

Our Young Folks.

TWELVE GOLDEN RULES.

- I. When called to rise without delay ;
- II. To think before and while I pray ;
- III. My tongue and temper well to sway ;
- IV. No low or ribald word to say ;
- V. To tell the truth, let come what may ;
- VI. To catch "odd moments" ere they stray ;
- VII. Without an answer, to obey ;
- VIII. To sulk no more when friends say nay ;
- IX. About no tax to lounge or stray ;
- X. To know my lessons ere I play ;
- XI. To take my share of giving way ;
- XII. And read my Bible every day.

THE SPIDER AND HIS NET.

The spider's net is a wonderful thing. It is more beautiful, and serves its purpose infinitely better, than any that man has ever made. One may get a precious lesson by sitting down beside a spider's web and watching the owner's operations.

The net is spread in some sunny corner where the flies are sure to gather for work or play. It is made so thin that in some lights it is altogether invisible ; but the meshes are nowhere large enough to let the passenger through. It is made of matter that sticks to the feet of a fly, and the struggles of the captive serve only to fasten the net on its wings and head, as well as on its limbs.

When the grim owner, who has been lurking in the inner dark corner of the den, comes forth to seize his prey, it is one of the saddest sights in nature. It printed itself so deeply upon my imagination in childhood that I still shudder at the recollection. The fly is seized by the dark and cruel spider, and after a short, useless struggle, carried to the inside to be devoured.

I have seen flies come near a spider's web, and stand still as if hesitating on the brink of danger, then go forward a step and stand again—go back, and return, and go in at last. I suppose there must be something sweet in the net, that acts as a bait to entice the flies forward.

Now if we should suppose a discussion to arise in that little community of flies regarding the existence of the spider, I could imagine one of them boldly declaring that there was no such thing as a spider, for in all his journeys he had never met one, and as for the web, it was not visible in the sunlight, and how could it do any harm? It is too late for that little fly to be convinced that there is a net when his feet are hopelessly entangled in its folds ; and too late to be convinced that there is a devouring spider, when he feels the spider devouring him.

It is mournfully true of us all that our feet are already in the net ; and as if they were not enough, the great enemy is spreading new snares for our feet every day, and, by the sinful pleasures and vanities of the world, trying to draw us deeper and deeper into ruin.

How can a sinner get out of it? He begins to try to please God by obedience. What led him to try? Terror! What is his secret feeling towards the Being whom he dreads? It is hatred, and can be nothing else. He cannot begin to love God while God's wrath lies on his sin ; and he cannot begin to obey until he begins to love.

When he knows of mercy to sinners ; when he apprehends the offered mercy ; when he looks unto Jesus, and feels that everlasting love around and underneath him, he begins to be at liberty. He begins an obedience with a glow of love in it. His feet are pulled out of the net now. But it is God that has bowed His heavens and come down, and laid hold of the captive and plucked his feet out of the net.

"Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord ; for He shall pluck my feet out of the net." (Psa. xxv. 15).—*Rev. William Arnot.*

CAST A LINE FOR YOURSELF.

From the baby in the cradle to strong, healthy-bodied men and women, there are plenty of people in the world who are ready to beg help without themselves raising a finger in their own behalf.

A young man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last approaching a basket well filled with wholesome-looking fish, he thought, "If now I had these I could be happy. I could sell them at a fair price, and buy me food and lodgings."

"I will give you just as many, and just as good fish," said the owner, who chanced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favour."

"And what is that?" asked the other, eagerly.

"Only to watch this line until I come back. I wish to go on a short errand."

The proposal was gladly accepted. The old fisherman was gone so long that the young man began to be impatient. Meantime, however, the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost his depression in the excitement of pulling them in, and when the owner of the line returned, he had caught a large number. Counting out from them as many as were in the basket, and presenting them to the young man, the fisherman said : "I fulfil my promise with the fish you have caught, to teach you, whenever you see others earning what you need, to waste no time in fruitless wishing, but to 'cast a line for yourself.'"

TWELVE HELPFUL RULES.

Here are some that have been tried with noticeably good effect :

1. Do not interrupt others in conversation unnecessarily.
2. Be unselfish.
3. Have courage to speak the truth.
4. Do not shirk.
5. If you have been to blame, do not try to throw the blame on some one else. "If she hadn't done so-and-so, it wouldn't have happened."
6. When you have used an article put it back in its place, especially if it is one used by the family in common.
7. Remember that by your conduct persons judge of your home training and home influences.
8. Be careful to meet your engagements promptly.
9. Be punctual at meals.
10. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.
11. Help others.
12. Let your friends feel that you can be depended upon to keep your word. It will be a comfort to them to have some one to turn to in time of need, and it will be a deep and lasting pleasure to you to know they have confidence in you.

FAITHFULNESS IN HUMBLE PLACES.

There is a very tender story concerning faithfulness in humble places, which Jean Ingelow has related for us.

It was in one of the Orkney Islands, far beyond the north of Scotland. On the coast of this island there stood out a rock, called the Lonely Rock, very dangerous to navigators.

One night, long ago, there sat in a fisherman's hut ashore a young girl, toiling at her spinning wheel, looking out upon the dark and driving clouds, and listening anxiously to the wind and sea.

At last the morning came ; and one boat that should have been riding on the waves was missing. It was her father's boat, and half a mile from the cottage her father's body was found, washed up upon the shore. He had been wrecked against this Lonely Rock.

That was more than fifty years ago. The girl watched her father's body, according to the custom of her people, until it was laid in the grave ; then she lay down on her bed and slept. When the night came she arose and set a candle in her casement, as a beacon to the fishermen, and a guide. All night long she sat by the candle, trimmed it when it flickered down, and spun.

So many hanks of yarn as she had spun before for her daily bread she spun still, and one hank over for her nightly candle. And from that time to the time of the telling of this story (for fifty years, through youth, maturity, into old age) she has turned night into day. And in the snow-storms of winter, in the serene calms of summer, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness that northern harbour has never once been without the light of that small candle. However far the fisherman might be standing out to sea, he had only to bear down straight for that lighted window, and he was sure of safe entrance into the harbour. And so for all these fifty years that tiny light, flaming thus out of devotion and self-sacrifice, has helped and cheered and saved.

Surely, this was finding chance for service in an humble place ; surely, this was lowliness glorified by faithfulness ; surely, the smile of the Lord Jesus must have followed along the beams of that poor candle, glimmering from that humble window, as they went wandering forth to bless and guide the fishermen tossing in their little boats upon the sea.

A CHANCE WORD.

Who can estimate the value of a chance word, in the sense in which there is such a thing as a chance? Upon the silence occasioned by the sudden stopping of a street car there fell these words :

"So long as you can contribute to the pleasure, happiness, or comfort of any human being, you are of importance in the world, and no longer."

Whatever may have been the object of these words, the thought reached the hearts of a dozen or more passengers, and it was interesting to note the changed expression on some listless faces. In utter unconsciousness of any effect of her words, the lady from whose lips they fell passed out into the street. Perhaps in the great day it may be her happiness to know that the Lord then used her tongue for a blessing to some heart which had as yet failed to comprehend the meaning of its life-struggle ; for the truth she emphasized was a truth which all of us need to realize. Not our personal enjoyment, nor yet our seeming success in life, but our part in God's plan for others is the measure of our importance in the world.

GOOD NATURE.

It is fatal to obtain the reputation of being an extremely good-natured person, and often mere easy good nature leads a person into error, from indiscriminately or weakly yielding to requests without having only considered if it is just to ourselves and to others to grant them. A sense of the due proportion of things is difficult to acquire, but is most important. The truly kind person must be prepared on occasion to say "No," and to say it decidedly ; but there are kind ways of declining to accede to requests we ought not to grant.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

The following extract is from a work of the late Dr. Krummacher, of Berlin : The Angel of Sleep and the Angel of Death wandered in fraternal unity over the world. It was evening. They rested on a hill not far from the habitations of man. A placid calmness prevailed everywhere, even the sound of the curfew ceased in the distant hamlet.

Calmly and silently, as is their wont, the two beneficent angels of mankind held each other embraced until midnight approached.

Then the Angel of Sleep arose from his mossy seat, and strewed with noiseless hand the invisible seeds of slumber. The evening breeze carried them to the quiet dwellings of the tired country people, and sweet sleep descended on the dwellers in their rural huts, from the old man with his crutch to the babe in the cradle. The sick once more forgot their pains, the troubled soul her grief, and poverty her cares ; for every eye was closed.

Now his task being done, the beneficent Angel of Sleep returned to his graver brother. "When the light of morning arises," he exclaimed with innocent joy, "then mankind will praise me as their friend and benefactor. What a blessing to do good in secret! How happy are we, the invisible messengers of the Good Spirit! How beautiful our silent calling!" Thus spake the gentle Angel of Sleep.

The Angel of Death gazed at him with a look of soft melancholy, and a tear, such as immortal beings shed, glistened in his large, dark eye. "Alas!" said he, "would that I could enjoy cheerful gratitude like thee! The world calls me her enemy and disturber!"

"Oh, my brother," replied the Angel of Sleep, "will not, at the awakening, the good man acknowledge thee as his friend and benefactor, and gratefully bless thee? Are we not brethren and messengers of one Father?" When he spoke thus, the eye of the Angel of Death glistened brightly, and the fraternal spirits embraced with renewed tenderness.

BE A MAN.

- Not of the "dude" species.
- Not of the kind that stand on street corners.
- Not of the kind that prides himself on being a "masher."
- Not of the kind that sneers at the idea of personal purity.
- Not of the kind that sneers at the Church.
- Not of the kind that thinks Christians a mild sort of fools.
- Not of the kind that owes the tailor, liveryman and everybody else.
- Not of the kind that is a connoisseur of whiskey.
- "Not of the 'yes, yes' kind."
- Not of the kind that calls mother "old woman" and father "old man."
- Not of the ignorant infidel brood.
- Not of the coward kind.
- Not of the iceberg variety.
- Not of the "I can't" tribe.
- Not of the evading, scuffling, shuffling-through-life kind, "having no hope, and without God in the world."

A GOOD NAME.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Even the unscrupulous men knew the worth of good principles that cannot be removed.

A gentleman turned off a man in his employ at the bank because he refused to write for him on Sunday.

When asked afterwards to name some reliable person he might know as suitable for a cashier in another bank, he mentioned this same man.

"You can depend upon him," he said, "for he refused to work on the Sabbath."

A gentleman who employed many persons in his large establishment, said : "When I see one of my young men riding for pleasure on Sunday, I dismiss him on Monday : I know such an one cannot be trusted. Nor will I employ any one who even occasionally drinks liquor of any kind."

Boys, honour the Lord's Day and all teachings of the Bible, and you will not fail to find favour with God, and with man also.

THE ALPHABET IN ONE VERSE.

The twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra contains every letter of the alphabet, and is the only one thus distinguished : "And I, even I, Artaxerxes, the king, do make a decree to all the treasurers which are beyond the river, that whatsoever Ezra, the priest, the scribe of the law of the God of heaven, shall require of you, is to be done speedily."

THE Rev. Mr. Crerar, of North Leith, and his wife have been presented at a social gathering held by the congregation in connection with their marriage with a silver tea service, silver fruit service, a Chippendale cabinet, and a French inlaid writing-table, the value of the gifts being \$700. One of the speakers at the pleasant meeting was Professor Henry Drummond, brother of the bride. Mr. Crerar, who visited Canada some years ago, is a brother of Mr. John Crerar, Crown Attorney of Wentworth County, Ont.

A. M. PURDY, of Palmyra, N.Y., sends his *Fruit Recorder and Evaporator* one year for only twenty-five cents, and his catalogue of plants and trees free to all applicants.