

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A TINY SEED.

One May morning two green leaves
Peeping from the ground,
Patty and her brother Will
In their garden found.
They a seed had planted there
Just ten days ago,
Only half believing that
It would ever grow.

"Oh, it's grewed!" "It's grewed!" they cried,
"And it soon will be,"
Will proclaimed, now full of faith,
"Like a little tree:
Then will lady-slippers come,
And they'll all be ours.
Oh, how good God is to turn
Brown seeds into flowers!"

—Harper's Young Folks.

BABY EVA'S PRAYER.

Darling baby Eva,
Kneeling by my chair,
In the summer twilight
Lisping out her prayer.

Small hands clasped together,
Bowed the golden head;
Blue eyes closed, lips parted;
"Our Father," faintly said.

Then, while the head bowed lower
Upon my darling's breast,
Said, "Eva seepy, mamma,
And Dod knows all the rest."

I took my sleeping child
With all a mother's love,
And laid her down to rest,
Then kneeled to God above.

And, while the evening shadows
Were falling silently,
I asked for her a blessing
There on my bended knee.

One half my yearning heart,
My words have ne'er expressed,
But still, I feel, with her,
That God knows all the rest. —F. S. L.

IN GOD'S CARE.

ONE night, when Mr. Hansen, a rich Swedish merchant, was visiting Pomerania with his son, he took lodgings at a neat looking inn, where many years before he had passed three days. It had been pleasant weather then, but now the wind raged fiercely, and the sea lashed itself into fury. The hardiest of men had abandoned the coast, and, shivering with the cold, had returned to their homes. Edmund, the son of the merchant Hansen, went out to look about him, wrapped in a great woollen cloak, but soon came in, and said to the white haired landlady:

"What fearful weather, Mother Martens! No one in his senses would venture on the sea just now."

"That is true enough, young man; no good would come of it," replied the old woman.

"You could very easily weather such a storm," said Edmund, smiling. "Such a voyage as you once made is not taken very often. My father has told me about it. You are shielded from wind and wave."

"Hush!" said the old woman, "we are everywhere under the eye of God. Those whom He keeps are well kept."

"That is true, Mother Martens," observed the merchant. "You have had proof of the divine power and goodness. The storm is still raging, let us close the shutters, and hear the story from the beginning to the end. Edmund will be pleased to know all about it."

"I do not like to speak of myself," said the woman; "one should leave that to others.

However, you are right, sir; this narration may be useful to the young gentleman, and, as there is nothing more to be done outside, I will tell you how God gave me proof of His watchful care."

At these words the good old woman closed the shutters, put the kettle on the fire, and when the water was hot, and the tea served, she began:

"You see, sir, I am an old woman. I have lived many long years in this strange country; but the day I left my own land is as distinct in my memory as if it were yesterday. The cabin of my parents was situated on the seacoast in the southern part of Sweden. I have never possessed riches. Our greatest treasure was a cow, spotted black and white. We had raised her, and she was precious to us. It was my business to lead her every day to pasture. In summer it was very pleasant, but not so in winter. My father was a fisherman, and when the snow covered the country, and the sea was frozen over, we suffered much. Once we might have died of hunger if it had not been for the cow. The poor creature was the object of all our care.

"One time the winter was more severe than usual, the snow was piled up in heaps all around our cottage; and I, scarcely sixteen years old, longed for the spring as a bird for the sun. At last, one cold, foggy, misty day, the sun drew me to the door, and I led our cow along the shore, where, here and there, at the foot of the 'dunes' (banks of sand), were some tufts of grass. The cow bounded with joy, and I was truly happy. Suddenly she ran toward the sea, which was covered with thick ice that cracked and broke as she moved over it. She reached a large cake of ice, and, standing on it, attempted to drink. I had gone with her. I kept close to her side, and saw in the distance great blocks of ice carried away by the tide. Immediately I felt the ice under us move. I called to the cow and tried to drive her to the shore, but she had not drank enough and would not stir; I cried aloud; I seized the cow and drew her with all my strength, and, I shudder to think of it, the ice on which we were separated from the shore, and began to drift out toward the open sea!

"To right and left, before and behind, the ice was carried away. I looked around. I was going farther and farther from the land. I was numb with fear. The ice collected in heads as it moved slowly or heavily along; and that on which we were floated as a small boat. The cow shook with cold. The swift tide pressed on us and drove us ahead. Darkness came on. The sun had set long ago, and now it was black night. The waves broke on our ice-cake—I fell on my knees—I prayed. The cow had lain down. I stretched myself close to her, this warmed me. Then I thought of my father—my mother—who would look for me so anxiously. I was filled with grief, and I slept, exhausted from fatigue.

"In the middle of the night I awoke, shivering, and my teeth chattering. Oh, what a spectacle was before me? On all sides where my eyes rested nothing but the water, nothing but the dreadful sea. The stories about water elves or fairies that I had heard told by sail-

ors came to my mind; I seemed to see monsters and phantoms come from the bottom of the abyss. I fancied I saw strange figures floating like clouds towards me. Then I shut my eyes and prayed again. When I opened them I saw a bright star ahead. I looked again. It was a light, and it surely moved. A boat with men is coming towards us. 'Oh, Nannetto!' I cried, 'stand up.' It seemed to me she ought to shout for joy; but the poor shivering creature did not move.

"My fingers were numb and stiff, but I tore off my apron and waved it in the air, then—then—"

"Then," interrupted Edmund, with glowing eagerness, "they reached you and took you home—you and Nannette?"

"I do not know how it was," said the old woman, whose eyes were filled with tears. "I remember only voices, and then finding myself on a big ship, and then being home again in the dear old cottage, and father thanking the blessed God and rubbing Nannette; and then the happiest moment when father said, 'Oh! my daughter, I felt sure you would pray, and God would hear you.' My young friend, with God to help me, I was as safe on that open sea as I am now by this bright, warm fire."

"Ay, ay!" said the merchant, quietly; and the son, looking intensely at the dancing blaze, said: "I thank you, Madame Martens. You have taught me a lesson that I shall remember for many a day."

"How, O Lord, shall we follow Thee?"
I heard one sadly say;
"Whither Thou goest we cannot see;
How can we know the way?"

"I am the way," the Shepherd said;
"He that dwelleth in love
Dwelleth in me, and shall be led
Safe to the fold above."

THE OLD FARM-HOUSE.

"NURSE, tell me once more, please; then I will shut my eyes and try to sleep."

So nurse told the good news again. Next day they were all to go to grandpa's. "Where the ducks are?" cried Mollie.

"Yes, the ducks, the brook, and the old farm-house, the horse and carriage, and cows, and ever so many other good things," said nurse.

"Will mamma let me wade in the brook? I must ask her before I can get a wink of sleep."

Mamma was busy packing. She brushed away some tears when she heard the little feet along the hall. Mollie forgot the fun in a moment: "Mamma is thinking about little Allie in heaven—how she is not here to go to grandpa's."

Then Mollie clapped her hands and cried: "Let us take the lame girl; her mother has no money to send her to the country. Would not this please Allie if she could look down?"

So the poor little lame girl had a good time at the farm.

Though Allie might not know, we are sure Jesus was pleased with love shown to one of His dear children.—Sunbeam.

JUST as soon as a boy likes any place better than home, he is on the way to ruin.