

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

LULLABY.

Bye, bye, baby, go to sleep,
Sister's arms are aching;
Shut your eyes—nay, never peep.
Baby's time for waking
Is not now,
Not now.

Bye, bye, baby, slumber-land
Has so many posies,
Babies there, you understand,
Play with sweet, sweet roses.
Softly now,
Slumber now.

Angels keep you, baby dear,
Angels guard you over;
Let a cloud of grief and fear
Touch thee, baby, never.
Softly now,
Slumber now.

A SERMON ON BEARS.

UNCLE Fred was sitting under a tree in the orchard, reading his paper. The children caught sight of him, and then there was a rush and a hurry to see who could get to him first. Will and Tom were the fastest runners, and didn't mind the fence any more than a log; they were up to it and over it in a minute. But poor little Bobby and Sue, though they went as fast as their little legs could carry them, were far behind; and besides, the fence was too high for them to climb. So they set up a pitiful cry, begging the boys to wait and help them. Will and Tom were in too much of a hurry for that, and the poor little things would have cried in vain, had not Uncle Fred left his tree and newspaper, and lifted them over the fence.

Will and Tom were resting under the tree when he came back, looking rather ashamed.

"Why, you are not as kind as the bears," Uncle Fred said. "I am going to punish you by making you listen to a sermon."

The boys looked doleful enough at the idea. They had hoped Uncle Fred would tell them one of his nice stories.

"The sermon will be preached by—bears," said Uncle Fred, with a sudden spring at Sue and Bobby at the last word. Of course they all jumped and screamed, and the boys began to brighten up again.

"Do you know how they catch bears in Russia?"

No, the children didn't, and they settled themselves with a delighted air, for they knew a story was coming.

"It is easy enough, as they do it. Why, you children could catch half a dozen at once, if you chose."

"Could we, really, Uncle Fred?" the boys asked eagerly.

"Could we, too?" echoed Bobby and Sue, with wide-open eyes.

"Yes, if you were strong enough to dig a pit several feet deep. Will and Tom could do that, if I helped a little, and Bobby and Sue could cover the top with turf, leaves, and sticks, so as to hide the hole. Then all we would have to do would be to put some food on top, hide behind a tree, and watch."

"And then, what next?" cried the children in a breath.

"Why then we would see a big black bear

shuffling along. As he came near the pit, he would begin to sniff, and look around to see where the food was. In a minute he would see it, but the moment he would put his paw on the turf, he would go to the bottom of the pit."

"Would it kill him?"

"O no; but he couldn't get out possibly, and then the hunters would come and shoot him. But if four or five bears happen to tumble into the same hole, they all get out again."

"Tell us, tell us!" Bobby said, as Uncle Fred stopped at just the most interesting part of the story to knock down an apple.

"Well, they make a ladder, by stepping on each other's shoulders, and so they reach the top of the pit and get out—all but the bottom one, and he, poor fellow, would never get out, if bears were not kinder than boys."

Will and Tom were too much ashamed to ask how, so Uncle Fred went on:

"The first thing they do, when they get out themselves, is to get a branch of a tree, which they let down to their poor brother bear. In a minute more he is out, and away they all scamper to the woods. If the bears were like some boys, they would have left the poor, helpless bear to cry in the pit, while they ran off to have a good time."

Uncle Fred had told them a story, but the boys found they had been listening to a sermon all the time.

It was one they could not help remembering, either, for whenever they started to run and leave their little brother and sister to help themselves, the bears' sermon would come into their minds, and they would be so ashamed to have bears kinder than boys, that they would stop and be kind too.

"IF I WERE A SUNBEAM."

"If I were a sunbeam,
I know what I'd do;
I would seek white lilies
Rainy woodlands through;
would steal among them,
Softest light I'd shed,
Until every lily
Raised its drooping head.

"If I were a sunbeam,
I know where I'd go,—
Into lowliest hovels,
Dark with want and woe:
Till sad hearts looked upward,
I would shine and shine;
Then they'd think of heaven,—
Their sweet home and mine."

"Art thou not a sunbeam,
Child, whose life is glad
With an inner radiance
Sunshine never had?
Oh! as God hath blessed thee,
Scatter rays divine;
For there is no sunbeam
But must die, or shine."

"A LITTLE BOY'S SERMON."

"EDDIE," said Harry, "I'll be a minister, and preach you a sermon."

"Well," said Eddie, "and I'll be the people."

Harry began: "My text is a short and easy one—'Be kind.' There are some little texts in the Bible on purpose for little children, and this is one of them. These are the heads of my sermon:

"First—Be kind to papa, and don't make a noise when he has a headache. I don't believe you know what a headache is; but I do. I had one once, and I did not want to hear any one speak a word.

"Second—Be kind to mamma, and do not make her tell you to do a thing more than once. It is very tiresome to say 'It is time for you to go to bed,' half a dozen times over.

"Third—Be kind to baby—"

"You have left out, be kind to Harry," interrupted Eddie.

"Yes," said Harry, "I didn't mean to mention my own name in the sermon. I was saying: Be kind to little Minnie, and let her have your 'red soldier' to play with when she wants it.

"Fourth—Be kind to Jane, and don't kick and scream when she washes and dresses you."

Here Eddy looked a little ashamed, and said, "But she pulled my hair with the comb."

"People musn't talk in church," said Harry.

"Fifth—Be kind to Kitty. Do what will make her purr, and don't do what will make her cry."

"Isn't the sermon 'most done?" asked Eddie; "I want to sing." And without waiting for Harry to finish his discourse he began to sing, and so Harry had to stop.

TEACHING THE CAT TO READ.

ELLEN was a studious little girl, and was proud that she was able to spell dog, cat, and such like words. So one day she thought she would teach her pussy to spell her own name. So she took puss by the back and made her come to her lessons. But puss did not like it a bit, and looked very cross about it. I have seen some little boys and girls do something very much like this, too. I hope none of the readers of *EARLY DAYS* ever did such a foolish thing.

A LITTLE STORY OF A SIMPLE LOVE.

A VERY little Arab girl brought a young antelope to sell, which was bought by a Greek merchant for half a piastre. She had bored both the ears, in each of which she had inserted two small pieces of red silk riband; she told the purchaser that, as it could run about and lap milk, he might be able to rear it up, and that she would not have sold it, but that she wanted money to buy a riband, which her mother would not afford her; and then, almost smothering the little animal with kisses, she delivered it, with tears in her eyes, and ran away. The merchant ordered it to be killed, and dressed for supper. In the close of the evening the girl came to take the last farewell of her little pet. When she was told it was killed, she seemed much surprised, saying that it was impossible that anybody could be so cruel as to kill such a pretty creature. On its being shown to her she burst into tears, threw the money in the man's face, and ran away crying.

LET nothing get between heaven and prayer, but Christ.

A MEMORY well stored with Scripture, and sanctified by grace, is the best library.

LISTEN to good thoughts; hear what they say. Holy thoughts are precious things; and if not angels, they are God's messengers, and in that sense angels sent from God.