

Our Young Folks.

MIND THE BOW.

A little dancing, happy girl,
A father's gent, a mother's pearl,
Sat in the door at mamma's side,
When summer reigned both far and wide.

The sky grew black with sudden frown,
The lightning flashed, the rain came down,
The thunder almost rent the sky,
While birds were hid in covert's nigh.

The wind grew fierce in angry blast,
While all the heavens were overcast:
The storm, so sudden and so rude,
Seemed like the coming of a flood

The door was closed in sudden dread,
And in dismay the mother said,
"Does not my little daughter fear
That we shall have a deluge here?"

The little dancing, happy girl,
With skin so tinted like a pearl,
Replied in accents sweet and low,
"Let's mind the bow! let's mind the bow!"

Ah, friends, when storms are loud and gruff,
Is not God's promise sure enough,
"My seal upon the sky I show!"
Let's mind the bow! let's mind the bow!

GOLDEN GRAIN BIBLE READINGS.

BY REV. J. A. R. DICKSON, B.D.

THE GODLY MAN'S WITNESSING.

- To God's faithfulness, Psa. cxix. 90; Psa. xcii. 2.
"mercy, Lam. iii. 23; Ephes. ii. 4.
"love, Ephes. ii. 4; 1 John iv. 9, 10, 16.
"goodness, Psa. lxxxvi. 5; Psa. xxv. 8.
"saving grace, Titus ii. 11; Ephes. i. 7.
"readiness to give the Holy Spirit, Matt. vii. 11.
"truth, 2 Peter iii. 9.
"long-suffering, 2 Peter iii. 9.
"righteousness, Psa. cxix. 142; Psa. lxxv. 15.
"deliverance from oppression, Jer. xx. 13.
To the Christian's care, Phil. iv. 10.
"fellowship, Heb. xiii. 13; Rom. xii. 15.
"love, Heb. xiii. 1; Rom. xii. 10.
"sympathy, Heb. xiii. 3; Rom. xvi. 16.
"obedience, Rom. xvi. 19; Rom. xvi. 12.
"hope, 1 Peter i. 13; Titus ii. 13.
"glory, 1 John iii. 2.

A GOOD REPLY.

A good reply was made at a children's mission meeting one evening. Said the speaker to the boys:

"There's a time and a place to play, but the time and the place is neither now nor here. Say, boys, a kite's a good thing, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," replied a bright little fellow, "but it is not worth much when it breaks loose."

"Stop right there," said the speaker. "I want to ask you a question: How much is a boy worth when he breaks loose?"

The boys understood at once; there was unanimous consent that a boy was not worth much either. The speaker had compelled the boys to testify against the habit of breaking loose from parental restraint, from the teacher's authority, from the loving rule of Christ.

A WHOLE DAY DOING NOTHING.

"If I only could have a whole day to do nothing—no work and no lessons—only play all day, I should be happy," said little Bessie.

"To-day shall be yours," said her mother.

"You may play as much as you please; and I will not give you any work; no matter how much you may want it."

Bessie laughed at the idea of wishing for work, and ran out to play. She was swinging on the gate, when the children passed to school and they all envied her for having no lessons. When they were gone she climbed up into a cherry tree and picked a lapful for pies: but when she carried them in, her mother said, "That is work, Bessie. Don't you remember you cried yesterday because I wished you to pick cherries for the pudding? You may take them away. No work to-day, you know."

And the little girl went away, rather out of humour. She got her doll, and played with it a while, but was soon tired. She tried all other toys, but they didn't seem to please her any better. She came back, and watched her mother who was shelling peas.

"Mayn't I help you, mother?" she asked.

"No, Bessie; this isn't play."

Bessie went out into the garden again, and leaned over the fence, watching the ducks and geese in the pond. Soon she heard her mother was setting the table for dinner. Bessie longed to help. Then her father came back from his work, and they all sat down to dinner. Bessie was quite cheerful during the meal; but when it was over, and her father away, she said wearily, "Mother, you don't know how tired I am of doing nothing! If you would only let me wind your cotton, or put your workbox in order, or even sew at that tiresome patchwork, I would be so glad!"

"I can't, little daughter, because I said I would not give you work to-day. But you may find some for yourself, if you can."

So Bessie hunted up a pile of old stockings, and began to mend them, for she could darn very neatly. Her face grew brighter, and presently she said, "Mother, why do people get tired of play?"

"Because God did not mean us to be idle. His command is, 'Six days shalt thou labour.' He has given all of us work to do, and has made us so that unless we do just the very work that He gave us, we can't be happy."

HOW TO BE GRACEFUL.

A school girl misses a great deal of valuable education who hurries away to school, morning and afternoon, without having used her muscles in helping her mother. She misses something else, which, in a few years, she will know how to value better than she does now—grace of movement and carriage.

What makes a girl graceful? It is using all her bodily powers. A student who is nothing but a student soon begins to stoop, and the habit, once begun, grows inveterate and incurable. Half our school-girls cannot walk with ease and grace.

We see this very plainly on commencement days, when the members of the graduating class are obliged to walk a few steps before the audience. Their dresses are often too costly and splendid; their hair is beautifully arranged; their pieces are creditably written; one thing only they lack: they can not walk!

A girl who would have a graceful carriage, a sound digestion, a clear complexion and fine teeth, must work for them every day, and no work is better for the purpose than the ordinary work of a house done with diligence and carefulness.

KEEP THE SOUL ON TOP.

Little Bertie Blynn had just finished his dinner. He was in the cosy library, keeping still for a few minutes after eating, according to his mother's rule. She got it from the family doctor, and a good rule it is. Bertie was sitting in his own rocking-chair before the pleasant grate fire. He had in his hand two fine apples—a rich red and a green. His father sat at a window reading a newspaper. Presently he heard the child say:

"Thank you, little master." Dropping his paper, he said:

"I thought you were alone, Bertie. Who was here just now?"

"Nobody, papa, only you and I."

"Didn't you say just now, 'Thank you, little master?'" The child did not answer at first, but laughed a shy laugh. Soon he said, "I'm afraid you'll laugh at me if I tell you, papa."

"Well, you have just laughed, and why mayn't I?"

"But I mean you'll make fun of me."

"No, I won't make fun of you; but perhaps I'll have fun with you. That will help us digest our roast beef."

"I'll tell you about it, papa. I had eaten my red apple, and wanted to eat the green one too. Just then I remembered something I'd learned in school about eating, and I thought one big apple was enough. My stomach will be glad if I don't give it the green one to grind. It seemed to me for a minute just as if it said to me, 'Thank you, little master; but I know I said it myself.'"

"Bertie, what is it that Miss McLaren has been teaching you about eating?"

"She told us to be careful not to give our stomachs too much food to grind. If we do, she says it will make bad blood, that will run into our brains and make them dull and stupid, so that we can't learn our lessons well, and perhaps give us headaches too. If we give our stomachs just enough work to do, they will give us pure, lively blood, that will make us feel bright and cheerful in school. Miss McLaren says that sometimes, when she eats too much of something that she likes very much, it seems almost as if her stomach moaned and complained; but when she denies herself, and doesn't eat too much, it seems as if it was thankful and glad."

"That's as good preaching as the minister's, Bertie. What more did Miss McLaren tell you about this serious matter?"

"She taught us a verse one day about keeping the soul on top. That wasn't just the words, but it's what it meant."

At this, papa's paper went suddenly right up before his face. When, in a minute, it dropped down, there wasn't any laugh on his face as he said:

"Weren't these the words, 'I keep my body under?'"

"Oh, yes! that was it; but it means just the same. If I keep my body under, of course my soul is on top."

"Of course it is, my boy. Keep your soul on top, and you'll belong to the grandest style of man that walks the earth."

DOING NO HARM.

The story has been told of a soldier who was missed amid the bustle of a battle, and no one knew what had become of him, but they knew that he was not in the ranks. As soon as opportunity offered, his officer went in search of him, and to his surprise found that the man during the battle had been amusing himself in a flower garden. When it was demanded what he did there, he excused himself by saying, "Sir, I am doing no harm." But he was tried, convicted and shot! What a sad but true picture this is of many who waste their time and neglect their duty, and who can give no better answer than, "Lord, I am doing no harm."

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