

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

MORNING HYMN.

God of mercy and of love,
Listen from the heaven above,
While to Thee my voice I raise
In a morning hymn of praise.
It was Thine almighty arm
Kept me all night long from harm;
It is only, Lord, by Thee
That another morn I see.

Father, keep me all day long
From all hurtful things and wrong;
Make me an obedient child,
Make me loving, gentle, mild.
Hark! the birds are singing gay;
Let me sing as well as they,
Praise to Him who reigns above,
For His mercies and His love.

"LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

Are you gentle to each other?
Are you careful, day by day,
Not to give offence by actions,
Or by anything you say?

Little children, love each other,
Never give another pain;
If your brother speak in anger,
Answer not in wrath again.

Be not selfish to each other;
Never spoil another's rest;
Strive to make each other happy,
If you would yourselves be blest.

BEING AND SEEMING.

"Do be quiet," said a young dove one day to his fellow-nestlings. "Keep your quarrel till those people have passed by. Don't you know you've got a character to keep up? Men have a way of saying 'As gentle as a dove,' and 'Birds in their little nests agree.'" And Pearlle, the speaker, gave a satirical coo, which sounded rather like a laugh.

"I don't mind what they say," said Duskie, hotly. "I don't see why Ruffie should take up so much room; I can't stir a claw, and all my feathers, which I smoothed so beautifully this morning, are turned up the wrong way." And Duskie gave Ruffie a peck, which Ruffie returned.

"Coo, coo, coo, coo!" said Pearlle, sweetly, trying to keep up the character of the family as the two girls, who had passed before, came by again. They were walking up and down learning their lessons.

"Do hear those sweet creatures," said one.

"What gentle voices they have," said Mary. "They always live at peace, I am sure."

"Of course," said Jenny, "but they seem to be fluttering in their nests, nevertheless. Look, Mary, if you stand here you can see them."

Pearlle, who had been pleased with the flattery of the first speaker, made grimaces at Duskie and Ruffie to keep quiet, but in vain; peck followed peck, and flutter followed flutter, till there was nothing to be done but to leave the nest and have it out in the air.

And so they did, and Mary and Jenny watched them with tearful eyes, for it seemed truly sad to see those pretty, soft and graceful birds fighting, with ruffled feathers and angry glances. Some feathers fell even at the children's feet, and Pearlle's gentle "coo, coos," which were kept up for the credit of the family, were drowned by her brother and sister's angry twitters.

At last the parent birds came back, and administered sharp correction to the naughty young ones.

"Duskie," said the father, "it ought to make you gentle to know it is expected of you to be 'as gentle as a dove.' And, Ruffie, you ought to be ashamed to have the character of being gentle and peaceful and not to deserve it."

"Yes, indeed!" said Pearlle, indignantly, "and if you had only seen how those saucy sparrows laughed! You were too angry to hear them, but they enjoyed your disgrace, and said something, which I did not understand, about profession and practice."

"Yes, dear, those are long words used by men, and they mean that we ought to be what we have the character of being."

"Ruffie, go outside the nest and smooth yourself, you naughty bird!" said the mother, "you look positively ugly. And, Duskie, you and your brother must not go to the pea-field for a week. In fact, I shall be obliged to keep you close by me. It is not only the harm you do to yourselves by being angry, but the harm you do to others."

"Why, those sparrows will make a mock at goodness always now, and you will find they will say, 'Oh, doves put on a meek and gentle manner, but they know how to fight and quarrel as well as others.' And those two dear little girls we met were crying, and I heard one say to the other, 'How sad! it seems worse to see doves fight than other birds. They look as if they ought to live at peace—as if God meant them to teach us a lesson about the beauty of gentleness, and meekness, and innocence; and they have spoiled the picture. I shall never see doves again without a painful feeling.'"

"Did she say that?" said Duskie in a choky voice. "That's worse than all; I thought it didn't matter much just being naughty once. But if she will never forget it, it has done her harm too; and she is such a dear little girl; she often throws me peas."

WHAT THE FLOWERS SAY.

The red rose says, "Be sweet,"
And the lily bids, "Be pure,"
The hardy, brave chrysanthemum,
"Be patient and endure."

The violet whispers, "Give,
Nor grudge nor count the cost,"
The woodbine, "Keep on blossoming
In spite of chill and frost."

And so each gracious flower
Has each a several word,
Which, read together, maketh up
The message of the Lord.

THE GOLDEN PENNIES.

A LITTLE boy, who had plenty of pennies, dropped one into the missionary box, laughing as he did so. He had no thought in his heart about Jesus, the heathen, or the missionary. His was a tin penny. It was as light as a scrap of tin.

Another boy put a penny in, and as he did so, looked round with a self-applauding gaze, as if he had done some great thing. His was a brass penny. It was not the gift of a "lowly heart," but of a proud heart.

A third boy gave a penny, saying to himself, "I suppose I must, because all others do." That was an iron penny. It was the gift of a cold, hard heart.

As a fourth boy dropped his penny in the

box he shed a tear, and his heart said, "Poor heathens! I'm sorry they are so ignorant, and so miserable." That was a silver penny. It was a gift of a heart full of pity.

But there was one scholar who gave his penny with a throbbing heart, saying to himself, "For Thy sake, O loving Jesus, I give this penny." That was a golden penny, because it was the gift of love.

LITTLE MOUSE MOUSEY.

Kitty Kit Catty sat by the fire
Washing her face with her little white paw,
Mrs. Mouse Mousey quickly ran by her
Into her hole when Kit Catty she saw.

Said Mrs. Mouse to her little mousey,
"Kitty Kit Catty will soon be asleep,
I think then I'll run and get you a bun,
But out of the house, dear mousey, don't peep!"

Mrs. Mouse Mousey went for her supper,
Little Mouse Mousey didn't stay in the house,
Kitty Kit Catty woke up and caught her,
And that was the end of one little mouse.

GOOD AND EVIL.

MATTIE stood by the brook, hardly knowing what to do; for her house was just on the other side, but the bridge was down the stream. While she was thinking about it, along came Charlie Jones, whistling happily. Only last Sabbath, as they came out of the Sabbath school, Mattie had spoken very unkindly to Charlie, and she thought surely he would only laugh at her trouble now; and indeed his first thought was to make fun of her, but just then a voice said to him, "Do good, hoping for nothing again, and ye shall be the children of the highest." So Charlie said: "I'll help you, Mattie," and almost before she knew what he was going to do, he had taken off his shoes and carried her across. "Thank you, Charlie," said Mattie, and in a moment added, "I'm sorry I was so hateful to you last Sabbath." "All right," replied Charlie, and he said to himself: "How happy it makes a fellow feel to do right."

SOMETHING ABOUT DAISY.

DAISY wanted her slate. It was in the upper hall, which was very dark, and she was afraid to get it. She hesitated for a moment and then ran and brought it. "Mamma, while I was going up-stairs I said:

'I will not fear for God is near,
In the dark night, as in the light,'

and so I was not afraid."

One night Daisy prayed that the snow might all go away, so brother Harry could try his new skates. That night the greatest snow-storm of the season came. When Daisy arose in the morning and looked out of the window, she exclaimed, "Mamma, I think God did not understand my prayer!"

"I had such a hard time while you were gone, mamma," she said one day. "I was singing out of the hymn-book and Harry tried to sing bass, and Fred wanted to sing too, and it did not sound well, so I went into the sewing-room and shut the door, and Fred and I prayed."

"What did Fred pray about?" asked mamma, for the little fellow was only three years old.

"He said: 'God bless,' and I prayed that he and Harry might both be good boys and not trouble me."