

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### A SERMON ON PUSH.

FOR BOYS.

WHEN cousin Will was at home for vacation, the boys always expected plenty of fun. The last frolick, before he went back to his studies, was a long tramp after hazel-nuts. As they were hurrying along in high glee, they came upon a discouraged-looking cart. The cart was standing before an orchard. The man was trying to pull it up hill to his own house. The boys did not wait to be invited, but ran to help with a good will. "Push! push!" was the cry.

The man brightened up; the cart trundled along as fast as rheumatism would do it, and in five minutes they all stood panting at the top of the hill.

"Obliged to ye," said the man; "you just wait a minute;" and he hurried into the house, while two or three pink-aproned children peeped out of the door.

"Now, boys," said cousin Will, "this is a small thing; but I wish we could all take a motto out of it, and keep it for life. 'Push!' It is just the word for a grand, clear morning. If anybody is in trouble and you see it, don't stand back; push!"

"If there's any thing good doing in any place where you happen to be, push!"

"Whenever there's a kind thing, a Christian thing, whether it is your own or not, whether it is at home or in town, at church or at school, just help with all your might—push!"

At that moment the farmer came out with a dish of his wife's best nuts, and a dish of his own best apples; and that was the end of this little sermon.

### JESSIE'S LESSON.

"O MAMMA! may I wear my blue silk to the party this afternoon?" cried Jessie Hayes, coming down stairs three steps at a time, to bid mamma good-by.

"It looks so much like rain that I think you had better wear the white pique. If you were caught in a shower your silk would be ruined."

"But if it don't rain, I may wear it, mayn't I?"

"Yes, dear, if it is pleasant. Now good-by. be a good girl while I am gone."

Jessie waved her handkerchief after the carriage until it was no longer visible, then ran back to her dollies. It was a difficult question to decide which of her numerous family should be allowed to accompany her to the party. By the time that Miss Bell, the favored dolly, was ready, nurse Blake came to dress the little mother.

"I am not going to wear that dress," cried Jessie, as nurse laid out the white pique; "I am going to wear the blue silk."

"I don't think you'd better. I fear there will be rain before the afternoon is over."

"No," said Jessie, very decidedly, "it won't rain."

If you had heard the tone in which Jessie said this, you would have thought that Jessie had studied the clouds for years before nurse Blake was born. Now I must whisper to you a secret, though it is not much of a secret either, for every one who knew Jessie knew it only too well. With all her bright, winning

ways, Jessie had one grave fault. She thought that Jessie Hayes knew a little more about everything than any one else in the world. Mamma knew a great deal, and papa knew more, but sometimes Jessie was wiser than either.

To-day she could not wait patiently while nurse studied the sky.

"I know it isn't going to rain," she repeated over and over again.

Nurse shook her head doubtfully. "Maybe it won't, but it looks like it."

"I think it's too bad in you not to let me wear the dress mamma said I might," pouted Jessie.

At length, by pouting and coaxing, and reiterating that mamma said she might, Jessie prevailed upon nurse Blake to dress her in the blue silk.

Before the afternoon was over Jessie wished more than once that she had worn the white pique, for the children played out of doors, and the silk was so delicate that Jessie had to take continual care lest it should be spoiled.

Down at the foot of the garden, quite a way from the house, the cunningest of little brooks danced along under the trees. This little brook was a charming playfellow. The children would drop into the water bits of colored paper, which they called their ships; then they would watch whose ship first reached a given point down the stream. Jessie was so intent upon the fate of her "ships" that she failed to notice the gathering clouds. Suddenly there came a peal of thunder and a dash of rain. Fast as her feet would carry her Jessie ran to the house, but her utmost speed did not avail. Before she could gain shelter the blue silk was drenched and ruined.

A sorrowful little girl awaited mamma's return, to sob out on her bosom the story of the party. Mamma looked very grave as she said, "If the loss of the blue silk teaches my little girl that older people know more than she, I'll not regret it."

Then she took Jessie's Bible and marked this passage for her to learn: "Be not wise in thine own eyes."

I am afraid that Jessie learned the words with her lips only, for each day as it passed proved that she had a very good opinion of Jessie Hayes' judgment.

When the sultry August days came, Jessie's mamma took her and her little baby brother to the sea-side. Jessie had never seen the ocean before, and every hour brought delights. Jessie liked nothing better than, taking her book, to sit on a rock and hear the waves dashing at her feet: There was one high rock standing far out into the sea, which Jessie greatly desired to mount. One day, book in hand, she started. On the way she met a fisher-boy.

"Better look out, miss," he said, "and see you get back before the tide comes in; for these is all under water then."

"Nonsense," thought Jessie, "I don't believe the sea can come up here. That was a ragged, dirty fellow; I don't believe he knew anything about it."

After looking at the sea for a little time Jessie began reading. The book was an interesting one, and in its perusal Jessie forgot her surroundings. She was called back to the present by a gurgling sound behind her.

Looking up, she found that the tide was in. The path by which she came was deep under water.

"Oh dear! I shall be drowned! I shall be drowned!" she cried, in fright. "There is mamma's window, but its so far away I can't make her see me. Why didn't I believe that boy! O God, please save me! I will believe folks next time. I will be a better girl. Please, God, don't let me drown,"—and poor Jessie dropped on her knees on the rock already wet by the incoming tide.

"I will do better. I haven't been good. I was saucy to mamma this morning, and I slapped the baby because"—the memory of mamma and the baby brother she was no more to see was too much for Jessie, and burying her face in her apron she cried bitterly.

"Got skeered, didn't you?" said a rough voice near her, and looking up Jessie saw the fisher-boy fastening his boat to the rock.

"I just got back from the village; saw somebody out here and thought it was you, so I took my boat and came for you. This 'ere rock will be under water in a few minutes."

Jessie forgot rags and dirt as the fisher-boy lifted her from the rock to his boat. Her usually active tongue was quiet, for the shadow of a great danger still hung over her.

This lesson, so hardly learned, was not forgotten. Sometimes, when Jessie was asserting with her old confidence that she knew memory would bring back the dash of the waves, and that sound always humbled her.—*Christian Banner.*

### THE LITTLE SWEEP'S PRAYER.

I LIKE to repeat the answer a little sweep gave me the other day in Sunday School. Knowing that all the children in my class were constantly occupied during the week, I feared that the duty of prayer was sometimes neglected. I insisted that day on the importance of prayer. At the close I asked a little boy, ten years of age, who led a very uncomfortable life in the service of a master-sweep:

"And you, my friend, do you ever pray?"

"O yes, monsieur."

"And when do you do it? You go out very early in the morning, do you not?"

"Yes, monsieur, and we are only half awake when we leave the house; I think about God, but cannot say I pray then."

"When, then?"

"You see, monsieur, our master orders us to mount the chimney quickly, but does not forbid us to rest a little when we are at the top of the chimney and pray."

"And what do you say?"

"Ah, monsieur, very little. I know no grand words with which to speak to God; most frequently I only repeat a short verse."

"What is that?"

"God, be merciful to me, a sinner."

We would like to know how you commenced the new year. What have you to give to Jesus? We know a little girl who said to Papa at Christmas time like this:—"Papa, I am going to make you a Christmas present." "What is it, my child?" "I am going to give you a good girl." She meant that she intended to be a good girl all the year to come. Now, dear children, wasn't this a beautiful gift?