed his head against her arm for a moment and
started off at a cheerful trot, and there was no
further trouble that day. The stranger remarked
to the farmer, "What a wonderful power that
hand possesses!" The reply was, "O she is good!
Everybody and everything loves her."

THE OLD DOCTOR'S STORY.

"I have a little story to tell you, boys," the old
doctor said to the young people the other evening.
"One day—a long, hot day it had been, too,—I
met my father on the road to town.

"I wish you would take this package to the
village for me, Jim," he said, hesitatingly.

"Now, I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work,
and was just out of the hayfield, where I had been
at work since daybreak. I was tired, dusty and
hungry. It was two miles into town. I wanted
to get my supper, and to wash and dress for sing-
ing-school.

"My first impulse was to refuse, and to do it
harshly, for I was vexed that he should ask after
my long day's work. If I did refuse, he would go
himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. But
something stopped me; one of God's good angels,
I think.

"Of course, father, I'll take it," I said, heartily,

giving my scythe to one of the men. He gave me
the package.

"Thank you, Jim," he said; "I was going
myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong to-
day."

"He walked with me to the road that turned
off to the town; as he left, he put his hand on my
arm, saying again, 'Thank you, my son. You've
always been a good boy to me, Jim.'

"I hurried into town and back again.

"When I came near the house I saw a crowd
of farm hands at the door. One of them came to
me, the tears rolling down his face.

"Your father," he said, "fell dead just as he
reached the house. The last words he spoke were
to you."

"I'm an old man now, but I have thanked God
over and over again in all the years that have
passed since that hour that those last words were,
'You've always been a good boy to me.'"

No human being ever yet was sorry for love or
kindness shown to others. But there is no pang
of remorse so keen as the bitterness with which we
remember neglect or coldness which we have shown
to loved ones who are dead.

Do not begrudge loving deeds and kind words,
especially to those who gather with you about the
same hearth. In many families a habit of nagging,
crossness, or ill-natured gibing gradually covers
the real feeling of love that lies deep beneath.

And after all, it is such a little way that we can
go together.

THE TIME TO BEGIN.

They who begin in their early years to serve the
Lord are in possession of the best riches. They
are quite sure to have the best education, to
secure the best of human friendships, to be placed
in the best positions for service, and to find the
very best enjoyments for head and heart. The
fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and
wisdom is the principal thing. Whosoever has
the almighty power of God and the infinite love
of Christ to show the way of life will make few
mistakes, however many his years, or keen his
disappointments, or bitter the sorrows to be en-
countered. Life is indeed worth the living, through
all changes, if the Christ of God be secured as the
Friend who never forsakes, and the Saviour who
can and will save to the uttermost all who trust
Him and walk in His ways.

On the other hand, a godless youth is usually
followed by a vain and dishonourable career. No
tree can stand up against the summer storm if its
roots have been cut and weakened by the insid-
ious worms that creep beneath the surface of the
ground, under tufts of greenest grass, and around
bulbs of the fairest and most fragrant flowers.

Youth is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward.

Nearly all biographies of great, good and useful
people, whether contained in the sacred Scriptures
or in purely human literature, prove that early
piety is of unspeakable value. Without it as a
foundation no education can be complete.

Such, indeed, is the invariable testimony of the
ages. Hence the chief care of all parents and
teachers is to train the young in the nurture and
fear and service of the Lord. The great and en-
larging work of the Church is happily in our day
directed to the wants of the young, and hence the
increasing multitudes of serious compositions, in
prose and poetry, to persuade, encourage and
guide boys and girls to enter upon the paths of
life without delay.

The best remedy for evil thoughts is to have the
mind occupied with pure and ennobling thoughts.
The mind can not be a vacuum. It must be filled,
if not with the good, with that which is evil.