

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### CHIMES OF THE CLOCK.

What says the clock when it strikes one?  
"Watch," says the clock, "oh, watch, little one."

What says the clock when it strikes two?  
"Love God, little one, for God loves you."

Tell me softly what it whispers at three.  
It is, "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

"Then come, gentle lambs, and wander no more,"  
'Tis the voice of the Shepherd that calls you at four.

And, oh! let your young hearts with gladness revive,  
When it echoes so sweetly, "God bless you," at five.

And remember at six, at the fading of day,  
That your life is a vapour that fadeth away.

And what says the clock when it strikes seven?  
"Of such is the kingdom—the kingdom of heaven."

And what says the clock when it strikes eight?  
"Strive to enter in at the beautiful gate."

And louder, still louder, it calls you at nine,  
"My son, oh, give me that heart of thine."

And such be your voices responsive at ten,  
"Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna! Amen!"

And loud let the chorus ring out at eleven,  
"Of such is the kingdom—the kingdom of heaven."

When the deep strokes at midnight the watchword shall ring,  
"Lo! these are My jewels, these, these," saith the King.

### PETTING THE TIGER.

I remember reading of a mother visiting a menagerie with a lovely infant in her arms. As they stood by the tiger's cage, the animal, apparently quiet, permitted the caresses of the babe. The mother, thinking it under the control of its keeper, and caged in iron bars, relaxed her vigilance, when suddenly the tiger seized the child, and in one fatal moment made it its prey.

I thought as I read the paragraph, how many worse than tiger's cages we have all over this loved land of ours. They form almost an unbroken network from ocean to ocean. It is a palace-like building here, a less pretentious one there, and a shanty down by the railroad. Each holds alike the same enemy, the sparkling wine-cup.

Do you see those two friends shaking hands so heartily on the steps of yonder grand hotel? They have not met since boyhood's days, and now middle age claims them.

"Come in, Fred. With a social glass between us, we'll talk over by-gones. Waiter, some of your best champagne. No shaking of your head, Fred."

The champagne is brought, and the friends are quickly reviewing the past.

"Have your glass filled again, Fred; 'tis really worth your while to take a draught from these glasses. The design is a triumph of art. We have lived thus long without any harm from the cheerful glass. We have wills strong as iron bars, and they can guard with master-like vigilance our failings—if we have any."

A third time the glasses were filled, and, "Here's a double health to thee," was sung with the vim of college days.

Then they parted. But mark the sequel. The appetite, which they boasted was caged

with strong wills, had not then been caressed. The desire became a tiger, and ere long one of the jolly friends filled a drunkard's grave, and the other, a wreck, dwelt in a maniac's cell.

### LITTLE GOLDENHAIR.

Goldenhair climbed upon grandpa's knee;  
Dear little Goldenhair, tired was she,  
All the day busy as busy can be.

Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light,  
Out with the birds and butterflies bright,  
Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpa toyed with the curls on her head.  
"What has my darling been doing," he said,  
"Since she rose with the sun from her bed?"

"Pitty much," answered the sweet little one,  
"I cannot tell so much things I have done—  
Played with my dolly and fedded my bun;

"And then I jumped with my little jump-rope,  
And I made out of some water and soap  
Bootiful worlds—mamma's castles of hope.

"Then I have readed in my picture book,  
And Bella and I, we went to look  
For smooth little stones by the side of the brook.

"And then I comed home and oated my tea,  
And I climbed up on grandpa's knee,  
And I's jes as tired as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little head pressed,  
Until it had dropped upon grandpa's breast;  
Dear little Goldenhair, sweet be thy rest!

We are but children; things that we do  
Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite view,  
That marks all our weakness, and pities it, too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way,  
And we shall be called to account for our day,  
He shall find us as guiltless as Goldenhair lay.

And oh, when aweary, may we be so blest,  
And sink like the innocent child to our rest,  
And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast.

### PAWS AND CLAWS.

"Mother," said little Nannie, "sometimes pussy has paws, and sometimes she has claws. Isn't that funny? She pats with her paws and play prettily; but she scratches with her claws, and then I don't love her. I wish she had no claws, but only soft little paws; then she would never scratch, but would be always nice."

"Well, Nannie, dear," said her mother, "remember that you are very much like pussy. These little hands, so soft and delicate, when well employed, are like pussy's paws—very pleasant to feel; but when they pinch or scratch or strike in anger, then they are like pussy's claws."

"Well, that's funny enough, mother. I never thought that I was so much like pussy."

"You love pussy much," said her mother, "and you may learn a good lesson from her. When you think kind thoughts, and speak gentle, loving words, then you are like pussy with her nice, soft paws, and everybody will love you; but when you think bad thoughts, or give way to ugly tempers and speak cross and angry words, then you are like pussy with her sharp, scratching claws, and no one can love you."

Nice soft paws are much pleasanter than sharp, tearing claws. And so gentleness is much pleasanter than anger or wrath, and this is a good reason why we should try to learn this lesson.

### A SERPENT AMONG THE BOOKS.

One day a gentleman in India went into his library and took down a book from the shelves. As he did so he felt a slight pain in his finger, like the prick of a pin. He thought that a pin had been stuck by some careless person in the cover of the book. But soon his finger began to swell, then his arm, then his whole body, and in a few days he died. It was not a pin among the books, but a small and deadly serpent.

There are many serpents among the books now-a-days. They nestle in the foliage of some of our most fascinating literature; they coil around the flowers whose perfume intoxicates the senses. People read and are charmed by the plot of the story, by the skill with which the characters are sculptured or grouped, by the gorgeousness of the word painting, and hardly feel the pin-prick of the evil that is insinuated. But it stings and poisons. When the record of ruined souls is made up on what multitudes will be inscribed, "Poisoned by serpents among the books."

### "ENOUGH TO POISON A PARISH."

A Protestant little girl, being asked by the priest to attend his religious instruction, refused, saying it was against her father's wishes. The priest said she should obey him and not her father.

"Oh, sir, we are taught in the Bible—'Honour thy father and thy mother.'"

"You have no business to read the Bible," said the priest.

"But, sir, our Saviour said in John v. 39, 'Search the Scriptures.'"

"That was only to the Jews, and not to children, and you don't understand it," said the priest.

"But, sir, St. Paul said to Timothy—'From a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures.'"  
(2 Tim. iii. 15.)

"Oh," said the priest, "Timothy was then being trained to be a bishop, and was taught by the authorities of the Church."

"Oh no, sir," said the child; "he was taught by his mother and his grandmother."

On this the priest turned her away, saying, she "knew enough of the Bible to poison a parish."

THEY that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

MAN will feel himself an orphan in the world, and cut off from the hope of a solution of his destiny, unless he may believe that there is a tie of sympathy and relationship between himself and his Master.

CHRISTIAN living and Christian character without Christ are impossibilities; with Christ they have been made a reality, before which the world has ever offered the homage of its admiration and respect.

"My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother: Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee."—Prov. vi. 20-22.