

## Our Young Folks.

### DO.

The girls who have pored over the pages of the little book called "Don't," are now invited by an exchange to accept advice in regard to things they should do.

Do be natural; a poor diamond is better than a good imitation.

Do try to be accurate, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of your sex: the incapacity of the female mind for accuracy is a standard argument against the equality of the sexes.

Do be exact in money matters, every debt you incur means loss to some one, probably to some one less able than you to bear it.

Do answer your letters soon after they are received, and do try to reply to them with relation to their contents; a rambling, ill-considered letter is a satire upon your education.

Do observe; the faculty of observation, well cultivated, makes practical men and women.

Do attach as much importance to your mind as to your body.

Do recollect that your health is of more importance than your amusement; you can live without one, but you'll die early without the other.

Do try to be sensible; it is not a particular sign of superiority to talk like a fool.

Do be ready in time for church; if you do not respect yourself sufficiently to be punctual, respect the feelings of other people.

Do get up in time for breakfast.

Do avoid causes of irritation in your family circle; do reflect that home is the place in which to be agreeable.

Do be reticent; the world at large has no interest in your private affairs.

Do cultivate the habit of listening to others; it will make you an invaluable member of society, to say nothing of the advantage it will be to you when you marry.

Do be contented; "martyrs" are detestable; a cheerful, happy spirit is infectious; you can carry it about with you like a sunny atmosphere.

Do avoid whispering; it is as bad as giggling; both are to be condemned; there is no excuse for either one of them; if you have anything to say, say it; if you have not, do hold your tongue altogether, silence is golden.

Do be truthful; do avoid exaggeration, if you mean a mile, say a mile, and not a mile and a half; if you mean one, say one, and not a dozen.

Do, sometimes, at least, allow your mother to know better than you do; she was educated before you were born.

### THE PRINTER BOY.

About the year 1725, an American boy some nineteen years old, found himself in London, where he was under the necessity of earning his bread. He was not like many young men in these days, who wander around seeking work, and who are "willing to do anything" because they know how to do nothing; but he had learned how to do something and knew just where to go to find something to do, so he went straight to a printing office, and enquired if he could get employment.

"Where are you from?" inquired the foreman.

"America," was the answer.

"Ah," said the foreman, "from America? a lad from America seeking employment as a printer. Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?"

The young man stepped to one of the cases, and in a brief space set up the following passage from the first chapter of John:

"Nathaniel said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip said unto him, Come and see."

It was done so quickly, so accurately, and administered a delicate reproof so appropriate and powerful, that at once gave him influence and standing with all in the office. He worked diligently at his trade, refused to drink beer and strong drink, saved his money, returned to America, became a printer, publisher, author, Postmaster General, member of Congress, signer of the Declaration of Independence, ambassador to royal courts, and finally died in Philadelphia, April 17th, 1790, at the age of eighty-four, full of years and honours; and there are now more than a hundred and fifty counties, towns and villages in America named after that same printer boy, Benjamin Franklin the author of "Poor Richard's Almanac."

### THE FIRST SNOW.

O mother, while we were all fast asleep,  
Before I had taken one little peep  
Out of my window, God sent from the sky  
Such a soft white mantle on earth to lie.

Beautiful, feathery, glistening snow!  
And it seems such a long, long time ago  
Since it came before, I've been wondering where  
God has kept it waiting for earth to wear

The snow is a lovely white wedding dress,  
And to-day is earth's wedding day I guess;  
She is married to winter, grim and gray,  
And her snowy veil hides her face away.

O look at the snowflakes, so large and fair,  
Chasing each other about in the air  
Like fairy sprites for a frolic let loose,  
Or soft feathers plucked from a downy goose.

Mother, I love all the beautiful things  
That each joyous season in passing brings,  
But no beauty makes me more glad I know,  
Than winter's fair herald, the first pure snow.

### HOW POSTAGE STAMPS ARE MADE.

In printing, steel plates are used, on which two hundred stamps are engraved. Two men are kept hard at work covering them with coloured inks and passing them to a man and a girl who are equally busy printing them with large rolling hand-presses. Three of these little squads are employed all the time. After the small sheets of paper upon which the two hundred stamps are engraved have dried enough, they are sent into another room and gummed. The gum used for this purpose is a peculiar composition, made of the powder of dried potatoes and other vegetables, mixed with water. After having been again dried, this time on the little racks which are fanned by steam power, for about an hour, they are put in between sheets of paste-board and pressed in hydraulic presses capable of applying a weight of two thousand tons. The next thing is to cut the sheet in half: each sheet, of course, when cut, contains a hundred stamps. This is done by a girl, with a large pair of shears, cutting by hand being preferred to that of machinery, which method would destroy too many stamps. They are then passed to two other squads, who perforate the paper between the stamps. Next, they are pressed once more, and then packed and labeled and stowed away for despatching to fulfill orders. If a single stamp is torn or in any way mutilated, the whole sheet of one hundred stamps is burned. Five hundred thousand are burned every week from this cause. For the past twenty years, not a single sheet has been lost, such care has been taken in counting them. During the process of manufacturing, the sheets are counted eleven times.

### FOR THE BOYS.

The *Wide Awake* gives the following story which is all the better for being true: Two men stood at the same table in a large factory in Philadelphia, working at the same trade. Having an hour for their nooning every day, each undertook to use it in accomplishing a definite purpose; each persevered for about the same number of months, and each won success at last. One of these two mechanics used his daily leisure hour in working out the invention of a machine for sawing a block of wood into almost any desired shape. When his invention was complete, he sold the patent for a fortune, changed his workman's apron for a broadcloth suit, and moved out of tenement house into a brown-stone mansion. The other man—what did he do? Well, he spent an hour each day during most of a year in the very difficult undertaking of teaching a little dog to stand on his hind feet and dance a jig, while he played the tune. At last accounts he was working ten hours a day at the same trade and at his old wages, and finding fault with the fact that made his fellow-workman rich while leaving him poor. Leisure minutes may bring golden grain to mind as well as purse, if one harvest wheat instead of chaff.

### FAITH.

A lad stood on the roof of a very high building when his foot slipped, and he fell. In falling, he caught by a rope and hung suspended in mid-air where he could sustain himself but a short time. At this moment a powerful man rushed out of the house, and standing beneath him with extended arms, called out, "Let go of the rope; I will catch you. The boy hesitated for a moment, and then, quitting his hold, dropped easily and safely into the arms of his deliverer.

### "WHAT'S THE HARM?"

"Just this once! What hurt will it do? You can study quite as well to-night, and if you have time at all you must go now."

Thus persuaded, Dick threw down his book and joined his companions. They had a delightful ride, and then in the evening he settled down to study. He did not feel much like it, partly because he was tired, partly because he frequently found his thoughts wandering from the lesson to something he had seen in the afternoon. Still, being pretty persevering, he finally learned it, and had a perfect recitation the next day.

"There!" said his companions; "what did we tell you? You needn't have made such a fuss about going. It didn't do a bit of harm."

Dick agreed with them then, but he was inclined to change his mind later in the day when he found how ineffectual were his efforts to fix his attention on his books.

"I've learned the harm," he exclaimed. "It is just like sliding down hill, the first time, before the snow is broken, we only go a little way; the second time we go farther, and pretty soon we can't stop short of the bottom if we want to. There are two sides to it, though: if I stick to these tough old lessons to-day, it will be easier to do it to-morrow."

Stick to them he did, and learned a lesson, that was as valuable as any in his books.

"The simple inherit folly, but the prudent are crowned with knowledge. The evil bow before the good, and the wicked at the gates of the righteous."—Prov. xv. 18, 19.