

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### BOYS ALPHABET.

A stands for Arrow, straight and long;  
 B stands for Bat-stick, round and strong;  
 C for a Cat, most wondrous wise;  
 D for a dove, which has red eyes;  
 E for an Engine made of tin;  
 F for a Fish-pole out in Lynn;  
 G for a Gun all made of wood;  
 H for a hoop that trundles good,  
 I for the Infant we call Jim;  
 J for the Jack-knife bought for him;  
 K for a Kite, its tail is red;  
 L for the Lamb whose dam is dead;  
 M for a Marble made of glass;  
 N for a Noah's ark built of brass;  
 O for an Orange sprung a leak;  
 P for the Paper brought each week;  
 Q for a Quiver for the back;  
 R for a rabbit white and black,  
 S stands for Skates, to go on ice;  
 T stands for Top, to spin so nice;  
 U for an Ulster warm and thick;  
 V for Jim's playmate nicknamed Vic;  
 W the Whip when they play horse,  
 X stands for 'Xtra nice of course';  
 Y stands for the Youth who owns these toys;  
 Z for the Zeal which marks good boys;  
 And since I've nothing more to say,  
 I'll say good-night and go away.

### A LION STORY.

"I can't, I can't, I CAN'T!" said Willie, reaching a climax of emphasis and emotion, as he landed his arithmetic in his mother's lap. She was sitting on the opposite side of the study table, patiently filling up the missing heel in one of our hero's stockings.

"What is it now, dear?" Her voice was like the soft patter of rain, and the light in her eyes as the sweet shining of the sun after a flash of lightning and a clap of thunder.

"I am going to do all my sums by subtraction. I never can learn multiplication—never, never, never!"

"You had better go to bed, dear," she replied, thinking to cut this Gordian knot of nevers and can't's with the sword of rest.

"Without my story, mother!" (now, the story had been the promised reward for the yet unsolved problem in arithmetic.)

For once, she was better than her word, and surprised Willie by saying, "Well, I believe I will tell you a lion story to-night." Willie looked up with a smile of expectation and interest, in which there lurked no remembrance of certain snakes and bears with which she had been wont "to point a moral, or adorn a tale."

"There lived once in a village—well, a village where there were lions—a poor seamstress and her little boy, who was all she had in the world. 'When Freddie gets to be a man,' was a sort of oasis looked forward to in the desert journey of her life."

A light came into Willie's eyes as she said this, for she had borrowed her illustration from his last lesson in geography.

"Late one evening," continued she, "the poor mother said: 'Freddie, I must have that jacket pattern, and you will have to go to the other end of the village for it.'"

"Do boys wear jackets in lion countries?" interrupted he.

The corners of his mother's mouth twitched a little, as she proceeded with more caution.

"Yes, sometimes. As I said before, it was late, and nearly dark. Freddie met his mother's request with a frown, and started with reluctant steps. Presently he ran back with eyes full of fright, crying out, 'There is a lion in the street!'"

"His mother laid aside her work, rose hastily, and looked anxiously in the direction indicated, but could see nothing but the trees and houses. The sad, care-worn look never left her face that night, though in the street she was sure there was no lion.

"The village had been infested for many years by two much-dreaded lions. One was fierce and strong, roaring along the highway at noon; the other, cowardly and hungry, crept from behind fence corners and stumps to spring upon little children in the dark."

"Oh! mother, and ate them up?" said Willie, with a shudder.

"Yes, all that was good in them; their character, their industry, their manliness, for the great savage lion is, 'I won't,' and the little cowardly sneak is 'I can't.'"

"Sold again," said Willie, with a sigh of disappointment; but his look of interest came back as his mother took down the big Bible and asked him to turn to Prov. xxii. 13. He read aloud: "The slothful man saith, There is a lion without, I shall be slain in the streets."

After they had talked about it awhile, she drew nearer, and stroking his tossed curls and smoothing the wrinkles from his flushed brow, she whispered tenderly:

"Oh! Willie, I am so much afraid of 'I can't' for you. Face the sneaking lion like a man, and he will skulk away to the woods." Then she added playfully, "If you like subtraction so much, set your duties down in a row, and write a brave 'I will' under every one of them. 'I can't' will lead you into multiplication, and keep you there all the days of your life." Willie didn't think this much of a lion story, but 'I can't' didn't sneak round quite as often when he had tasks to accomplish.

### SOMETHING TO DO.

Think of something kind to do,  
 Never mind if it is small;  
 Little things are lost to view,  
 But God sees and blesses all.

Violets are wee, modest flowers,  
 Hiding in their beds of green,  
 But their perfume fills the bowers,  
 Though they scarcely can be seen.

Pretty bluebells of the grove  
 Are than peonies more sweet;  
 Much their graceful bloom we love  
 As they blossom round our feet.

So do little acts we find,  
 Which at first we cannot see,  
 Leave the fragrance pure behind  
 Of abiding charity.

### PINCHING THE BABY.

Lettie dearly loved her little brother, and would play with him hours at a time; but sometimes, when she very much wanted to play out of doors, her mother wanted her to amuse the baby, and then Lettie would scowl, pout, sulk and make herself and her mother unhappy.

One day Lettie wanted to play "keep house" with her tea set, but little Leon would

cry for the dishes, and she had to put them away.

"Oh, dear!" she cried, fretfully, "I never did see such a troublesome child! Mother, won't you take the baby now?"

"I am very busy," replied her mother. "You amuse him as long as he is good, and when he gets fussy I'll take him."

"I don't believe but he is sleepy," said Lettie, and laying him in the cradle, she rocked violently, singing at the top of her voice. Leon laughed and cooed, and pulled the things within reach, and had no idea of going to sleep.

A wicked thought came into Lettie's mind. "If I can make the baby cry, mother will take him."

She leaned over the cradle and looked down into the bright, wide-awake eyes, and "made up" a horrible face.

The baby looked astonished a minute, and then thought it some new kind of play, and laughed and stretched out his little arms toward her. "You little hateful thing, why don't you go to sleep?" she cried, shaking him a little.

Leon laughed aloud, and crowed in his pretty baby way that Lettie had thought was so cunning, and at any other time she would have almost smothered him with kisses, and called him "the darlinest, handsomest baby in the world," but now her heart was full of selfishness and rebellion, and his sweet ways angered her. A minute later her mother heard a piercing scream, and ran in to see what was the matter. Lettie was rocking the cradle, and saying in a soothing voice, "There, there, go to sleep," but her face was red, and she looked guilty.

"What did you do to the baby?" asked her mother.

"Nothing," said Lettie, faintly, blushing deeply.

Her mother saw that she was not speaking the truth, and she caught her by the arm and shook her. "Tell me instantly what you did," she said; and Lettie whimpered out, "I—I pinched him."

The mother sent Lettie into the bedroom, and hushed the baby to sleep. Then she called Lettie, and talked long to her about the cruelty of hurting her dear little brother, until she was ashamed and sorry.

I wondered at the time what made Lettie do such a naughty, cruel thing, but afterward I learned that she did not pray in the morning. When anyone forgets to pray in the morning, things are likely to go wrong all day.

Leon was afraid of Lettie for several days, but after a while she won his love and confidence again, and afterward, when her mother was sick, Lettie took such good care of her brother, and was so kind and cheerful, that her mother called her "a brave little helper."

"He that goeth about as a talebearer revealeth secrets: therefore meddle not with him that flattereth with his lips."—Prov. xx. 19.

THE realization of God's presence is the one sovereign remedy against temptation. It is that which sustains us, consoles us, and calms us.