

WORDS TO YOUNG GIRLS.

LITTLE girls, do you ever think of the meaning of words? This word, now, *courtesy*, has something about it which girls and women ought to care for very much indeed. You know that hundreds of years ago in Europe and in many heathen countries now, women are not much better than slaves. In China, for instance, when company comes to a house, the parents present the boys very proudly, but they send the girls out of sight as far as possible. They do not want anybody to know that they have little daughters in the house.

Gradually, in the Middle Ages, the women came up from a state of barbarism, and the clergy and poets together helped to win for them a proper place. The lady of the castle kept the keys, and presided at all of the feasts, wore beautiful robes of stuff called samite and camelot and gave medicine to the sick. She also learned the art of surgery; and when the soldiers and knights came home from the battle field, wounded and faint, she knew how to set the broken bones and to bind up the bruised part. So everybody treated her politely, and the sort of manners which then came to be popular in place of the old roughness and rudeness, took the general name of *courtesy*.

The Saviour bids us be *courteous*. Do you want to know the highest and loveliest style of courtesy which you can practice at home, at school, or on the street? It is all wrapped up in one golden phrase—"In honor preferring one another." Suppose that you try to live with these words for your motto, say, at least for a whole week to come.

THE FOOLISH TRAVELLER.

"I SHOULD like very much to hear a story," said a youth to his teacher "I hate serious instructions; I cannot bear preaching."

"Listen, then," said the teacher. "A wanderer filled his travelling pouch with savory meats and fruits, as his way would lead him across a wild desert. During the first few days he journeyed through the smiling fertile fields. Instead of plucking the fruits which nature here offered for the refreshment of the

traveller, he found it more convenient to eat of the provisions which he carried with him. He soon reached the desert. After journeying onward for a few days his whole store of food was exhausted. He now began to wail and lament, for nowhere sprouted a blade of grass, everything was covered with burning sand. After suffering for two days in tortments of hunger and thirst he expired."

"It was foolish in him," said the youth, "to forget that he had to cross the desert."

"Do you act more wisely?" asked the teacher, in an earnest tone. "You are setting forth on the journey of life, a journey that leads to eternity. Now is the time when you should seek after knowledge and collect the treasures of wisdom; but the labor affrights you, and you prefer to trifle away the spring time of your years amid useless and childish pleasures. Continue to act thus and you will yet, upon the journey of life, when wisdom and virtue fail you, fare like that hapless wanderer."

Do you act more wisely? This is the meaning of the parable to the reader.

PLAYING CHICKEN.

"I SAY, girls," said a blue-eyed flaxen haired boy on Second street, yesterday, "let me take your candy and we'll all play chicken."

"Is it nice?" inquired a half dozen six year olds, in chorus.

"Nice!" you bet it is. "Let me show you. Now all go down there, and come up when you hear me call like a rooster."

The girls retreated and gathered in a group about fifteen feet off, while the boy got on his knees, with his head over the candy, and began to sturt, and flap his arms like a rooster's wings.

"Cluck, cluck, rat, rat, tap, cluck," and all the girls came running up, and bent to pick up the candy, when the little fellow opened his mouth and took it in at one gulp.

"Oh, you mean boy," they cried, "you have taken all our candy!"

"That's 'cause I played rooster," said the boy; "roosters always call the hens up when he finds a grain of corn and then picks it up himself."