

## Our Young Folks.

### CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Hark! the merry, merry bells,  
Christmas chimes are ringing;  
Each the same glad story tells  
Angel hosts were singing  
When on far Judea's plain  
Shepherds heard their sweet refrain  
From the welkin ringing.

"Peace on earth, good-will to men,"  
Tidings glad they're tolling;  
"Blessed Christmas come again,"  
On the air is swelling.  
Now let notes of praise ascend,  
Voices altogether blend,  
Joy fill every dwelling.

"Christ is born, the Prince of Peace,"  
Bells are now repeating.  
Let all strife and discord cease,  
Give all kindly greeting.  
Let this day of Jesus' birth  
Bind together hearts on earth;  
Time is all too fleeting.

### ANGER.

In a moment of anger a man may do what he will regret during all his after life. The following is an illustration of this fact. Two boys, Jerre Blunt and Will Hamlin, had been playfellows from babyhood, going to school together, and studying from the same books. They rarely disagreed.

One morning the two boys started off to school as usual. On the way a dispute arose about a jackknife. Will had, the previous day, borrowed Jerre's knife, and when he returned it the rivet was loose. Jerre said little at the time, but this unfortunate morning it was alluded to with great bitterness.

"You tried to spoil my knife, 'cause you ain't got one yourself!" said Jerre, angrily.

"I didn't!" said Will; "an' you lie if you say so!"

More angry words followed, then blows. Neither of the boys could tell who struck the first blow; but they fought like wild beasts. Will was thrown to the ground, and before he could rise Jerry's coppered-toed boot hit him twice in the back. He cried out sharply with pain, and then lay very still. He was lying partly on his face, his back toward Jerre, and as he did not move, Jerre cried out with boyish scorn—

"Want to make believe I've hurt you awful! I hope I have, so't you'll let my jackknife alone!" and he turned and walked toward the school house. After going a short distance he looked back, and, seeing that Will had not moved, exclaimed—

"You'd better be comin' along; you'll be late;" and then he walked slowly back, and, bending down, took Will's arm, saying, more gently, for he had become somewhat alarmed at his friend's silence, "Get up and come along to school. I didn't mean to hurt you."

"Oh, my back!" said Will, as if recovering from unconsciousness, and, moving slightly, turned a white face toward Jerre. "It feels so bad!" He tried to rise. "I can't! I can't!" he moaned, and sank back. Jerre was thoroughly alarmed now, and tried to assist him, but Will only groaned with pain at each effort. A neighbour's team came along at that moment, and the driver, seeing that something was wrong, lifted Will into his waggon, and told Jerre to go and call the doctor.

For long, painful weeks and months poor Will lay helpless; then he began to sit in a chair, and at last to walk with the aid of crutches. When at last the sorrowful decision was given, "Will can never walk without his crutches," poor Jerre was perhaps the most unhappy one of all concerned. Gladly would he have exchanged his own sound body for his friend's crippled one, for he felt he was the cause of his misfortune.

Had the two lads been the bitterest enemies they could have wished no worse fate for each other, the one a pitiful cripple, the other a life-long regret—all for a moment's anger.

### A FINE INSTANCE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

"I have nothing to regret," said a young man, as he stood looking down upon the still, white face of his dead mother. "No, I have nothing to regret, now that she is at rest," he repeated. "I feel that everything that could be done to make her comfortable was done, but my heart bleeds when I remember that in all the years to come her corner will be empty."

Ten years before Benton Gibbons had entered college, full of ambitious plans for the future. At the beginning of his junior year his father died, but his mother, anxious that he should complete his education, insisted that he should keep up his studies, but before a twelvemonth had passed away this precious mother was laid aside by an incurable disease. The older children were all married and gone, so Benton cheerfully gave up his loved studies and came back to assist his young sister in caring for the helpless invalid.

Securing a subordinate position in a store in the village, the young man had spent the last seven years of his life in ministering to his mother. All his bright visions of a grand life had been set aside, that she might lack for nothing, and now at the end of these shattered years, he could look back and say he had nothing to regret. His own disappointed hopes counted for nothing. The best years of his life were not lost when they were devoted to mother. He had no regrets for the might-have-beens or the would-have-beens, if things had been different. No self-denial was a sacrifice when it was made for mother, and all his after years will be blessed by the knowledge that he did his duty, expecting no reward, but an approving conscience and a mother's benediction. The whole current of his life was changed when he turned his back upon his college friends; but the aching void in his heart at sight of the empty corner was all that troubled him, when the dear mother was called up higher.

### CHRISTMAS DAY.

The Christmas chimes are pealing high  
Beneath the solemn Christmas sky,  
And glowing winds their notes prolong.  
Like echoes from an angel's song;  
"Good-will and peace, peace and good-will,"  
Ring out the carols glad and gay,  
Telling the heavenly message still,  
That Christ the Child was born to-day.

### HOW THE DOG HAD HIS LIKENESS TAKEN.

"Cæsar" was a fine Newfoundland of great intelligence. One morning his mistress took the dog, with some of the children of her family, to a photographer, with a view of having the picture taken of the group. For nearly an hour the lady tried to place "Cæsar" in a posture suitable for the purpose of getting a likeness; but when she thought he was all right he would slowly get up, shake his huge body, and of course spoil the picture.

Annoyed at his conduct, the lady opened the door, and in a stern voice said to "Cæsar," "Go home, sir! You have displeased me very much; you shall not stay with us any longer." Hereupon "Cæsar" slunk away with a crestfallen look; and his mistress made no further attempt to put him in the picture. But the next day, much to her surprise, "Cæsar" came home with a box tied round his neck. What could it mean? He seemed to be greatly pleased and wagged his tail expressively, while waiting for the opening of the box. His mistress was still more surprised when she found

that it contained a fine photograph of "Cæsar" himself.

At her earliest convenience she called on the photographer to inquire how he had succeeded in enticing the dog into his room and keeping him quiet. He said that on the morning following the failure he heard a noise in the entry, as if some one was thumping on the door. On opening it, he found "Cæsar" standing there, with wistful and eager face. He tried to drive him away; but the dog insisted on entering; then walked to the old place directly in front of the instrument, and sat quietly down, as much as to say, "Now, sir, I'm ready to make amends for my undignified behaviour of yesterday."

As soon as he saw that the artist had done with him, "Cæsar" rose and stretched himself, with the satisfaction of one who had wiped out a disgrace by making reparation. He then waited for the photograph which was tied around his neck, and he trotted home with it to his mistress.

### THE REFINER.

There was once a little bit of gold lying hid in the earth. It had lain hid so long that it thought it should never be used, and it said to itself:

"Why do I lie idle here? Why am I not picked up, that men may see me shine?"

One day a man dug it up, and looked at it, and said:

"There is some gold in this lump; but I cannot use it as it is; I must take it to the refiner."

When the refiner got it, he threw it into a melting-pot, and heated his fire to melt the gold. As soon as the little piece of gold felt the heat of the fire, it began to tremble, and cried:

"I wish I had lain quiet in the earth."

But the fire grew hotter and hotter, and at last the gold melted, and left all the earthy part of the lump by itself.

"Now," said the gold, "my troubles are over; now I shall shine."

But its troubles were not over yet. The man took it once more, and began to hammer it into some shape.

"Ah," said the gold, "what a trouble it is to be gold; if I had been dross or common earth I should not have been put to all this pain."

"That is true," replied the man; "if you had been dross you would not have had all this pain; but then you would not have become what you are now—a beautiful gold ring."

The piece of gold is a little child. The dross or common earth means the child's faults and weaknesses. Jesus is the Refiner. He sends trials and troubles to us to make us good and strong, and to take away our weaknesses and faults.

Pain is one of the little child's trials. If we bear it patiently, Jesus will make us better by pain. He will make you brave and gentle. Next time when you have to bear pain, say to yourself:

"Jesus is taking away my faults; I must be patient."

### THE BEST FRIENDS.

"I wish I had some good friends to help me on in life!" said lazy Dennis. "Good friends? Why, you have ten," replied his master. "I'm sure I haven't half so many; and those I have are too poor to help me." "Count your fingers, my boy," said his master. "I have; there are ten," said the lad. "Then never say you have not ten good friends able to help you on in life. Try what those ten friends can do before you go to grumbling and fretting because you do not get help from others."