

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THERE IS AN EYE.

There is an Eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an Ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light

There is an Arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a Love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

That Eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That Ear is filled with angel songs;
That Arm upholds the worlds on high;
That Love is throned beyond the sky.

—Bishop Heber.

A QUEEN'S CONQUEROR.

MARY, Queen of Scots, "was confessed by every one to be the most charming princess of her time." She had a brilliant complexion, dark eyes, auburn hair, exquisite hands, a fine voice, a tall, majestic figure. She was a great dancer, rode well, sung sweetly, accompanying herself on various instruments, spoke several languages, and wrote both in prose and verse.

By the death of her father, James V., she became a queen before she was a week old. She was educated in France, and brought up in the Roman Catholic religion. When nineteen years old she returned to Scotland, leaving France with much regret, and feeling no love for her native country.

John Knox, the "great Scotch reformer," was thirty-seven years older than Mary. He was educated at Glasgow University, became an enthusiastic Protestant, and preached with tremendous power.

Only a few days after Mary's arrival in Scotland she sent for Knox to come to the palace, where they had a long talk in her brother's presence. She accused him of attempting to destroy her authority over her subjects, and using magical arts to carry out his purpose. But so completely did his eloquent defence overpower her that she sunk into a silent stupor, from which she was roused by the dinner bell, putting an end to the conversation.

Not long after, Mary gave a splendid ball in honour of the success of a brutal massacre in France. On the following Sunday, Knox preached a sermon denouncing the atrocity and the festivities. Mary was told that "he had spoken in a manner calculated to bring her under the hatred and contempt of her subjects." She sent for him to come to the palace, where she received him, surrounded by her counsellors and maids of honour, and administered a long rebuke.

Knox listened quietly, and then repeated the whole of what he had said in the pulpit. For the only time in her life Mary was compelled to listen to a plain, fearless sermon. As he left the room one of her attendants was heard to mutter, "He is not afraid!"

Not a great while elapsed before he was summoned to her presence in Lochleven Castle. For two hours she pleaded with him on behalf of the nationality of her own religious service.

"Will ye allow that my subjects shall take my sword in their hands?"

"The sword of justice is God's," the reformer answered.

The queen was very angry, but the next day

she sent for him again, and adopting a plan unlike any she had ever before tried, attempted by every art in her power to charm and fascinate him. "For my sake" was the plea, equally unsuccessful.

There was only one more interview between them. She sent for him upon hearing that he censured her marriage with Lord Darnley. "I can not be quit of ye!" she cried in a passion of anger, "and I vow I will be revenged!" She sobbed and wept, but Knox was as unmoved as before.

"I am sorry to hurt you, madam," he said, "but I should be more sorry to hurt my conscience."

This speech infuriated her, and she ordered him from the room.

On the occasion of her marriage with Bothwell, the supposed murderer of her first husband, Darnley, the nation was wild with indignation.

Some proposed banishment, others imprisonment for life. Knox used his powerful oratory to have her tried on the plain charge of being an accomplice in the murder. There is no doubt that the fiery eloquence of the great reformer was one of the mightiest agencies in bringing to punishment the queen whose beauty and whose tears could never swerve him from his honest convictions.

He died fifteen years before Mary's execution, and it was truly said of him when he was laid to rest in the old church-yard of S. Giles, Edinburgh, "Here lies one who never feared the face of man."

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

A NEW scholar arrived, after the beginning of the term, at — Academy—a well-dressed, fine-looking lad whose appearance all the boys liked. There was a set of gay fellows, who surrounded and invited him to join their set. They used to spend their money in eating and drinking and amusements, and often ran up large bills, which their friends sometimes found it hard to pay.

They wanted every new scholar to join them, and they always contrived, by laughing at him, or approaching him, to get almost any boy into their meshes. The new boys were afraid not to yield to them. But this new scholar refused their invitations, and they called him mean and stingy—a charge boys are particularly sore at hearing.

"Mean!" he answered; "and where is the generosity of spending money which is not my own, and which, as soon as it is spent, is to be supplied again, with no sacrifice on my part? Stingy! Where is the stinginess of not choosing to beg money of my friends in order to spend it in a way which those friends would disapprove of? for, after all, our money must come from them, as we haven't it, nor can we earn it ourselves. No, boys, I do not mean to spend one penny in a way that I should be ashamed to account for to my father and mother, if they asked me."

"Eh, not out of your leading strings, then? Afraid of your father; afraid of his whipping you; afraid of your mother? Won't she give you a sugar plum? A precious chap, you!"

"And yet you are trying to make me afraid of you," said the new scholar, boldly. "You want me to be afraid of not doing as you say. But which, I should like to know, is the best sort of fear, the fear of some of my school fellows, which is likely to lead me into everything low, weak, and contemptible; or fear of my parents, which will inspire me to things manly, noble, and high-toned? Which fear is the best? It is a very poor service you are doing me, to try to set me against my parents, and teach me to be ashamed of them."

The boys felt there was no head-way to be made against such a scholar. All they said hurt themselves more than him, and they liked better to be out of his way than in it—all the bad boys, I mean. The others gathered around him; and never did they work or play with greater relish than while he was their leader and friend.

A BAD HABIT.

A GENTLEMAN cast a mild look of reproach on a young man who had taken the name of God in vain.

"I am sorry, sir," said the young man, "that I have wounded your feelings by any word I have spoken."

"I confess," was the reply, "that I can never hear that holy and blessed name profaned without deep pain. As my Benefactor and Friend, to whom I owe every blessing, I am jealous of the honour of God."

"I spoke, sir, without thought. I meant no harm."

"I believe it, my young friend, but your Creator requires you to be thoughtful of His honour, and of your duty to Him. As thoughtlessness cannot justify, neither can it be an excuse for any sin."

The young man looked serious, and said "I admit that the use of profane language is neither necessary nor right; yet you must make some allowance, as it is the mere result of habit."

"This plea is not better than the other. Can you say to God: 'I profaned Thy holy name because I was in the habit of doing it?' No man is forced to form a bad habit. To persist in any course of wrong-doing only adds to our guilt."

"I see that I have done wrong, sir, will you pardon me?"

"I am glad to hear this frank confession," and the gentleman held out his hand in a friendly way; "but the offence is against God. He alone can pardon. I have found Him a merciful God, slow to anger and ready to forgive, and if you seek Him, through faith in Christ Jesus, forsaking every sin, you shall find mercy, too."

"Accept my thanks, sir, both for the matter and the manner of your reproof. I will never swear again, nor take the name of the Lord in vain."

"A good resolution, if made in humble dependence on the grace of the Holy Spirit of God for help and strength. Farewell."

It is well to begin right; it is better to keep on doing right. You may not be able to learn the whole of your lessons by merely taking a glance at the book or reading for a few minutes, but keep at it, and by and by you will have it.