

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### AS NIGHT CAME DARKLY DOWN.

The night came darkly down;  
The birdies' mother said,  
"Peep! peep!  
You ought to be asleep:  
'Tis time my little ones were safe in bed!"  
So sheltered by her wing in downy nest,  
The weary little birdlings took their rest.

The night came darkly down;  
The baby's mother said,  
"Bye-low!  
You mustn't frolic so!  
You should have been asleep an hour ago!"  
And, nestling closer to its mother's breast,  
The merry prattler sank to quiet rest.

Then in the cradle soft  
'Twas laid with tenderest care,  
"Good-night!  
Sleep till the morning light!"  
Whispered the mother as she breathed a prayer;  
Night settled down, the gates of day were barred,  
And only loving angels were on guard.

### HOW TO BE A GENTLEMAN.

"You see I am a gentleman!" said Will Thompson. "I will not be insulted."

And the little fellow strutted up and down in a rage. He had been throwing stones at Peter Jones, and thought that his anger proved him to be a gentleman.

"If you want to be a gentleman I should think you would be a gentle boy first," said his teacher. "Gentlemen do not throw stones at their neighbours. Peter Jones did not throw stones at you, and I think he is much more likely to prove a gentleman."

"But he has got patches on his knees," said Will.

"Bad pantaloons do not keep a boy from being a gentleman; but a bad temper does. Now, William, if you want to be a gentleman you must first be a gentle boy."

A little further on the teacher met Peter Jones. Some stones had hit him, and he was hurt by them.

"Well, Peter, what is the matter between you and Will this morning?" he asked.

"I was throwing a ball at one of the boys in play, sir, and I missed him and hit Will Thompson's dog."

"Then, when he threw stones at you, why did you not throw back?"

"Because, sir, mother says to be a gentleman I must be a gentle boy; and I thought it best to keep out of his way until he cooled off a little."

The teacher walked on, but kept the boys in mind. He lived to see Will Thompson a rowdy, and Peter Jones a gentleman, loved and respected by all.

### BE TRUTHFUL.

Harry," said little Annie one day, after working a long time over her slate, "won't you tell me just what this means? I forget what Miss Acton said about it."

"I can't," replied Harry. "I've got lots to do to get ready for my lessons to-morrow. I shall not have a minute to myself all the rest of the day."

"O dear!" sighed Annie, as she bent her little tired head over the slate again.

Just then Edward Ellis came rushing into the room.

"Come on, Harry," he said; "we're all going off to Mr. Jones' woods for nuts. You've got time to go along, haven't you?"

"All right! Of course I have time," cried Harry, springing up and flinging his book aside. "I'll put off studying my lessons until this evening;" and within five minutes he was on his way to the woods.

Should you call Harry a very truthful and generous little boy that afternoon?

### THE LITTLE BIRD.

A little bird with feathers brown  
Sat singing on a tree—  
The song was soft and low,  
But sweet as it could be.

And all the people passing by  
Looked up to see the bird  
That made the sweetest melody  
That ever they had heard.

But all the bright eyes looked in vain,  
For birdie was so small,  
And with a modest dark-brown coat,  
He made no show at all.

"Why, papa," little Gracie said,  
"Where can this birdie be?  
If I could sing a song like that,  
I'd sit where folks could see."

"I hope my little girl will learn  
A lesson from that bird,  
And try to do what she can,  
Not to be seen or heard.

"This birdie is content to sit  
Unnoticed by the way,  
And sweetly sing his Maker's praise  
From dawn to close of day.

"So live, my child, all through your life,  
That, be it short or long,  
Though others may forget your looks,  
They'll not forget your song."

### THE BROKEN WINDOW.

A very pleasant incident occurred in a Public School sometime ago. It seems that the boys attending the school, of the average of about seven years, had in their play of bat and ball broken one of the neighbour's windows, but no clue to the offender could be obtained, as he would not confess, nor would any of his associates expose him. The case troubled the teacher, and on the occasion of one of our citizens visiting the school, she privately and briefly stated the circumstances, and wished him, in some remarks to the school, to advert to the principle involved in the case.

The address to the school had reference principally to the conduct of boys in the streets and at their sports—to the principles of rectitude and kindness which should govern them everywhere, even when alone, and when they thought no one could see and there was no one present to observe.

The scholars seemed deeply interested in the remarks. A very short time after the visitor left the school, a little boy rose in his seat, and said:

"Miss Low, I batted the ball that broke Mr. Jones's window. I am willing to pay for it."

There was a death-like silence in the school as the boy was speaking, and it continued a minute after he had closed.

"But it won't be right for him to pay the

whole," said another boy, rising in his seat. "All of us that were playing should pay something, because we were all alike engaged in the play. I'll pay my share."

"And I," "And I," said several voices.

A thrill of pleasure ran through the school at this display of correct feeling. The teacher's heart was touched, and she felt more than ever the responsibility of her charge.

### A GOLDEN TEXT WELL APPLIED.

A little three-year-old girl who had lately begun learning the "Golden Texts," took a great fancy to some trimming her aunt was making, and begged her to give her a piece for her doll's dress.

"O no! Lena, I can't cut it," said her aunt.

"Just a little piece, please, auntie," pleaded the child.

But again the aunt refused, and more emphatically than before. The little one regarded her for a moment with serious eyes, then climbing up behind her, put both arms about her neck, and whispered in her ear:

"Aunty, the Lord lubbed a cheerful gibber."

"Here, child, take your trimming, every inch of it," said her aunt, crowding it into her hands with an affectionate kiss and a hug.

### NOT AFRAID.

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, Charley," said George, "but would not you be afraid to ride on such a chariot?"

"Why, no," replied Charley, "I shouldn't be afraid if I knew that the Lord was driving."

And that was just what David felt when he said, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee." He knew that nothing could hurt him if God was present as his protector and friend.

### EXPECT AN ANSWER.

Mr. Pentecost said: I have a little boy at home who calls me by name in two different ways. He comes in sometimes and lustily calls out, "Papa, Papa?" I respond: "What, my son." "Nothing, Papa."

Now this is what a large number of Christians do; they think that they must speak to the Lord in prayer, but neither want nor expect an answer to their prayers. However, when George sees a large dog, or something else to frighten him, and comes running in with the cry, "Papa," his expression of voice is altogether different, and I know he really wants and expects something, and of course I at once go to his aid. God is every ready to hear and answer our expectant prayers and entreaties for help and blessing.

HE that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man.

"THE eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."—Prov. xv. 3.

TEACHER—"Suppose you have two sticks of candy, and your big brother gives you two more, how many would you have then?" Little boy (shaking his head)—"You don't know him; he ain't that kind of a boy."