

Our Young Folks.

THE STORY OF CANUTE.

Have you heard the tale of brave Canute,
Who ruled on English soil
When Danish conquests bore their fruit,
And rest succeeded toil?

His father, Sweyn, was a man of war;
But a lover of peace was he,
Who governed by the strength of law,
And judged in equity.

How wise he was, how much he knew,
How half can ne'er be told;
Nor how the power of England grew
In the reign of this king of old.

He walked by the sea, this good Canute,
With a crowd of flatterers near;
They sought for words that his pride might suit,
For words that would please his ear.

"All might is yours. These waves to you
Would own the right of way;
For what may not Canute subdue,
Whom all things must obey?"

"Bring me a chair," cried wise Canute,
"For I would rest awhile;
And place it near where waters meet
In strife about our isle."

He sat by the sea, this monarch strong,
And the courtiers round him pressed;
Then he lifted his voice above the throng
And thus the waves addressed:

"Turn back, O floods! your coming cease;
Turn back, O rising tide!
Ye restless waves, I bid you peace!"
The sounding depths replied.

He called aloud, this great Canute,
But ever the waters rolled;
The tide came in, and the lords were mute
Who had human might extolled.

Then they heard the voice of Canute again,
Through the midst of the ocean's roar;
"Know ye that God, who made us men,
Is God for evermore."

TRYING TO BE USEFUL.

A gentleman whose name was Harvy was riding slowly on horseback along a dusty road. As he did so, he was looking about in every direction for a stream, or for a house, from the well of which he might refresh his tired and thirsty horse with a good drink of water. While doing so, he turned a bend in the road, and saw before him a comfortable-looking farmhouse; and at the same time a boy, ten or twelve years old, came out into the road with a pail of water, and stood directly before him.

"What do you wish, my boy?" said Mr. Harvy, stopping his horse.

"Would your horse like a drink, sir?" said the boy respectfully.

"Indeed he would, and I was just wondering where I could get it."

Mr Harvy thought, of course, that the boy was in the habit of doing this to earn a few pennies; and so, when his horse had taken his drink, he offered the boy a bit of silver, and was very much surprised to hear him refuse it.

"I wish you would take it, my little man," said he, as he looked earnestly at the boy, and noticed for the first time, that he was lame.

"Indeed, sir, I don't want it. It is little enough that I can do for myself or any one else. I am lame, and my back is bad, sir; but mother says no matter how small a favour may seem, if it is all we can do, God loves it as much as He does a larger favour; and this is the most that I can do for others. You see, sir, it is eight miles from here to the next village, and I happen to know that there is no stream crossing the road in all that distance; and so, sir, almost every one passing here is sure to have a thirsty horse, and I try to do a little good by giving the poor creatures a drink."

Mr. Harvy looked with great interest on the boy. He thanked him for his kindness; and as he went on his way, he felt that the little fellow had preached him a sermon that he would not soon forget.

LEARNING EASY THINGS.

There are some boys who do not like to learn anything that is hard. They like easy lessons and easy work; but they forget that things which are learned easily are of comparatively little value when they are learned. A man who confines himself to easy things must do hard work for small pay. For example, a boy can learn to saw wood in five minutes; any boy can learn to saw it in the same time, any ignorant person can learn it just as easily; and the result is, the boy who has only learned to saw wood, if he gets work to do, must do it in competition with the most ignorant class, and accept the wages for which they are willing to work.

Now, it is very well for a boy to know how to saw wood. But suppose he knew how to build a steam engine! This would be much harder to learn than sawing wood; but when he had learned it he would know something which other people did not know, and when he got work to do other people could not come and get it away from him. He would have a prospect of steady work and good wages; he would have a good trade, and so be independent. Boys should think of this, and spend their early days in learning the things they need to know in after years. Some boys are very anxious to earn; but this is not always best. It is often more important that boys should learn. When they are young they can earn but little, but they can learn much, and if they learn things thoroughly when young, they will earn when they are older much more than enough to make up for the time and labour which they spent in learning what to do and how to do it.

"I CAN AND I WILL."

A writer in the *Evangelist* tells a story to illustrate the difference between "I can't," and "I can and I will." The difference between the two phrases is just the difference between victory and defeat; and the story, we trust, will so impress our readers that they will adopt the latter as their motto:

I knew a boy who was preparing to enter the junior class of the New York University. He was studying trigonometry, and I gave him three examples for his next lesson. The following day he came into my room to demonstrate his problems. Two of them he understood; but the third, a very difficult one, he had not performed. I said to him:

"Shall I help you?"

"No, sir! I can and will do it, if you will give me time."

I said to him: "I will give you all the time you wish." The next day he came into the room to recite a lesson in the same study. "Well Simeon, have you worked that example?"

"No, sir," he answered; "but I can and will do it, if you give me a little more time."

"Certainly, you shall have all the time you desire."

I always like those boys who are determined to do their work; for they make the best scholars, and men too. The third morning you should have seen Simeon enter my room. I knew he had it, for his whole face told the story of his success. Yes, he had it, notwithstanding it had cost him many hours of the severest mental labour. Not only had he solved the problem; but, what was of

infinitely greater importance to him, he had begun to develop mathematical powers, which, under the inspiration of "I can and I will," he has continued to cultivate, until, to day, he is Professor of Mathematics in one of our largest colleges, and one of the ablest mathematicians of his years in our country.

THE CHILDREN AT THE PALACE DOOR.

Two little children were out in the field one day, and seeing a palace in the distance went up to the door, and touching it with their fingers it opened before them. Walking in they came upon other doors, which all opened at their touch. By-and-by they came into the presence of a King, who was seated at a table. He was very kind to the children, and showed them a great many beautiful things, and amongst them a lovely sparkling diamond, which he offered to give them. Somehow—they could not tell how—they came away without it. Twenty years afterwards they came back to the same place, they were strong young men now. They went up to the palace door and touched it with their fingers, but it would not open. It was only after much effort and application of all their strength that they succeeded in forcing the door open. They had to force every door until at last they got into the presence of the king again, and got from him the precious diamond, which they might have had so easily when they were children.

Now while you are young you can get from Jesus His great gift of a new heart so sweetly, so easily; but if you wait and delay you may have to force your way to Him with much pain and many tears. The door opens at your touch now, and He is waiting to receive you and bless you.

LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.

The storks are said to be very affectionate and self-sacrificing in their devotion to their young. A fire was raging. The young birds in a nest were suffering with the heat. Their cry touched the mother stork's heart. She flew to their help. She sheltered the nest with her wings, and actually burned to death while seeking to protect her loved ones with her feathers. How like our Saviour's love for us! The shadow of His wing, how much has it been for my soul! Yes, He covers us with His feathers, and under the shadow of His wing we may put our trust. Better still—the poor, suffering stork could not save, though she did lay down her life—but Jesus died, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish but have everlasting life. He can save unto the uttermost all that come to God by Him.

FAIR PLAY.

Fair play in play is the foundation for fair play in life. To play unfairly is to steal. By the rules of the game, you have certain rights, and your opponent has certain rights. These rights, like all rights, are of the nature of property. If you take the slightest advantage to which you are not entitled, you are to that extent—well, thief is a hard word to use. But I will let you or any other conscientious boy say what is one who takes that which does not belong to him, and thus infringes on the rights of another.

The boy who plays fairly is sure to make an honourable man. I should not like to say that the boy who plays unfairly will grow to be a rogue. But I will say that the boy who takes unfair advantages in a game shows a weak moral nature, and cannot be depended on in a pinch.