

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WILLIE'S RULE.

Little Willie has invented
Just the oddest sort of rule
For the tasks that do not please him,
Given him at home or school.

So absurd a rule as his is
Never yet was found in books;
Here it is, and you'll acknowledge
How ridiculous it looks.

"Always say you cannot do it
Long before you've really tried;
Pout a little, cry a little,
Think of everything beside.

"If it still does not come easy,
Pout and frown a little more;
Cry considerably harder,
Also longer than before.

"Should all this be insufficient,
There is nothing else to do
But to give it up entire;
It is quite too hard for you."

Oh! the hours that he has wasted,
And the tears, at home and school,
Trying to do tasks assigned him
By this very silly rule.

And it seems a thing the strangest
That he keeps on using it,
When he knows as well as can be
That it doesn't help a bit.

Will the bright idea, I wonder,
Ever come into his head,
That 'twere well to drop this poor rule,
And use helpful ones instead?

PAID IN ONE'S OWN COIN.

PETER'S mother died. After that he was sent to his grandmother's, for he had a quarrelsome, fretful temper, and his aunt could not manage him with the other children. His grandmother dealt kindly and patiently with him, and helped him to improve.

Peter now had a new mother, and his father had sent for him to come home. But he did not want to go. He felt sure he should not like his new mother, and that she would not like him.

"That depends upon yourself, Peter," said grandmother. "Carry love and kindness in your pocket and you'll find no difficulty."

The idea struck the boy favourably. He wished he could, he said.

"And the best of it is," said grandmother, "if you once begin paying it out, your pockets will never be empty, for you'll be paid in your own coin. Be kind, and you will be treated kindly; love, and you'll be loved."

"I wish I could," said Peter.

All the way home he more or less thought of it. I do not know about his welcome home, or what his father or new mother said to him. The next morning he rose early, as he was used at grandmother's, and came down stairs, where every thing being new, he felt very strange and lonely.

"I know I shan't be contented here," he said to himself; "I know I shan't; I'm afraid there's not a bit of love in my pocket."

However, in a little while his new mother came down, when Peter went up to her and said:

"Mother, what can I do to help you?"

"My dear boy," said she, kissing him on the forehead, "how thoughtful you are. I thank you for your kind offer; and what can I do to help you, for I'm afraid you will be lonely here at first, coming from your dear, good grandmother."

What a kiss was that! It made him so happy.

"That's paying me in more than my own coin," thought Peter.

Then he knew he should love his new mother; and from that good hour Peter's pockets began to fill with the beautiful bright coin of kindness, which is the best "small change" in the world. Keep your pockets full of it, and you will never be in want.

LITTLE PILGRIMS.

The way to heaven is narrow,
And its blessed entrance strait;
But how safe the little pilgrims
Who get within the gate!

The sunbeams of the morning,
Make the narrow path so fair;
And these early little pilgrims
Find sunny blessings there.

They pass o'er rugged mountains,
But they climb them with a song;
For these early little pilgrims
Have sandals new and strong.

They do not greatly tremble,
When the shadows night foretell;
For these early little pilgrims
Have tried the path so well.

They know it leads to heaven,
With its bright and open gates,
Where for happy little pilgrims,
A Saviour's welcome waits.

"BRIGHTING ALL IT CAN."

THE day had been dark and gloomy, when suddenly, toward night, the clouds broke and the sun's rays streamed through, shedding a flood of golden light upon the whole country.

A sweet voice at the window called out in joyful tones, "Look! O look, papa! the sun's brighting all it can."

"Brighting all it can? so it is," answered papa; "and you can be like the sun if you choose."

"How, papa? tell me how!"

"By looking happy and smiling on us all day and never letting any tearful rain come into the blue of those eyes; only be happy and good; that is all."

The next day the music of the child's voice filled our ears from sunrise to dark; the little heart seemed full of light and love; and, when asked why she was so happy, the answer came laughingly, "Why! don't you see, papa, I'm the sun? I'm brighting all I can!"

"And filling the house with sunshine and joy," answered papa.

Cannot little children be like the sun every day, "brighting" all they can? Try it children.

HOLD OF PAPA'S HAND.

THE patter of little feet on my office floor, and a glad voice exclaiming, "Papa, I've come to 'scort you home!" made known to me the presence of my little six-year old darling, who often came at that hour to take me home," as she said. Soon we were going, hand in hand, on the homeward way.

"Now, papa, let's play I was a poor little blind girl; and you must let me hold your hand tight, and you must lead me along, and tell me where to stop and how to go."

So the merry blue eyes were shut tight, and we began. "Now step up, now down," and so on until we had safely arrived, and the darling was nestling in my arms saying—

"Wasn't it nice, papa? I never peeped once!"

"But," said mamma, "didn't you feel afraid you'd fall, dear?"

With a look of pure, trusting love came the answer—

"Oh, no, mamma! I had tight hold on papa's hand, and I knew he would take me safely over the hard places."

We can lie without saying a word. If a man sells me a basket of apples that has the good ones all on top, and the bad ones underneath, he lies to me. He says by his acts that all the apples are as good as those I can see, I do not know that the man lies, until I empty the basket, but God knows it all the time. A boy lies if he makes believe he has learned his lesson when he has not learned it.

COMING TO JESUS.

"MOTHER, what does it mean to come to Jesus? I cannot see Him, and how can I go to him?"

"You cannot see Him, but you can speak to Him, you can pray to Jesus."

"If He were on earth, as He once was," said the child, "there is no trouble I would not take to go to Him. I would set off at once. I would travel hundreds of miles. I would push my way through the biggest crowd, and fall down before Him and cry, 'Oh Lord, give me a heart to love and serve Thee.' But now, how can I go to Jesus?"

"Without all this trouble you can come to Jesus. *Coming to Jesus is the desire of the heart after Him.* Call to Him as the blind man, who, though he did not see Him, cried out, 'Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me!' You are really better off than those men who lived when He lived on the earth. They often had to travel very far. They sometimes could not get near Him for the crowd. But you may have Him as much to yourself as if there was no other person but yourself in the world. He is always within your call. He sees you, knows all you feel, and hears all you say. If you feel a desire for His forgiveness, for the support of His friendship, for the comfort of His love, and pray, 'Jesus, save me; Jesus, help me; Lord, I am ignorant, teach me; my heart is hard, soften it; help me to love, believe, and obey. Save me from sin, and fit me for heaven'—this is coming to Jesus. Can you not do this?"

"A SOFT answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."—*Prov. xv. 1.*

TIME lags when we are young and hurries when we are old. It was Southey who said, "Live as long as you may, the first twenty years are the longest half of your life."

"THIS little fellow," said Martin Luther of a bird going to roost, "hath chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep without care for to-morrow's lodging, calmly sitting on his little twig, and leaving God alone to think for him."

THE Japanese are proposing to adopt the English language instead of their own! It takes an educated Japanese ten years to acquire a thorough knowledge of his own language, but in one or two years he can obtain a corresponding knowledge of the English.