

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

DO SOMETHING.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from you
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan,
"Ah! the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a "vale of tears,"
Smile till rainbows span it;
Breathe the love that life endears—
Clear from clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark sorrow's stream
Blends with hope's bright river!

JEANIE'S PRAYER.

LITTLE Jeanie had started out very bravely that morning with her basket of matches. She had tried her best to sell them all, for a kind lady had invited her to take a ride the next day. Her mother said that her shoes were not fit to wear, but if she sold all her matches, the money, added to the scanty store at home, would buy new shoes, and she could enjoy the offered treat. Usually her bright face and neat, ladylike appearance won her many customers, but to-day no one seemed to want her matches. It was nearly night, and she had not earned near enough yet.

Mrs. Carter, her mother, had taught her both by precept and example to ask God to help her in all her needs, believing that He who considereth the fall of a sparrow would regard her cry. So in this sore disappointment she looked about for a quiet place where she could kneel down and tell God all about it. She had wandered into a strange street and close by her was a church. The gate was open and, going in, she found the side door slightly ajar. So she set down her basket and kneeling down told her trouble to her Father in heaven. She got up and turned to take up her basket; but to her amazement the matches were gone, and in their place lay a crisp new two dollar bill! She looked at it, then up at the building. No one was to be seen. It must have come from heaven.

She ran home and told her story saying, "Now, mother, is it really mine?"

"Certainly, my child," was the answer, "you asked God to help you and He did. We will go and buy the shoes."

That night Jeanie kept her new shoes close to her, for fear they would disappear as mysteriously as the money had come. The young minister, who felt drawn towards his quiet church that evening, did not know why he went, until he heard that simple prayer. Then he thanked God who had given him the power to be His instrument in its answer.

WHAT LOU DID.

"**W**^E have queer girls at school," said little Lou.

"Why? Do they wear odd dresses or bonnets, or anything of that sort?" asked Cousin Hal, laughing.

"No," said Lou, eagerly. "But there are so many things they won't believe. For instance, Lucy Smith says there is no use in

being a Christian; those who know are not a bit better than other people."

"Cannot you show her there is something real in being a Christian?"

"I am only a little girl, Cousin Hal."

"Yes, darling; yet I am sure there must be some way for little girls, even, to show love for Jesus."

Lou began to be very careful of her words and deeds, but she asked particularly that God would fill her heart with love to everybody, even to those who were unkind to her.

One day Lucy Smith came to her at recess and whispered, "Dear Lou, I take back all I said about Christians. You are so kind to that disagreeable Sue Nolan, though she does all she can to vex you, that I really believe Jesus helps you. After all, Lou, I would like to be a Christian."

How glad Lou felt! How thankful to her Heavenly Father, who had thus helped her, a very little girl, to honour Him before the world!

A BIRD'S GRIEF.

DOGS have been known to die of grief at the grave of their master; and it was supposed that such affection was possible only to this faithful companion of man. It would seem, however, that birds are capable of a similar attachment. A little child in Jacksonville, Fla., formed a friendship with a mocking-bird. The bird had built a nest in an orange-grove near the piazza where the child was accustomed to play. The child discovered the nest, and soon began to throw crumbs on the piazza for the bird, which, growing fearless, would come to her feet to pick up the crumbs.

At length the child sickened and died. The bird missed his benefactor, and when the corpse was lying in the coffin, was seen to light on the window-sill of the room, and sing one of his sweetest songs.

Soon after he was found dead on the piazza, whether from grief, or from loss of his accustomed food, no one could say. But he was laid tenderly on the coffin of the child, and they were buried in one grave.

CONQUERING BY LOVE.

TWO Christian missionaries landed on an island in Fiji. They knew well the character of the people, but the people did not know their character. The savages came down naked, clubbed, and scowling, ready to destroy the missionaries. One of the missionaries went up to the chief, and bowing to him, said, "My love to you," turning to the next, he said, "My love to you;" and so on to all. Very soon the clubs were down, and friendly intercourse began, and the missionaries remained, and preached in the island. A few years after, as one of the missionaries was leaving the island, a native followed the boat, and, holding out a pretty little thing he had made, said, "Wait, wait; I want you to take this home to your mother. Great is my love to your mother. This is not much, but I made it with my own hand; carry it home to your mother. Tell her that before you came I was a cannibal, and killed men and ate them, but

now the love of God is burning in my heart; and if your mother had not loved me, and let you come to tell me that Jesus died, I should have been a cannibal to this day. Great is my love to your mother. Take this home to your mother for me."

In this way God is subduing to himself a rebellious world. He is saying by His Son, by His Spirit, through the Church, "My love to you;" and blessed be His name, the clubs of rebellion are going down, and men are being brought into sweet communion with Him. Your business, children, and mine, is to tell men that God loves them, and point them to the Redeemer's cross. You may not be able to go to heathen lands to proclaim God's love to the perishing; but we can all help by our prayers and contributions. Our missionaries in Formosa, Central India, Trinidad, and in the islands of the sea, require our prayers; while our contributions, small though they be, will help to provide them with the necessaries, if not some of the comforts, of life. Throughout the year upon which we have entered let not our Missions ever be forgotten. The smallest offering given in the proper spirit will be owned by God.

"I FEEL BADLY."

A LITTLE boy who had seen but four summers ran to his father a few Sabbaths since, and overcome with grief, and his eyes full of tears, said to him, "Papa, I feel bad."

"And what is the matter, Frankie?" said the father.

I have been a naughty boy. My mamma told me not to play on the holy Sabbath day, for it was displeasing to God. I did play, and I feel bad because I hurt God's feelings."

"But how do you know you have hurt God's feelings?" said the father.

"Because," said the little boy, "my conscience bites my little heart."

FOR MAMMA.

ONE morning little Dora was busy at the ironing table smoothing the towels and stockings.

"Isn't it hard work for the little arms?" I asked.

A look of sunshine came into her face as she glanced towards her mother, who was rocking the baby.

"It isn't hard work when I do it for mamma," she said softly.

How true it is that love makes labour sweet.

"REJOICE not when thine enemy falleth, and let not thine heart be glad when he stumbleth."—*Prov. xxiv. 17.*

A LITTLE blind girl who was dying, as her friends were weeping around her, said, "Christ will open my eyes now, mother, and I shall see Him."

A LITTLE girl three or four years old learned the Bible text, "Love one another." "What does 'Love one another' mean?" asked her eldest sister. "Why, I must love you, and you must love me; and I'm one and you're another," was the answer.