

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### THE KITTENS' FRIGHT.

Little Kitty Cottontail

Rubbed her sleepy eyes;  
Went out for a morning walk,  
Stared in wild surprise.

"Meow!" cried Kitty Cottontail,  
To her sister calling,  
"Poppy, Poppy, let us hide;  
See, the sky is falling!"

Cottontail and Poppy ran  
Down the yard together;  
Baby Jumbo met and stopped  
To talk about the weather.

"Meow!" said Kitty Cottontail;  
"Meow!" said Baby Jumbo,  
So they all ran on again,  
With their arms akimbo.

Mother Tortoiseshell they met:  
"What means this?" she cried.  
"Skies are falling," answered they,  
"Come with us and hide."

Mother Tortoiseshell was wise,  
And her speech was slow:  
"Foolish little cats," she said,  
"That is only snow."

### THE DONKEY TEAT LIVES IN THE CASTLE.

Many years ago we lived in the Isle of Wight, England. About eight miles from our house was Carisbrooke Castle. In the castle lived a handsome old donkey. His name was Jack. He had lived in that grand old place for nearly thirty years.

In the castle is a very deep well. Perhaps you will guess now why Jack lived in the castle. The well is three hundred feet deep, and I don't believe we should ever have tasted that bright, sparkling water if it hadn't been for good old Jack's help.

He just steps into a large windlass-wheel. Patter, patter go his little hoofs for a minute or two. He turns the big wheel, and up comes a bucket full of the best water you ever tasted.

Then Jack comes out of the great wheel. The children all gather around and pat and pet him. We feed him with the cakes and apples or bunches of water-cresses brought on purpose for "dear old Jack."

No wonder the "well-donkeys" are fat and jolly, and live to be old. The well-keeper told us that one had lived to be fifty years old, and another forty years. I shouldn't wonder if our friend Jack lived as long as any of them.

### GREAT THINGS, LITTLE WINGS.

Great ends spring from little beginnings, we all know. Beautiful islands in the Southern Ocean, the work of the tiny coral insect; the unseen worm in the timbers of the ship, unseen until the work of destruction is complete and the vessel lost. These are little beginnings in nature.

The men who make large fortunes are those, as a rule, who began with little, and were careful, industrious men; men who built their fortunes on a small foundation, but well and truly laid. Careless people seldom do great things.

From the very small thing of watching the steam issue from his mother's tea-kettle, young

Watt started the wonderful science of steam engines and machinery, which has changed the whole world.

From the thoughts roused in Newton's mind by the apple falling to the ground sprang the discovery of the law of nature called "gravitation."

It will not do to make a mistake in beginning a thing, as a little story will show: Four men had to attend the trial of the prisoners at some assizes in the west of England. The first overslept himself, lost his train, and did not arrive in court till the case he was wanted for was finished; the second got into a carriage without asking the guard if it was the right one, and was many miles on his journey before he found he was in the wrong train; the next reached the assize town, and then found he had left papers behind, without which his presence was no good; the fourth was careful what he was about, and helped to win the case he was engaged in. The first three began wrong, and nothing afterward could put them right. Great things fly on little wings.

### MY SHEPHERD AND GUIDE.

Jesus, my shepherd and my guide,  
O keep and shelter me;  
With Thy dear flock I would abide,  
Thy true disciple be.

Dear Jesus, Thou hast loved me so,  
And sought me from above—  
O never let me cease to know  
The sweetness of Thy love.

Bless Jesus, take and rule my heart,  
Each thought, all life be thine;  
Thou may I see Thee as Thou art,  
And in Thy glory shine.

### DON'T SELL IT TO THEM!

One day a young man entered the bar-room of a village tavern and called for a drink.

"No," said the landlord, "you have had the *delirium tremens* once, and I cannot sell you any more."

He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited on them very politely. The other stood by silent and sullen, and when they had finished he walked up to the landlord and addressed him as follows:

"Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those young men are now. I was a man of fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few more glasses and your work will be done. I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me. But they can be saved. Do not sell it to them. Sell it to me; and let me die, and let the world be rid of me; but for heaven's sake sell no more to them!"

### A CAT'S TOES.

How many toes has a cat? This was one of the questions asked a certain class during examination week, and as simple as the question appears to be, none could answer it. In the emergency the Principal was applied to for a solution, and he also, with a good-natured smile, gave it up, when one of the teachers, determined not to be beaten by

so simple a question, hit on the idea of sending out a delegation of boys to scour the neighbourhood for a cat. When this idea was announced, the whole class wanted to join in the hunt. Several boys went out and soon returned successful. A returning board was at once appointed, and the toes counted, when to the relief of all it was learned that a cat possesses eighteen toes, ten on the front feet and eight on the hind feet. After the question was solved the cat was allowed to depart, much to his satisfaction.

### A DROP OF OIL.

The sewing machine went hard. Brother Will came and looked over Amy's shoulder and knit his brow, as was his custom when in a puzzle. At last, turning back the machine, he glanced over the works and said:

"Do you oil it here, Amy?"

"Why, no; I never thought of that."

A drop of oil was supplied, and in another minute the slender needle was flying through the work like a fairy. It was easy now to turn the wheel. That drop of oil on a dry spot in the machinery made all right.

There are many other places where a drop of oil works just as great wonders. When things go wrong, when tempers get ruffled, there is no magic like a few sweet, cheery words. So when one is in anger and ready to do or say rash things just give him a "soft answer," and you will see how it can cheer and brighten the way for yourself and all about you.

### THANKFULNESS.

A Sabbath school teacher in Michigan, at the close of the lesson on a recent Sabbath, handed to her scholars little slips of paper, on which was printed the question, "What have I to be thankful for?" asking that each should take time to consider and answer on the following Sabbath. Among the replies that were then given was the following pathetic sentence, written by a little girl who had doubtless learned by bitter processes the painful truths it told: "I am thankful there are no rum-shops in heaven."

### SOLOMON AND HIS PUPIL.

An old man was toiling through the burden and heat of the day, in cultivating his fields with his own hands, and depositing the promising seeds in the fruitful earth. Suddenly there stood before him a vision. The old man was struck with amazement.

"I am Solomon," spoke the phantom, in a friendly voice. "What are you doing here, old man?"

"If you are Solomon," replied the venerable labourer, "how can you ask this? In my youth you sent me to the ant; I saw its occupation, and learned to be industrious, and to gather. What I then learned I have followed out to this hour."

"You have only learned half your lesson," replied the spirit. "Go again to the ant, and learn to rest in the winter of your life, and to enjoy what you have gathered up."