

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE TWO GLASSES.

There sat two glasses filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim.
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one as clear as the crystal flood.

Said the glass of wine to the paler brother:
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other;
I can tell of banquet, and revel, and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch, as though struck by blight
Where I was king, for I ruled in might.
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown;
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down;
I have blasted many an honest name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste.

"Far greater than any king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky.
I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail;
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me;
For they said, 'Behold, how great you be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you fall,
For your might and power are over all.'
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the water glass: "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned, or a murdered host;
But I can tell of a heart once sad
By my crystal drops made light and glad,
Of thirst I've quenched, of brows I've laved;
Of hands I have cooled, and lives I have saved;
I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the moun-
tain,

Flowed in the river, and played in the fountain;
Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain,
I have made the parched meadow grow fertile with grain.
I can tell of the powerful wheel in the mill,
That ground out the flour and turned at my will.
I can tell of manhood, debased by you,
That I have lifted and crowned anew,
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
I gladden the heart of man and of maid!
I set the chained wine-captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."

Those are the tales they told each other—
The glass of wine and his paler brother,
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

DECEIVING.

JEMMY was playing in the work-shop, and he broke his father's new saw. When he saw the mischief he had done he was frightened. "What shall I do?" thought Jemmy. "Go and tell mother? Wait till father comes home and tell him?" He did neither. He hoisted a hard stick partly sawn on the wood-horse, and put the broken saw beside it. That looked as if Ozro had done it.

Ozro was a boy who lived with Mr. Davis. Mr. Davis found things just as Jemmy had left them. "Who broke my new saw?" he asked. Nobody could tell. Alice did not, neither Esther, nor cousin George, nor Bridget; and Jemmy kept out of the way. Ozro, he sawed and split the wood.

When Ozro came home, Mr. Davis asked him. "No, sir," answered he promptly. Mr. Davis could not believe him, for was not there the very stick he had been sawing?

The next day Jemmy heard his father say to his mother, "I cannot keep that Ozro; he lied right to my face. Of course he broke the saw; there was nobody else to do it. I do not mind so much about the saw; but the lie. I cannot trust him in future."

Jemmy wished the ground would open and swallow him up. He could not take his food; it stuck in his throat. Oh! he felt so mean, and wicked, and wretched.

After this, Jemmy found no comfort in

Ozro's society. Ozro was a pleasant boy, who liked little boys, and was willing to help them in many ways. Jemmy hardly went into the work-shop; and many a time he stayed out in the cold rather than go home at all. You know why.

"I have the prospect of getting another boy," said Mr. Davis, a few days after to his wife. "When Ozro's mother comes, I want to tell her that I cannot keep her son—and why. A boy who can tell me a deliberate lie like that is not safe company for any of us."

"Oh, dear, dear, dear," cried Jemmy to himself; "I wish I was dead—dead and buried." His load grew heavier and heavier.

At the end of the month Ozro's mother came to see him. Mrs. Davis was sorry to have such a message for her; but it must be told. The poor mother looked grieved indeed. "I never caught Ozro in a lie in all his life," said she. "Can it be he has begun now?"

"No, mother," said Ozro; "I never broke that saw. You will believe me, mother?"

"Yes, my child; I believe you."

And so did Mrs. Davis. His honest face had no guilt in it.

"I believe you, Ozro," said Mrs. Davis. "There is some cruel mistake about this."

Tears came into the poor boy's eyes.

"Stay until after dinner," said Mrs. Davis to Ozro's mother. "Mr. Davis will be home then."

Jemmy was home from school sick that day. When his mother went back to the sitting-room, she found him with his elbow on the table, and his head on his hand, looking very pale.

"What ails you, Jemmy?" she asked.

Jemmy burst out crying.

"What ails you, Jemmy?" she asked again.

"I'm the wickedest boy that ever was," sobbed Jemmy. "You shan't send away Ozro. I broke the saw."

"My child! my child!" exclaimed the mother.

I need hardly tell you that Ozro was not sent away. Everybody was glad when his character was clear.

Jemmy then asked Ozro's forgiveness as well as that of his parents.

His mother then gave him these words to learn: "Crooked paths, whoever goeth therein shall not know peace."

CHARLIE'S ORANGE.

LADY paid a visit to her friend, and she brought in her basket two large oranges. She gave one to Charlie and the other to Alice. The children very kindly thanked the lady and were much pleased. They longed to suck the sweet juice. "May we?" asked Charlie, looking at his mother. Mother said they might do as they pleased.

Just then the door was pushed open, and little Bertha ran in. Bertha stopped when she saw what Alice had in her hand; and when she saw that Charlie had one too, she puckered up her lip with a grieved look, ran to her mother, and hiding her face in her lap, began to cry.

"Dear Bertha," said the little boy, "you shall have my orange. I'll give it to Bertha, because she's littler than I, and she's been sick;" and he put his orange into her hand.

"Why do you give her the whole of it, Charlie?" asked mother.

"Because, mother, the Bible says it is more blessed to give than to receive?" said Charlie.

"I think it is better to receive," said Alice, not quite pleased. "Why is it more blessed to give than to receive?"

"Because it is more like God," answered the little fellow brightly.

Oh, yes, God is a great giver. When we wake up in the morning, who gives us the beautiful light? God. Who gives us food three times a day? God. Who gives water in the springs and rain from heaven? God. Who gives us eyes to see with, feet to walk with, minds to think, and hearts to love with? God. Who gives us the fresh, pure air to breathe? God. God gives us our health, our clothing, our parents, our homes, our gardens, our schools, our Bibles, our teachers. He gives us richly all things to enjoy. He does not stint us. He does not give grudgingly.

But there is something better and more wonderful still that He gives us. Do you know what it is? When He found we could not be saved from our sins any other way, "He gave His only-begotten Son to die for us." Was not that good?

Yes God loves to give, and He loves to have His people give. He does not like to have them covetous; He does not like to see them hoard. So that when we learn to give and love to give, we become like Him.

HENRY ASKING A BLESSING.

HENRY had never heard his father pray. A Christian friend, while visiting the house, was invited to conduct family prayers, and also to ask a blessing at the table. Henry wished his father would do so every day.

One evening, only Henry and his little brother and his aged grandmother sat at the table, the rest of the family taking tea with a neighbour.

"Grandma," said Henry, "may I ask a blessing?"

"Yes," she replied, her eyes filling with tears.

"O God, bless our bread and milk! Make us good children. Bless pa, ma, grandma. Amen," said Henry. He thought no more about it; but dear grandma told his father when he came home. The father's heart was touched by the example, and he resolved to follow it and have a prayerless house no longer.

"I am but one, but I am one. I cannot do much, but I can do something; and all I can do I ought to do, and by God's grace will do."

SUNSHINE.—A little child was eating her breakfast with a spoon, and the sun shone in upon her little mess of broth. As she lifted a spoonful to her mouth, she said, "Mother, what do you think? I have eaten a spoonful of sunshine."

FRED'S mother writes me, "Fred and Daisy are both members of our church, and are dear Christian children; is it not a blessed thing?" Yes, indeed; nothing makes a Christian-mother half so glad as to see her dear children walking in the fear of the Lord, and trusting in Jesus for the forgiveness of their sins.