

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

"WELL DONE."

Not what you say,
Or wish, or hope,
While through the darkness
Here you grope;
But what you do,
And what you are,
In heart and thought
And character—
This only makes you great;
And this,
If clothed in Jesus' righteousness,
Will open Heaven's gate.

Sell all and buy
This precious gem,
And wear it as
A diadem;
A heart that's clean,
A mind that's pure,
Will prompt to deeds
Which shall endure,
So God will own you as His son,
And say
To you when ends life's little day:
"Well done!" my child; "well done!"

SUSIE'S MISTAKE.

The town clock had struck four. School was over for the day. After stopping for a few moments in the shawl-room, to put on hats and cloaks, the girls ran out of the house, down the streets leading to their homes.

Maria Rogart, Susie Roberts, and two or three other girls, went together along Main street. As usual, they had a great deal to say to one another.

Susie Roberts was telling about her cousin, lately arrived from Europe—how the steamer had just escaped striking against an iceberg—how her cousin had brought several trunks, full of beautiful things, and what a time she had getting them through the Custom House.

"She is a grand lady," said Susie. "She knows all about French and German, and Italian, and she has just the whitest little hands that I ever saw! I do not suppose that she knows how to do a bit of housework. I got up early this morning, so that I could get my room in order, and do my dusting before she came down to breakfast."

"Why, Susie, are you ashamed to have her know that you dust the parlours and take care of your own room?" asked Maria Rogart, laughing.

"Oh, I would not have her know it, on any account," said Susie. "As it is, I dare say she will think my hands very brown."

"I would not care," cried Ella Redman. "My mother said beautiful hands are the hands that obey that Bible verse:—'Whosoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' The king who said that was very rich, and very great."

Susie tossed her head, and assumed what she considered a grand air.

"I think the servants should do all the house-work," she said.

Little Mary Jamison wondered if it really were not "respectable" to sweep and dust a room, and wash the breakfast china. She took a peep at her brown hands, and drew on her gloves as quickly as possible. The girls were quiet for the remainder of the walk. Susie's words had set them all to thinking.

That evening, when Edith Grey's mother reminded her that, as Ellen, the housemaid, was out, it was time for her to set the tea-table, instead of running to do so with her usual willingness, she pouted, and muttered something about doing a servant's work.

She handled the pretty china so carelessly that two cups fell, and broke into ever so many pieces. They were the first of the set to be broken. It was a set of china, too, that her mother prized very much, because it had come to her from her grandmother.

"I am a horrid, careless girl," Edith said, bursting into tears, and ready to put the blame on some one else—"it all comes from listening to that foolish Susie Roberts' ridiculous notions. My grandmother was a lady, and yet I dare say that she took care of her china, and polished her furniture!"

Meanwhile Susie was having what she thought a very hard time. She was in the sitting-room, with her mother and cousin, when Mrs. Roberts said:

"By the way, Susie, before I forget it, after you have done your dusting to-morrow, if you have time before school, I would like you to polish the dining-table. You have neglected that a great deal lately. I do not know what your grandmother would say if she could see her old furniture."

Susie's cheeks flushed. She did not dare to look at her cousin, she could only trust that she had not heard.

Next morning Susie was up very early, determined to get all done before breakfast. With dust-cap and apron on, she was working away very industriously, when, to her dismay, she saw her cousin pass the door, on the way to the library.

"Good morning, Susie," she said, "let me help you. I shall forget my skill if I do not get to housekeeping soon."

Susie was so much surprised by this remark, that she stood for a moment in silence, looking at her cousin.

"You see," continued to bright little lady, "it is quite two years since I made a cup of coffee or a loaf of bread—just think of it! I dare say, Susie, that you know a good deal about housework? When I was a little girl I was delighted to help my mother"—she began to rub the old-fashioned sideboard so vigorously that Susie was sure it would outshine the table—"I have a great fancy for women who are good house-keepers," continued the lady, talking and laughing, and using the wax and brush—all at the same time. "My favourite is that Queen Bertha, who lived in Burgundy about nine hundred years ago. She kept house so beautifully that they stamped her likeness on a coin; they represented her as sitting at her spinning-wheel."

Susie could scarcely believe her ears.

"I have heard of persons who were ashamed of work, but I consider them very silly—don't you, Susie? I think they forget that nice chapter in Proverbs about the industrious woman. There is a very pretty verse in that chapter—I went hunting through it once for a birthday verse—and I was ever so much pleased to find this: 'She looketh well to the ways of her household,' and 'She is not afraid of the snow nor her household, for all her household are clothed with scarlet.'"

THREE BAD BARGAINS.

Once a Sabbath school teacher remarked that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain, and inquired if any scholar recollected an instance in Scripture of a bad bargain. "I do," replied a boy: "Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage." A second said: "Judah made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver." A third boy observed: "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul."

FANNIE'S PARTY.

Davy was a very pretty little boy. He had one fault though; he was very selfish. He did not like to share anything with his little brothers and sisters. One day he went into the kitchen where his mother was at work, and saw on the table a saucer of jelly.

"Can I have that jelly?" asked Davy.

"Mrs. White sent it to me," said Davy's mother. "She has company to dinner, and made this jelly very nice. But I don't care for it; so you can have it if you won't be stingy with it."

Davy took the saucer of jelly and went out into the yard; but he did not call his little brothers and sisters to help him eat it.

"If I divide with them there will be a spoonful apiece," he thought. "It is better for one to have enough than for each to have just a little!"

So he ran to the barn and climbed up to the loft, where he was sure no one would think of looking for him.

Just as he began to eat the jelly he heard his sister Fannie calling him. But he did not answer her. He kept very still.

"They always want some of every thing I have," he said to himself. "If I had just a ginger-snap they think I ought to give them each a piece."

When the jelly was all eaten, and he had scraped the saucer clean, Davy went down into the barn-yard and played with the little white calf, and hunted for eggs in the shed where the cows were. He was ashamed to go into the house, for he knew he had been very stingy about the jelly.

"O Davy!" said Fannie, running into the barn-yard, "where have you been this long time? We looked everywhere for you."

"What did you want?" asked Davy, thinking that, of course, his sister would say she had wanted him to share the jelly with her.

"Mother gave us a party," said Fannie; "we had all the doll's dishes set out on the little table under the big tree by the porch; and we had strawberries, cake and raisins. Just as we sat down to eat, Mrs. White saw us from the window, and she sent over a big bowl of ice-cream and some jelly, left from the dinner; we had a splendid time; you ought to have been with us."

Poor Davy! How mean he felt! But he was well punished for eating his jelly all alone.—*Our Little Ones.*

THE lips of the righteous feed many: but fools die for want of wisdom.