

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HAVE COURAGE TO SAY NO.

You are starting on life's journey,
Alone on the highway of life,
You'll meet with a thousand temptations,
Each city with evil is rife;
This world is a stage of excitement,
There is danger wherever you go,
But if you are tempted in weakness
Have courage, my boy, to say no.

The Syren's sweet song may allure you—
Beware of her cunning and art,
Whenever you see her approaching
Be guarded and haste to depart.
The billiard saloons are inviting,
Decked out in their tinsel and show;
You may be invited to enter,
Have courage, my boy, to say no.

The bright ruby wine may be offered—
No matter how tempting it be,
From poisons that sting like an adder,
My boy have the courage to flee.
The gambling saloons are below you,
Their lights, how they dance to and fro;
If you should be tempted to enter,
Have courage, my boy, to say no.

In courage alone lies your safety,
When you the long journey begin,
And trust in a heavenly Father,
Who will keep you unspotted from sin.
Temptations will go on increasing,
As streams from a rivulet flow,
But if you are true to your manhood,
Have courage, my boy, to say no.

THE THREE MISTAKES.

CHAPTER I.

MR. and Mrs. Benson, a lady and gentleman of considerable property, were so much delighted with their first baby—a little girl—that they had her christened by the name of "Beauty."

It was very foolish of them, so everybody thought; and many people said, "although she is as pretty now as babies generally are, she may grow up very much the contrary; there's no telling, and for a very ugly young woman to be singled out by the name of Beauty would be most unpleasant for her."

This was very true; but Mr. and Mrs. Benson saw so much that was wonderful in their baby, that they considered it impossible for her to be anything short of a wonder when she grew up. So Beauty they determined to call her.

She was pretty; but that baby must be a wonder that is anything else in its mother's eyes, at any rate. She had blue eyes and light hair, which they called golden. There was one person in the family who thought differently of her from her parents, and that was her nurse, who declared to the other servants "that of all the children she had ever had the care of, she had never been teased as she had been by Miss Beauty; and she couldn't see anything pretty in her!"

Poor Miss Beauty! her father and mother did all they could to lay up sorrow for her, by making her think so much of herself; and prejudicing people against her by her conduct, which was the fruit of their foolish indulgence. She was very much to be pitied, as all spoilt children are.

Happily brothers came, and sisters; the new babies were none of them such wonders as Beauty had been, but still they had great attractions for mamma and papa, and were sufficiently popular to rob the first-born of some of the homage she had received.

"No; Beauty mustn't take baby's coral from him!" "No Beauty mustn't cry to see mamma kiss baby!" were among her first

lessons that there was anything she must not do, or anything she might not have.

Was it wonderful, that with her heart full of wicked tempers and passions, she should feel anything but affection for those whom she looked on as her first enemies—as those who had robbed her of her rights? Not at all; she was naturally imperious, and her selfishness was of a very manifest and displeasing kind; therefore she was angry beyond expression at her wrongs, and resented them without disguise.

I am sorry to say that nurse, who ought to have known better, took delight in paying off old scores in teasing the little dethroned tyrant.

"Miss Beauty is not going to have it all her own way, now little brother's come!" and other similar expressions, were continually sounded in her ears, to the great detriment of her temper and the embittering of her spirit.

As years went on, the same sort of thing went on with them. Beauty had had settled in her heart and mind, by the training of her infant years, a conviction that she had the chief claim at least to the love of her parents; moreover, that everybody ought to give way to her. Experience showed her that she was not to find this the case; but she never once suspected that her expectations were undue; she threw the blame of her disappointment on the injustice of her parents and the world at large.

"I really don't know what is to be done with Beauty," said Mrs. Benson, with a sigh, to her husband. "She is so unkind to the rest, and so undutiful and rude to me if I attempt to correct her, she makes me quite unhappy."

"Yes, I see; I have seen it a long time," said Mr. Benson, sighing too. "I am afraid we have over-indulged her in her infancy, and this is the fruit of it. She cannot bear a rival."

"But we have never loved her less—we never neglected her when the others came. It is so ungrateful of her; so very selfish," said the mother.

After much consultation, it was determined to send Beauty to a widow-lady named Colchester, an old friend of Mrs. Benson's, who agreed to receive her and educate her with her own children.

Beauty was pleased with this arrangement; she took it into her head that it was because she was of so much more consequence than the rest, that she was to have greater advantages; she was pleased, too, that everything was set aside in order to prepare her for leaving home.

Notwithstanding her waywardness, and the trouble and pain she had given them, Mr. and Mrs. Benson tenderly loved her, and remembering all the delight they had had in her babyhood, were much distressed at the parting, but her little brothers and sisters were not sorry; and nurse was exceedingly glad.

She was too full of herself to think much about any one; her love for her parents was too selfish to interfere with the pleasure her new prospects afforded her, and she left home in the highest spirits.

CHAPTER II.

"What is her name, mamma?" asked Helen Colchester, a girl about Beauty's age

when Mrs. Colchester announced to her children that a young friend was about to join them.

"Beauty! Beauty Benson!" said Mrs. Colchester, smiling.

"Fun, mamma?" asked Lewis, a little boy who was busy at a slate.

"No, Lewie; good earnest," replied his mother.

All the young Colchesters were curious to see their expected companion. Their mother, who had had an intimation of her faults, thought it advisable to prepare them for a different kind of temper from that which prevailed among themselves; not that they were faultless by any means, but their tempers had been restrained and regulated from infancy, and whatever defects they had were under control.

"If she is ill-tempered, it's a pity she's called Beauty," said Lewis; "for handsome is that handsome does, isn't it mamma?"

"All haven't the same training, Lewie; and all haven't the same tempers. My reason for telling you of her temper was to guard you against provoking it."

"But why did they call her Beauty? Is she so beautiful?" asked Charlie.

"Not now, I believe; as a baby she was," said Mrs. Colchester.

"Oh; but, then, babies alter so!" said Charlie; "they should have waited to see how she would grow up."

"You forget," said Helen, "what mamma told us, that all names, originally, were meant to express qualities of character or circumstances; according to your rule, no one should receive a name till the character or circumstances are properly shewn." Helen looked at her mother for approval as she spoke.

"Quite right," said Mrs. Colchester; "and as mental and moral qualities are far more important than mere physical ones, I don't know that they were more adventurous in calling her Beauty, than we were in fixing the name we did on you."

"The chaise, the chaise!" was the cry when the rattling wheels were heard, and the chaise containing Beauty and her father stopped at Mrs. Colchester's door.

Mr. Benson accompanied his hostess when she led Beauty to the children's play-room, where they were all waiting on the tip-toe of expectation. He remained there for nearly an hour chatting with her, and observing them; they were very nice children, neither forward nor awkwardly shy; according to their ages, well informed, but extremely simple, and modest, and unassuming.

He was much pleased to notice the harmony subsisting among them, their good manners, their intelligent countenances, and their pleasant cheerful voices.

"You have delightful children," he said, when he had left the room. "I'm sorry to say ours are never happy but when they are fighting and quarrelling. However, I hope they will get on better now that poor Beauty has left them; she was a bad example, and altogether injurious."

"An elder sister is of the greatest importance for good or evil," replied Mrs. Colchester; "I am much assisted by Helen, who helps almost as much by her example as I do by precept."

(To be continued.)