

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A CHILD'S CREED.

We believe in God the Father,
Who made us every one,
Who made the earth and heaven,
The moon and stars and sun ;
All that we have each day
To us by Him is given ;
We call Him when we pray,
" Our Father who art in heaven."

We believe in Jesus Christ,
The Father's only Son,
Who came to us from heaven,
And loved us every one ;
He taught us to be holy,
Till on the cross He died,
And now we call Him Saviour
And Christ the crucified.

We believe God's Holy Spirit
Is with us every day,
And if we do not grieve Him
He ne'er will go away ;
From heaven unto Jesus
He descended like a dove,
And dwelleth ever with us,
To fill our hearts with love.

HOW JAMIE HATED ORDER.

When Jamie came rushing in from play to supper, his mother was obliged to speak to him about hanging up his hat ; and when his hunger was satisfied, and he started from the table, she said : " Jamie, do not leave your napkin like that ! Fold it, and put it in the ring. Has my boy no sense of order ? "

" No, mamma," cried Jamie, rushing back to do as his mother told him ; " I hate order ! It's always hindering and interfering."

" Some people might say it was disorder that is always hindering and interfering. For instance, had you folded your napkin at the proper time, you would not have had to come back to do it," said Mrs. Wright. She added, " I guess you love order as well as any of us, if the truth were known."

" No, mamma, I am sorry, but I positively hate order. What I love is to fly my kite—or to make a boat and sail it on the pond ; and when it is dark, I love to come in and see you, and eat supper of huckleberries and milk and doughnuts, but I just despise to be always folding up or hanging up something."

In emphasizing his views, Jamie jerked the table-cloth so that the baby's tray and spoon went clattering to the floor. Then there were two more things to pick up :

" Still," said Mrs. Wright, " I think there are some kinds of order which you like."

" I am afraid not, mamma, not one."

" When you have played out of doors until the last minute, and you get into the house just as the clock strikes one, then do you mind dinner being all in order ? "

Jamie smiled and looked a little sober.

" Yesterday, when Uncle Charles came to take you to ride with him, if you could be ready in five minutes—Uncle Charles who is so elegant—then were you sorry to find clean collar, neck-tie, handkerchief, gloves, hat, all ready to lay your hand on, then ? "

" Mamma ? "

" Would you like to find yourself at school with holes in your jacket ? Do you hate, when you go upstairs at night, tired, to find a bed made up comfortable ? "

" Mamma, what do you mean ? "

" That it is not order which you hate, but

the trouble necessary to gain it. Ah, my boy ! no one of us likes that ; but ought not each of us to take a part of it ? Or should papa or mamma and Bridget do all the tiresome picking up and ' fixing up,' while Jamie only enjoys it ? "

Jamie put two warm arms around his mother's neck : " Mamma, you are great for explaining things, aren't you ? "

THY SPEECH BETRAYETH THEE.

A Highlander in the British army, during the War of the Revolution, was caught one evening creeping out of a thicket just beyond the lines, evidently returning from some secret errand. The American outposts (along the Hudson) were then quite near those of the British, and being concealed in the forest, their exact number and distance was always uncertain. Under the circumstances the Highlander was suspected of being an informer, i.e., in communication with the enemy. It was shortly after the execution of Major Andre ; and the enraged British were in no state to let a man go who was accused of sympathy with the Americans. The soldier was taken to his colonel, and the witnesses of his presumed guilt told their story.

" What have you to say for yourself ? " demanded the colonel, with a threatening frown.

" Only this, sir ; I got away quietly from my comrades to pray a bit while in the bush, and was coming back when the soldiers took me."

" Are you in the habit of praying ? " demanded the officer.

" Yes, sir ! "

" Then pray now, you never needed it more in your life." And the colonel took out his watch.

Fully believing that he had but a few minutes to live, the Christian soldier knelt and poured out his soul in such language as only a friend of God could use. All who heard it were astonished, the commander himself among the rest. " Go," said he ; " you have told the truth. If you had not been often to drill, you could not have done so well at review."—*The Watchword.*

BEAUTIFUL SYMPATHY.

A little girl went to her Sabbath school, and when she came home her mother asked her what she had done at school, and in the simplicity of her little soul she said :

" Oh, dear mother, I am afraid I have done nothing ; for you know there was little Mary Curtis, whose baby brother was buried this week, and she was so sorry, and she cried so that I cried with her ; and I took her hands in mine and kissed her, but it took all the lesson out of my head ; and poor Sarah Miles, who is always behind with her lessons, had them this morning quite perfect, and she was so happy that, although she got more marks than I did, I was quite glad, too."

" My dear," said the happy mother, " you have fulfilled the apostle's injunction ; you have wept with those that wept, and rejoiced with those that rejoiced."

AN INDIAN'S HONESTY.

An old Indian once asked a white man to give him some tobacco for his pipe. The man gave him a loose handful from his pocket. The next day he came back and asked for the white man. " For," said he, " I found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco."

" Why don't you keep it ? " asked a bystander.

" I've got a good and a bad man here," said the Indian, pointing to his breast, " and the good man say : ' It is not mine ; give it back to the owner.' The bad man say : ' Never mind, you got it, and it is your own, now.' The good man say : ' No, no ! you must not keep it.' So I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep, but the good and bad men keep talking all night, and trouble me ; and now I bring the money back I feel good."

Like the old Indian we have all a good and bad man within. The bad man is Temptation, the good man is Conscience, and they keep talking for and against many things that we do every day. Who wins ?—*The Missionary World.*

SAVED BY AN ORANG-OUTANG.

A nobleman had a favourite monkey, a large orang-outang, which you know is the largest species of monkey, except the gorilla.

This monkey was very much attached to his master, and to the baby boy who was the pet of the whole family. One day suddenly a fire broke out in the house, and everybody was running here and there to put it out, while the little boy in his nursery was almost forgotten ; and, when they thought of him, the staircase was all in flames. What could be done ? As they were looking up and wondering, a large hairy hand and arm opened the window, and presently the monkey appeared with the baby in his arms, and carefully climbed down over the porch, and brought the child safely to his nurse. Nobody else could have done it ; for a man cannot climb like a monkey, and is not nearly so strong. You may imagine how the faithful creature was praised and petted after that. This is a true story, and the child who was saved was the young Marquis of Kildare.

BITTER WORDS.

A single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance and beauty, so kind words and gentle acts and sweet dispositions make glad the sacred spot called home. No matter how humble the abode, if it be sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn lovingly toward it from all the tumults of the world ; and home, if it be ever so homely, will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.

" SEEST thou a man diligent in his business ? he shall stand before kings ; he shall not stand before mean men."—*Prov. xxii. 29.*