

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

RICHEST AND POOREST.

Richest are they
That live for Christ so well,
The longest day
Would scarce suffice to tell
In what wide ways their benefactions fell.

Poorest are they
That live to self so true,
Their longest day
Brings but such good to view
As they may need self's service to pursue.

LIZZIE'S YEAR.

"O MAMMA! did you notice that little fright in the pew before us this morning?" said Lizzie L——, as she stood before the glass in her mother's dressing-room, directly on coming in from church. "Such a large mouth, and queer, pug nose, and dark skin. Didn't you think her a dreadful little Hottentot?"

"What, the quiet child in the pew by herself?" asked Lizzie's mother.

"Yes'm; didn't you think she was terrible ugly?"

"No, dear, I am sure I thought nothing of the kind. I observed that she was still and well behaved; that she paid attention to the minister, found the hymns, and in general conducted herself in a very proper manner during the entire service. I remember saying to myself, 'that is a well brought up child, and she must have a good and careful mother.'"

"Oh, yes! she behaved well enough," said Lizzie; "but she looked so homely and—"

"Not so very homely, either," said Lizzie's mother. "Her hair, at any rate, was lovely; and her lips, if they were large, were red and rich as a cherry; and I recollect now that when she once looked round at you, her eyes were bright and beautiful."

"Well," said Lizzie, a little beaten from her first position, "she wasn't a bit genteel or stylish in her dress,—quite old-fashioned, with no sash at all." And here Lizzie surveyed her own admiringly in the mirror.

"I don't know about that," returned her mother. "I saw nothing that violated any principle of good sense or good taste in her neat plaid dress, and simple felt hat. Nothing gaudy, or tawdry, or showy, or even expensive about her; but all clean, wholesome, and simple, and therefore entirely suitable. I am sorry to believe, Lizzie, that your little head is beginning to be filled with the silly vanities of dress, and that you are already disposed to judge others by this most false and foolish standard."

"Oh, mamma, don't say that! I only like to see things look pretty."

"So do I, dear, and so ought every one; but there are a great many ways of looking pretty; and it is much more possible for a child to look so when dressed in plain and simple garments, than when decked out in rich and costly ones: because simplicity is proper and becoming to childhood."

Lizzie made no reply, and her mother went on:

"One thing I want to impress on your mind, my child, with more earnestness than ever I have tried to do before, because I per-

ceive in you a growing tendency to criticise and disparage others. Instead of finding faults and flaws in the person, manners, and dress of those you meet, I want you to try as honestly and carefully to find *something to commend*, or at least to speak kindly of. How sorry I should be to know that the people who sat behind us in church this morning had gone home to point out the defects or faults of my little girl's dress, or features, making no mention of what was really pretty or becoming about her."

"But, mamma," said Lizzie, with some hesitation, "you know I am—*good looking*, and am always fixed nice."

"But every one who sees you might not think so. Your features and dress, Lizzie, which to you or me seem comely and agreeable, might strike another differently, and lead to ill-natured remarks. You would not like that, would you?"

"No, indeed, mamma. I should be very much vexed, and even angry."

"No doubt you would, and with some reason. And therefore, as people cannot see alike any more than look or be alike, it is better to be on the safer side, and instead of finding something to blame or criticise—which one can always do if disposed,—discover what there may be to praise, even where there is much that may not please our own taste or fully satisfy our idea of what is suitable or beautiful."

Lizzie looked as if she had never thought much about this subject before; as indeed she had not, any more than a thousand other little girls whose good mothers take great pains to instil useful lessons into their minds, and generous principles of action into their hearts.

"But I didn't say it to her, you know, mamma. She'll never know what I thought about her lips and nose."

"I know that, my dear," returned her mother; "but the *habit* of saying such things is a very bad one, and I don't want you to acquire it. Besides, she did not make her own features or form, and it is still more cruel and hard-hearted to ridicule them than her dress. There are very few faces or features that are perfect, if one chooses to criticise. On the other hand, there are very few faces that are wholly bad; indeed, I have seldom studied one that had not something redeeming about it. If the features are not pleasing the expression may quite transform the plain face into a beautiful one. So may a cross or sorrowful expression change a beautiful face into an ugly one. Try to remember this, Lizzie, both for the advantage of your own face and to help you in forming a kindly opinion of others. Wouldn't you like to make the experiment for *one year* and see if you cannot find in every one you may meet, something to commend, instead of something to ridicule or disparage? You must write down the cases where you discover nothing whatever to speak well of; and at the end of a year from this day, if we both live, you must make a report to me. Would you like to?"

Lizzie L—— was, and is, on the whole, a very sweet and amiable little girl. She rather liked her mother's proposition, and readily

accepted it, being by no means sure that she should not get considerable fun out of it.

She is now upon her last month, and makes a daily note of her experiences in the nice gilt-edged diary which was one of her late birthday presents. She says she is not going to read it to anybody till the year is out, not even to her mamma.

For one, I am quite desirous to know how her account sums up. I hope Mrs. L—— will invite me to pass a day with her about the time "Lizzie's Year" expires.

HOW TO LOVE GOD.

IN a beautiful village, a boy, about ten years old, lay very sick, drawing near to death, and very sad. He was joint heir, with an only brother, to a great estate, and the inheritance was just about coming into his possession, but it was not the loss of this that made him sad. He was a dying boy, and his heart longed for a treasure which he knew had never been his, and which was worth more to him now than all the gold of all the western mines.

One day I came into his room. I sat down by him, took his hand, and, looking in his troubled face, asked him what made him so sad.

"Uncle," said he, "I want to love God. Won't you tell me how to love God?"

I cannot describe the piteous tones in which he said these words, and the look of trouble which he gave me. I said to him:

"My boy, you must trust God first, and then you will love Him without trying to at all."

With a surprised look he exclaimed:

"What did you say?"

"I repeated the exact words again, and I shall never forget how his large hazel eyes opened on me, and his cheek flushed as he slowly said:

"Well, I never knew that before. I always thought that I must love God first before I had any right to trust Him."

"No, my dear boy," I answered. "God wants us to trust Him; that is what Jesus always asks us to do first of all, and He knows that as soon as we trust Him we shall begin to love Him. That is the way to love God, to put your trust in Him first of all."

Then I spoke to him of the Lord Jesus, and how God sent Him that we might believe in Him, and how, all through His life, He tried to win the trust of men; how grieved He was when men would not believe in Him, and how every one who believed came to love without trying to love at all.

He drank in all the truth, and, simply saying, "I will trust Jesus now," without an effort put his young soul in Christ's hands that very hour, and so he came into the peace of God which passeth understanding, and lived in it calmly and sweetly to the end. None of all the loving friends, who watched over him during the remaining weeks of his life, doubted that the dear boy had learned to love God without trying to, and that dying he went to Him whom not having seen he had loved.

It is a great matter to live in obedience, to be under a superior, and not to be at our own disposing. It is much safer to obey than to govern.