

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

SELLING THE BABY.

Who wants to buy a baby,
For Bobby has one to trade?
Yes, he would trade little sister
For a nice new waggon, he said.

"Would you sell my baby?"
Mamma said in surprise,
Hugging tighter the darling,
Kissing the fast closed eyes.

"Why not?" asked Bobby, boldly;
"Who wants babies here?"
They're not as good as waggons;
No indeedie, not near.

"Harry hasn't a baby,
And he gets along very well;
So I told a man this morning
I'd give him little Belle."

But he paused to look at the baby
As she lay in mamma's lap,
With her blue eyes closed in slumber,
Taking her morning nap.

"She's an awful pretty baby,
Isn't she, mamma?" he said;
And as she moved in her slumber
He patted the golden head.

Around his chubby finger
Closed the dimpled hand so white,
And Bobby smiled with pleasure
As he felt it hold him tight.

"I s'pose we'll kind of miss her
After she's gone," he said;
And again, to quiet her moving,
He stroked the shining head.

"Don't you think that maybe papa
Will buy me, if I am good,
A waggon, so I could keep baby?
I'd like it lots if he would."

Just then the blue eyes opened
With a sweet, bewitching smile,
And little Belle sat upright
In the cutest baby style.

"Mamma, this baby's lovely,"
So Bobby boldly said;
"And it's worth a thousand waggons
For one curl upon her head."

"I'm going to tell the shopman
I guess I will not trade,
For Belle's worth all the waggons
And tops and balls ever made."

"THOU SHALT HAVE NO OTHER GODS BEFORE ME."

Annie was standing in front of the glass, getting ready for Sabbath school. "I heard Mrs. Jones tell mother the other day I was prettier than ever," she said half aloud. "I wonder if she will see me to-day? This hat is so becoming. I only wish my sash was a better colour. Let me see—this curl will have to be done over again—I wonder what the Catechism questions are this afternoon. I'll look over them while mother is getting Willie ready. Oh, yes, the first two commandments. I can't see what Dr. Edgerton will find to say about them. I don't worship false gods or make graven images. I suppose he'll tell us about the poor heathen children in India. Oh, dear, this curl isn't right yet. Well, I'm glad I'm not a heathen—that I know what is right," and with a final look at the glass, Annie took up her pretty parasol and started for Sabbath school.

The minister did talk about the poor little heathen when he explained the answers to

the school. Annie felt more than ever glad that she was not one of them. While she was thinking this, she caught Mrs. Jones, whose class was near the one where she sat, looking at her for a moment.

"I suppose she is saying to herself, 'How pretty Annie looks in her new hat,'" she thought. "How dreadfully plain Sarah Brown is! And how like a fright she dresses!"

Just as she was trying to get a glimpse of herself in the glass doors of the library case, she caught a sentence of Dr. Edgerton's talk about the lesson. He was saying that there were idol-worshippers even among children in Christian lands, those who thought more of their pretty faces and fine clothes than of God. He went on to speak of these things, and of other ways in which children broke these commandments; but Annie heard no more, excepting something about their being more sinful than the poor heathen, because they had been so much better taught.

These were new thoughts to Annie. She was really a sensible little girl about most matters, notwithstanding her foolish vanity. She went very quietly home from Sabbath school, thinking very busily about herself and the heathen children. I am glad to say that though she did not get cured of her fault at once, she did in time—and this day made a beginning.

I wonder if there are any other little girls or boys who worship themselves in this or in any other way?

HOW NELLIE FORGAVE SUSIE.

Little Nellie Palmer was a sweet little girl about five years of age, and every night she loved to kneel down by her mother's side and pray. One of the prayers that she was in the habit of using was "The Lord's Prayer." One night, after being undressed, she knelt down as usual, and began to say, "Our Father which art in heaven;" but when she got as far as "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive"—she stopped short, and burst into tears.

"What is the matter, my child?" said her mother.

"O, mamma, I did not pray it all, and I can't pray it. I mustn't pray it," she replied.

"And why not, Nellie?"

"Because, mamma, I haven't forgiven Susie Flanders for spoiling my doll's face this morning."

"But I thought that you had forgiven her, Nellie, when you saved the orange for her to-day at dinner."

"I thought so too, mamma, but you know I have not seen her yet; and when I think of that great ink-spot soaked into the wax, and think how wicked Susie looked, my heart feels wicked too; and I'm afraid if she should look so at me again, that I couldn't give her the orange then, or forgive her either."

"Not if you remember that it is just such as she whom Christ told you to forgive?"

"Oh, dear mamma, I don't know!" said Nellie, still sobbing. "Poor dolly's face will never be clean again, and Susie need not have done it; it would have been easier to bear if it had been an accident."

"Yes, I know, Nellie, and there would be less to forgive; but if you can do it now, it will be easier for you to forgive greater wrongs when you grow older."

"Why, mamma, what could be greater? Dolly's face is spoilt."

"It would be greater, when you are grown up, Nellie, to have somebody put a great black spot on your character by slander. It is done to somebody every day, Nellie, and you may not escape; and if you cannot forgive a wrong to dolly, how will you be able to do better towards one against yourself?"

"But, mamma, how can I make forgiveness when it won't come itself into my heart?"

"You can pray to Christ to send it, can't you?"

"Yes," she answered, slowly; "but I would rather you would ask for me first, please do; won't you, mamma?"

So the mother sought the grace of forgiveness for the little girl, who then prayed for herself, and to her surprise added the Lord's Prayer. And she whispered, as she rose up, "I wasn't afraid to say that then, mamma, for I felt forgiveness coming into my heart when we were praying; and I shan't be afraid to give her the orange to-morrow."

TWO WAYS OF KEEPING THE SABBATH.

There were two farmers. One loved his Bible, revered the Sabbath, loved his Creator, and believed that He was a prayer-answering Father.

The other was an infidel, regarding all days alike. He ploughed, sowed, reaped and laboured on the seventh day the same as on the other six days.

When the harvesting was over, and the grain had all been gathered into barns, the infidel's crop was found to be by far the largest, a hail-storm having visited his friend's farm, destroying the greater part of his grain.

"How now, Neighbour Brown," said the infidel, wishing to turn the joke upon his friend, "you keep the Sabbath, and what have you gained? An empty barn. I worked on each day of the week alike, and see the result;" and he waved his hand toward his large and well-filled barn.

His neighbour quietly replied, "Friend Gray, God does not settle all His accounts in October."

DO IT NOW.

Because, if you don't do it now, it will probably be much harder to do when it must be done. If this is the next duty in order, do not shirk it. It may not be pleasant, but it will not probably get any pleasanter from being put off. It is not a good plan to gratify your personal preferences by letting one duty jostle out another. Procrastination is indeed a theft. It is a great blunder to consider it only a theft of time. It robs you not alone of time and an equivalent which may be reckoned in money, but of moral force, of strong sinewy purpose, and of all the results which come from prompt and decisive action. It makes you a slave instead of a ready, cheerful doer.