

Our Young Folks.

LITTLE THINGS.

A little thing, a sunny smile,
A loving word at morn,
And all day long the sun shines bright,
The cares of life were made more light,
And sweetest hopes were born.

A little thing, a hasty word,
A cruel frown at morn,
And aching hearts went on their way,
And toiled throughout a dreary day
Disheartened, sad, and lorn.

Ah, bitter words and frown! With thee
No want nor pain compares.
Oh, pleasant words and sunny smiles,
Your hidden power our grief beguiles,
And drives away our cares.

THE LORD'S MONEY.

Here is something for the boys and girls to think about when they put money in the contribution box.

"Bertie, Bertie, isn't this a shame?" cried little Caspar Hall, as he held up a silver quarter for his older brother Jim to look at.

It was a bright quarter, and at first sight there was nothing the matter with it, but closer inspection showed that it had been bored, and the hole had afterwards been carefully filled up.

"They wouldn't take it where I bought my slate," said Caspar, ruefully; "and then I tried to pass it at the candy shop, and the lady shook her head, and when I offered it to the conductor of the car he was quite cross, and asked me if I did not know how to read. When I said, 'Yes, of course I do,' he pointed to a notice in big letters: 'No mutilated coin received here.' What shall I do with it?" finished the little fellow with a sigh.

"You have no idea who gave it to you, have you, Caspar?" said Bertie.

"Not the least. It is part of the change I had from Uncle John's Christmas gift to me."

"Well, you must be sharper the next time. Now, if I were you, I would put it into the missionary box. The society will work it off somehow."

"But I don't want to put a whole quarter in the box."

"It is not a whole quarter, Casp; it's a quarter that's had a hole in it. Nobody'll take it from you. You may just as well get rid of it in that way as any other."

Bertie and Caspar Hall were in their father's library when this conversation took place. They thought themselves alone. But, just on the other side of a curtain which divided the room from the parlour, their little cousin Ethel was sitting. As Caspar moved towards the mantel where the family missionary box stood in plain sight, Ethel drew the curtain aside and spoke to him.

"Boys," she said, "I did not mean to listen, but I could not help overhearing you, and Caspar, dear, do not drop that quarter into the box, please."

"Why not, Ethel?"

"The Lord's money goes into that box."

Bertie looked up from his Latin grammar to meet the glowing face of the little girl. Her eyes were shining and her lip quivered a little, but she spoke gravely. "It was the lamb without blemish, don't you know, that the Hebrews were to offer to the Lord? If you saw Jesus here in this room you wouldn't like to say, 'I give this to Thee, because nobody else will have it.' It was gold, frankincense and myrrh the wise men offered the infant Jesus."

The boys drew nearer Ethel. She went on:—"It isn't much we can give to Him who gave Himself to us, but I believe we ought to give Him our best, and what costs us something. Excuse me, but it seems mean to drop a battered coin into God's treasury, just to get it out of sight."

Caspar and Bertie agreed with Ethel. They were about to do wrong for want of thought. Are there no older people who should remember that the Lord's money ought to be perfect, and of our best?

FAITH ILLUSTRATED.

"How is it that ye have no faith."—Mark iv. 40.

One of the simplest and best illustrations of "faith" which I remember to have seen is a story told by M. Theodore Monod. A Sunday school teacher, when teaching his class on one occasion, left his seat and went around among his scholars with his watch in his hand. Holding it out to the first child, he said:

"I give you this watch."

The boy stared at it and stood still. He then went to the next and repeated:

"I give you that watch."

The boy blushed, but that was all. One by one the teacher repeated the words and the action to each. Some stared, some blushed, some smiled incredulously, but none took the watch. But when he came nearly to the bottom of the class a small boy put out his hand and took the watch which the teacher handed to him. As the latter returned to his seat the little fellow said, gently:

"Then, if you please, sir, the watch is mine?"

"Yes, it is yours."

The elder boys were fairly roused by this time.

"Do you mean to say, sir, that he may keep the watch?"

"Certainly; I gave it to any boy who would have it."

"Oh, if I had known that," exclaimed one of them, "I would have taken it."

"Did I not tell you I gave it to you?"

"Oh, yes; but I did not believe you were in earnest."

"So much the worse for you; he believed me, and he has the watch."

Saving faith is as simple as this. It just takes God at His word and trusts Him. Though it sounds too good to be true, Christ is the gift of God, freely and fully offered (John iii. 19), "His unspeakable gift."

THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

The day before he was to start for college, Herbert Drake went to say good-bye to his old friend, Dennis Carter. Dennis had for years been gardener for Herbert's father, and when rheumatism unfitted him for work his faithful service was still remembered by the family. Herbert was his especial favourite. As soon as the boy could walk alone it became his delight to follow Dennis wherever he went, and as he grew older Herbert was equally fascinated by the gardener's stories of his long and somewhat eventful life.

On the occasion of his farewell call, at his request, Dennis had again been indulging in reminiscences of the past.

"Yes," he concluded, "my path has been a crooked one. 'Twas my own fault. I was a wayward lad; I wouldn't listen to those who knew more than I did. 'Experience is a hard school,' but it was the only one I'd learn at. It's mostly so with young folks. Well, owing to that fact, I

stumbled along in the dark a good many years. Then one day I found a wonderful lamp—a wonderful lamp;" and as Dennis said this he laid his hand upon his Bible.

"You know where it says, 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.' I remember as if it was yesterday the day I first saw that light. I didn't want to see it; I liked the dark better, or thought I did; so I kept my eyes shut to my own good in this world and the next.

"One day I went with a lot of wild boys to rob an orchard. Just as we had filled our pockets and turned away a hand was placed upon my shoulder. I thought we were caught sure, but it was only a young man, who handed me a card. On it was printed in large letters:

"'The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion.'

"The light shone full on two paths then—the one I was taking, and the one where I should have been walking. I had no longer even the poor excuse of thoughtlessness, for that verse haunted me. I despised a coward, yet those words proved me one; and I knew it. It wasn't then, though, that I took advantage of the light. It was a baby's hand that beckoned me to it at last. When my little Elsie died, and I knew I should never see her again unless I altered my course completely, I turned my back on the darkness and came out into this glorious light.

"The best thing about this lamp is that it throws brilliant light on every step you take. It is not like a street lamp, that only brightens a fixed spot; it is like a coach-lamp, that goes wherever you go and sheds its rays always a little in advance of you. Yes, Mr. Herbert, you can't take a better guide than this with you; and if you follow where it points, you will never go wrong. God bless you!"

THE QUARREL.

A brother and sister angry with each other! See how their eyes snap! Hear their naughty words!

"I'll never, never play with you again, you bad girl."

"I'm glad of it; I don't want you to."

"How dreadful is a quarrel between a brother and sister! It is so wicked to be angry, so wicked to tell lies!" said a voice from the window. It was their mother's.

"Lies! I didn't tell a lie," said Amy.

"Nor I," said Edmund.

"Both of you did," said mamma, "and anger almost always leads to lies. You said, Edmund, you'd never play with your sister again. Now, you know you will. And, Amy, you said you were glad. Now, if I were to forbid you ever playing with your brother again, how you would cry! You would be very unhappy."

"So I should, mamma; I'm sorry I said it."

"I am sorry, too," said Edmund, "but Amy was—"

"Stop, my boy. No matter for you to tell what Amy did, or for Amy to tell what you did. If you are both sorry, you can make up with a kiss. And then both of you go right up stairs and kneel down and ask Jesus to forgive you. Are you sorry enough for this?"

I am glad to say they were, and soon they came out again looking pleasant and bright.

He that is soon angry dealeth foolishly, and a man of wicked devices is hated. The simple inherit folly: but the prudent are crowned with knowledge.