

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A KINDLY DEED.

A kindly deed
Is a little seed,
That growth all unsoon;
And lo, when none
Do look thereon,
Anow it springeth green.

A friendly look
Is a better book
For precept, than you'll find
'Mong the sages wise,
Or the libraries,
With their priceless wealth of mind.

The little dole
Of a humble soul,
In all sincerity given,
Is like the wings
Of the lark, as it springs
Singing clear to the gate of heaven.

SLANDER.

"ROSE," said Mrs. Marks to her little daughter, "did you tell Miriam Peters that Josey Parker stole your drawing-book?"

"Yes, mamma, I did," said Rose, looking somewhat ashamed of herself.

"And did she steal it?"

"Not exactly," said Rose, "but she provoked me. She borrowed it for a minute, and kept it two hours before she returned it."

"O! Rose, Rose, Rose," said her mother, sadly, "What have you done? You have told a falsehood, and the worst of all falsehoods, for you have slandered a schoolmate."

They had a sad and tearful time over it—Rose and her mother—and finally Rose was very penitent, and promised to see Miriam Peters and every one else who had heard the slander, and take it all back.

But that was easier said than done. Miriam said she had repeated it to Johnny Ford and three others. So off Rose went to see Johnny, who said that he had told it to Nellie Jenkins and four others. Then off she posted to see Nellie, who told her that she had repeated it to Irene Snow and five others. So away she flew to Irene, and learned that Irene had told at least a dozen about it. So Rose gave it up on the spot.

When she got back home, and told her mother how she had failed to overtake the slander that she had started, she was well-nigh heart-broken. And as a last effort to make reparation she got permission of her teacher to make a public retractation before the whole school. That made her easy for about a week, when she accidentally heard that a girl in the other end of the city, who did not attend the school, was telling every one she knew that Josey Parker stole Rose Marks' drawing-book.

Rose nearly went wild. She saw Josey and made a tearful confession and appeal for forgiveness, and Josey readily forgave her; but Rose could never forgive herself.

She used to take long journeys every day or two to set some one right about it; but for every one she set right she always heard of two others who had not been set right, and were repeating the slander. Years passed away, and sometimes she would almost forget the sad affair; but no sooner would she begin to feel a little easy about it than she would

meet people who would look innocently into her face and tell her that Josey Parker used to have a bad reputation at school for pilfering, but that they did not know how much truth there was in it. And then Rose would weep and almost shriek, as she denied it. But it all did no good.

That slander never was quiet until two broken hearts lay in the churchyard. But in some ways it did a world of good. Not only was Rose saved from the sin of slander all through life, but multitudes of her friends knew of the sadness she had brought upon herself, and many were the prayers that people offered in consequence of it, that whatever else might befall them, God would deliver them from the sin of wantonly injuring the good name of another.

BETSY'S LESSON.

"OH, dear! Nobody cares for me! Nobody loves me. Its 'Bet, do this,' and 'Bet, do that!' all the whole livelong day!"

These were the words which proceeded from the mouth of a little girl, apparently about ten years of age, who sat in the shade of a very large tree twisting the string of her sun-bonnet. Her father was dead, and as her mother had six children and no hired girl she had more work to do than many little girls of her age. A neighbour had come in for a minute or two, and as her mother had gone into the other room Betsy slipped out of the back door to the old tree, where she had been sitting for five minutes when her mother called out, "Betsy, child, come in the house! Don't be loitering around there!"

She got up and was going towards the house when her mother said, in a very loud voice: "Hurry in here, quick, or I'll be after you!"

Betsy hurried into the house and sat down to her daily task of taking care of baby and rocking him to sleep. While she was doing this she thought, "I believe I'll go down to Mrs. Wright's house after baby goes to sleep, and see if she wants me to take care of her baby. It'll be better than taking care of five children!"

So she sung to baby, and finally he went to sleep, and, laying him in his crib, she put on her sun-bonnet and hurried down to Mrs. Wright's house on her errand. After she had rested a while Mrs. Wright heard her story, and then she wisely said: "My dear, while your mother has six children and no servant, I have one child and two servants; who needs your help more, your mother or I?"

"Mother does, of course," said Betsy.

"You are more fortunate than many little girls, who have no brothers and sisters to take care of," added Mrs. Wright.

Betsy did not like the way in which Mrs. Wright had been talking to her, and without one word arose and left the house. When she reached home she went and sat under the old tree. She was thinking of hard work, when all at once she happened to think of what Mrs. Wright had said and went into the house, resolving on the way that she would try to do better thereafter. She was such a very good girl for all the rest of the day that her mother noticed it and wondered at it, till at last one

day Betsy told her all about it; and it made her so happy that Betsy felt amply repaid for being so good.

BEWARE.

YOU have all of you heard of poor little Red Riding-hood, and all about that sad deceiver, the hungry, cruel wolf, who led the little child to trust in him, and then so mercilessly devoured her. You know it was but a fable; but there is a cruel deceiver, more terrible than the fiercest wolf, prowling about among our children only waiting his chance to tear them to pieces—to destroy them, both body and soul. It is the fierce wolf of intemperance, whose terrible fangs have no pity: they never spare a victim when once he is within their power.

He has many flattering wiles with which to beguile the unwary. He holds out often a handful of sweets in which he hides his poison drops. Little wine and brandy flasks they are shaped like, and they arouse a taste which is hard to put down. Then the deceiver holds out a little glass, and tempts the boy to think it is manly to sip it off. So, little by little, the victim's fears are put to sleep; he cannot see the fierce, blood-dripping fangs that are waiting to devour him. He awakes too late to the fact that he is in the terrible clutches of an enemy he cannot grapple with.

Oh! shun the wolf. Don't stop to parley with him as did Red Riding-hood, lest you should share her fate. Remember, the wolf is watching for you at every turn. Oh! beware of his wiles.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
Seek we no more; content with those,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As heaven shall bid them come and go;
The secret this of rest below.

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.

"WHAT a beautiful light that lamp gives!" said a moth, as he stood brushing his wings on the sideboard.

"Yes, it does," said a fly, who fluttered with great difficulty towards the moth; "but you had better not go near it, for it's anything but safe."

"Surely, there can be no danger there," said the moth, "the flames look so cheerful and bright."

"Yes, but it burns," said the fly. "I'm suffering from it now, I ventured too near; and it so injured my wing, that it is almost useless."

"I really think you must be mistaken," answered the moth. "I don't see how that beautiful light could injure anybody. I shall fly and see."

"Take care!" buzzed the fly; "for appearances are sometimes deceitful."

"All right," said the moth, and he flew off to see the flame; and, going too near, fell fluttering on the table, severely burned, and nearly dead.

"There's folly, now," said the fly. "Some people will trust appearances rather than heed the kind warnings of those who have suffered through their deceitfulness."