

Our Young Folks.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

I am Jesus' little lamb,
Ever glad at heart I am;
Jesus loves me, Jesus knows me,
All things fair and good He shows me,
Even calls me by my name,
Every day He is the same.

Safely in and out I go;
Jesus loves and keeps me so;
When I hunger Jesus feeds me,
Where I thirst my Shepherd leads me,
Where the waters softly flow,
Where the sweetest pastures grow.

Should I not be always glad?
None whom Jesus loves are sad;
And when this short life is ended,
Those whom the Good Shepherd tended
Will be taken to the skies,
There to dwell in Paradise.

—From the German by Dr. Fleming Stevenson.

GOOD ADVICE FOR A YOUNG MAN.

The New York *Herald* having been asked by a young man from the country how to win wealth and fame in the great city, begins by recommending its correspondent to get rid of all "excelsior" nonsense, stay down below and let the glaciers and the mountain peaks take care of themselves.

Second, Do your work well, no matter what it is. Study your business. Make yourself master of it by putting your head and heart into it. If it is book-keeping, then keep books in such fashion that the angel Gabriel will want to lend you his crown as a token of approval. If you are a mechanic, or artisan, or farmer, be proud of yourself and the rest of the world will soon come to be proud of you. Nothing is needed so much in this generation as a man with skilled fingers. You may have a long pull, but the clock will strike an unexpected hour and the opportunity—which comes to everybody in turn, but which most people miss—will present itself. Study the bulldog, and when you get your teeth into a big thing let them stay there.

Third, Save money. The coward runs in debt, the brave man has a five-dollar surplus in his pocket. The world may laugh at you because you can't have a four-in-hand necktie. All right, let it laugh. You are your own world, and the people who sneer are simply outside barbarians. When they see that five dollar bill growing bigger they will all want to shake hands with you and send you to Congress. Keep well within your income and you will save yourself from skulking round the corner like a kicked dog when the dun is on your track. The handiest thing on the planet is the penny laid up for a rainy day.

Now, young sir, get rid of the nonsense that you are a genius, settle down to the conclusion that you are just an average North American boy and then start in. Keep yourself alert, look after your digestive apparatus, don't smoke cigarettes, get to bed early, be square toed in all your dealings, and we will wager a cookie that at sixty you will have to look backward for those who began the race when you did. Are you ready? Then, Go!

But before you go, in addition to the *Herald's* sage advice take this one other precept with you: Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

A WORD TO CONQUER BY.

"Never" is the only word that conquers. "Once in a while" is the very watchword of temptation and defeat. I do believe that the "once-in-a-while" things have ruined more bodies and more souls, too, than all the other things put together. Moreover, the "never" way is easy and the "once-in-a-while" way is hard.

After you have once made up your mind "never" to do a certain thing, that is the end of it, if you are a sensible person. But if you only say: "This is a bad habit," or: "This is a dangerous indulgence; I will be a little on my guard, and not do it too often," you have put yourself in the most uncomfortable of all positions; the temptation will knock at your door twenty times in a day, and you will have to be fighting the same old battles over and over again as long as you live.

When you have once laid down to yourself the laws you mean to keep, the things you will always do and the things you will "never" do, then your life arranges itself in a system at once, and you are not interrupted and hindered, as the undecided people are, by wondering what is best, or safe, or wholesome, or too unwholesome, at different times.

PERHAPS the finest book premium ever offered in Canada is Dr. Farrar's "Life of Christ." Of this work—richly illustrated and appropriately bound—*Zion's Herald* says: "If we were asked by a young minister, by a Sunday school teacher, or by the intelligent head of a family which 'Life of Christ' would be the most serviceable to him, we should answer, Farrar's." You can get it by sending us the names of six new subscribers to THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN, one of the most popular family papers in the Dominion. Specimen copies sent free on application.

WHO SPILLED THE INK?

Who spilled it? There were only three in the room. There was Jip going out of the room with his tail up. There was doll, Polly Adaline, on the chair, looking very innocent. She could not have done it. And there was Bessie with great black splashes on her dress, looking at the inky puddle on the floor.

Bessie had put the inkstand on the stool. Jip had run against it and knocked it off.

Bessie was getting Polly Dolly ready to make a speech, when she heard doggie bark. As she turned she struck her foot against the chair, and fell, full length, on the very edge of the black puddle. It did not hurt a bit, but oh, her dress, and oh, the carpet!

Bessie jumped up and said to Jip: "You naughty, bad dog! What shall I do to you?" Jip did not wait to see, but put up his tail and ran away.

The little girl stood looking at the carpet a minute, and then ran to call mamma, leaving Polly Dolly with her arms hanging over the chair, quite helpless.

Mamma came in the greatest hurry. "How did it happen?" she asked, working away with a sponge, and looking so sorry.

"Jip ran against the stool, mamma, and upset the ink. I called him naughty, bad."

"Where put the inkstand on the stool?" said mamma. "It belongs on the table."

"I wanted the big books," said Bessie. "Polly Dolly was to make a speech, and I wanted to stand her up high. I put the inkstand on the stool so I could slide the books off the table."

"Then it was naughty Bessie; not naughty Jip," said mamma. "Jip knew no better, but Bessie knew that the stool was no place for ink."

How sober mamma looked!

"I didn't think," said Bessie, hanging her head.

"You must think," said mamma, working away, "and don't blame another for your fault."

MUST AND MUSN'T.

"A fellow can't have any fun," growled Tom. "It's just 'must' and musn't from morning till night. You must do this, you must learn that; or you musn't go there, you musn't say that, and you musn't do the other thing. At school, you're tied right up to rules, and at home—well, a shake of mother's head means more than a dozen musn'ts. Seems a pity a boy can't have his own way half the time, and do something as he likes."

"Going to the city this morning, Tom!" asked Uncle Thed from the adjoining room.

"Why, of course," answered Tom, promptly.

"Going across the commons?"

"Yes, sir; always do."

"I wish you'd notice those young trees they've been setting out the last year or two. Of course the old trees will die sooner or later, and others will be needed, but—well, you just observe them rather carefully, so as to describe their appearance, etc."

"What about those trees, Tom?" asked Uncle Thed after tea, as they sat on the piazza.

"Why, they're all right; look a little cramped to be sure, snipped short off on top, and tied up to poles, snug as you please, every identical twig of them; but that's as it should be, to make them shipshape—don't you see? They can't grow crooked if they would. They'll make as handsome trees as ever you saw, one of these days. Haven't you noticed the trees in Mr. Benson's yard?—tall and scraggly and crooked, just because they were left to grow as they pleased. The city fathers now don't propose to run any risks."

"But I wonder how the trees feel about the must and musn't," remarked Uncle Thed, dryly.

Exit Tom wishing he had not said quite so much on the subject of trees—and boys.

A BOY'S LOVE FOR HIS MOTHER.

Next to the love of her husband nothing so crowns a woman's life with honour as this second love, the devotion of her son to her. We have never known a boy to "turn out badly" who began by falling in love with his mother.

Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant to the girl may cruelly neglect the poor and weary wife. But the big boy who truly loves and honours his mother at her middle age is a genuine knight who will love his wife in the sear-leaf autumn as he did in the daisied spring. There is nothing so beautifully chivalrous as the love of a big boy to his mother.

HOW TO READ.

Lord Macaulay says: When a boy I began to read very earnestly, but at the foot of every page I stopped and obliged myself to give an account of what I had read on that page. At first I had to read it three or four times before I got my mind firmly fixed; but I compelled myself to comply with the plan until now, after I have read a book through once, I can almost recite it from beginning to end. It is a very simple habit to form in early life, and is invaluable as a means of making our reading serve the best purpose.

BE LITTLE SUNBEAMS.

Children, you are household sunbeams; don't forget it; and when mother is tired and weary, and father comes home from his work feeling depressed, speak cheerfully to them and do what you can to help them.

Very often you can help them most by not doing something, for what you may do may only make more work for them. Therefore, think before you speak or act, and say to yourself, "Will this help mamma?" or "Will this please papa?" There is something inside you that will always answer and tell you how to act. It won't take a minute, either, to decide, when you do this, and you will be repaid for waiting by the earnestness of the smile or the sincerity of the kiss which will greet you.

One thing remember always—the effect of what you do lingers after you are gone. Long after you have forgotten the smile or the cheerful word which you gave your father or mother, or the little act which you did to make them happy, it is remembered by them, and after you are asleep they talk about it, and thank God for their little household sunbeam.

PURE AND IMPURE, ACCORDING TO USE.

Things become tainted or impure by the uses to which they are put. Whether our lives realize the highest and best depends upon the use we make of them. It is said that Æsop was once ordered by his master to prepare the best possible dinner for his guests. He secured a supply of tongue and served them in a variety of ways. Xanthus, his master, was angry. Said he: "Did I not order you to prepare the best possible dinner?" "Is there anything better?" said Æsop. "Is not the tongue the organ of truth and the promulgator of science? By it Governments are founded, justice administered, the sorrowful comforted, the wayward persuaded, and the dying consoled."

"Well," said Xanthus, "to-morrow this same company shall dine with me again. To-day you have given us the best thing; to-morrow provide for us the worst." Æsop again set before the guests tongue, for, said he, "It is the instrument of strife and contention, the source of division and war. It is the organ of error, of lies, of calumny and blasphemy."

A GREAT MAN.

An old man used to sweep the street-crossings for gratuitous pennies, near the House of Parliament, for many years. One day he was absent. Upon enquiry he was found by a missionary ill, in a little attic chamber, barely furnished with cot and stool.

"You are lonely here," the missionary said, "Has any one called upon you?"

"Oh yes," he replied, "several persons have called—Mr. Gladstone for one. He called and read to me."

"Mr. Gladstone called? And what did he read?"

"He sat on that stool there and read the Bible to me."

What a beautiful position! The greatest statesman in the world, sitting on a stool in an attic, reading the Word of God to a street-sweeper! Great men lose none of their greatness by kindness to God's poor.

WHAT CAN YOU DO?

It is related of a man who stands very high in this country that once when he was young and poor, seeking a situation in order to make a living, he went into a rich man's office and enquired if he wanted to hire a boy. The rich man who was sitting at his desk, leaned back, looked at the weakly little child before him, and quizzically asked: "Why, what can a little fellow like you do?"

"I can do what I am bid," was the reply given, promptly and respectfully, yet decisively.

He was so pleased with the boy's answer and manner that he hired him at once. The little fellow was diligent, honest, faithful and successful, and is now respected by all.

COURTESY IN THE FAMILY.

There is nothing so necessary to gain perfect order as kindness. It must predominate. The home which is governed by harshness could never become an ideal home. It is not difficult for an ordinarily observant person to see at once what kind of spirit prevails in a family. A person must be dull who partakes of a meal without forming some opinion of the prevailing spirit. In homes where true courtesy prevails it seems to meet one on the threshold. The kindly welcome is felt on entering. It is beautifully expressed, "Kind words are the music of the world." Hard words, on the other hand, "are like hailstones in summer beating down and destroying what they would nourish were they melted into drops of rain." Life without love would be a world without a sun; without one blossom of delight, of feeling or of taste.

EVERY congregation requires a communion set. If there is no money in the Church treasury start some one to work getting up a club for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN. Individual Church members will receive a valuable paper for a year and the communion set will prove very useful to the congregation, and all the result of a few hours' labour of a pleasant kind.