

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WHO DID IT?

Who made the stars look out at night?
Who gave the sun his heat and light?
Who framed the moon so clear and bright?
'Twas God!

Who gave each little bird a wing,
And taught it how to fly and sing,
And make the woods with music ring?
'Twas God!

Who made each pretty blade of grass
O'er which my infant footsteps pass
Wear drops of dew, like beads of glass?
'Twas God!

Who filled the salt and stormy sea
With water and with shells, for me,
And fishes bright, that bound with glee?
'Twas God!

Who shaped my little hands and feet,
And warms me with His life and heat,
And gives me clothes and food to eat?
'Twas God!

Who built a happy place on high,
A glorious city in the sky,
Where all may go, e'en such as I?
'Twas God!

PROGRESS OF SIN.

The trees of the forest held a solemn Parliament, wherein they consulted of the wrongs the axe had done them. Therefore they enacted, That no tree should hereafter lend the axe wood for a handle, on pain of being cut down. The axe travels up and down the forest, begs wood of the cedar, ash, oak, elm, even to the poplar. Not one would lend him a chip. At last he desired so much as would serve him to cut down the briars and bushes, alleging that these shrubs did suck away the juice of the ground, hinder the growth, and obscure the glory of the fair and goodly trees. Hereon they were content to give him so much; but when he had got the handle he cut down themselves too. These be the subtle reaches of sin. Give it but a little advantage, on the fair promise to remove thy troubles, and it will cut down thy soul also. Therefore resist beginnings. Trust it not in the least.

THE CHIPMUNK.

The chipmunk likes to dig his hole in the dry banks, and you may often hear a rustling in the thick beds of dry leaves loud enough to attract your attention from a distance of fifteen or twenty rods. A cautious approach to the spot will show you a couple of chipmunks chasing each other round and round through the leaves. They will cease from their sports as you come near, but, if you sit down quietly, they will soon conclude that you are not dangerous and commence again. They often include the trunk of a fallen tree in their circuit, running along its whole length; then, plunging like divers into the leaves, they rush headlong through them, seeming greatly to enjoy the noise and stir which they make. They play in this way for hours; if one stops, the other turns back to look for him, and away they go again. The chipmunk can climb as well as any squirrel, and frequently does so when the coast is clear, but if danger threatens he makes haste to descend. He never can realize that a tree affords

him the least security. If you get so near before he sees you that he dares not come down, he plainly considers the situation to be very serious. Sometimes he will make a desperate rush for the ground within reach of your hand, and as soon as you withdraw he comes down and scampers away, evidently feeling that he has got well out of a bad scrape. Let his larger cousin, red, black or gray, depend on trees for safety if they choose; his trust is stone walls and brush heaps, not to mention his burrow. Within reach of these, his easy impudence is in striking contrast with his panic-stricken condition when treed.

WHO WINS?

Boys, this is a question of great importance. Who will succeed in life? The boy or man who spends his evenings away from home—attending music-hall, theatre, or billiard-room; playing dice, billiards, or cards; smoking tobacco, or gambling? or the one who is entirely free from all that we have named—whose inclinations are in the direction of home, industry, sobriety self-culture, of right, the truth, and of God? We have in mind a most worthy gentleman who stands high in business circles, because when but a boy on the streets he chose the right and maintained it. At eleven his father died, leaving a wife and four children. From that time for seven years that boy sold papers and blacked boots, all the while supporting the family out of his daily profits. At eighteen he commenced business for himself as a merchant, and to-day is highly respected by his many friends and acquaintances, and is doing a flourishing business.

Who wins? The boy or man of bad habits? No! The boy or man who can swear, cheat, lie, or steal, without being found out? No! But he wins who is not ashamed to pray to God in the hour of temptation for help—for strength more than human when adversity overwhelms. He who reads God's Word and trusts it; who is not governed by the motive, Is it expedient? but is it right?—he wins.

A POOR BOY'S NOBLE RESOLUTION.

I know I am poor; but I am not ragged, and I will try to be honest. I can go to the Sabbath school, and there I can get many a tract and pretty book, and my teacher says, if I get the knowledge of Christ I shall be richer than many a man who owns thousands of pounds. Yes, I am poor! But I am not poor enough to steal, or to beg, or to lie. And I am not near poor enough to sell on the Sabbath, or to go to public-houses.

What if I am poor? My teacher says the blessed Saviour was poor. He says the apostles were poor. And he says God loves the poor.

I will sing a little verse before I work:

"He that is down need fear no fall;
He that is poor, no pride;
He that is humble over shall
Have God to be his guide!"

Thank ye for that, good John Bunyan; they say you were a poor boy yourself once; no better than a tinker. Very well; you are rich enough now, I dare say.

I don't see, after all, but that I can sing as gaily as if I had a thousand pounds, Money

does not lighten people's hearts. There is Squire Jones, he is rich, but I never heard him sing a hymn in my life. His cheek is paler than mine, and his arm is thinner; and I am sure he can't sleep sounder than I do.

No, I am not so poor either. This fine spring morning I feel quite rich. The fields and flowers are mine. The red clouds yonder, where the sun is going to rise, are mine. All these robins and thrushes and larks are mine. I never was sick in my life. I have bread and water. What could money buy for me more than this?

I thought I was poor, but I am rich.

The birds have no purse or pocket-book, neither have I. They have no pains or aches; neither have I. They have food and drink, so have I. They are cheerful; so am I. They are taken care of by the Lord; so am I.

ANIMAL FRIENDSHIP.

Cats and dogs, when on friendly terms, will occasionally combine against a common foe. The Rev. L. Jenyns was informed by a lady correspondent that a little Blenheim spaniel of hers once accompanied her to the house of a relation, and when being taken into the kitchen to be fed two large cats flew at it and scratched it severely. During the lady's stay at this house the spaniel gradually contrived to form a friendship with the gardener's cat, and one day persuaded it to follow him into the kitchen, where, finding one of his enemies alone, he set at it, and assisted by his feline ally, gave it a sound drubbing. The two victors then remained in possession of the field until the other foe appeared, when they both fell upon it, and drove it too from the kitchen. During the remainder of the visit the spaniel and the gardener's cat continued their friendship for each other, eating off the same plate in undisturbed amity.

ONE RAY OF LIGHT.

The outer door of the house opened into the yard; but between this door and the one that led into the kitchen there was a passage about three feet long. Margie Lee's mother said to her one bright winter's day, "I wonder if my little daughter will go to the barn to get me some eggs."

"Yes, indeed, mother, that is a kind of fun that I always like."

"Very well; hurry off, girlie."

So Margie took a little basket and went out. In a few moments she came back with rosy cheeks and bright eyes, and a basket full of eggs. And as she set the basket upon the table she exclaimed, "O mother, when I closed the inner door there was just one ray of light came under the outer one, so the passage was really light and not dark at all."

And that made Mrs. Lee remember what I hope you will remark, that in the darkest place one ray of the light of God's love makes all bright. In sorrow, temptation, or sin, if we will open our hearts and let this great love flow in, there will be no more darkness, for the rays of peace and joy and love will make all light.

"THE fear of the Lord prolongeth days: but the years of the wicked shall be shortened."—*Prov. x. 27.*