

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

SUE'S NEW MOTIVE.

SUE GRAHAM stood in the south kitchen door, pinning on her great calico apron, with a very disconsolate look on her usually sunny face. Grace Dennis, so pretty and dainty in her fresh cambric, drove by in her basket phaeton, with little crippled Bessie McAllister. The frown deepened on Sue's face, and she gave her apron strings an impatient twitch. Then she turned hastily from the doorway to the hot kitchen. It seemed hotter than ever, as she remembered how cool and fresh it looked out of doors. And there was the breakfast dishes to be washed, rooms to be swept and put to rights, cake and pudding to be made, and dinner to be prepared. Sue turned her back to the door again, her brown eyes overflowing.

"What is it, Susie dear?" asked her mother, stopping on her way to the pantry at the sight of Sue's woe-begone face; "what is it, dear?"

"Nothing much," responded Sue, trying to smile back, but succeeding in calling up only a very tearful one; "I'm so tired of all this, and discouraged," she said.

"Do you ever think of it as something your Heavenly Father has given you to do for Him, Sue?"

"Why, mother?" and Sue turned abruptly round. "You don't mean He cares or knows anything about all this work, do you?"

"Why not, dear? Doesn't he know when even a sparrow falls to the ground? 'Are ye not much better than they?' You are just where He put you, and if you do the duties He has given you to do cheerfully and faithfully, even though they are small, I believe He sees and knows, and cares too, for the faithfulness of the service."

A minute after, Sue heard her mother in the pantry preparing for baking. There was a grave, thoughtful look on Sue's face now, in place of the frown.

"Perhaps," she thought to herself, "perhaps I can serve Jesus just as truly as Grace Dennis. It isn't as pretty work, though," she thought, with a sigh; "it would be so nice to dress daintily and prettily as Grace always does, and have leisure to do graceful deeds of kindness as she does; but if this is what He gives me, I'll try and do it the best I know how. And cheerfully, too," she added, bravely.

And then, without further delay, she went about the homely duties of the day. But how different they seemed to her, viewed in the new light! If she was doing them for Him, they must be done with extra care. Every little nook and corner was thoroughly swept and dusted; there was a strong temptation to slight the out-of-the-way places sometimes. Every dish was washed and wiped with utmost care, and never was cake lighter or nicer than Sue's that day.

"O, mother, you don't know how much you helped me this morning!" said Sue that night.

"I think I do," answered her mother, "for I know what a difference it made in my life when I first believed that He knew and cared not only about the great things of life, but

about the little, homely, every-day duties too. It is hard sometimes to accept His choice of work for us; but He knows best. If He wishes us to glorify Him in home-life and everyday service, let us do it as faithfully and as cheerfully as though He asked some greater thing of us. 'Content to fill a little space, if Thou be glorified.' Can you say that, Sue?"

"I'll try to," she said, softly, as she stooped for a good-night kiss.

LITTLE PILLOWS.

"Peace through the blood of His cross."—Col. i. 20.

IF you had been disobedient and naughty to your mother, you would feel that there was something between you and her like a little wall built up between you. Even though you knew she loved you and went on doing kind things for you as usual, you would not be happy with her; you would keep away from her, and it would be a sorrowful day both for her and for you, for there would be no sweet, bright peace between her and you, and no pleasant and untroubled peace in your own heart.

The Lord Jesus knew that it was just like this with us—that there was something between us and God instead of peace, and this was sin. And there never could be or can be any peace with God while there is sin; so of course there never could be any real peace in our hearts. We could never take away this wall of sin; on the contrary, left to ourselves, we only keep building it higher and higher by fresh sins every day. And God has said that "without shedding of blood there is no remission"—that is, no forgiveness, no taking away of sins. Now, what has Jesus Christ done for us? He has made peace through the blood of His cross. He is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world; and the sin was what hindered peace.

Look at His precious blood shed to take away your sins! Do you see it? do you believe it? Then there is nothing between you and God, for that bleeding hand has broken down the wall; the blood has made peace, and you may come to your Heavenly Father and receive His loving forgiveness, and know that you have peace with God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

"Precious blood that hath redeemed us,
All the price is paid!
Perfect pardon now is offered,
Peace is made."

"Precious blood, whose full atonement
Makes us nigh to God!
Precious blood, our song of glory,
Praise and laud!"

"Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Ever flowing free!
Oh, believe it! oh, receive it!
'Tis for thee."

THE LITTLE HERO.

CAN a boy be a hero? Of course he can, if he has courage, and a good opportunity to show it. The boy who will stand up for the right, stick to the truth, resist temptation, and suffer rather than do wrong, is a moral hero.

Here is an example of true heroism. A little drummer-boy, who had become a great favourite with the officers, was asked by the Captain to drink a glass of rum. But he

declined, saying, "I am a cadet of temperance, and do not taste strong drink."

"But you must take some now," said the Captain. "You have been on duty all day, beating the drum and marching, and now you must not refuse. I insist upon it." But still the boy stood firm, and held fast to his integrity.

The Captain then turned to the Major and said: "Our little drummer-boy is afraid to drink. He will never make a soldier."

"How is this?" said the Major in a playful manner. "Do you refuse to obey the orders of your Captain?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I have never refused to obey the Captain's orders, and have tried to do my duty as a soldier faithfully; but I must refuse to drink rum, because I know it will do me an injury."

"Then," said the Major in a stern tone of voice, in order to test his sincerity, "I command you to take a drink, and you know it is death to disobey orders!"

The little hero, fixing his clear blue eye on the face of the officer, said: "Sir, my father died a drunkard; and when I entered the army, I promised my dear mother that I would not taste a drop of rum, and I mean to keep my promise. I am sorry to disobey orders, sir; but I would rather suffer anything than disgrace my mother and break my temperance pledge." Was not that boy a hero?

The officers approved the conduct of the noble boy, and told him that so long as he kept that pledge, and performed his duty faithfully as a soldier, he might expect from them regard and attention.

A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

THE longest life is made up of simple days, few or many; but the days grow into years, and give the measure of our lives at the last. The life is at the last what the days have been. Let the children, therefore, look after the days—one day at a time—and put into each one something that will last, something worth doing, something worth remembering, something worth imitating by those who follow us.

1. Every day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small a thing is one fact! Only one! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

2. Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who, looking to God for grace, seeks every day to practise the grace he prays for?

3. Every day a little look into the Bible. One chapter a day! What a treasure of Bible knowledge one may acquire in ten years! Every day a verse committed to memory. What a volume in the mind at the end of twenty-five years!

THERE is many a wounded heart without a contrite spirit. The ice may be broken into a thousand pieces—it is ice still; but expose it to the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and then it will melt.—*Middleton.*