

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

INDIAN SUMMER.

BY J. P. IRVINE.

At last the toil-encumbered days are over,
And airs of noon are mellow as the morn;
The blooms are brown upon the seeding clover,
And brown the silks that plume the ripening corn.

All sounds are hushed of reaping and of mowing;
The winds are low; the waters lie uncurled;
Nor thistle-down nor gossamer is flowing,
So lull'd in languid indolence the world.

And vineyards wide and farms along the valley
Are mute amid the vintage and the sheaves,
Save round the barns the noise of rout and sally
Among the tenant-masons of the eaves.

Afar the upland glades are flecked in dapples
By flocks of lambs a-gambol from the fold;
And orchards bend beneath their weight of apples;
And groves are bright in scarlet and in gold.

But hark! I hear the pheasant's muffled drumming,
The turtle's murmur from a distant dell,
A drowsy bee in mazy tangles humming,
The far, faint, tinkling tenor of a bell.

And now, from yonder beech-trunk sheer and sterile
The rat-tat of the yellow-hammer's bill,
The sharp staccato barking of the squirrel,
A dropping nut, and all again is still.

—Scribner for November.

A GERMAN STORY.

IN that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble castle, which as you travel on the western bank of the river you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side above the grove of trees which are about as old as itself. About forty years ago there lived in that castle a noble gentleman, whom we shall call Baron. The Baron had an only son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his father's land.

It happened on a certain occasion, that this young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to see the old Baron. As soon as this gentleman came into the castle, he began to talk of his Heavenly Father in terms that chilled the old man's blood, on which the Baron reproved him, saying, "Are you not afraid of offending God, who reigns above, by speaking in such a manner?"

The gentleman said that he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen him.

The Baron did not notice at this time what the gentleman said, but the next morning took occasion first to show a beautiful picture which hung on the wall.

"My son drew that picture," said the Baron.

"Then your son is a very clever man," replied the gentleman,

Then the Baron went with the visitor into the garden and showed him many beautiful flowers and plants.

"Who has the ordering of the garden?" said the gentleman.

"My son," replied the Baron; "he knows every plant, I may say, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall."

"Indeed, said the gentleman, "I shall think very highly of him soon."

The Baron took him into the village, and showed him a small neat cottage, where his son had established a school, and where he caused all the poor children who had lost

their parents to be received and nourished at his own expense.

The children in this house looked so happy and innocent that the French gentleman was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle he said to the Baron:

"What a happy man you are to have such a good son."

"How do you know I have a good son?"

"Because I have seen his works, and I know he must be both clever and good if he has done all you have shown me."

"But you have never seen him."

"No; but I know him very well, because I judge of him by his works."

"You do; and please now draw near to this window; and tell me what you observe from thence."

"Why, I see the sun travelling through the sky and shedding its glories over one of the greatest countries in the world; and I behold a mighty river at my feet, and a vast range of woods; and I see pasture grounds, and orchards, and vineyards, and cattle and sheep feeding in green fields, and many thatched cottages here and there."

"And do you see anything to be admired in all this; Is there anything pleasant or lovely or cheerful in all that is spread before you?"

"Do you think I want common sense? or that I have lost the use of my eyes, my friend?" said the gentleman somewhat angrily, "that I should not be able to relish the charms of such a scene as this?"

"Well, then," said the Baron, "if you are able to judge of my son's good character by seeing his good works, how does it happen that you form no judgment of the goodness of God, by witnessing such wonders of his handiwork as are now before you? Let me never hear you, my good friend, again say that you know not God unless you would have me suppose that you have not the use of your senses."

A FEW WORDS FOR THE BOYS.

WE want a few private words with the boys. The truth is we have a great idea of boys. We used to think men were made out of boys. We begin to think now that those were old-fashioned notions—that they are all out of date. We look around and see a great many persons grown up with men's clothes on, who are called men. But they act and behave so that we feel certain that they were never made out of boys. If they had been they would have known how to behave better. Where they came from we do not know. But what we wish to put into the ears of the boys is this: Be gentlemen. In this country every boy may grow up to be a gentleman, if he will. It is not necessary that he should become rich—and most boys think it is—nor is it necessary that he should become a distinguished man.

But some impatient ones are asking: How can we become gentlemen? How can a boy go about making himself one? Can he work for it? Yes, he can. And the harder he works in the right way the better. Can he study for it? Yes he can. But he must study with his eyes and his ears. Reading books and newspapers is not enough. He must think and feel, as well as speak and act.

Can he buy it? No, he cannot. Money will buy a great many things, but it will not buy what makes a gentleman. If you have money you can go to a shop and buy clothes. But hat, coat, pants and boots do not make a gentleman. They make a fop, and sometimes they come near making a fool. Money will buy dogs and horses, but how many dogs and horses do you think it will take to make a gentleman? Let no boy, therefore, think he is to be made a gentleman by the clothes he wears, the horse he rides, the stick he carries, the dog that trots after him, the house he lives in or the money he spends. Not one or all of these things do it—and yet every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, have no horses, live in a poor house, and spend but little money, and still be a gentleman. But how? By being true, manly and honourable. By keeping himself neat and respectable. By being civil and courteous. By respecting himself and respecting others. By doing the best he knows how. And finally, and above all, by fearing God and keeping his commandments.—*Parish Visitor.*

A PARABLE.

THERE were three men walking up a steep hill, each very tired with a heavy burden on his back. Then there stepped up to them a strong, kind man, who said to them, "Let me take your burdens; I will carry them for you." But the first man said, "I have no burden," for he carried his burden so long that it seemed like his clothes, or like part of his body, so that he did not feel it, and did not know how much better he could walk without it. So the first man would not have his burden touched.

The second man was very selfish and unkind himself, and he thought all other people must be selfish and unkind, so he said, "You want to play me some trick; I do not believe you want to carry my burden; I will not let you touch it."

The third man was very tired indeed, and was saying to himself, Oh, who can help me, for I feel that I cannot carry this terrible weight any further; and when he felt the stranger touch him on the shoulder, and offer to take his burden, he said at once, "It is very kind of you; I am very thankful; please take it, for I see you can bear it and I cannot."

The strong man is Jesus. The burden is sin.

If we do not feel our sin, Jesus cannot bear it for us.

If we do not trust in him He cannot bear it.

But if we are tired of our sins and trust in Jesus, He will take the terrible weight of our sins away.—*Parables for Children.*

I HEARD two little girls talking under my window. One of them said, in a voice full of indignation:—"If I were in your place, I'd never speak to her again. I'd be angry with her as long as I lived." I listened, feeling anxious about the reply. My heart beat more lightly when it came. "No, Lou," answered the other, in a sweet and gentle voice; "I wouldn't do so for all the world. I'm going to forgive and forget just as soon as I can."