

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE FATE OF A GINGER-BREAD MAN.

Here's a nice brown ginger-bread man,
Freshly baked in the baker's pan.
Spiced and sugared, and spick and span;
Cloves for his eyes, and paste for his tie—
Oh, what a nice sweet man to buy!

Little Felix and Mary Ann
Came and looked at the ginger-bread man,
(Spiced and sugared, and spick and span
Cloves for his eyes, and paste for his tie),
And wondered whether the price was high.

Little Felix and Mary Ann
Carried home the ginger-bread man,
That was baked in the baker's pan,
"Far too nice to be eaten," they said;
"Let's keep the man for the dolly, instead."

Then they put the ginger-bread man,
That was baked in the baker's pan,
In the doll-house of Mary Ann;
There he stood with his round, fat face
Among the dolls in silk and lace.

Then little Felix and Mary Ann
Dreamed all night of the baker's pan,
And that wonderful, wonderful ginger-bread man,
Now left in the doll-house, set away
Till they waked in the morning, fresh to play.

But a horrid rat, when the night began,
As hither and thither he swiftly ran,
Soon smelled the cloves in the ginger-bread man.
The pretty doll-house was under the shelf,
Just where the rat could climb himself.

Every rat will get what he can,
Oh, the poor, sweet ginger-bread man!
Wako, O Felix and Mary Ann!
There was a patter a jump, a squeak—
Oh, if the ginger-bread man could speak!

Then the old rat as he quickly ran
Climbed right up for the ginger-bread man
Into the doll-house of Mary Ann!
Oh, if the ginger-bread man could run!
Oh, to see what that rat had done!

When little Felix and Mary Ann
Came to play with the ginger-bread man,
Spiced and sugared, and spick and span,
What did they find where he stood before?
Only crumbs on the doll-house floor.

SUCCESS.

Every man must patiently bide his time.
He must wait. More particularly in lands
like my native land, where the pulse of life
beats with such feverish and impatient throbs,
is the lesson needful. Our national character
wants the dignity of repose. We seem to live
in the midst of battle—there is such a din,
such a hurrying to and fro. In the street
of a crowded city it is difficult to walk slowly.

You feel the gushing of the crowd, and rush
with it onward. In the press of your life, it
is difficult to be calm. In this stress of wind
and tide, all professions seem to drag their
anchors, and are swept out into the main.
The voices of the present say, "Come!" But
the voices of the past say, "Wait." With
calm and solemn footsteps the rising tide bears
against the rushing torrent up stream, and
pushes back the hurrying waters. With no
less calm and solemn footsteps, nor less cer-
tainly, does a great mind bear up against
public opinion, and push back its hurrying
stream. Therefore should every man wait—
should bide his time. Not in listless idleness,
not in useless pastime, nor in querulous de-
jection; but in constant, steady, cheerful en-
deavours, always willing and fulfilling, and
accomplishing his task, that, when the oc-
casion comes, he may be equal to the occasion.
And if it never comes, what matters it?
What matters it to the world whether I, or
you, or any other man, did such a deed, or
wrote such a book, or be it the deed and book

were well done? It is the part of an indiscreet
and troublesome ambition to care too much
about fame—about what the world says of
us, to be always looking into the faces of
others for approval; to be always anxious for
the effect of what we do and say; to be always
shouting to hear the echo of our own voices.

OBSERVE.

If you your lips
Would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:—
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

If you your ears
Would save from jeers,
These things keep meekly hid:—
Myself and I,
And mine and my,
And how I do or did.

CHARMING GIRLS.

The popular belief among young girls is
that it is only a pretty face that will bring to
them the admiration and love which they
naturally crave. No books, it is said, have a
larger sale than those written that give rules
for beauty, recipes to destroy fat or freckles,
and to improve the skin or figure.

Now, no recipe will change the shape of a
nose or the colour of an eye. But any girl
by baths and wholesome food, and by breath-
ing pure air, can render her complexion clear
and soft. Her hair, nails, and teeth can be
daintily kept. Her clothes, however cheap,
can be fresh and becoming in colour. She
can train her mind, even if of ordinary ca-
pacity, to be alert and earnest, and if she
adds to these a sincere, kindly, sunny temper,
she will win friends and love as surely as if
all the fairies had brought her gifts at her
birth.

But it is of no use for a woman whose per-
son is soiled and untidy, and whose temper is
selfish and irritable at home, to hope to cheat
anybody by putting on fine clothes and a
smile for company. The thick, muddy skin,
and soured expression will betray her.

"John," said an artist the other day to a
Chinaman who was unwillingly acting as a
model, "smile. If you don't look pleasant I'll
not pay you."

"No use," grumbled the washerman. "If
Chinaman feelce ugly all the time, he lookee
ugly," which is true of every other man and
woman in the world as well as John China-
man.

GOLDEN RULES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

1. Never call a person up-stairs or in the
next room, if you wish to speak to them, go
quietly where they are.

2. Always speak kindly and politely to the
servants if you would have them do the same
to you.

3. When told to do or not to do a thing by
either parent, never ask why you should or
should not do it.

4. Tell your own faults and misdoings, not
those of your brothers and sisters.

5. Be prompt at every meal hour.

6. Never interrupt any conversation, but
wait patiently your turn to speak.

7. Never reserve your good manners for
company, but be equally polite at home and
abroad.—*Ex.*

BEER.

Beer is regarded by many in this country
as a healthy beverage. Let me give you a
few of the ingredients used in its manufac-
ture. The adulterations most commonly used
to give bitterness are gentian, wormwood,
and quassia; to impart pungency, ginger
orange peel and caraway. If these were all
there would be small need of warning the
young against the use of beer on account of
its injurious ingredients. But when there are
added to preserve the frothy head, alum and
blue vitriol; to intoxicate, coculus, nux vom-
ica and tobacco, and to promote thirst, salt
—then indeed does it become necessary to
instruct and warn the innocent against the
use of this poisonous beverage. Boys and
girls, never touch it.

GOD'S VOICE IS OFTEN AT A CHILD'S PILLOW.

The little daughter of a native judge, in
one of the mountain towns of Japan, whose
wife had become a Christian, loved to hear
her mother read the New Testament, and was
particularly fond of Luke's Gospel. She
listened eagerly to the story of Jesus' birth in
the manger, and all the wonders of his life
and death; and was eager to tell her heathen
playmates the news of His love and mercy.
But she was taken sick with diphtheria, and
soon lay at the very door of death. While
her mother, who loved her just as much as
mothers in Christian lands love their children,
sat weeping beside her, she opened her eyes
and said, "Mother, please put your Gospel of
Luke under my head for a pillow, for it is
so beautiful."

It was done according to her wish, and
while she thus rested on her loved Saviour's
Word, He called her away.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW AND THE ROBIN.

"Where did you come from so early?" said
the English sparrow to a robin redbreast, one
cold February morning.

"From a lovely orange grove in the South,"
replied the robin.

"Well! you had better have stayed there"
said the sparrow, "we shall have more
snow, and what will the robin do then, poor
thing?"

"Look here!" said the robin, "I'm a natural-
born American, and won't stand any such
airs from foreigners;" and so saying he at-
tacked the sparrow so fiercely that his lord-
ship was glad to slink away and hide his head
under his wing, poor thing. "Well!" said the
robin, after his declaration of independence,
"I think I had better go back after all; it
does seem rather stormy, and it's always best
to take good advice, no matter if you don't
like the way it is offered."—*St. Nicholas.*