

Our Young Folks.

NOTHING IS LOST.

Nothing is lost; the drop of dew
Which trembles on the leaf or flower
Is but exhaled to fall as snow
In summer's thunder shower;
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day;
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.

Nothing is lost; the tiniest seed
By wild birds borne or breezes blown
Finds something suited to its need,
Wherein 'tis sown and grown.
The language of some household song,
The perfume of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
To memory's after-hour.

So with our words, or harsh or kind
Uttered, they are not all forgot;
They have their influence on the mind,
Pass on, but perish not:
So with our deeds, for good or ill,
They have their power, scarce understood:
Then let us use our better will
To make them rise with good!

HOW THE CHILDREN DENIED THEMSELVES.

Tom and Bessie were at the seashore, "having the grandest time in the world," as they expressed it. It was their first visit there, and of course everything was very new and wonderful to them. They thought they would never get tired of looking at the sea and watching the breakers come tumbling in to break in a line of white foam on the beach. Then they enjoyed digging in the clean sand, making wonderful forts and castles.

"Such splendid sand!" Tom wrote to his mother. "A fellow can play in it all day and not get dirty."

Their aunt had brought them to spend a couple of weeks with her, and although it was the first time they had ever been away from their mother, they were not a bit homesick. How could they be homesick when they were having such a splendid time? Of course they wanted to see mamma "just awfully" sometimes, but that was not being homesick.

They had had a splendid long letter from her (the first one, for they had only been there three days). On the last page she had written something that had made Bessie's tender heart ache and had set her thinking very seriously.

"I am so glad my dear children are enjoying themselves so much!" mamma wrote. "I went to see a poor little sick boy this morning. He is just about Tom's age, and his name is Tom, too. He is a cripple, and has to sit in his little chair nearly all day. He is too weak to move around much, even on his crutches, and very thin and pale—not at all like my rosy-cheeked Tom. The doctor thinks a visit to the country or the seashore, during this hot weather, might save his life, but his mother is too poor to think of such a thing. How I wish he could be where my Tom is!"

This was all their mother said about him; but it was enough to make Bessie think whether there might not be something that she could do, or Tom, to give this poor little boy a visit to the seashore.

"What makes you so quiet, Bessie?" asked Tom as they were walking along. Bessie was so absorbed in thought that she did not notice that her dolly had nearly fallen out of its little carriage.

"I am so sorry for that poor little sick Tom," she answered.

"So am I," responded Tom. "I'd give anything to have him here a little while."

"Would you, really?" asked Bessie, "for I

have thought of something we could do, only it would be awfully hard."

"Why, what could we do?" exclaimed Tom in surprise.

"If auntie is willing, we might go home next week, and let the little boy come in our place. He could stay for two weeks for what auntie has to pay to keep us here one week."

Tom was silent for a moment.

"Oh, we couldn't do that," he answered. "You wouldn't be willing to go home a whole week sooner, would you?"

"I would to save that poor little Tom's life," answered Bessie. "Won't you, dear Tom?" she pleaded.

It was some time before Tom could make up his mind. He was a generous warm-hearted boy, but this was really a great self-sacrifice for him to make. It took all little Bessie's most eloquent pleading for the poor little cripple to win his consent. When they finally made up their minds they ran home to ask auntie about it.

She consented willingly, glad to see that her little nephew and niece would give up their own pleasure to do a kind act.

The rest of the week seemed to pass all too quickly to the children; but they did not regret their decision, and the day that mamma came to take them home she brought the poor little cripple with her. He was so thin and wan that Bessie's eyes filled with tears as she looked at him, and Tom was more than repaid for his share of the sacrifice by the little fellow's delight and gratitude.

It was wonderful to see the change that just two weeks of good food, sea air and kind nursing made in him. He did not look like the same boy, and even after his return home he kept on getting stronger and better.

He came to see the children the day he returned, and after he had gone Bessie said: "Tom, dear, aren't you glad?"

"Yes, indeed I am," answered Tom warmly then he added, shyly: "Bessie, it's true, isn't it, that 'it is more blessed to give than to receive'?"

ALFRED THE GREAT.

Away back in the misty Middle Ages, clustered about with tradition and song, lived the famous English king, Alfred the Great. Just half a century is supposed to have been the limit of his life, the date 849 being given as the probable year of his birth, and that of his death 901. He was king of the West Saxons; and his was a tumultuous reign, full of war and struggle, as was all life in those barbarous days before the great art of peace had been studied by the peoples of the earth. Many stories of his life are familiar to everybody, especially that of his adventure in disguise when fleeing from the invading Danes, when the cares of state, weighing upon his oppressed mind, led him to forget the cakes which were intrusted to his care, and brought upon him this reprimand from the herdsman's wife:

"No wonder thou art a poor houseless vagrant with such neglect to business. I shall set by all the burned cakes for thy portion of the week's bread, and thou shalt have no other till they are all eaten."

Alfred was a Christian king, and his harp was as dear to him as was King David's of much more ancient time; and David's Psalms were also very dear to Alfred, so he himself translated them into English, and is said to have constantly carried a copy in his bosom. His harp was also his almost constant companion; and it was by its means, disguised as a travelling minstrel, that he at one time

obtained entrance within the lines of his enemies, where they detained him three days, so delighted were they with his music, and he thus obtained information which enabled him to save his country and his crown.

All these things are well known of King Alfred; but it is not so generally known that he was a poet and hymnist of no mean order, besides being the author of works of other kinds, and the founder of seminaries and of the University of Oxford. His best known hymn is still to be found in many church hymn books:

As the sun doth daily rise,
Bright'ning all the morning skies,
So to Thee with one accord
Lift we up our hearts, O Lord.

Day by day provide us food,
For from Thee come all things good;
Strength unto our souls afford
From Thy living bread, O Lord.

Be our Guard in sin and strife,
Be the Leader of our life,
Lest like sheep we stray abroad,
Stay our wayward feet, O Lord.

Quickened by the Spirit's grace,
All Thy holy will to trace,
While we daily search Thy Word,
Wisdom true impart, O Lord.

When hours are dark and drear,
When the tempter lurketh near,
By thy strength'ning grace outpoured,
Save the tempted ones, O Lord.

THE BEST LEADER.

We like to follow a wise, good, popular and successful leader; that is the kind of a leader that the Lord Jesus is. He knows all His followers by name, and knows all about them. He knows all their troubles and dangers. He knows exactly what they can do, and when and how to help them. He knows, too, what His enemies can and what they cannot do, and just how to prevent their evil designs or turn them to His own use. He loves all of His followers, and is ready to do for them all that they need. He remembers the weak points in their characters, but not to find fault or reprove. He stands ready to help and comfort the weak and the tempted. He is tender and loving to the most unworthy of His followers, and ever ready to help them do better. No one forgets sooner than He the misdeeds of his disciples, nor does any one remember longer than He the good they do. He wishes to see them faithful, noble, and happy, and to aid them to become so is His delight. He makes His people's interest His own; more than that it would be difficult to say.

That He is a popular leader is plain when we remember that Jesus has more followers than any other being. His people love Him, and many would be willing to die for Him. They would do for Him what they would do for no other living being, and they give for Him what no one else could induce them to give. They give their money, their time, their strength, their children—their very lives—for His sake and His work. Many of His disciples, if Jesus were to tell them to leave home, friends, native land, everything, and live among savages, would without a murmur go, and they would stay as long as He wished them to remain. If it were His will for them to die there, they would be willing to lay down their lives at His word. There never was a leader who could induce his followers to do and to suffer so much as Jesus can. They do it because they love Him, and not from fear.

Jesus is the one great conqueror; He is surely gaining possession of the whole world. Some day He will control all men, all nations, all powers, all wealth—everything good on this earth. He is to be the great ruler whose power and dominion all must own.

Jesus is the leader for you—wise, good, glorious, mighty. Will you follow Him?