

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE.

Every one has his own idea of what true politeness is. One little boy said it meant "making everybody feel satisfied" and another, that it was "doing the kindest thing in the kindest way."

I think good Queen Victoria understood and practised it too when she spoke so kindly to the old Duke of Wellington at the time the crown fell from his hands. It was on some grand occasion and the whole court was in attendance. The duke then quite an old man carried the crown on the little cushion used for the purpose, when backing out, according to court etiquette, he forgot the little step at the foot of the throne, stumbled, and in attempting to regain his foothold dropped the massive crown. It came with great violence to the floor, and rolled quite across the hall, badly bruising the diadem, and scattering the costly jewels in every direction.

The old duke, accomplished courtier as he was, stood for a moment aghast at the injury inflicted on so precious an article, and then would have stooped to gather up the scattered jewels. But the Queen saw in an instant his evident distress as well as embarrassment and rightly judged that he would prefer to be left alone. So, with the genuine kindness of heart and quick thought for which she is so remarkable, she stepped gracefully forward, and, offering her hand to the venerable statesman, as if to assist him in rising, said cordially: "I trust your grace is not hurt, and that you will have wholly recovered from the unpleasant shock by the morning." Then without a glance at crown or jewels, and apparently quite unaware of the accident, she passed out, the court following, and the duke was left to recover himself and collect the scattered jewels at his leisure.

How grateful he must have felt for this gentle consideration on the part of his sovereign; and how beautiful the model, not only of true politeness, but of genuine Christian forbearance, that we find in this little incident. It is by such acts of thoughtful kindness that England's gentle Queen has enthroned herself in the hearts of her subjects; and the traveller in England seldom hears the name of Victoria called by prince or peasant without being coupled with expressions of the highest veneration and warmest affection.

STORY OF A MOTHER.

A son, just merging from boyhood into manhood, parted from his dear old mother to go out to gain a livelihood on life's broad field of battle. He is thrust without friends into an uncharitable city. He is dressed awkwardly, he does not possess polished manners, and hence people laugh at him. He is of a sensitive nature, and, as he thinks to drown melancholy, begins to drink. He becomes a drunkard eventually. He was led into bad society for want of being led to any better place.

He does not, he can not, bear to let his poor old mother know of his ill-success in life. His mother still loves him. Ah! a

mother's love is a love Time can not move. It is a love so deep, so wide, so pure, so lasting that it never dies. She daily comes down to the shore to ask of sailors on passing ships for news of her long absent son. At last the tidings come—sad tidings—that he had died a drunkard.

That is too much. Her bleeding, aching heart breaks, and she throws herself into the dark waters of the bay, and the murky waves cover her. Her body is washed ashore, and kind strangers fold her tired hands peacefully over her pulseless breast, and bury her beside the sounding sea, while the waves chant a requiem for her.

The angels up in heaven scored that as a result of the liquor traffic, whereby men's souls are sold to the devil at the price of a drink of rum.

THE TRIPE PLEDGE.

STRONG DRINK.

We will not buy,
We will not make,
We will not use,
We will not take,
Wine, cider, beer,
Rum, whiskey, gin;
Because they lead
Mankind to sin.

TOBACCO.

We will not smoke
The smoker's pets,
Those little things
Called cigarettes.
We will not chew,
We will not snuff,
Or waste our time
In playing puff.

PROFANITY.

We will not curse
Though many dare
Open their lips
To curse and swear.
Our words shall be
Both pure and plain;
We will not take
God's name in vain.

IF YOU PLEASE MAKE ME A CHRISTIAN.

A missionary says: I well recollect in the course of my labours, a poor Hindu youth, who followed me about the garden at the school, asking me to make him a Christian. I said: "It is impossible, my boy; if it is possible at all, it is possible only through the Lord Jesus Christ to make you a Christian. Pray to Him."

How well I recollect the sweet voice of that boy when he soon after came to me, and said, "The Lord Jesus Christ has taken His place in my heart."

I asked: "How is that?"

He replied: "I prayed, and said, 'Oh Lord Jesus Christ, if you please make me a Christian.' And He was so kind that He came down from Heaven, and has lived in my heart ever since."

How simple and how touching! "Lord Jesus, if you please make me a Christian!" Can you say that you have made a similar appeal in your spirit as this poor Hindu boy? And can you say, young friends, that Jesus Christ has come down from Heaven to live in your hearts?

THE WINTER SLEEPERS AND THEIR FOOD.

There are some kinds of animals that hide away in the winter, that are not wholly asleep all the time. Their blood moves a little, and once in a while they take a breath. If the weather is at all mild, they wake up enough to eat.

Now isn't it curious that they know all this beforehand? Such animals always lay up something to eat, just by their side, when they go into their winter sleeping places. But those that do not wake up never lay up any food for it would not be used if they did.

The little field-mouse lays up nuts and grain. It eats some when it is partly awake of a warm day. The bat does not need to do this, for the same warmth that wakes him, wakes all the insects on which he feeds. He catches some and then eats. When he is going to sleep again, he hangs himself up by his hind claws.

The woodchuck, a kind of marmot, does not wake; yet he lays up dried grass near his hole. What is it for, do you think? On purpose to have it ready the first moment he wakes in the spring. Then he can eat and be strong before he comes out of his hole.

How many things are sleeping in the winter—plants, too, as well as animals. What a busy time they do have in waking up, and how little we think about it.

A DOG'S FIDELITY.

Mr. John C. Searle recounts the following of a favourite dog:

One evening, when the house was closed, the dog was heard scatching at the outside door and making such a noise that the question was raised whether any intruder might be about the premises. As, however, nothing was discovered, the dog was sent about his business, and the door again shut.

At ten o'clock the servant rushed in with the alarming information that one of the children, a little laddie of four years, was not in his bed! By some oversight, his absence had not till then been noticed. Search was made, lights were brought, an accident at the bath possibly was feared.

But the little boy was found in a corner of the corridor outside, fast asleep in a chair, resting his head on a little table; and the dog, his faithful guardian, lying down at his feet to protect him.

SPECTACLES OVER THE MOUTH.

An elderly gentleman accustomed to "indulge," entered the room of a certain inn, where sat a grave Friend by the fire. Lifting a pair of green spectacles upon his forehead, rubbing his inflamed eyes and calling for hot brandy and water, he complained to the Friend that "his eyes were getting weaker and weaker, and the spectacles did not seem to do him any good." "I'll tell thee friend," replied the Quaker, "what I think. If thee were to wear thy spectacles over thy mouth for a few months, thy eyes would soon get well again."