

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### VIOLETS.

I saw a little neighbour by  
A plot of posies bending,

And asked her, as I passed her nigh,  
"What flowers are you tending?"

She raised her bright eyes, shining still,  
And eager little figure;  
"They're violets now, I guess they will  
Be pansies when they're bigger!"

Sweet childhood, waiting to discern  
With ardent, hopeful glances,  
The fragile, drooping violets turn  
To brilliant, glowing pansies.

Thou knowest not the flowers that bloom  
In life's steep pathway o'er us,  
At brightest wear a violet gloom,  
And feeble droop before us.

Ah, no! These blossoms frail and slight,  
With faint, ethereal sweetness,  
Will never gather tints more bright,  
More richness or completeness.

Our eyes must meet but violets here,  
Whose tender timorous glances  
Just hint of hues more deep and clear,  
And make us think of pansies.

One country—one—shall show alone  
Our fair, our pure Ideal;  
Shall show complete our aims begun  
Our aspirations—real.

One time one clime shall perfect make  
Our longings and our fancies,  
And all our violets shall break  
In brightly blooming pansies!

### LITTLE HANDS.

They all belonged to the primary class, and they all wanted to help at the coming Sabbath school concert.

"Dear me!" said the teacher, "they are such little dots, I don't know what I can have them to do! But yet I want them to learn early to speak for Jesus. I must try to think!"

So she thought, and the result was, that on a sunny Sabbath afternoon, the eight little dots stood up in church in the space between the seats and the pulpit, and recited the sweetest verses.

Mamie was first, and her voice was sweet and clear as she said.

Oh, what can little hands, little hands, do  
To please the King of heaven?

As she spoke, she held up her chubby little hands, and looked at them thoughtfully.

Mabel, the seventh girl in the row, bent forward and gave her a bit of an answer.

The little hands some work may try,  
That may some simple want supply.

Then wee Alice, the smallest in the class, but a very clear-voiced maiden, said:

Beautiful hands are those that do,  
Work that is earnest, brave and true,  
Moment by moment the long day through.

Then did Mamie fold her small hands and raise her eyes to heaven, and say slowly:

Such grace to mine be given.

Anna was the next to speak, and she had a very good word: "Jesus said, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.'"

And Carrie said sweetly.

Little deeds of kindness to a wandering soul,  
Blessed by God may lead him back to Jesus' fold

Belle, the sixth little girl, held up her hands and said:

These two little hands must be ready to labour,  
For Jesus all my days.

And now all the little girls who had spoken, clasped their hands and looked up, and said:

Such grace to mine be given.

Ida had a wonderful promise ready: "He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger."

And Kate added: "I the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand and will help thee."

Then the eight little girls folded their hands, bowed their heads, and said in concert:

Take my hands and let them move,  
At the impulse of Thy love.

Now, just at their sides, held by ribbons, were little squares of bright-coloured paste-board. As they finished reciting this prayer, they raised their bright boards, forming an arch over their heads, and on each square was a word, so that the whole read: "His banner over me is love."

The fathers and mothers all decided that the little girls from the primary class had helped the Sabbath school concert along very nicely.

### THE LIGHTS OF HOME.

In many a village window burn  
The evening lamps.  
They shine amid the dews and damps,  
Those lights of home!

Afar the wanderer sees them glow,  
Now night is near;  
They guide his path with radiance clear,  
Sweet lights of home.

Ye lone-stars that forever draw  
The weary heart,  
In stranger lands or crowded mart,  
O! lights of home.

When my brief day of life is o'er,  
Then may I see,  
Shine from the heavenly house for me,  
Dear lights of home.

### HOME POLITENESS.

A boy who is polite to father and mother is likely to be polite to everybody else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have the semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy. We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, for the impression which we make in society, coveting the good opinion of others and caring too little for the good opinion of those who are in a sense a part of ourselves, and who will continue to sustain and be interested in us, notwithstanding these defects of deportment and character. We say to every boy and to every girl, cultivate the habit of courtesy and propriety at home—in the kitchen, as well as in the parlour, and you will be sure in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner.

### FINGER MARKS.

A gentleman hired a mason to do some work for him, and among other things to "thin-whiten" the walls of one of his rooms. The thin-whitening is almost colourless until dried. The gentleman was much surprised, on the morning after the chamber was finished, to find on the drawer of his desk standing in the

room, white finger marks. Opening the drawers, he found the same on the articles in it, and also on the pocket-book. An examination revealed the same marks on the contents of the bag. This proved clearly that the mason with his wet hand, had opened the drawer and searched the bag which contained no money, and had then closed the drawer without once thinking that any one would know it. The "thin-whitening" which happened to be on his hands did not show at first, and he probably had no idea that twelve hours' drying would reveal his wickedness. As the work was all done on the afternoon the drawer was opened, the man did not come again, and to this day does not know that his acts are known to his employer.

Beware of evil thoughts and deeds. They all leave their finger marks, which will one day be revealed. Sin defiles the soul. It betrays those who engage in it, by the mark it makes on them. These may be almost, if not quite, invisible at first.

### HABITS.

Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change. No single action creates, however it exhibits, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitants and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

### A BRAVE LITTLE DAUGHTER.

There is a very pretty story by Miss Strickland, in her "Queen's of England," of a little girl who saved her father's life.

It was in the time of Queen Mary, and Lord Preston, the father of the child, was condemned to death for conspiring to bring back the exiled King James to the throne. Her name was Lady Catherine Graham, and she was only nine years old. The poor child was, during the trial of her father, left in the queen's apartments, in Windsor Castle. The day after the condemnation of Lord Preston the queen found little Lady Catherine in St. George's gallery, gazing earnestly on the whole-length picture of James II., which still remains there. Struck with the mournful expression on the young girl's face, Mary asked her hastily what she saw in that picture which made her look on it so particularly. "I was thinking," said the innocent child, "how hard it is that my father must die for loving yours." The queen, pricked in conscience by this artless reply, immediately signed the pardon of Lord Preston.

"He that keepeth the commandment keepeth his own soul, but he that despiseth his ways shall die. He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will He pay him again."—Prov. xix. 16, 17,