

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### THE WOLF.

You need never fear, little children, to meet  
A wolf in the garden, the wood, or the street;  
Red Ridinghood's story is only a fable,  
I'll give you its moral as well as I'm able;  
Bad Temper's the wolf which we meet everywhere—  
Beware of the wolf! little children, beware!

I know of a boy, neither gentle nor wise,  
If you tell him a fault, he gives saucy replies;  
If kept from his way, in a fury he flies—  
Ah! Passion's the wolf with the *very large eyes*;  
'Tis ready to snap, and to trample and tear—  
Beware of the wolf! little children, beware!

I know of a girl always trying to learn  
About things with which she should have no concern,  
Such mean curiosity really appears  
To me like the wolf with the *very large ears*,  
All pricked up to listen, each secret to share—  
Beware of the wolf! little children, beware!

And Greediness, that's like the wolf in the wood  
With the *very large mouth*, ever prowling for food;  
That eats so much more than for health can be good;  
That would clear a whole pastry-cook's shop if it could;  
That never a dainty to others would spare—  
Beware of the wolf! little children, beware!

Passion, Prying, and Greediness, each thus appear  
As a wolf with fierce eyes, a large mouth, or big ears;  
They bring to our nurseries fighting and fears,  
They cause bitter quarrelling, trouble, and tears,  
Oh! chase them and cudgel them back to their lair—  
Beware of the wolves! little children, beware!

### I DIDN'T THINK.

Why did you leave your books, my child,  
All lying on the floor?  
Why did you toss your apron down,  
Why fail to close the door?

Why did you wake the little one  
By noisy words and loud?  
Why look so cross at Emily?  
She thought you vain and proud.

"I didn't think." A poor excuse,  
Yet heard from day to day  
"I'll try to think," you giddy child,  
Would better be to say.

### "LIGHT AT EVENTIDE."

IT had rained all day, and as the afternoon waned the clouds scattered, chased by the brisk west wind, and as the evening hour approached, a glorious sunset beautified by its brilliant reflections the earth that had been so dreary.

Little Ethel, the pet and idol of the household, had long been ill with a wearying, dangerous complaint that had baffled the skill of all the physicians who had tried to restore to her the bounding health and vivacity that were hers before their care was needed. A sudden cold settling upon her lungs had developed what had probably lain dormant for some time, that dread disease consumption. A strange one for a child so young to be called upon to endure, but her sufferings were borne patiently and with the most angelic sweetness that characterized her disposition.

To-night she seemed to be better, and her little couch was drawn where she too could see the crimson and gold and purple; and the bright colours fell all about her, touching her with a divine radiance. The pale, suffering face had now a strange, unnatural beauty, and the wistful intensity of her gaze made it seem as if to her was revealed a wonderful something hidden from other mortal eyes.

Presently she murmured: "Mamma, raise me in your arms, for I want you nearer to me." The mother lifted the frail form, leaning the golden ringlets against her breast; and kissing softly her loved one, while a strange dread filled her whole being, said.—

"My darling is better to-night?" For a minute there was no reply, and then smiling, she answered, "Yes, mamma, almost well."

Ail sat watching by turns the glowing west and the sweet face before them, expecting they knew not what, when again the dear voice was heard, but could it be?—a little fainter—

"Mamma, 'At evening time it shall be light.' Isn't that lovely, and how true. I am so glad for the light now."

A longer silence, and then in a hushed, rapturous tone—

"How beautiful! A house shining like the sun, and golden stairs leading up to it. Just below the first step is a place covered with mist. I cannot see what it is, but some one is lifting across it such lovely children, and then they climb up higher and higher. Some of them seem to be alone, and other little ones, oh! so tiny, are being carried up. I cannot see the highest stair, nor what is in the house, for the brightness is so great."

Her eyes were slowly closing, but she went on talking, and now in slow, gasping breaths—

"Some one—is coming down—and it is—it must be—my dear—Christ Jesus.

"Look mamma, and He carries—in His arms—little sister Alice. She sees me, and holds out her hands. They are coming nearer. Mamma," in a quicker and stronger tone, "they are here in this room. Alice is kissing you, and Jesus is taking me in His arms. Oh, the rest, the happiness!" Then after a few minutes, more faintly, while we could only sit motionless and reverent as if indeed in God's presence, "He says He will not let me be sick any more, and there will be no—more—long—dark—nights, but the sun—of His—love—will—shine forever." Then with a last effort—

"Mamma, He will—wipe—all—tears—from your eyes. I will—wait—and watch for—." Before she could finish, a sudden tremor, three short breaths, and we were left looking at the little "deserted house," for its tenant, the soul, had gone.

Put truly as she had said, she was not going alone nor into darkness, but carried by the Good Shepherd over the unknown waters.

And the mother, what of her? Will not her heart break? A great shudder passed over her and then tears like rain chased each other down her cheeks, but in an instant, controlling herself, she gently laid the little form back on the pillow and murmured—  
"Only a little while, darling, and I shall find you watching for me. Blessed be God who has crowned my beautiful one."

### A FATHER DYING FOR HIS SON.

TOWARDS the close of the last century Persia was governed by a Turcoman king, named Kurreem Khan, who was perhaps one of the best kings the Persians ever had.

One day he heard that twelve men had been robbed and murdered under the very walls of Shiraz. The criminals could not for a long time be discovered, but the king gave strict orders to the officers of justice not to give over the search. At last it transpired that the offence had been committed by a small branch of Kurreem Khan's own tribe, which was at that time encamped near Shiraz. Their guilt was clearly proved, and all who were actually engaged in the murder were put to death. The king would now listen to the earnest intercessions for their pardon, for he had vowed that every one of them should suffer death, and their being of his own tribe made him the more severe. When the criminals were brought out to receive sentence there was a youth about twenty years of age among them, whose appearance much interested the spectators; but their anxiety was increased to pain when they saw the father of the young man rush forward and demand to speak to the prince. He was allowed to do so, and then said:

"Kurreem Khan, you have sworn that these guilty men should die, and it is just; but I, who am not guilty, come here to demand a boon from my chief. My son is young, he has been deluded into crime, his life is forfeited, but he has hardly tasted the sweets of life; he is just betrothed in marriage; I come to die in his stead. Oh, be merciful! let an old worn-out man perish, and spare a youth that may long be useful to his tribe! let him live to drink the waters and till the ground of his ancestors!"

The king was deeply moved at the old man's appeal. But he felt that he could not pardon the offence. The crime was murder, and to check that crime in such a country as that over which he ruled it was requisite that a terrible example should be made; so, with feelings very different from ours of justice, he granted the father's prayer, and the old man went rejoicing and thankful to his doom. The old man died, and his son was suffered to live on.

How sweet an illustration of the glorious truth that "while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us!"

### AN OSTRICH SITTING.

EUROPEAN settlers in South Africa, state that the generally received opinion that the ostrich leaves her eggs to be hatched by the heat of the sun, is erroneous. By a remarkable instinct, the ostrich sits upon the eggs by night, when the coolness would be too great for them, and leaves them to the sun's heat during the day, and when it is rainy, or even cloudy, one of the birds sits upon them even during the day. The male bird frequently does the sitting at night. This is the case not only with the domesticated birds, but also with the wild ones. The eggs are all placed on end in the great nest. They are much esteemed for food by the native Africans, and by many Europeans. The flesh of the ostrich, too, is not unpalatable when it is young. But it is mainly for its long and beautiful plumes that the ostrich is pursued in its native wilds, and is now raised in large numbers on "ostrich farms."