

Our Young Folks.

THE WORLD FOR JESUS.

The whole wide world for Jesus,
For His is its domain,
And His is the dominion
From sea to sea to reign:
To Him the kings of Shoba
Their royal gifts shall bring,
And isles afar their tribute
Shall render to their King.

The whole wide world for Jesus;
His banner be unfurled
Wide as his great commission,
"Go ye to all the world,
And preach to every creature
Eho messages of peace;
Lo! I am with you always
Till time itself shall cease."

The whole wide world for Jesus
O Church of Christ, awake!
Put on thy strength, O Zion,
Thy posts of duty take;
Go forth upon thy mission
In Jesus' name alone,
Till earth will all her millions,
His sovereignty shall own.

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

BY JAMES OTIS.

"I don't s'pose it makes any difference when poor young ones like us die, do you, Jennie?"

"What makes you talk like that, Dickey? Try to go to sleep, and when mother comes home you can have an orange like what you wanted yesterday; that is, if she gets the pay for the washin'."

"I don't want to go to sleep, 'cause I ache so; an' some how I'd like to know what there is up in the sky, for I shouldn't wonder if I was goin' there like Joe Hardy did when he got run over."

"Oh, don't Dickey, don't talk like that? I'll fix the room up so it'll look better, an' then you shall get up an' sit by the window, where you can see all the teams."

Jennie bustled around the one scantily furnished room, trying with but poor success to so arrange the few pieces of furniture that the wretched apartment might seem more cheerful to the poor little invalid, who had been confined to his bed for so many long, weary weeks that it seemed almost as if he had always been there.

"It hain't any good to fix up for me, Jennie," he said with a faint sigh, while his pale face grew more pallid, as an unusually severe spasm of pain passed through the wasted body. "I don't want to sit at the window, but I do want you to come and talk to me. Don't you know what it was Linpey Jim said rich people's children told God when they wanted to talk to Him?"

"I don't know what you mean, Dickey," said Jennie, as she furtively wiped the tears from her eyes, while she took the sick boy's poor little wasted hand in her own.

"Don't talk this way till mother comes back; please don't, Dickey."

"But don't you remember what Linpey said? I wouldn't want to go up to the sky all alone without lettin' God know I was comin', though perhaps he wouldn't let me in there anyway, 'cause my clothes are so bad. I know how it commenced."

"How what commenced, Dickey, darling?"

"That what Linpey told about. It was, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' That couldn't be for me, could it, Jennie? 'cause I ache so I can't lay down to sleep. I wish I knew the rest of it, 'cause perhaps God could give me new clothes so's I'd look fit to go where He is if I only knew how to tell Him about it. 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' Pr'aps God wouldn't mind if that haint jest the way it really is, seein's how I don't know what the words—now I've got it. 'I pray the Lord my soul to keep.' I haint jest sure I know what that means, do you, Jennie?"

"O Dickey, what is the matter? What makes you talk so when you know mother promised us we should have a good dinner with real meat to eat when she come home?"

"Now listen, Jennie, 'cause it seems as if it would make me feel almost well if I could only say it. 'Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake—If I should get to sleep, Jennie, and if I should die before I get awake, where would I be, Jennie?"

"I don't know, Dickey; I don't know. Per'aps you'd go right up into the sky. But please don't die, Dickey dear, 'cause you and mother is all I've got; and what would I do if you wasn't here?"

"But s'posen I should die, where would I be? I don't ache so very much now, but I wish I knowed all of it; wouldn't it be tough if I was to go up to the sky without lettin' any one know that I was comin'. I s'pose I'd get throwed out anyway; but per'aps I might have a chance of stayin' a little while if anybody knowed I was comin'. 'Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep.' Do you s'pose He'd take the trouble to keep the souls of poor young ones like me an' you, Jennie? If we was rich folks, and had good clothes, it wouldn't make very much difference if I did die 'cause I ache so dreadfully all the time."

"Indeed it would make a difference, Dickey, for you're the only brother or sister I've got, an' what would I do if I was all alone here when mother goes out to work?"

"Well I won't if I can help it, though, if I knew jest whether God would let me come up into the sky, it wouldn't seem so bad—I—I—down to—sleep—soul to keep."

The words came slowly and falteringly from the cold lips; the face that had been distorted by pain, was wreathed by the fanning of the angels' wings into a smile; the pain-racked body was stilled by the presence of the white-robed visitors, and Dickey had really lain down to sleep.

To him had come that certainty which comes to all, as they reach the brink of the dark river, that He does all things well, and then it was that poor little invalid Dickey knew that in his Father's mansion neither money nor raiment was needed to make even the poorest in this world's goods one of the favoured dwellers.

He had lain himself down to sleep, watched over by God's angels, who had had charge concerning him.

He prayed the Lord his soul to keep, and his Heavenly Father, noting even the sparrow's

fall, had taken to Himself the soul he had given.

If he should die! Dickey had but awakened to a life of which he had known nothing; but the glories of which were to be shown to him.

His soul the good God had sent His angels to bring away across the dark valley of the shadow of death, and poor little Dickey, poor no longer, had gone home with never a doubt to make him afraid.—*Congregationalist.*

"SHE WAS A STRANGER."

A missionary was requested to go out to a new settlement to address a Sabbath School. He noticed a little girl, shabbily dressed and barefooted, shrinking in a corner, her little sunburnt face buried in her hands, and tears trickling between her small brown fingers. Soon, however, another little girl about eleven years old, got up and went to her and led her toward a brook, then seated her on a log, and kneeling beside her, she took off her ragged sun-bonnet, and dipping her hand in the water, bathed her hot eyes and tear-stained face, talking in a cherry manner all the while.

The little one brightened up; the tears all went, and smiles came creeping around the rosy mouth.

The missionary stepped forward and said, "is that your little sister, my dear?"

"No, sir," answered the child, with tender, earnest eyes; "I have no sister, sir."

"Oh, one of the neighbour's children?" replied the missionary; "a little schoolmate, perhaps?"

"No, sir; she is a stranger. I do not know where she came from. I never saw her before."

"Then how came you to take her out, and have such care of her, if you do not know her?"

"Because she was a stranger, sir, and seemed all alone, and needed somebody to be kind to her."

"Ah!" said the missionary to himself, "here is a text for me to preach from: 'Because she was a stranger, and seemed to be all alone, and needed somebody to be kind to her.'"

The words came to him: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

SERVE THE LORD

With all thine heart.	Deut. x. 12
With gladness.	Ps. c. 2.
With willing mind.	1 Chron. xxviii. 9.
With pure conscience.	2 Tim. i. 3.
With all humility	Acts xx. 19.
Without fear.	Luko i. 74.
Acceptably with reverence.	Heb. xii. 28.

I ENTERED a house and said, "Do you want a Bible,—God's word?" I was called an impostor by the wife, and prepared to leave. "You are not to go," said the husband, "till I know more of your book." I read four chapters. They bought the book, and gave me a good dinner.—*French Canadian Mission Report.*

"TRUST in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."—*Prov. iii. 5, 6.*