

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

TO THE LITTLE MAIDENS.

Little maidens, love your mothers,
And be gentle with your brothers;
Still endeavour to be good,
Never noisy, bold or rude,
But with modest, easy grace,
And a bright and pleasant face,
Let the sunshine from your heart
Joy and happiness impart.

Thus in doing good to others,—
Father, mother, sisters, brothers,
Trying constantly to please us,—
You will grow to be like Jesus,
Walking in the path he trod,
Loving and obeying God.

Thus will every little maiden
Still retain her little Eden,
As we journey here below,
Shedding joys where'er we go.

TWO CENTS MORE.

"I WANT two cents more for that whiskey," said a cross bartender to the little girl who stood shivering in a thin shawl and tattered dress in front of him.

"Mother sold my shoes, and that's all the money she got for them. I think she will pay you next time," said the child, sorrowfully.

"Well, you can leave that shawl of yours for security, can't you?" said the saloon keeper, who stood stiffly against his desk.

The poor child left her shawl, and went home with a heavy heart.

What do you think of the drink which robs men and women of all tenderness and pity?

Soon after, a temperance revival resulted in closing up that bar, and saving the little girl's mother from the life and fate of a drunkard.

TRUE AND OBEDIENT.

"CHARLIE: Charlie!" clear and sweet as a note struck from a silver bell, the voice rippled over the common.

"That's mother," cried one of the boys, and he instantly threw down his bat and picked up his jacket and cap.

"Don't go yet! Have it out!"

"Finish this game. Try it again!" cried the players, in noisy chorus.

"I must go—right off—this minute, I told her I'd come whenever she called."

"Make believe you didn't hear!" they all exclaimed.

"But I did hear!"

"She won't know you did."

"But I know it, and—"

"Let him go," said a bystander. "You can't do anything with him: he's tied to his mother's apron strings."

"That's so," said Charlie, "and it's what every boy ought to be tied to, and in a hard knot, too."

"But I wouldn't be such a baby as to run the minute she called," said one

"I don't call it babyish to keep one's word to his mother," answered the obedient boy, a beautiful light glowing in his blue eyes; "I call that manly, and the boy who don't keep his word to her will never keep it to anyone else—you see if he does!" and he hurried away to his cottage home.

Thirty years have passed since those boys played on the common. Charlie is now a pros-

perous business man in a great city, and his mercantile friends say of him "his word is a bond." We asked him how he acquired such a reputation.

"I never broke my word when a boy, no matter how great the temptation, and the habits formed then have clung to me through life."

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

A MOTHER one morning gave her two little ones books and toys to amuse them while she went up stairs to attend to something. A half hour passed quietly away, when one of the little ones went to the foot of the stairs, and in a timid voice cried out "Mamma, are you there?"

"Yes, darling."

"All right," said the child, and the play went on. After a little time the voice again cried, "Mamma, are you there?"

"Yes, darling."

"All right," said the child again, and once more went on with her play.

And this is just the way we should feel toward Jesus. He has gone up stairs to the right hand of God to attend to some things for us. He has left us down in this lower room of the world to be occupied here for a while. But to keep us from being worried by fear or care. He speaks to us from His Word, as that mother spoke to her little ones. He says to us: "Fear not; I am with thee, Jehovah-jireh, the Lord will provide."

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Blessed night, when first the plain
Echoed with the joyful strain—
"Peace has come to earth again."

Babe of promise, born at last,
After weary ages past,
When our hopes were overcast,

We adore Thee as our King,
And to Thee our songs we sing;
Our best offering to Thee bring.

Babe of Bethlehem, to Thee,
Infant of eternity,
Everlasting glory be.

A BOY'S FAITH.

TWO little boys were talking together about a lesson they had been receiving from their grandmother, on the subject of Elijah's going to heaven in a chariot of fire.

"I say, Charlie," said George, "but wouldn't you be afraid to ride on such a chariot?"

"Why, no," said Charlie, "I shouldn't be afraid if I knew the Lord was driving."

And that was just the way David felt when he said, "What time I am afraid I will trust Thee." He knew that neither chariots of fire nor anything else could hurt him if God was present as his protector and friend.

ALMOST SAVED.

A MAN drowning! He fell off the pier into the sea; and look, you can see his head just above the waves: There! he has caught hold of the rope those men have thrown to him! Now!—he has it! No!—he has missed it! Ah! that huge wave has carried him farther out. Nothing can save him now! Oh, if he had but caught the rope when he was near it!

"And he was so near being saved," says one honest fellow, dashing a tear from his eye. "Why, the rope fairly touched his hand."

Ay, that made it all the worse. To think of him being drowned after all, when he was almost saved!

Almost saved! Children, do you hear that cry from another world? "I was once very near being saved. I had almost made up my mind to accept of Christ, but did not do it. Now it is too late! Lost! lost! and for ever! Oh, if I might go back to earth again, and hear once more of Jesus! Oh, that I had come to Him when I might have come!"

LITTLE THINGS.

Little moments make an hour;
Little thoughts make a book;
Little seeds a flower or tree;
Water-drops a brook.
Little deeds of faith and love
Make a home for you above.

CROSS LOOKS.

"WHAT are you doing, dear Esther and Ruth, close to the river's brink?"

"It is mamma's birthday," said Esther. "I have come to gather water-lilies."

"So have I," said Ruth. "I will climb the high rock and reach them with my arm."

"Nonsense, Ruth! The rock is too steep, and your arm is too short for such a task. You will fall over. Run back, darling, and get some wild flowers from under the trees; mamma will like them."

"No, no!" said Ruth, who wished her own way. She shook her head and looked down into the water with a frown. "What cross little girl is that?" she cried.

"Why, Ruth, it is your own shadow."

Then Ruth got up and ran away.

"I won't have such a cross shadow," she said.

"Then you must not feel cross, my darling. Your soul will be sure to cast a shadow on your face."

HOW TO BE NOBODY.

IT is easy to be nobody, and we will tell you how to do it. Go to the drinking-saloon to spend your leisure time. You need not drink much now; just a little beer or some other drink. In the meantime play dominoes, checkers, or something else to kill time, so that you will be sure not to read any useful books. If you read anything, let it be the dime novels of the day; thus go on keeping your stomach full, and your head empty, and yourself playing time-killing games, and in a few years you'll be nobody, unless you should turn out a drunkard, or a professional gambler, either of which is worse than nobody. There are any number of young men hanging about saloons just ready to graduate and be nobodies.

NEVER let a day pass without doing something for Jesus.

BAD thoughts are worse enemies even than are tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your heart so full of good thoughts that bad thoughts may not find room.