

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

O FATHER, HELP THY CHILDREN!

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

Ch. O Father, help Thy children!
Do Thou our footsteps guide,
We walk in peace and safety
While keeping at Thy side.

God makes my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower
Although its place be small.

Ch. O Father, help Thy children! etc.

God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest;
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbours best.

Ch. O Father, help Thy children! etc.

"MISS POSITIVE."

The girls called her that because she was always so sure she was right. Her real name was Ida. In Miss Hartley's school the scholars each said a verse from the Bible every morning at prayers. One morning Ida had such a funny verse it made all the scholars laugh; and even Miss Hartley had to pucker her lips a little to keep sober.

This was the verse repeated in Ida's gravest tone:

"It never rains but it pours."

Now all the girls knew enough about the Bible to be sure that there was no such verse in it, except Ida; she was "just as sure it was in the Bible as there was that she had two feet!" So she said; "and if they didn't believe it, they might ask Miss Hartley."

So at recess they all asked Miss Hartley at once.

"Miss Hartley, is there such a verse?"

"Miss Hartley, there isn't? is there?"

And Miss Hartley had to say that, so far as she had read, she certainly had never heard any such verse in it. But Miss Positive was not convinced. She shook her pretty brown head and said she couldn't help it, it was in the Bible; in the Book of Proverbs, and she could bring the book to school and show them.

Miss Hartley said this would be the very best thing to do. So the next day came Ida, looking pleased and happy, with a little bit of a book in her hand, and pointing her finger in triumph to the verse in large letters: "It never rains but it pours."

"But, dear child," said Miss Hartley, "don't you know that isn't a Bible?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Ida; "it is out of the Bible, every word of it, don't you see it says 'Proverbs' on the cover! Everybody knows that Proverbs is in the Bible."

Then the girls all laughed again; and Miss Hartley explained that the book was a collection of the wise sayings of different men, and that they were called proverbs because they had so much meaning in them and were used so much.

After a good deal of talk, Ida had to own that she was mistaken, and that there wasn't a word of the Bible in her book from beginning to end.

Then how her naughty little playmates

teased her! At the play hour they buzzed around her like so many mosquitoes, and giggled, and asked her if she "got caught in the rain," and "if it poured hard to-day," and ever so many silly things that they seemed to think were funny.

Ida stood it very well. At last she said:

"I've got a verse for to-morrow that is surely in the Bible; Uncle Ed. found it for me; 'Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.' And girls, in spite of all your teasing, I am going to try to keep the door shut." Then all the owners of those naughty tongues slipped away one by one, looking ashamed. It wasn't the thing to say so much just about a mistake.

TRY.

If anything seems hard to do,
We should not fret or cry;
But, looking difficulties through,
With cheerful effort, Try.

The best and bravest may despair,
Life's perils to defy;
And all its many ills to bear,
But they will nobly Try.

And so a young and timid heart,
As time is passing by,
May act the good and holy part;
If it will really Try.

Always and only in the night,
That comes from God on high,
Who helps to do and be, the right,
All who sincerely Try.

THE KIND HORSE.

A gentleman owned a fine horse, which was very fond of him, and would come from the pasture at the sound of his voice. At one time the horse became lame, and was obliged to stay in his stable and not be used for many weeks. During this time an old cat made her nest upon the scaffold just above the horse's manger, and placed there her little family of five kittens. She and the horse got on nicely for some days. She jumped down into his manger, and went off for food, and then came back and leaped up to her kittens again. But one morning she rolled off into the manger with her foot bleeding and badly hurt, so that she could scarcely crawl; but she managed to limp away on three feet and get her breakfast. But when she came back she was entirely unable to get to her kittens; and what do you think she did? She lay down at the horse's feet, and mewed and looked up several times, till at last pony, seeming to understand her wants, reached down, took the cat in his teeth, and tossed her up on the scaffold to her kittens, who I doubt not were glad enough to see her. This was repeated morning after morning. Kit would roll off into the manger, go out and get her breakfast, come back, and be tossed up to her family by the kind horse, who must have understood cat language, and been willing to listen to it.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

Boys, study the following figures in President Garfield's life, and remember that he could not have been what he was at any one of these epochs, if he had not made the best use of the preceding opportunities.

At 14, at work at a carpenter's bench.
At 16, a boatman on the Ohio Canal.
At 18, studying at the Chester (O.) Seminary.
At 21, teaching in one of Ohio's common schools, pursuing his own studies at the same time.
At 23, entered Williams College.
At 26, was graduated from Williams, with the highest honours of his class.
At 27, tutor at Hiram College, Ohio.
At 28, Principal of Hiram College.
At 29, the youngest member of the Ohio Senate.
At 31, the Colonel of the Forty-second Ohio Regiment.
At 32, appointed Chief of the staff of the Army of the Cumberland, participated in the campaign in middle Tennessee, and in the notable battle of Chickamauga, and was promoted to the rank of Major-General.
At 33, in Congress, the successor of Joshua R. Giddings.
At 48, having been in Congress since he was 33, elected to the United States Senate.
At 49, nominated for the Presidency of the United States.
At 50, President.

"WHAT IS WORTH DOING IS WORTH DOING WELL."

"There!" said Harry, throwing down the shoe-brush; "there! that'll do. My shoes don't look very bright, but no matter. Who cares?"

"Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," said his father, who had heard the boy's careless speech.

Harry blushed, while his father continued: "My boy, your shoes look wretchedly. Pick up the brush and make them shine; when you have finished come into the house."

As soon as Harry appeared with his well-polished shoes, his father said:

"I have a little story to tell you. I once knew a poor boy whose mother taught him the proverb which I repeated to you a few minutes ago. This boy went out to service in a gentleman's family, and he took pains to do everything well, no matter how unimportant it seemed. His employer was pleased, and took him into his shop. He did his work well there. So he advanced from step to step until he became a clerk, and then a partner in the firm. He is now a rich man, and anxious that his son Harry should learn to practise the rule which made him prosper."

"Why, papa, were you a poor boy once?" asked Harry.

"Yes, my son, so poor that I had to go out to service, and black boots, and wait at table, and do any menial service which was required of me. By doing little things well I was soon trusted with more important ones."

"THE hope of the righteous shall be gladness: but the expectation of the wicked shall perish."—Prov. x. 28.

"My child," said a loving Scotch mother, a shepherd's wife, "as you fetch the water from the spring, thank God for His great goodness in giving us beautiful, fresh, cooling water to drink. It is one of His best gifts to man."