

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

"GUARD!"

Guard, my child, thy tongue,
That it speak no wrong.
Let no evil word pass o'er it;
Set the watch of truth before it,
That it speak no wrong,
Guard, my child, thy tongue.

Guard, my child, thine eyes;
Prying is not wise;
Let them look on what is right;
From all evil turn their sight;
Prying is not wise;
Guard, my child, thine eyes.

Guard, my child, thine ear!
Wicked words will sear;
Let no evil words come in,
That may cause the soul to sin.
Wicked words will sear;
Guard, my child, thine ear.

THE CALL BOY.

You would not know Jim Blake if you were to see him now; why, I had to look twice, and then I wasn't quite sure.

A few years ago, when he used to turn "cart-wheels" along the busy streets, and stand on his head at street corners for a half-penny, he was the roughest little ruffian that ever upset an apple-stall or dodged a policeman round a lamp-post. But now! why, he's a perfect gentleman—of course I mean compared with what he was.

I was walking up to town one morning, when I first saw him in the middle of an excited crowd, fighting like a little madman with a young crossing-sweeper about his own size. I never could find out what they were quarrelling about, but I fancy they couldn't quite agree as to whose property the crossing was, and so were trying to settle it in that silly way. I believe the matter was really settled by policeman X., whose two eyes fell upon them just as I came up, and whose two hands followed suit with very startling results.

Jim didn't stop to argue with Mr. X., not he, but started off like a small express train, lest he should find himself X-pressed to the wrong station.

The next time I saw him he was at a Boys' Home, with a face as bright and clean as the dish-covers that used to hang above the mantelpiece in my old grandmother's kitchen. You see, like these old dish-covers, he had been polished up a bit, and though when they had him bright and shiny they didn't hang him up above the mantelshelf, they put him in the way of being quite as useful, for they made him "call-boy" on board a river steamer, and I am quite sure, if you heard him calling out "Ease 'er," "Stop 'er," and "Turn 'er astern," you would agree with me that the biggest dish-cover ever yet invented was never half so useful as is Jim Blake.

To tell the truth, Master Jim is just a little proud of being "call-boy" on a steamer. Why, I fancy sometimes he almost thinks himself as important as the captain himself as he shouts out the orders to the engineer below, and what is better still, the captain is so pleased with him that I heard him say the other day that he would not mind cruising all round the

world with Jim to help him manage the ship. The fact is, Jim knows almost as well as the captain does, how to command a boat. He knows when to call out "Go on ahead," without waiting to be told, and do you know he told me one day as he was leaning against the brass railings of the engine-room steps, that somehow it seemed to him as if he'd got a little sort of "call-boy" inside him. Said he: "Sir, you wouldn't hardly believe it, but as I was a-walking past some of them fine shops ashore t'other day, I see a reg'lar strap-pin' pilot coat a-hangin' up quite temptin' like outside a shop, and I ses to myself, I ses, it's getting a bit cold a-mornings now, aboard, and there ain't nobody 'ud see me if I nicked it. You know, sir, I ain't one to stop long a-considerin' about most things, so I just heaved up alongside to haul it in, when this yer little 'call-boy' inside me, he says, says he, 'Ease 'er, stop 'er, turn 'er astern,' and I tell yer, sir, it fetched me right straight up perpendickler-like, and turned me right round, and then, without stoppin' a moment, this yer little chap he says, as plain as ever I said it myself, says he, 'Go on ahead,' and I went on ahead, sir. I've been goin' on ahead, sir, ever since, and 'cept when danger's near I don't mean to stop going on ahead for anyone, and maybe some day I'll be captain of the smartest steamer afloat."

Ah, it's wonderful how useful a good "call-boy" may be, for you see what the little "call-boy" inside Jim Blake did for him.

Why, if it had not been for him, Jim Blake would have become a thief, and if he had become a thief I don't think he would ever have held up his head again. How thankful Jim Blake now is that this little "call-boy" within him was on the lookout and warned him of his danger!

We've all got little "call-boys" somewhere inside our jackets, and the way to keep them on the lookout is to attend to what they say. If the engineer on the steamer paid no attention to Jim Blake, I am quite sure Master Jim would soon get tired of calling out to him, and I am certain the boat would soon go wrong; and if we do not mind what these little "call-boys" inside say, they will very soon leave off calling, and these little ships of ours, with which we are travelling upon the sea of life, will very soon be wrecked and cast away.

It is a grand thing for us when we learn in early life to listen to the voice of conscience.

A TALK WITH TOM.

You want to know, Tom, what is the first quality of manhood?

Well, listen. I am going to tell you in one little word of five letters. And I am going to write that word in very loud letters as though you were deaf, so that you may never forget it. The word is "Truth."

Now, then, remember truth is the only foundation on which can be erected a manhood that is worthy of being so called.

Now, mark what I say, truth must be the foundation on which the whole character is erected, for otherwise, no matter how beautiful the upper stories may be, and no matter of how good material they may be built, the edi-

fice, the character, the manhood will be but a sham which offers no sure refuge and protection to those who seek it, for it will tumble down when trial comes.

Alas! my boy, the world is very full of such shams of manhood, in every profession and occupation. There are lawyers who know that they have never had any training to fit them for their work, who yet impose upon the people, and take their money for giving them advice which they know they are unfitted to give. There are ignorant physicians who know that they are ignorant, and who can and do impose upon people more ignorant than themselves.

Now, I want you to be a man, and that you may be that I want you first and foremost to be true, thoroughly true. I hope you would scorn to tell a lie, but that is only the very beginning of truthfulness. I want you to despise all sham, all pretence, all effort to be otherwise than we are.

When we have laid that foundation, then we can go on to build up a manhood, glorious and godlike, after the perfect image of Him the perfect Man, who said that He was born that He might bear witness to the truth.

CHRIST'S CHILDHOOD.

If I asked, "How old are you?" you would give an exact answer: "Eight and a half"—"Just turned ten"—"Eleven next month." Now, you have thought of God's "holy child Jesus" as a little baby and as twelve years old in the temple, but did you ever think of Him as being *exactly* your own age?—that He was once really just as old as you are this very day? He knows what it is to be eight and nine and ten years old, or whatever you may be. God's word has only told us this one thing about these years—that He was a *holy child*.

"What is holy?" It is everything that is perfectly beautiful and good and lovable, without anything to spoil it.

Why did He live all these holy child-years on earth, instead of staying in heaven till it was time to come and die for you? One reason was, that He might leave you a beautiful example, so that you might wish to be like Him, and ask for the Holy Spirit to make you like Him. But the other was even more gracious and wonderful; it was "that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him;" that is, that all this goodness and holiness might be reckoned to you, because you had not any of your own, and that God might smile on you *for His sake*, just as if you had been perfectly obedient and truthful and unselfish and good, and give you Jesus Christ's reward, which you never deserved at all, but which He deserved for you.

He took your sins, and gives you His righteousness; He took your punishment, and gives you His reward. It is just changed over, if you will only accept the exchange.

THE Queen of Madagascar enforces a penalty of ten oxen and two pounds on any person found manufacturing intoxicating drink, and a lighter fine upon those who sell and drink it.