

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

MY LITTLE MAN.

I know a little hero, whose face is brown with tan,
But through it shines the spirit that makes the boy a man;
A spirit strong and sturdy, a will to win its way.
It does me good to look at him and watch him day by day.

He tells me that his mother is poor, and sows for bread.
"She's such a dear, good mother!" the little fellow said;
And then his eyes shone brighter—God bless the little man!
And he added "'Cause I love her I help her all I can."

Ah! that's the thing to do, boys, to prove the love you bear
To the mother who has kept you in long and loving care.
Make all her burdens lighter; help every way you can,
To pay the debt you owe her, as does my little man.

A MOTHER'S TACT.

The mother was sewing busily, and Josie, sitting on the carpet beside her, and provided with dull, rounded scissors, and some old magazines, was just as busily cutting out pictures.

"It would litter the carpet"—so said aunt Martha, who had come in for a cosy chat. Mamma knew this, but she knew that a few minutes' work would make all right again, and Josie was happy.

All went well until the little boy found that he had cut off the leg of a horse that he considered a marvel of beauty. It was a real disaster, ointment and grief to the little one.

"Mamma, see!" and half crying he held it up.

"Play he's holding up one foot," the mother said quickly.

"Do real horses, mamma?"

"O, yes, sometimes."

"I will;" and sunshine chased away the cloud that in another minute would have rained down.

It was a little thing, the mother's answer; but the quick sympathy, the ready tact, made all right. The boy's heart was comforted, and he went on with no jar on nerves or temper, and auntie's call lost none of its pleasantness.

"I am tired of cutting pies, mamma," said Josie, after a while.

"Well, get your horse waggon, and play; those bits of paper are wood, and you are going to bring me a load. Draw it over to that corner by the fire, and put them into the kindling-box; play that's the wood-house."

Pleased and proud, the little teamster drew load after load till the papers were all picked up, without his ever thinking that he was doing anything but play.

"Well, I declare," said Aunt Martha, "old as I am, I've learned one thing to day, and I wish Emily would come in and take lessons I do."

Mrs. Waldo looked up in some surprise.

"What do you mean, auntie?"

"Well, I spent yesterday afternoon over there," the old lady had a weakness for visiting, and was "auntie" to people generally, "and things were in a snarl, and high-de-low all the time, starting with less than Josie's given you a dozen times since I sat here. I've had a good talk with you, and you've given me pleasant thoughts for a week to come; over there we couldn't hear ourselves speak. It was, 'Don't do that,' and 'You naughty child,' spill and scratch and break and tumble,

scold and slap half the time. Emily means well; she loves her children, and never spares herself sewing for them, or nursing them when they are sick. She has a world of patience some ways, but she don't seem to have any faculty for managing them. Well, well, I'll send her over here, only I won't let on why," and the old lady rolled up her knitting as the bell rang for tea.

A little tact springing from thoughtful love how good it is!

THE CHILD'S REBUKE.

The rest of the household had overslept
While breakfast was waiting below;
And his auntie was chiding the little boy
That he was dressing so slow.

A shoe-string was missing, a button was off,
And everything seemed out of place,
And clouds of discouragement gathered around
The dear little fellow's face.

At length his toilet was all complete,
But the little boy still delayed,
And cried, "Dear auntie, I cannot go down
Till my morning prayer I've said."

"Wait till breakfast is over," his auntie cried,
"For once it will not be wrong."
The little boy, startled and grieved, replied,
"What, keep God waiting so long?"

DIGGING THAT PAID.

"I am going to try 'em," said Grandpa Gray; and his eyes were twinkling.

He meant his three small grandsons, Hal, Herbie, and Had. So at dinner, Grandpa said to Grandma.

"I wish I had time to take that rock out of the yard there. It's a real eye-sore to me."

"Can't we, Grandpa?" asked the boys.

"Well—yes, if you want to," said he; "and I'll be much obliged to you."

So directly after dinner they set to work. It didn't look like a very large rock. But it was a good deal larger than it looked, really.

"Pooh!" said Herbie. "I'll take it out in no time!" and he got a stout stick and tried to pry up the rock. But the stick broke and Herbie got a fall, from which he jumped up, red and angry.

Then all three lifted together; but it wasn't a mite of use.

"Let's get the hoo!" said Had.

"And the littlest crowbar!" said Hal.

"And the shovel!" said Herbie.

So Had hoed around it and Herbie shoveled and Hal pushed the crowbar under the rock, and bore down on it with all his might. The afternoon was very warm, and the three little scarlet faces needed a great deal of mopping. But the boys wouldn't give it up.

"Poor little fellows!" said Grandma, looking out through the vines.

But just then a great shout announced that work was done; and there—there were the rock had lain were four silver dimes; one apiece and one for luck.

"Hurrah for grandpa!" cheered the boys; and at that very minute grandpa walked out of the house.

"Pretty well done!" said he, giving each little head a pat as he came to it. "Pretty—well—done!"

And now the boys are anxious to dig out another rock; but grandpa thinks maybe silver dimes won't grow under the next one.

A SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

It was in the evening after a great battle. Among the many who bowed to the conqueror death that night, was a youth in the first freshness of mature life. The strong limbs lay listless and the dark hair was matted with gore on the pale broad forehead. His eyes were closed. As one who ministered to the sufferer bent over him he at first thought him dead, but the white lips moved, and slowly, in weak tones, he repeated:

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

Opening his eyes and meeting the pitying gaze of a brother soldier he exclaimed;

"My mother taught me that when I was a little boy and I have said it every night since I could remember. Before the morning dawns I believe God will take my soul for Jesus' sake, but before I die I want to send a message to my mother."

He was carried to a temporary hospital, and to his mother dictated a letter full of Christian faith and filial love. Just as the sun rose his spirit went home, his last articulate words being:

"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

"IS THE LINK ON?"

I was waiting at the railway station one day, when I saw a porter, who was attaching a number of heavy laden cars to an engine by a single link. "When you have connected the engine with the carriages," I said, "I presume the train can be moved?"

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"Then the engine does all the work?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"And when that link is on, the engine will convey the train to its destination?"

"Yes, sir, if it don't break."

"Well, now let us ask you another question. Are you linked to Christ in heaven? Shall I tell you what the link is? 'Faith' is the name of the link; faith connects with Christ: 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.' Just as that engine does all the work, and by its strength conveys all the carriages to their destination, securely has Christ done all the work for a poor sinner, and all that believe on Him are connected with Him, and He will convey them safely to glory. God's 'hath' will never, never fail. Tell me now, is the link on? Do you believe in Christ?"

"No, sir," replied the man, "this link is not on."

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, God's Son, and you will find that God's link never breaks. That 'hath' of God never gave way yet, and never will." Just at that moment the signal sounded for my train to move on, and as I was borne away I called out, "Good night, may the Lord enable you to believe."

Dear reader, let me ask you seriously, is the link on? Are you connected with Christ who is in heaven? Have you believed the love of God? Have you received His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ? And remember, God's "link" never breaks.