

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

"NO, I will not lend you my sled, Willie; I want to use it myself, so you needn't beg any longer," said little Charlie Albertson, as he and Willie Miller were standing on the village hill one winter's afternoon. "If your father is too poor to buy you one," he continued, "I can't help that, so move out of the way now, for I want to ride down hill."

The little boy moved away, and watched the flying sled with longing eyes. Charlie was right, though he did not know it. Willie's father could not afford to buy his little son a sled; for it took all his hard-earned money to purchase clothes and food for the many little ones at home, and Willie had tried to make one, all in vain.

It was a trial for him to see the other boys coasting, and he could not help thinking that Charlie was unkind to refuse him "just one ride." But he brushed away the tears and ran home, trying not to feel so very sorry.

Did the ice melt after Willie left, or were the sled runners out of order? What is the reason that Charley did not enjoy coasting as he had done before? There was no one now to beg for "just one ride," no one to stand in the way, then why was it the little boy so soon left the hill and dragged his sled into the house?

In the evening just as Charlie had finished studying the last lesson, his father looked up from a book he had been reading, and asked the little boy if he could say all the commandments.

"Yes, indeed, papa," replied Charlie. "What a question? I knew them all years ago."

"Very well, repeat them," returned Mr. Albertson.

Charlie commenced and ended the tenth exultantly, without missing one word.

"Go on," said his father, "I want to hear the eleventh."

"The eleventh, papa!" exclaimed the child, "I never heard of it. There are no more in my Bible, at any rate," and Charlie brought his little Bible, open at the twentieth chapter of Exodus.

"Suppose God should give us a new commandment wouldn't you call that the eleventh?" asked his father.

Mr. Albertson then turned to the thirteenth chapter of the Gospel of St John, and asked him to read the thirty-fourth verse.

"A new commandment I give unto you. That ye love one another as I have loved you, that ye also love one another," read Charlie.

"Now, when I tell you," said his father, "that I passed through the woods on the hill this afternoon, I guess my little boy will know why I wanted to hear if he remembered the eleventh commandment."

Charlie blushed; for he knew that his father must have heard his cross words to little Willie, and he felt very sorry indeed that they had ever been said.

"I wonder if my little son knows how hard Mr. Miller has to work in order to buy even bread and clothing for his many children," said Mr. Albertson. "I wonder if he saw the tears

that filled little Willie's eyes, as he turned away from the hill this afternoon. If my little boy had seen how sadly the poor child looked, I do not think he could have enjoyed even coasting afterwards."

"And I'm sure I didn't enjoy it at all, papa," said Charlie, trying in vain to dry the tears which would come, as he thought of Willie. "I am very, very sorry that I was so unkind; but what can I do now?"

"Think for yourself, Charlie," said Mr. Albertson, "and try to find some way to show your love for poor little Willie."

Charlie thought a long while, and then springing up, clapping his hands, exclaimed, "I know what would be splendid, papa; I will take some of the money that you gave me at Christmas, and buy a sled for Willie; wouldn't he be pleased?"

"That is a capital plan," replied his father, "and to-morrow we will go to select one."

Very early the next morning Mr. Albertson and Charlie started out, and bought the prettiest sled in the village store, and before school commenced, Charlie asked Willie if he would not like to try it. The poor boy was delighted, and after having rode down the hill several times, brought the sled back again to Charlie, with many thanks.

"Keep it," said Charlie, so excited that he did not know what to say; "I don't want it; it's yours, I didn't mean to be so cross."

Willie could not understand what was meant, and it was some time before he could realize that the beautiful sled with a prancing black horse painted on it, was really his own, "to keep for ever and ever," as Charlie said. Then how happy he was, and how happy they both were together, I cannot begin to tell my little reader.

"I mean to write the eleventh commandment in large letters and hang it in my room," said Charlie, after he had told his father how happy the sled had made Willie. "Wouldn't that be a good plan, papa?"

"Yes, my darling," said Mr. Albertson; "but do not forget to ask God to write it on your heart as well, and give you strength to keep it always."

"Yes, indeed, I will ask Jesus to help me," said Charlie, "for I never could keep it all alone."

Now I wonder what the little boy is going to do who has just finished this story. Will he lay the paper aside, and forget the beautiful new commandment Christ has given him, or will he not rather think of the great love Jesus shewed for him, when dying on the cross that he might live, and pray God to help him shew forth his love for that dear Saviour, by keeping the new commandment?

THE BEARS' SERMON.

UNCLE Fred was sitting under a tree in the orchard, reading his paper. The children caught sight of him, and then there was a rush and a hurry to see who could get to him first. Will and Tom were the fastest runners, and didn't mind the fence any more than a log, but poor little Bobby and Sue, though they went as fast as their little legs could carry them, were far behind, and besides

the fence was too high for them to climb, so they set up a pitiful cry, begging the boys to wait and help them.

Will and Tom were in too much of a hurry for that, and the poor little things would have cried in vain, had not Uncle Fred left his tree and newspaper, and lifted them over the fence.

Will and Tom were resting under the tree when he came back, looking rather ashamed.

"Why you are not as kind as the bears," Uncle Fred said. "I am going to punish you, by making you listen to a sermon."

"Do you know how they catch bears in Russia?"

No, the children didn't, and they settled themselves with a delighted air, for they knew a story was coming.

"It is easy enough, as they do it. Why, you children could catch half a dozen at once, if you chose."

"Could we, really, Uncle Fred?" the boys asked, eagerly.

"Could we, too?" echoed Bobby and Sue, with wide open eyes.

"Yes, if you were strong enough to dig a pit several feet deep. Will and Tom could do that, if I helped a little, and Bobby and Sue could cover over the top with turf, leaves, and sticks, so as to hide the hole. Then all we would have to do would be to put some food on top, hide behind a tree, and watch."

"And then—what next, what next?" cried the children in a breath.

"Why, then, we should see a big black bear shuffling along. As he came near the pit, he would begin to sniff, and sniff, and look around to see where the food was. In a minute he would see it, but the moment he would put his paw on the turf, he would go to the bottom of the pit."

"Would it kill him?"

"Oh no, but he couldn't get out, possibly, and then the hunter would come and shoot him. But if four or five bears happen to tumble into the same hole, they all get out again by stepping on each other's shoulders, and so reach the top of the pit, all but the bottom one, and he, poor fellow, would never get out if bears were not kinder than boys."

Will and Tom were too much ashamed to ask how, so Uncle Fred went on:

"The first thing they do, when they get out themselves, is to get a branch of a tree, which they let down to their poor brother bear. In a minute more he is out, and away they all scamper to the woods. If the bears were like some boys, they would have left the poor, helpless bear to cry in the pit while they ran off to have a good time."

Uncle Fred had told them a story, but the boys found they had been listening to a sermon all the time. It was one they could not help remembering either, for, whenever they started to run and leave their little brother and sister to help themselves, the bear sermon would come into their minds, and they would be so ashamed to have bears kinder than boys, that they would stop and be kind too.

THE American Bible Society lately procured for its use a new stop-cylinder printing-press, upon which an entire copy of the Bible can be printed every minute.