

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### TRUST.

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart."—Prov. iii. 5.

There's a flutter in the nest  
Where the little birdies lie,  
And the parent birdies rest  
On a bough that's hanging by,  
And they say, "'Tis time to fly?"

Then the birdies, full of trust  
In their parents who are nigh—  
Not because they feel they must—  
One by one begin to try,  
One by one find they can fly.

Yet it was no simple thing  
That the little nestlings tried—  
Thus to start with feeble wing  
For the world so vast and wide,  
Thus upon the air to ride.

Like the birds, too, we may go  
Where some danger seems to be;  
Yet, if God will have it so,  
Well we know that he will see,  
And will guard us lovingly.

If we put our faith in Him,  
We shall never shrink or fear!  
Though the way seem dark and grim,  
We may trust our Father dear,  
Who is ever, ever near!

### "MY MOTHER'S GOD."

At a fashionable party, a young physician present spoke of one of his patients whose case he considered a very critical one. He said he was "very sorry to lose him, for he was a noble young man, but very unnecessarily concerned about his soul, and the Christians increased his agitation by talking with him and praying with him. He wished Christians would let his patients alone. Death was but an endless sleep, the religion of Christ a delusion, and its followers were not persons of the highest culture and intelligence."

A young lady sitting near, and one of the gayest of the company, said, "Pardon me, doctor, but I cannot hear you talk thus and remain silent. I am not a professor of religion; I never knew anything about it experimentally, but my mother was a Christian. Times without number she has taken me to her room, and, with her hand upon my head, she has prayed that God would give her grace to train me for the skies. Two years ago my precious mother died, and the religion she so loved during life, sustained her in her dying hour. She called us to the bedside, and, with her face shining with glory, asked us to meet her in heaven, and I promised to do so. And now," said the young lady, displaying deep emotion, "can I believe that this is all a delusion? that my mother sleeps an eternal sleep? that she will never waken again in the morning of the resurrection, and that I shall see her no more? No, I cannot, I will not believe it." Her brother tried to quiet her, for by this time she had the attention of all present. "No," said she, "brother, let me alone, I must defend my mother's God, my mother's religion."

The physician made no reply, and soon left the room. He was found shortly afterwards pacing the floor of an adjoining room in great agitation and distress of spirits. "What is the matter?" a friend inquired. "Oh," said

he, "that young lady is right. Her words have pierced my soul." And the result of the conviction thus awakened was, that both the young lady and the physician were converted to Christ, and are useful and influential members of the Church of God.

Young friends, stand up for Jesus at all times and in all places, wherever you hear His name reviled, or His counsel set at naught. Rather let the language of your heart be, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."  
—(Cheering Words.

### WHAT SIN WILL DO.

There was but one crack in the lantern, and the wind has found it out and blown out the candle. How great a mischief one unguarded point of character may cause us! One spark blew up the magazine and shook the whole country for miles around. One leak sank the vessel and drowned all on board. One wound may kill the body. One sin destroys the soul. It little matters how carefully the rest of the lantern is protected, the one point which is damaged is quite sufficient to admit the wind; and so it little matters how zealous a man may be in a thousand things, if he tolerate one darling sin. Satan will find out the flaw and destroy all of his hopes. The strength of a chain is to be measured, not by the strongest, but by its weakest link, for if the weakest snaps what is the use of the rest? Satan is a close observer, and knows exactly where our weak points are; we have need of very much watchfulness, and we have great cause to bless our merciful Lord who prayed for us that our faith fail not. Either our pride or our sloth, our ignorance, our anger, or our lust would prove our ruin, unless grace interposed; any one of our senses or faculties might admit the foe, yea, our virtues and graces might be the gates of entrance to our enemies. Oh, Jesus, if thou hast indeed bought me with Thy blood, be please to keep me by Thy power even unto the end.—C. H. Spurgeon.

### SOMETHING FOR CHILDREN TO DO.

There are lessons to learn both at home and at school;  
There are battles to fight for the right;  
There is a watch to be kept over temper and tongue,  
And God's help to be asked day and night.

There are smiles to be given, kind deeds to be done,  
Gentle words to be dropped by the way,  
For the child that is seeking to follow the Lord  
There is something to do every day.

### "I MUST DO MORE FOR MOTHER."

"Is there any vacant place in this bank which I could fill," was the inquiry of a boy, as with a glowing check he stood before the president

"There is none," was the reply. "Were you told that you might obtain a situation here? Who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me," was the answer; "I only thought I would see."

There was a straightforwardness in the manner, an honest determination in the countenance of the lad which pleased the man of business, and induced him to continue the conversation. He said:

"You must have friends who could aid you in a situation, have you advised with them?"

The quick flash of the deep blue eyes were quenched in the overtaking wave of sadness, as he said, though half musingly. "My mother said it would be useless to try without friends," then recollecting himself, he apologized for the interruption, and was about to withdraw when the gentleman detained him, by asking him why he did not stay at school another year of two, and then enter into business life.

"I have no time," was the instant reply; "But I study at home, and keep up with the other boys."

"Then you have a place already?" said his interrogator, "Why did you leave it?"

"I have not left it," answered the boy, quietly.

"Yes; but you wish to leave it. What is the matter?"

For an instant the child hesitated; then he replied, with half-reluctant frankness:

"I must do more for my mother."

Brave words! talisman of success anywhere. They sank into the heart of the listener, recalling the radiant past. Grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said, with quivering voice:

"My good boy, what is your name? You shall fill the first vacancy for an apprentice that occurs in the bank. If, in the meantime, you need a friend, come to me. But now give me your confidence, Why do you wish to do more for your mother?"

Tears filled his eyes as he replied:

"My father is dead, my brothers and sisters are dead, and my mother and I are left alone to help each other; but she is not strong, and I want to take care of her. It will please her, sir, that you have been so kind, and I am much obliged to you."

So saying the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been as a bright glance of sunshine to the busy world he had so tremblingly entered.—S. S. Times.

### "CAN'T LEAVE HIM ALL OUT."

A mother had taught her little girl to pray for her father. Suddenly that father was removed by death. Kneeling in her sorrow at her mother's side at evening, the child hesitated, her voice faltered, and, glancing into her mother's eyes, she sobbed. "Oh, mother, I cannot leave him all out. Let me say, 'Thank God I had a dear father once,' so I can keep him in my prayers."

How sweetly she honored her father's memory by her tender love!

### A CHAIN FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN.

Dr. Guthrie says: "Give me these links: First, sense of need; second, desire to get; third, belief that God has in store; fourth, belief that, though he withholds awhile, he loves to be asked; and fifth, belief that asking will obtain. Give me these links, and the chain will reach from earth to heaven, bringing heaven down to me, or bearing me up into heaven."

The memory of the just is blessed,