

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

SOMETHING TO DO.

Think of something kind to do,
Never mind if it is small;
Little things are lost to view,
But God sees and blesses all.

Violets are wee, modest flowers,
Hiding in their beds of green;
But their perfume fills the bowers,
Though they scarcely can be seen.

Pretty bluebells of the grove
Are than peonies more sweet;
Much their graceful bloom we love
As they blossom round our feet.

So do little acts we find,
Which at first we cannot see,
Leave the fragrance pure behind
Of abiding charity.

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL.

"Lena, it's gingerbread!" exclaimed Charlie, dropping the reins on the backs of his two stage-coach horses, which he had been driving furiously around the nursery. It is well they were only big rocking-chairs, or I don't know what Mr. Henry Bergh would have said, for he had been whipping them so furiously that the blows had almost deafened Lena once or twice. "Don't you smell the spice and hot molasses?" he continued. "Mamma's baking! I forgot all about it, when she said she would have to be in the kitchen a good while this morning. Let's go down and help."

"Yes, let's," said Lena rapturously. Down the stairs they rushed, but too late to find mother there. She was in the parlour, entertaining a lady who seemed determined—they thought after awhile—to spend the morning. But they were in time to bother Freda, the cook, to their heart's content. They would not let her wash the cake bowl till they had polished it with their spoons, as they had a very foolish fancy that the unbaked cake was particularly delightful; and then they insisted on rolling out the rest of the ginger-snaps for her—and a tedious, troublesome work they made of that. Freda had not been in the family long, and could not speak their language well; so she was able to say little to stop the naughty children. They were not content with cutting the snaps out with the ordinary cutter, but they used pepper-box tops and several other little articles of that description, and finished off by making a very large man and a woman out of the dough. (I am glad you and I did not have to be the cannibals to eat them, Little Heads.)

But this grew tiresome at last; and still the company stayed. What should they do next? They felt a little hungry; so they thought they would go to the pantry and get some crackers, which their mother often gave them between meals. The gingerbread, not nearly cold yet, stood on a board on the shelf. How good it looked, and how delicious its odour!

"Suppose we try just a little *weeny* crumb," whispered Lena; "mamma won't mind." So they took the crumb, and then another, and still another. They did not dare to take a large piece, but when they stopped eating and ran off, half frightened, into the nursery,

the cake looked as if a mouse had been at work. So their mother thought when, the visitor having left, she went to the pantry to put the ginger-bread into the tin box where she usually kept her cake. She concluded to set a trap immediately, in order to get rid of the troublesome little creatures.

Late in the afternoon there came another set of callers. It seemed to be reception day, and mother was in the parlour another hour or two. After a good play out-doors—though not as pleasant as if their consciences had been perfectly clear—the children grew hungry again. They thought they would go for more crackers; but when they got by the pantry door they made up their minds to attack the other side of the ginger-bread loaf. The lamps were not lighted in the hall, and the shelves were very dark. They could not see the cake, so they felt for it. Lena's finger was caught in the dreadful trap; and her little screams, naughty as she was, were pitiful to hear. However, mamma set the prisoner free in a moment; and though there was an ugly little wound, the pain did not last more than an hour or two. Charlie suffered quite as much as Lena did, from sympathy; but I think neither felt the hurt, as much as they did the shame and the sin of what they had done. Mother said only a few quiet words to them about it at the time. She thought they were punished enough, and felt it was better to let them first think over the matter for awhile. But the next day, when the Sunday twilight came on, she had a long, earnest talk with them about the Eighth Commandment. I do not think Charlie and Lena will ever steal again, not only on account of the swift punishment that followed, but because their mother made very clear to them the fact that even such a little sin as they had committed grieves the dear Saviour, who died on the cross for us.

"JESUS ONLY."

Mat. xvii. 8.—"Jesus only."

"Jesus only!" In the shadow
Of the cloud so chill and dim,
We are clinging, loving, trusting,
He with us, and we with Him;
All unseen, though ever nigh,
"Jesus only"—all our cry.

"Jesus only!" In the glory,
When the shadows all are flown,
Seeing Him in all His beauty,
Satisfied with Him alone;
May we join His ransomed throng,
"Jesus only"—all our song!

SPENDING MONEY.

Lawrence and Fred are cousins. Their fathers are neither rich nor poor, and the boys are growing up under good influences, in good schools, with good parents and friends to help them along, and at least a head belief in a good Heavenly Father who loves them and is seeking to lead them in the right and true way.

But one of these boys has already started on a course that, we fear, will lead him into trouble. Let us see if we can find the point where the two paths separate.

These boys have each a weekly allowance of spending money, with which they are to

do exactly as they please. It is not much, to be sure, but it is their own, and is paid to them regularly at the beginning of each month.

Lawrence knows from month to month what he wants to buy with his money. Sometimes, in order to make his purchase, he has to save for two or three months, and this he does, without any difficulty.

When he buys (it is always with his mother's approval), it is sure to be something of real use. Sometimes, not always, it is a book. He has some good games, two or three pretty pictures for his room, a scroll saw, and quite a number of tools, to say nothing of pencils, drawing paper and paints, for Lawrence has an eye for colour and form. He has gathered these things gradually, and during the four years that he has had "an income," he has made but two or three unwise purchases. His money is not all spent upon himself, either, but a good many thoughtful gifts have been made from his store, to which he is constantly adding by his own labour.

Fred, on the other hand, is almost always out of money, and often gets into debt. He says that money will not stay in his pocket! That is true, because he will not let it. He spends it for root-beer, nuts, and candies, picture papers of a doubtful sort, marbles, and such like, and he is always wishing that he could have more money, so as to buy tools and books as Cousin Lawrence does. But he wouldn't buy them if he had, for he has learned to use his money in gratifying his whims, and it is very easy to see that he is already in the power of a habit that will grow upon him.

Look out, boys and girls, for your pennies and dimes. As you spend money now, you will be very likely to do when you are older. Think of the future when you buy! Look ahead, and ask, "Will this do me, or others, any good?"

SURE SIGNS.

Solomon said, many centuries ago, "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right."

When I see a boy slow to go to school, and glad of every excuse to neglect his books, I think it a sign that he will be a dunce.

When I see a boy in haste to spend his every penny as soon as he gets it, I think it is a sign that he will be a spendthrift.

When I see boys and girls often quarrelling, I think it a sign that they will be violent and hateful men and women.

When I see a child obedient to his parents, I think it is a sign of great future blessings from Almighty God.

KING JAMES I. was given to swearing and using improper language, for which he had been seriously reprov'd by the pious and fearless John Welsh, a Scotch minister. The king could not but esteem him, and feared him not a little, although he disliked him. When Welsh was present he tried to govern his tongue in some degree, and if an oath escaped him when he thought Welsh might be within hearing, he would say to his attendants, "Is Welsh there? Do you think he heard me?" Do we remember that there is One who always hears every word we say?—*Ezek.* xxxv. 12, 13.