

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

JUST OBEY.

Do as you are told to do
By those wiser far than you;
Do not say,
"What the use of this may be
I am sure I cannot see:"
Just obey!

Do not sulk, and do not sigh,
Tho' it seem in vain to try:
Work away!
All the ends you cannot see:
Do your duty faithfully—
Just obey!

When at length you come to know
Why 'twas ordered thus and so,
You will say:
"Glad am I that when to me
All was dark as dark could be,
I could trust and cheerfully:
Just obey!"

EACH DAY ITS VERSE.

IN a German village in the heart of Bavaria, in a queer old house, that looked as if it had never been built, but had sprouted and grown and had never been pruned, one day sat by her sunny deep window, an old frau who herself looked as if she had not only grown but ripened, and then been preserved like a prune or a fig, into something sweet and good, that would keep for ever.

She was knitting now and had been knitting always, and it seemed that she might continue to knit, as well, if not a little better than not, till the end of time. I dare say she had covered miles of hands and feet in her lifetime, and made them warm. How much of her had gone into needle and yarn who can tell?

But other things are knitting and are knitted day by day. Heads and hearts and souls are knitted all the time.

So, as the needles flashed in the light, old Mathilde said, "No day without its verse."

Before her sat a young girl as fair of face as apple bloom; white and pink and red blended from cheek to brow, and yellow strands of hair lay down her waist. A great Bible lay in her lap, from which she was about to read. Now she paused and listened, and lifted her clear, blue, untaught eyes.

"They are Master Luther's words," said Mathilde, "and good words they are, my Madchen, true as the sun.

"Stitch by stitch,
Minute by minute,
Verse by verse,"

that is the way all good work comes."

"No day without its verse," turned the Gospel of our Lord into the German, for every soul to feed upon and be made strong."

The woman paused. The young girl went on reading the wonderful old words of inspiration that have thrilled millions of hearts down through all the centuries to this day. She read, "Let not your hearts be troubled. Ye believe in God believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. . . . Whither I go ye know and the way ye know."

At every added sentence the old frau swayed back and forth and muttered, "Yes, yes, yes. That is enough my Madchen, for to-day—enough and enough, and more than enough. To-day we will have, 'Let not your hearts be

troubled,' and our hearts will not be troubled. —They will be quiet as the warm sunlight falling in the window, untroubled as the birds flitting hither and thither through the vines without. We children of the Christ may not be afraid, or dismayed, or discouraged, when He saith, 'Let not your hearts be troubled.' Ay, 'tis a precious verse, for He stands on the other side beyond our seeing, and sees the things we may not see, and knows the things we may not now know, and so He whispers all the day, 'Let not thy heart be troubled,' for He knows that the worst that can come to any one is not fatal, no, not if this old body is tied to the stake and the flames consume it," and she dropped her knitting and uplifted her two hard old hands—"not fatal so long as this is secure," and she laid her hand on her heart, and her aged face was lit with a strange radiance. "For as Master Luther learned, 'the just shall live by faith, why therefore be troubled? why?' And when he had learned that lesson, he goes on and on, with every day its verse, its blessed verse, until all are in our hands too. To-morrow child we will think about the many mansions, and after that about the Comforter, even the Spirit of truth, which in troubled times brings to the remembrance the precious words a poor old head cannot always hold when other things crowd in."

"So, so, so! little by little, stitch by stitch, day by day, and verse by verse, does every thing go on, and truth is the same forever, as the trembling leaves and the bursting flowers, and the waters with the breeze across it."

Little Madchen turned her blue eyes out of the casement and wondered what good Mathilde could mean, and wondered too why she liked to be beside the old frau and read the good Book to her. And she wondered too if she would know all about it from first to last. And then she thought, "Maybe I shall, if I go stitch by stitch in patience and in love."

AFTER DARK.

THE difference between day and night is universally perceived and universally acknowledged, and the varieties of its effects still afford a large field for intelligent observation.

We shall not now go into this subject extensively, showing the reciprocal influence of the physical and psychical natures of man and the modification of this influence by broad daylight and by dark night. There is one point, however, to which we wish to call special attention, and that is the relation of night to children in cities.

We say in cities, because ordinarily in the country there is but one thing for a child to do at night, namely, stay in the house. Another reason is that the writer, alas! knows very little of childlife in the country. He knows something of it in the city. He was born in a city. Until he was ten years of age he knew nothing of country life. He has spent more than half his life in cities in Europe and America. This has given him some experience and some opportunity for observation. He has watched also the growth of many children in many families, and has

taken pains to notice the effect of different kinds of culture.

Almost invariably boys who have been allowed to roam free at night have come to moral shipwreck and social destruction. The exceptions have been where there was a wholesome temperament, a strong intellect, and peculiar social influences. Men and boys, women and girls, whatever may have been their culture, feel that there is something in the streets at night different from that which is in the day—something that excites apprehension, or creates alarm, or gives license. Boys that are demure by day will say things at night they would blush to utter in the daylight.

The result of our observation is the clear conviction that it is absolutely necessary that parents know *exactly* where their children are from sundown to sunrise. No boy ought to be allowed to go alone off the pavement of his father's house after sundown. It ought not to be a hard restriction; to a boy thus trained from infancy it will not be. It is unnatural that a child should want to go off to play in the dark with other children. The desire never comes until the child has *begun* to be corrupt. Sometimes, for quiet, parents will allow their children to go "round the corner" to play with some other children. Sometimes this is allowed through mere carelessness. We never knew it to fail to end disastrously. We have in our mind one or two striking cases in which weak mothers have pleaded for this liberty for their children, and are now reaping the bitter fruits.

Childhood should be trained with the gentleness of love and the firmness of sagacious authority, but whether these are at the command of the parent or not, there is one rule absolutely indispensable for the safety of the child and the honour of the family, namely, that while the child is small he shall never go off the lot without his parents or some other proper guardian; and that when he grows older, until he becomes of age, his parents ought to know where he is every moment of his time, and ought to know that he is in bed before ten o'clock. Where this cannot be secured by the exercise of gentleness it must be obtained by authority. A refractory child may make the house hot if he is kept in it, but better endure eight or ten years of such heat than to have that child ruined, and all the family suffer through the remainder of his career.

We have spoken of boys because we do not suppose that any girls of decent families are allowed to be on the streets after dark.

We could enforce this lesson by statements of harrowing cases, if these were necessary. We do earnestly beseech parents who read this article to lay it to heart, to begin to make observations upon the condition of their children at night, to find where they are, and to prepare to answer to God our Heavenly Father for the painstaking care which they give to their children.

A LITTLE girl was lying in bed so ill that her disease had taken away her sight. Her teacher went to see her, and said, "Are you quite blind, Mary?" "Yes," she replied, "but I can see Jesus." "How do you see Jesus?" "With the eye of my heart."