

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### TRUE GENTLEMANLINESS.

"O, HARRY, do wait a little! I'm so tired!"

"Pshaw! you are always tired, nowadays," said Harry Long, impatiently; "I wish you were like Jenny Dent; she's the kind of a girl I like—no whining or fretting about her."

Edith's pale face flushed, and picking up her bag of books, she started again, saying wistfully, "I suppose I am a trouble to such a bright, healthy fellow as you, Harry. How I wish we had a little pony-waggon, so you could drive me to school."

Her gentle answer made her brother ashamed of his words.

"Here, give me your bag, Edie," he said more kindly. "If you're not as strong as Jenny, you're a deal better natured; I heard her scold Tom and Rob awfully yesterday."

But though Edith bore the unkind words so sweetly, they made a deep impression upon her. "I mustn't complain," she said to herself, "no matter if I do get tired, or Harry will grow weary of me and I want him to love me dearly." So, day after day she walked the mile to school and back, never asking to rest, or in any way complaining. Harry, never thinking she was tired, would walk fast, run races, or go home by a roundabout way. One morning Edith had started on before her brother, that she might walk more slowly; and Harry, as he ran down the lane, heard the servant calling.

"What is it?" he cried.

"Come back and get Edith's rubbers and umbrella; it's going to rain."

"Nonsense! It won't rain. Besides, she's not made of salt," said Harry to himself, as he ran on. He caught up to Edith and the two heard each other's lessons as they walked on. Harry never once thinking of the rain. But they had hardly started for home when a storm came on, and the two were both thoroughly wet before they reached the house.

"I say, Edie, get in the back way if you can, for mother sent Bridget after me with your rubbers and umbrella, and I didn't go back for them. If she sees you so wet I'll be punished."

Edith, always ready to shield her brother went quickly up to her room, changed her clothing hurriedly, not taking the precaution to rub herself, and went down stairs chilled and tired. Harry was a little anxious, but never had Edith's cheeks been so red or her eyes so bright.

"I am so glad you didn't take cold!" he whispered; and Edith did not tell him her throat was sore and her head aching. But by midnight the poor girl was so ill that her father went in haste for the doctor, and for days she lay almost unconscious.

"The wetting finished the business," said the doctor, "but the girl has been going beyond her strength for some time." Harry heard his words, and thought with shame and dismay of his carelessness.

"I teased her again and again about her tired ways, and she has kept up; and maybe she'll die."

But Edith grew slowly better, and after she was out of danger Harry had to go back to school. Jenny Dent was very willing to run races and "carry on" with him, but he longed for Edith's gentle sympathy and forgiveness. Now, without her, he felt how much better she was than many stronger girls. "Dear sister Edie!" he thought, "I ought to take care of her and save her from fatigue. Oh, if she only gets well, I'll shew her what a good brother is!"

But Harry was not easy until he had told his father of his impatient ways, and asked him if he could think of anything he could do to make it easier for Edith to get to school.

"Could you not pull her in a little waggon?"

"Yes, indeed; part way, anyhow."

"Well, I'll buy four strong wheels, and you can make a box for the waggon."

So, for several afternoons Harry worked hard in the barn, and when Edith was strong enough to go to school, she was invited to get into her new carriage, which was painted dark blue, with "Sister" in white letters in front.

"There, Edie, I'll never tease you about getting tired any more, but draw you more than half way to school, at least. I'd rather have you than any sister in the world."

Years after, people used to say, "What a true gentleman Harry Long is! He is so careful of any one who is weak or ailing. What makes him so different from most men?" And Edith grows into a strong and beautiful woman—thanks to her brother's loving care—would say to herself: "I know."

### HOW RAISINS ARE PREPARED.

A STRIP of land bordering on the Mediterranean, somewhat less than 100 miles in length, and in width not exceeding five or six, is the raisin producing territory of Spain. Beyond these boundaries, the Muscatel grape, from which the raisin is principally produced, may grow and thrive abundantly, but the fruit must go to market or the wine press. When the grapes begin to ripen in August, the farmer inspects the fruit as it lies on the warm, dry soil, and one by one clips the clusters as they reach perfection. In almost all vineyards shafts of masonry are prepared, looking like unglazed hot-beds, and covered with fine pebbles, on which the fruit is exposed to dry. But the small proprietor prefers not to carry his grapes so far. It is better, he thinks, to deposit them nearer at hand, where there is less danger of bruising, and where bees and wasps are less likely to find them. Day by day the cut branches are examined and turned, till they are sufficiently cured to be borne to the house, usually on the hill-top, and there deposited in the empty wine-press, till enough have been collected for the trimmers and packers to begin their work. At this stage, great piles of rough, dried raisins are brought forth from the wine-press and heaped upon boards. One by one the bunches are inspected, those of the first quality being trimmed of all irregularities, and imperfect berries, and deposited in piles by themselves, so in turn are treated those of the second quality, while the clippings and inferior fruit are received into baskets at the feet of the trimmers, and re-

served for home consumption. A quantity of small wooden trays are now brought forward, just the size of a common raisin box, and about an inch deep. In these papers are neatly laid so as to lap over and cover the raisins evenly deposited in the trays, which are then subjected to heavy pressure in a rude press. After pressing, the raisins are dropped into boxes for market.

### BE TRUE.

THERE are persons whom you can always believe, because you know they have the habit of telling the truth. They do not "colour" a story or enlarge a bit of news in order to make it sound fine or remarkable.

There are others whom you hardly know whether to believe or not, because they stretch things so. A trifling incident grows in size, but not in quality, by passing through their mouth. They take a small fact or slender bit of news and pad it with added words, and paint it with high-coloured adjectives, until it is largely unreal and gives a false impression. And one does not like to listen to folks when so much must be "allowed for shrinkage."

Cultivate the habit of telling the truth in little things as well as in great ones. Pick your words wisely, and use only such as rightly mean what you wish to say. Never "stretch" a story or a fact to make it seem bigger or funnier. Do this, and people will learn to trust and respect you. This will be better than having a name for telling wonderful stories or making foolishly and falsely "funny" remarks. There are enough true funny things happening in the world, and they are most entertaining when told just exactly as they came to pass.

Dear young friends, be true. Do the truth. Tell the truth. There are many false tongues. Let yours speak the things that are pure, lovely, true.—*S. S. Advocate.*

### WAITING.

SOME time ago a boy was discovered in the street, evidently bright and intelligent, but sick. A man who had feelings of kindness strongly developed, went to ask him what he was doing there. "Waiting for God to come for me," he said, "What do you mean?" said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tone of the answer, and the condition of the boy, in whose bright eye and flushed face he saw the evidence of fever. "God sent for father, and little brother," said he, "and took them away up to His home in the sky, and mother told me when she was sick that God would take care of me. I have nobody to give me anything, and so I came out here, and have been looking so long in the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mother said He would. He will come—won't he? Mother never told me a lie." "Yes, my lad," said the gentleman, overcome with emotion. "He has sent me to take care of you." You should have seen his eye flash, and the smile of triumph break over his face as he said: "Mother never told me a lie, sir; but you have been so long on the way." What a lesson of trust, and how this incident shews the effect of never deceiving children with idle tales.